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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G. &c.

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THE HISTORY OF
THE WAR AGAINST RUSSIA
ILLUSTRATED.



Sevastopol.

THE
ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF
THE WAR AGAINST RUSSIA.

*Edwards
Henry* BY
E. H. NOLAN, Ph.D., LL.D.

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers; and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

* * * * *

* O, England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do?"

SHAKSPERE. *Henry V.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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TO THE GENERAL, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERIC CHARLES,
DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE;

EARL OF TIPPERARY, BARON CULLODEN, KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK,
KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH, GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER OF
ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE, KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE
ROYAL HANOVERIAN GUELPHIC ORDER, ETC., ETC.,
AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HER
MAJESTY'S LAND FORCES.

THERE is a peculiar propriety in dedicating to your Royal Highness a History of the late War against Russia. No individual beneath the throne is so popular in the Army, especially among the poor and gallant soldiers, as your Royal Highness.

You are at the head of that Army, not only by the appointment of Her Gracious Majesty, but by the desire of the Nation.

Your heroic conduct at Alma, and, if possible, still more especially in the greater perils of Inkerman, have made Queen and Country proud of your name.

The ambition, therefore, to dedicate this Work to your Royal Highness was as natural as your permission is condescending and gracious.

That your Royal Highness may be long spared to govern the Army with the capacity, zeal, and consideration for the soldier so characteristic of your command, is the fervent desire of

Your Royal Highness's

Most obliged, and obedient Servant,

EDWARD H. NOLAN.

LONDON, JULY, 1857.

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PREFACE.

THE celebrated aphorism of D'Israeli, that "War is the natural condition of man," however it may shock our moral sensibility, has a certain truth in it which forces itself upon our convictions. We know that man was originally endowed with a nature in harmony with all the conditions of his existence; his abode was Paradise, and peace reigned within and around him: as the unruffled waters reflect unbroken the heaven which smiles upon them, so man, in his primæval state, reflected the sublime tranquillity of God. But that which estranged him from his Maker confused his social relations: selfishness became his master-passion, and brought into play envy, hatred, and revenge. In the first family blood was shed; and never, during the long line of centuries in which the race has trodden its way through time, has its footsteps been free from the stain. A history of war would be a history of the species. There is not a coral rock on the Pacific, above which man has formed a dwelling, where the club has not been brandished; there is not a prairie in the Western world, or a dark forest within its recesses, where the war-cry has not been raised, and where the wild strife of men has not left its impress. On the trackless deserts, where the Arab only is a wanderer, he is also a combatant; the Boschman lifts his puny arm in conflict; and the lowest tribes of mankind, the aborigines of Australia—inventive in nothing besides—can cast, with murderous skill, the adroit *boomerang*. Civilization does not destroy this tendency of the race, but trains it, and invests it with more perfect aptitudes. Rome, in the greatness of her government, was greatest in arms; as Greece, before her in renown, united to the matchless delicacy of her taste and subtlety of her intellect a genius for battle, and an ambition for military fame. The most civilized countries of modern Europe have, unhappily, illustrated this truth:—France, the *exemplar* of modern refinement, worships military glory; and even our England, amidst the progress of her material greatness, social melioration, and religious zeal, sings triumphantly of

"The flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!"

Yet are we bold to say, that the tendency of civilization is to make war both undesirable and impossible. There may exist an advanced civilization of circumstance, in the enjoyment of which commerce flourishes and wealth abounds, and there may exist also a civilization of mind conducing to much refinement of manners and cultivation of the arts,—and yet the nations so distinguished may be ambitious of military ascendancy, and wish to mingle the laurel with every wreath of beauty which they cull.

Commercial and cultivated nations have been aggressively warlike. But the civilization which is based upon high moral principle must curb national ambitions by its restraints, assuage national animosities by its charity, and dissipate the prejudices of caste, and race, and nation, by its intelligence. We are conscious of no invidious nationality, when we say that Great Britain has attained to this civilization more than has any other country,—not even excepting the United States; and therefore the reluctance to engage in the war which is now raging. That reluctance has been the theme of conversation in all intelligent circles on the continent of Europe and in America; and eloquent sarcasms upon our country, in the newspaper-press of Berlin, Brussels, and New York, have received their poignancy from the fact that England openly deprecated war. It is not only because our vast commerce makes peace our interest that we have been unwilling to mingle in the conflict, but because there is principle enough in England to cause war to be regarded as in itself an evil of incalculable magnitude. The military virtues of the British people, which they have retained through a long lineage of heroes, were never more potent. If the passion for war slumber in the nation's heart, the honour of the warrior is wakeful and sensitive there. The very errors of diplomacy and administration have evoked such a protest from the public voice, as shows the intelligence, generosity, practical talent, and vigour of the people at large. It is no new thing for war to call up the greatest qualities of individuals or nations. Although in itself so great an evil, Providence overrules it for good in this and in many other ways. The old Hebrew philosophy is still true, although bearing upon it the age of so many centuries: "Our God will turn the curse into a blessing." The career of conquest has often been the career of civilization; and the sword which scattered nations also quelled barbarous feuds, and cut in sunder the bonds of many servitudes. The breath of the trumpets which shook down the walls of Jericho preluded many a similar catastrophe, when tyranny found no security within its ramparts from the challenge of the brave and free. We have the changes rung every day upon the hackneyed words, "Peace hath its victories," so that men begin to forget, amidst the clangour of their peals, that war also has its *moral* victories; and that the march, the bivouac, the camp, the citadel, the battle, and the hospital, call for qualities rich in the noblest traits of human character. The heroism of Hampden in the field, is not less resplendent than the policy of Hampden in the senate—both sprung from the same patriotism; and that was animated in all its deeds by the same principles of truth and duty. It is not always true that war, by throwing around the victor the halo of a false glory, creates fictitious honour, and cheats us of our admiration; for often the warrior seems noblest in defeat, and he is a sublime spectacle in the very hour of his ruin.

" The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost :
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost !"

War has its literature : it is rich in the descriptive, rich in anecdote, and in biography. Never was war so prolific of literature as this. Our soldiers are authors; their

touching stories of personal endurance,—their exciting narratives of daring,—their varied relations of adventure, not only prove the loyalty and patriotism of the people from whom they went forth, but show, in a manner Lord Brougham never contemplated when he uttered the memorable expression, that “the schoolmaster is abroad.” We shall place before our readers original letters creditable alike to the head and heart of the humble heroes by whom they were written. The military history of the private soldier, as well as of his chief, is frequently full of eventful life; we shall cherish the laurels of our humblest brave, whether overshadowing their graves, or blooming for the acknowledgment of their victories.

England is still proud of her navy. In this war she has to witness the gallantry of her Jack-tars on shore, or in hazarding ship and life against stone-built batteries, behind which the coward navy of the foe has sheltered. But our sailors never showed more constancy, skill, and devotion, than they have in this war, especially in treading the intricate and sinuous channels of the Sea of Azoff, and of the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland. We shall detail the heroism of every arm of the service, and endeavour to show our readers what our enemies already feel—that whatever our mismanagement or mistakes, it is as Lord Hardinge testified before the Sebastopol Committee, that England never was better prepared for war, by sea or land, than she is now.

In depicting the scenes and recording the incidents in which our forces have been engaged, we shall not omit the part taken by our Allies. The bravery of the Turks and the wisdom of Omar Pasha are eminently worthy of a place in history. The defence of the Danube and of Silistria, which, by the skilful tactics of the Turkish commander-in-chief and the intrepidity of his troops, inflicted such disaster upon the Russian armies, and offered so effectual an obstruction to Russian designs, will long occupy an honourable prominence in military annals. We shall lay before our readers the successive plans of the Russian strategists, from the opening of the campaign until the raising of the siege of Silistria; and we shall describe the comprehensive arrangements by which all these plans were baulked, and the prestige of the Russian army damaged, if not destroyed. The heroic courage of the French on the Alma and before Sebastopol furnishes numerous deeds of exciting interest to all who can admire gallantry; while the cordiality of the co-operation between the two armies, as well as of the alliance between the two nations, gave rise to incidents sometimes deeply pathetic, and at other times amusing and grotesque. Anecdotes and letters illustrating the spirit and character of the French, Turkish, and Egyptian armies, will give zest to our narrative.

Our sketches of Russian and Turkish history are drawn from the very best sources; and if we make them short, it is because of our desire to bring our readers—as soon as is compatible with the dignity and efficiency of a history—to the moment when the Turkish flag was flaunted in the face of the enemy, and the first shock of war was heard through Europe. We shall, however, not fail to weave into our story, as we proceed, such accounts of the wild Circassian and Georgian, Greek and Albanian, as will place these nations to the life before our readers; and we shall especially introduce to them the intrepid Schamyl, the prophet-warrior of the Caucasus, whose

struggles, so full of romance and vicissitude, are but little known to the English public.

[L Our great aim will be to avoid such dry detail as can give no instruction or entertainment to the great body of the people; and yet to afford such an insight to the intrigues of Russia, the cabals of the Divan, the policy of the Western Cabinets, the counsels of the military chiefs, and the operations of armies, as will increase the solid information of those who peruse our book, and at the same time furnish them with reading more pleasurable than can be supplied by the unreal stories of the novel or romance. Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it is also more interesting, in proportion as the minds are earnest and intelligent before whom it is placed. Truth is, however, only partly told when in any narrative of facts it is divested of the lights and colours which were originally blended with them, and only presented to the reader with bare and unsoftened outline: it will be our task to portray the events of this war as they were, in all their many-coloured habiliments, and strange and peculiar associations. We shall be better enabled to accomplish our purpose in this respect by pictorial aid. This age has been termed "the age of the pen," and the expression has received an almost universal acceptance: we might with almost equal appropriateness call it "the age of the pencil;" for whatever may be the influence of great painters in this, as compared with any past period, never before was the taste and talent of the artist brought into requisition so extensively for the instruction and pleasure of the general public, and never did the mass of readers patronize illustration as they do now. We shall do homage to this excellent fashion of the times, and depict the scenes which were formed by the events which we relate:—the tented field, the bivouac-fire, the vigilant and lonely sentinel,—the skirmish, as the wild Tartar and Cossack, the Rifle and Zouave, advance or recede in the flow and ebb of combat,—the review, the march, the charge, when—

"With fetlock deep in blood
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on,—"

the contested trench,—the height crowned with battery and redoubt, dealing murderous cannonade upon the ascending and assailing line—all these will be *illustrated*.

The sea will afford many scenes:—the sun-lit Bosphorus, the tideless Euxine, the ice-bound Baltic,—the calm, the tempest, the wreck, the chase, the capture, the bombarding fleet. Representations of such will enable us to impress upon our readers the beautiful or terrible realities our pen will describe.

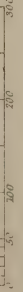
Engravings of the men who have been the chief actors in the great drama will constitute not the least valuable contributions of art to our history. A laudable curiosity exists in most minds to behold the men by whom great actions have been performed, and where that cannot be gratified their likenesses afford especial interest. We have original and peculiar means of satisfying this feeling. Ours shall really be an *Illustrated History of the War*.

RUSSIA

IN EUROPE.

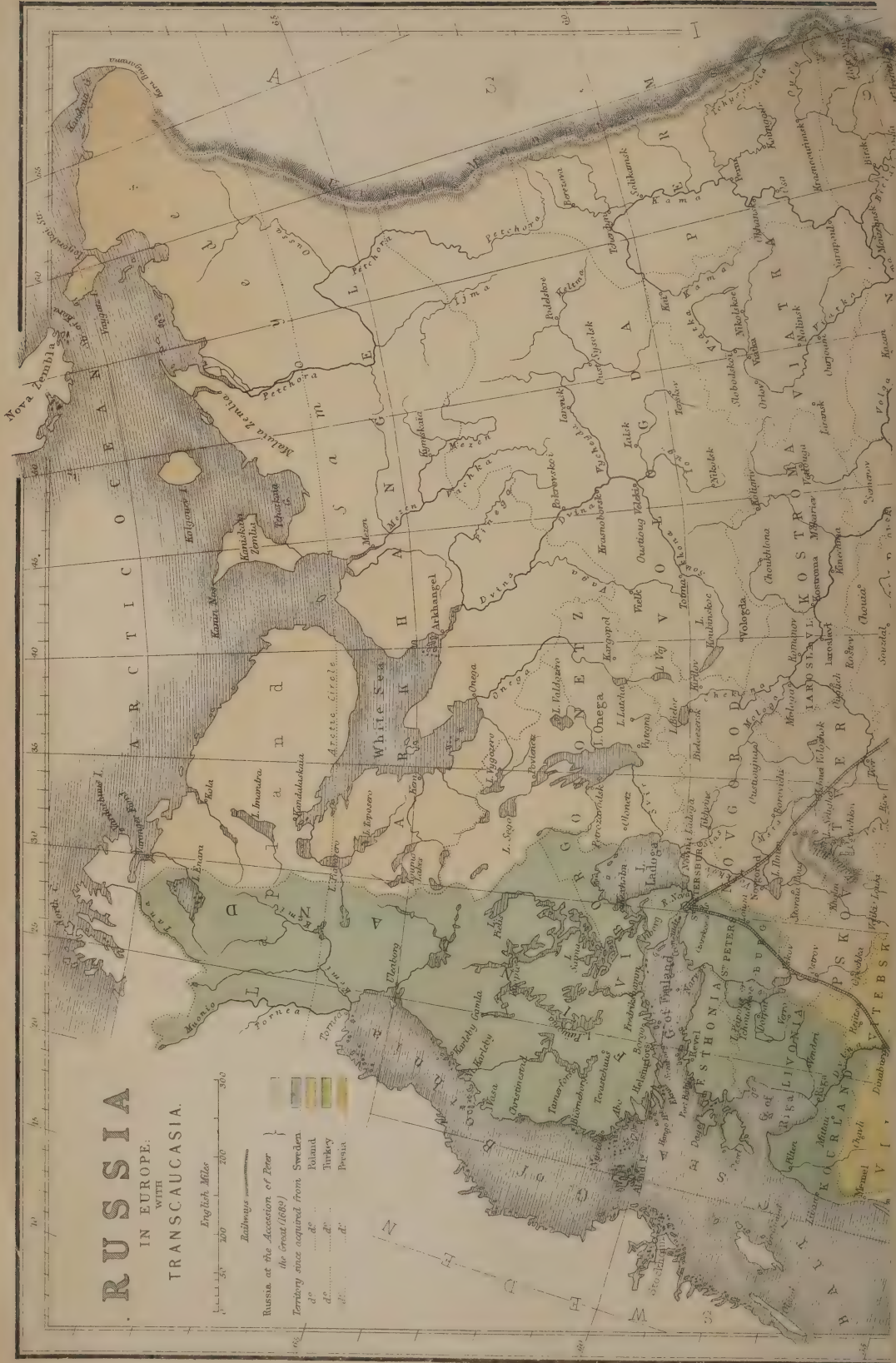
WITH
TRANSCAUCASIA.

English Miles



Railways

- Russia at the Accession of Peter the Great (1689)
- Territory since acquired from Sweden
- Poland
- Turkey
- Prussia



THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

OF THE PRESENT

WAR AGAINST RUSSIA.

CHAPTER I.

RUSSIA.

"His Liberty is full of threats to all."—SHAKSPERE.

A HISTORY, or even a good description of the Russian Empire, is still a desideratum. Travellers from Bell to De Custine have conveyed only partial glimpses of Russian life and manners. Far more is known historically and socially of Russia's once great rival, whom she now seeks to make her vassal. Russia is better understood in the capitals of the North and in Vienna than in London. In Paris, of late years, much pains have been taken to acquire a more complete knowledge of her social condition, her policy, and her resources. Her empire is the largest in the world, and, next to that of China and of England, is also the most populous.

Within the bounds of her far-spread dominions vast resources are undeveloped; and it only requires a glance at the writings of such men as Humboldt and Lyell to perceive that, stored up for future generations, untold riches await the industry and enterprise of the future Russia. Her history, too, is fertile in events: it is intimately associated with the most prominent annals of the Eastern Empire, and of that strange dominion which, erected upon its ruins, is itself in turn now sinking in decay. No nation has had more frequent vicissitudes; and its forms of government, from the ancient republic of Novgorod to the unmitigated despotism founded by Peter, have passed through strange and varied revolutions. The fortune of war was not always on her side; but whether Fin, Northman, Tartar, or Cossack, triumphed, the Slavonic element has continually formed the substratum of the population; and it never ceased to encroach upon bordering races and territories, until, as a tide spreading onward as it rises, the Slavonic Russ has extended his influence over an eighth portion of the globe: from the Baltic to the Black Sea, from the icy circle to the sunny shores of the Caspian,

the chief of this peculiar race now has his authority acknowledged and his ukase obeyed.

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION. — EXTENT. — CLIMATES AND GENERAL SUPERFICIAL CHARACTER.

Russia includes a great portion of the Eastern hemisphere, extending from 18° to 180° of east longitude, and upon the 60th degree of latitude embracing about 6000 miles of territory. From north to south it stretches from the 38th degree to the 78th north. Its area can now scarcely be less than 8,500,000 square miles. It is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean for 1000 miles of coast. Its southern limits are the Black Sea, the Danube, the Pruth, the Austrian Empire, Turkey in Asia, the Caspian Sea, Tartary, and the Chinese Empire. On the east its bounds are the Pacific Ocean and Behring Straits. On the west Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, limit its territory.

It is computed that the Russian dominions include an extent of land equal to the moon. Of this great territory the greater part is in Northern Asia, comprising some 6,000,000 square miles. Asiatic Russia is divided into several governments, each large enough to constitute an empire. European Russia comprises 2,000,000 square miles, including Great, Little, and New Russia, and ranging from the Caucasus westward to the Gulf of Finland; covering the regions which were once known as the abodes of independent nations, under the names of Tartars, Cossacks, Poles, Volkinians, Lithuanians, Esthonians, Fins, &c. American Russia is a tract of 500,000 square miles upon the extreme north-west of the American continent, which brings Russia into juxtaposition with the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company and Northern Oregon. According to McCulloch, the latest estimate in geographical miles

of this vast empire is that of M. Kœppen, of the Petersburg Academy of Sciences, and he states it thus:—

Russia in Europe, including the portions of the governments of Perm, Orenburg, and Viatka, that extend into Asia	MILES. 90,117
Northern Asiatic Russia, or Siberia	223,780
Southern Asiatic Russia, or Transcaucasian Provinces	3,123
Grand Duchy of Finland	6,400
Kingdom of Poland	2,320
American colonies	17,500
Grand Total	343,240

Of course the climates over such an expanse of country are many, but that which prevails may be easily imagined from such high latitudes. Even in Southern Russia, upon the shores of the Caspian and the Euxine, the otherwise genial year suffers through a considerable portion of its progress from the cold winds which sweep from the pole, and which are felt far beyond the southern bounds of the empire, even to the sunny slopes of the Bosphorus. The characteristic features of the greater part of this country possess, notwithstanding its extent, much similarity. Thus, both in Asiatic and European Russia there is, however diverse the productions, the same prevailing aspect of forest scenery. Between Petersburg and Moscow, and upon either range of the acclivities of the Ural Mountains, all appears to be one vast sea of foliage. The steppes are as characteristic as the forests. In the governments of Astracan and Omsk, wide sandy deserts stretch away in apparently interminable desolation. The Crimea realises both these features of Russian scenery. The southern part blooms with flowers and foliage as richly as any spot of equal area in the world; while its northern portion is one wide steppe, nourishing upon its bleak bosom neither fruit nor flower. In the extreme north of the empire the climate and aspects of the country are of course peculiar, except so far as Scandinavia is a participator. Mr. Laing, in his Norwegian tour, catches something of the spirit of this scenery; but by no author have we met with a description which realises it so well as that of De Custine. "In approaching these northern regions you seem to be climbing the platform of a chain of glaciers; the nearer you advance the more perfect is the illusion realised. The globe itself seems to be the mountain you are ascending. The moment you ascend this large alp you experience what is felt less vividly in ascending other alps: the rocks sink, the precipices crumble away, population recedes, the earth is beneath your feet, you touch the pole. Viewed from such elevation the earth appears diminished, but the sea rises around you, and forms a vaguely defined circle; you continue as though mounting to

the summit of a dome—a dome which is the world, and whose architect is God. From thence the eye extends over frozen seas and crystal fields. On entering these whitened deserts, a poetic terror takes possession of the soul. You pause affrighted on the threshold of the palace of winter. As you advance amid abodes of cold illusion, of visions brilliant, though with a silver rather than with a golden light, an undefinable species of sadness takes possession of the heart; the failing imagination ceases to create, or its feeble conceptions resemble only the undefined forms of the wanly glittering clouds that meet the eye."

Perhaps the lakes of Russia should be classed among the characteristics of its scenery. In the conquered province of Finland lakes are all but innumerable: they are of all dimensions, and stud the entire country. In various other portions of the empire this peculiarity also exists, and on a scale of such magnitude as to defy all European comparison. Still they add little to the beauty of the regions where they are found; and, sometimes, by the flatness of their shores and the murky hue of their waters, they spread an air of desolation around them.

While the Russian Empire presents to the traveller so many wide unbroken plains, there are some mountains of considerable elevation. The Ural Mountains, stretching from the Caspian Sea N.N.E. to the Arctic Ocean, rise in some points to 6500 feet above the level of that sea; and the Caucasian range, between the Caspian and Euxine, forms many bold, rugged, and elevated mountain scenes. Within this range there are deep ravines, covered with primeval forests; and bold masses of rock, towering up into the heaven, exhibiting a lonely grandeur, such as may well impress with brave and lofty sentiment the tribes who make their homes in these fastnesses.

The rivers of Russia are classed according to their embouchures. Some of them find their exit in the Arctic Ocean, and are frozen along a greater part of their course nearly the year through. A few fall into the Baltic; the chief of which is the Neva, ennobled by flowing through the capital. The chief river of Russia—the Volga—is not so honoured; its disembogement is in the Caspian; it is twice the length of the tortuous Danube, so generally esteemed the greatest river in Europe. Several empty themselves into the Black Sea; and as long as Russia holds any authority upon its waters they must prove to her sources of wealth and power.

The productions of the empire are of course as varied as its surface, geological structure, and climate. Many regions teem with fertility, especially in Southern Russia; but these form but a small proportion of the whole. Most extensive countries to the north of the

empire are utterly unproductive, the rigour of the climate and the character of the soil allowing of neither pastoral nor agricultural industry. But even here there are mineral treasures. Some progress has been made in mining enterprise, both by the government and private persons; and the gold mines of the Ural Mountains and the washings of Siberian rivers have lately yielded nearly three and a half millions sterling annually. The principal productions of Russia and the main articles of her commerce are corn, tallow, timber, hemp, flax, and hides. She imports British manufactures principally through Germany; and the furs of the Hudson's Bay Company are in great request. Her orders in England for cotton, twist, and machinery, are considerable; and the import of salt, from various quarters, is very extensive. England is her best customer; and chiefly for those articles which she has most abundantly at her disposal: corn from the Black Sea and from the Baltic, tallow, hemp, flax, hides, and timber. The protective commercial system which she so inveterately maintains, and the continual drain upon all the countries within the imperial circle of government, caused by a huge standing army and an aggressive policy, greatly repress industrial enterprise and retard material prosperity.

POPULATION AND GOVERNMENT.

The population of the empire is about 65,000,000. Of these more than 40,000,000 are of the Slavonic race; the remaining 25,000,000 comprise Fins, Germans, Cossacks, Tartars, Jews, Gipsies, Greeks, Circassians, Georgians, and even Turks.

The government is despotic, resting entirely upon the will of the czar, which is promulgated by ukases, and is feared and obeyed to the remotest limits of his empire. The origin of the term czar has been much discussed, some deriving it from the title of the Roman emperors; but we concur with those who assign to it an older derivation. The words *caesar*, *kasir* (the title of the Austrian emperor), and *czar*, having a common origin, as old as the language and Empire of Babylon. The word is of Chaldee origin, and signifies a ruler; we see it as an element in the formation of such names as Nebuchadnezzar, Beltashazzar, and others of the rulers of "the Golden Empire." The late czar was very desirous to exchange this title for that of emperor, although the first possessor of it was the head of the house of Romanoff, elected by the voice of the liberated Russians, when, with the Duke of Moscow at their head, they had finally defeated the Tartars, and delivered their country from the Mohammedan yoke. The czardom never assumed so absolute a form as under the sceptre of its late possessor. Even Peter the Great

recognised the influence of "the Colleges;" and the Emperor Alexander I. invited their remonstrance against his own ukases when they disapproved of them; but Nicholas grasped the sceptre with the hand of an autocrat, and lifted czardom to the acme of its tyranny, pretension, and blasphemy. The Count de Garowski said of Nicholas: "Once the czar recognised the idea of the supremacy of the law. This was something—it was the recognition of the *persona juris* in his subjects; but now the law is himself. Thus he is the only *person* in the empire; others are in reality merely things, and persons so long as his will allows them to be such—so long as they submit to move within the iron limits of his whims. Intellectual life—even physical life—can be allowed to exist only so far as they assimilate themselves to, and support the control exercised by, czarism." The forms of certain media of legislation, however, still exist. There is the Imperial Council, consisting of a president and an indefinite number of members, of which the ministers are a part *ex officio*. It is divided into several departments; such as the affairs of Poland, the finance, legislation, war, and religion. The internal affairs of the empire are ostensibly committed to it. The Senate is a distinct body from this, and is so far flattered that the emperor allows it to be thought the most important department of the state; like our House of Lords, the highest court of judicature. Its members are nominated by the emperor, and are not hereditary. There is, too, a certain publicity connected with this body, for every month it publishes a report, or *quasi* report, of its doings in the *Gazette*. The College of the Holy Synod is a third body in the state; but although its province is exclusively religious it is more watched by the emperor than any other, and can neither originate nor effect anything without his direct sanction. There is a fourth college, called the Ministerial Committee, corresponding to our cabinet, but responsible only to the emperor. The real business of the empire rests with the *chancellerie particulière*, which immediately communicates with the emperor. The operation of this government is disastrous to liberty, justice, and material advancement. The spirit with which M'Culloch, in his Dictionary, glosses over the blighting influences of this despotism upon the people of all the Russias, but too well harmonises with the indulgence with which the czar and his government have been regarded by the courts and cabinets of Europe, our own included. We hesitate not to say that all human interests, whether for time or eternity, perish in the grasp of this tyranny; and that its whole system of government is based upon fraud, falsehood, and hypocrisy.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

Of the 65,000,000 of Russians scarcely one fifth, exclusive of the army, can be said to be free; the rest are serfs bought and sold with the soil, and subject, under certain partial restraints, to the caprices of their lords, as the nobles are to the czar. Their material comforts are necessarily very contracted; and although there is a minister of education and a public-school system, they are sunk in the most barbarous ignorance, from which it is not the policy of emperor or priest to redeem them. Accordingly they are coarse, sensual, servile, deceitful, and revengeful. They will spend their last rouble in intoxication; and all, from the serf to the noble, glory in that vice. They will betray the man who serves them even into the hands from which his generosity delivered them. They will rob their benefactors. They hug their chains. They will lie and overreach where truth and plain dealing would as well serve them, for these vices have sunk into the heart and soul of the whole people. Intellectually they are without vigour or originality, yet no nation so "dextrous of fence" in matters of low cunning; and they are capable of conducting an intrigue with any other race—Peter the Great made it his boast that one Russian was a match for three Jews. Yet degraded as this picture is—and it is, alas! in this respect but too faithful—there are redeeming qualities in the Russian character. They are capable of much kindness, are hospitable, and naturally polite. The imitative arts they acquire with a readiness not surpassed by any other people. They have a national love of music, and like all men so characterised they are patriotic and brave. Thompson says—"Nature hesitated whether to make them a nation of warriors or musicians, and in her hesitation made them both." In religion they are besotted and furious fanatics, hating all other forms of Christianity, and all other religions to their professors. Their most active resentments are directed to Mohammedans and Roman Catholics. Their religion is the Russo-Greek Church, which differs little from the Latin, but enough to exasperate the schism into one of furious animosity. On the doctrines of purgatory, and the union of the divine and human natures in Christ, the keeping of Easter, the celibacy of the clergy, and some minor points, the difference is maintained with the keenest controversy. The Greek Church is also iconoclastic, but pictures are revered. The czar is the head of the church, and claims the vicarage and vicegerency of God as boldly and sternly as the Roman pontiff. All evangelical religion is dreaded and detested

by the czar, the nobility, and the officials. Sermons are seldom heard in the Russian churches, and in some of the forms of worship there is less of God than of the emperor. Yet the tyranny of czarism over religion is a matter of faith with the whole people; they regard him as God's representative, and would die in attestation of the sincerity of this belief. The consequence of all this is that in the communion of the Greek Church there is much superstition and very little religion. But in the Russian Empire all religions are to a certain extent tolerated. In Finland and along the shores of the Baltic, the Lutheran Church is protected and endowed; but while the Greek priests are busy throughout Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland, in proselyting the Lutherans, their ministers are forbidden all discussion of the peculiarities of the imperial faith, and to proselyte one of its disciples is an offence against the laws. In Poland, Roman Catholicism is suffered to exist, but not to spread; and even the Polish disciples of Mohammed,—a class concerning whom the friends of Poland in this country do not seem to be informed,—are allowed without any active persecution to retain the profession of Islamism. The Jews of Russia are numerous, and less tolerated than any other sect. Thus Greek and Latin, Jew and Ghebar, Lutheran and Reformed, Mussulman and even Buddhist, populate this strange empire; and, paradoxical although it may sound, it can in strict correctness be said that all are tolerated and all persecuted.

SKETCH OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

We have no way of tracing this people beyond the eighth century, when from all we can gather they were more civilized than they are now. To the republic of Novgorod may be referred the origin of the nation. For ages it would appear that that republic enjoyed a large measure of freedom and happiness; but, inviting the aid and protection of certain Scandinavian chiefs, these rude Northmen there, as everywhere,—except in the land of their origin,—superinduced feudalism, before which the liberties of the primitive and simple people gradually disappeared. It is with the Russia of to-day rather than of past ages with which, in this book, the reader has to do; and therefore he will not be conducted through the struggles of princely feuds and tribal contests and civil embroilments, from the days of Ruric, the primitive chief of the nation, to his recent and really more barbarous successors. Russia passed through the usual changes of nations: she suffered slavery and inflicted it, she was the invaded and the invader. Her forms of government were modified by the changes through which she passed, or by her voluntary choice of bad government, for which her people seem to have had a fatal taste in all

ages. Gradually, from being a small state in a remote region of Northern Europe, she has extended herself to contiguity with the fairest realms and oldest governments. Christianity was introduced at the close of the tenth century. There is reason to believe that it had made some secret way before that time, but it was then publicly professed and enforced by a remorseless tyrant called Vladimir, who married a sister of the Greek emperor, and from motives of policy and pride and caprice strangely mingled, established the religion she professed within the barbarous circles of his dominions. Until the time of Peter the Great, the Patriarch of Moscow presided over the church; but that great barbarian wrested from him this dignity, which has since become one of the most valued privileges and instruments of the czars. The constitution of the empire as it is was framed by Peter, and the policy which has now armed the world for war has been too faithfully observed by his successors. It is in brief—by fraud or force to lay hold upon all surrounding territory, advancing on all hands, but especially east and south, to the possession of Constantinople, and thence to the easy conquest of the world. Treaties are made without any intention to keep them, and alliances are formed to be broken when convenient. Gold is unsparingly used to foment disputes in other countries, and arms intervene to assist the section of the distracted country most likely to subserve the interests of its faithless protector. Transparent as this policy is, such is the national faculty for intricate negotiation and unprincipled intrigue, that, however in want of generals, Russia can always be well served by her diplomatists; and even when beaten in war, can by this means reap the fruits of victory upon the fields of disaster and disgrace. Russia never had an enemy from whom she did not suffer defeat, and from whom she did not ultimately wrest all the rewards of conquest.

It is the peculiarity of Russian history that it repeats itself in cycles. Only a few years since, and she made a show of magnanimity in accepting the treaty of Adrianople, and refusing to march upon the Turkish capital. Many centuries ago a Russian chief hung up his shield over the gates of Constantinople, as a memento of his magnanimity in sparing it. It was not in 1854 that Russia first lost a campaign at Silistria: the Czar Sviatoslof, just nine hundred years ago, was beaten by the then ruler of Constantinople at that city. Nor was it in 1829 that Russia first captured that stronghold: she had there previously known victory as well as defeat. The insolence of Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople was both in its utterance and in its effects very similar to that which was resented and punished by the Greek emperor, John Zimiscees, long before

England yielded to the arms of William of Normandy. The insurrection now raging in the Ukraine is only a repetition of what occurred there 150 years ago. It would be foreign to the purpose of this book to give even a sketch of the aggressions, reigns, and projects of the Russian rulers since the death of Peter. The decease of the late emperor and author of the present war, renders any notice of his history or character in this place unnecessary. He who now holds the sceptre is not reputed to be his equal in either counsel or force of character, and is supposed to be free from the national and sectarian fanaticism and personal ambition, by which his unhappy sire was deprived of life in the glory of his strength and the crisis of his character and his empire.

MILITARY STRENGTH, FINANCE, &c.

It is the almost universal opinion of military men, that while Russia is all-powerful for defence she is not a first-rate power for offensive warfare. Yet she has carried armies over vast and all but impracticable marches, and often have her ancient chiefs showed their less adventurous sons the way to the beautiful Byzantium. On the other hand, in every stage of her progress she has been successfully invaded. The Tartar held her for ages under tribute, and she trembled at the shaking of the Mongol lance. Sweden once seriously thought of annexing Russia—a project justified by the success of her arms. Moscow was burned in the presence of invaders before the great Napoleon looked from the Kremlin upon its conflagration. In the opinion of competent Russian military authorities Russia must have fallen before Napoleon, but for adventitious circumstances. The battles fought in apparent resistance of his advance were only risked to afford opportunity for the union of both the armies which defended her, lest they should be beaten in detail. To the elements, not to arms, Alexander I. owed his throne; and, even independent of such succour, he must have lost it had Napoleon tampered with the serfs, or proclaimed the nationality of Poland. Vain of being a king, and despising the people, in the vain-gloriousness of his imperial and royal connexions and friendships, Napoleon desired only to conquer the alliance of Alexander—he never contemplated the conquest of Russia and the liberation of her oppressed serfs. We do not believe that Russia was then unconquerable, neither do we believe her to be now invincible, in defence any more than in attack. Still, for either aggressive or defensive war, Russia is powerful. Ever since the days of Peter the Great, the whole strength of the empire has been devoted to the maintenance of armaments; large standing armies have been maintained, fortresses erected on all salient positions, and naval equip-

ments indefatigably increased. The ambitious dreams of the emperors, the church, the nobles, and the people, were the same—the conquest of the Eastern Empire and the universal dominancy of the Greek Church; and to effect this purpose all were willing to submit to the greatest sacrifices.

The naval strength of Russia at the breaking out of the present war comprised about forty sail of the line, twelve frigates, as many brigs, and about twenty war-steamers. This naval force was about equally divided between the Baltic and the Black Sea. Besides, there were the Caspian flotilla, consisting of ten small steamers and a few schooners,—the former at Astracan, the latter at Ashoorhada; also the Kamschatka flotilla, consisting of a few steamers and schooners, and a considerable number of gun-boats. Just before the breaking out of the war, a large fleet of gun-boats were armed at Cronstadt, Helsingfors, and Revel. On the shores of those seas vast arsenals, impregnable to attacks from sea, and all but impregnable from the land side, had been prepared as harbours of refuge for those fleets, and bases of operation in any aggressive wars in which Russia might engage. Sebastopol, upon the Black Sea, and the three great Baltic arsenals above-named, have become notorious in this struggle; and accurate descriptions of them will be given in the proper place during the progress of this history.

The army was brought to a higher state of perfection by the late emperor than ever it had attained before, even under the auspices of his predecessor, so anxious for its efficient organisation. In the course of the narrative occasion will be taken to describe the peculiar organisation of the Russian army, which probably exceeds a million of men. This statement will by many be supposed to be an exaggeration, because the list of a Russian army upon paper differs so largely from the actual muster; but there is good reason for the estimate. The army is recruited partly by voluntary enlistment, partly by adopting the sons of soldiers and illegitimate children, but mainly by conscription. The Russian soldiery

are brave, and submissive to discipline; but physically, mentally, and morally, greatly inferior to the British and French. They are in general badly officered, although of late years prodigious efforts have been made to secure efficiency in this respect. The artillery and engineer departments are the best, as upon them especially the Emperor Nicholas lavished his care. The cavalry stands next in reputation; but we are of opinion that it is inferior to the infantry, although, for outpost duty, or harassing the rear of a retiring enemy, it is more expert and vigilant than any cavalry in the world. The Cossacks and Baschkirs are good for nothing else; but for such services they are unrivalled. The Russian army is the worst paid in the world; and notwithstanding the national ambition for conquest, the service is unpopular even among the serfs, although every serf becoming a soldier is thereby made free for life. In consequence of her extended frontier, and the disaffection of many of the provinces,—such as Poland, Finland, the Crimea, and the Ukraine,—Russia can seldom transport beyond her frontier very large armies, except they are made to subsist by the plunder of the people, foes or allies, in the provinces they occupy. Such large garrisons must be retained at home, the financial resources of the empire are so inadequate, and the revenue collected upon such erroneous principles, that, unless in alliance with some richer nation, she can never, even for the subjugation of Turkey, send forth an army of 300,000 men. She is, however, always dangerous to contiguous nations, from her treacherous and furtive policy, and the facility she possesses of suddenly occupying important positions beyond her own frontiers, and within those of her neighbours.

The revenue is about 20,000,000 sterling a-year, and the debt about 80,000,000 sterling.

Such is the empire with which we are now at war; and having thus presented its main characteristics before our readers, they will be enabled to comprehend more easily the different stages of the struggle as we proceed in the narrative.

CHAPTER II.

TURKEY.

“Inter arma silent leges.”

ONLY a century ago, and Turkey was deemed the greatest empire in the world; three centuries past, in the days of Solymán the Magnificent, it was the most powerful and gorgeous which had ever dazzled the imagination, scarcely excepting that of Rome. She is now the ally of England in a war which, end as it

may, must enfeeble her. It is necessary that those who do battle for her integrity should study her position, character, and resources.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND PHYSICAL ASPECT.

It is difficult to define the limits of the Turkish Empire, because of its disjointed state.

It is partly in South-Eastern Europe, partly in Western Asia, and ranges along the African shores of the Mediterranean. Turkey in Europe is bounded on the west by Hungary and the Gulf of Venice; on the east by the Black Sea; on the north by Hungary, Transylvania, and the Russian frontier; and on the south by Greece, the Archipelago, and the Sea of Marmora. Turkey in Asia includes vast regions—Asia Minor, Syria, Armenia, and Kurdistan. It is bounded on the east by Persia and Georgia; on the west by the Archipelago and the Mediterranean; on the north by the Black Sea; and on the south by Arabia. The African portion of the empire consists exclusively of tributary states—such as Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and Arabia. The former boundaries of the empire were far beyond the limits thus defined. What may now be termed European Turkey extends from 39° to $48\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. lat., and from $15\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to $29\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ E. long., and comprises probably, at the lowest computation, 200,000 square miles. Turkey in Asia is situated between 26° and 45° E. long., and 29° and 45° N. lat. It contains at the most recent computation 450,000 square miles.

The capital of the empire is the ancient Byzantium, so long the metropolis of the eastern Roman dominion, the harbour of which is the finest in the world; and the city, built upon seven hills, like its once great rival Rome, is more picturesque as to site and exterior appearance than any city now existing, and probably than any which has ever existed. In noticing the occupation of it by the allies, a more suitable occasion will arise for its description, and at the same time avert the necessity of detaining the reader from the great object of the history by topographical accounts, however interesting in themselves or pertinent to the subject.

The physical aspect of an empire so extensive must in the nature of things be very diverse. The Trans-Danubian provinces can be supposed to bear little resemblance to the shores of the Mediterranean or the confines of Arabia. As a large portion of the classic regions of the old eastern empire are comprehended under its government, we cannot be ignorant of their conformation. The promontories which stretch into the Ægean and Mediterranean are as rugged and bold as in the days when Greece and Rome, proud of their incipient navies, navigated with difficulty those seas. The classic mountains, so often the theme of Grecian song, still lift their monumental heads into the azure of a clear and brilliant atmosphere. Those wide and fertile plains, celebrated in classic story, and the scenes where men and gods were said to war and love, are still rich in soil, and teeming with the products of such genial realms. In the Lacha, Platamona, and Liakoura of the Turk, we trace the Olympus, Thermopylæ, and

Parnassus, around which our schoolboy fancies conjured so many visions of beauty and of glory; and which history and poetry have alike consecrated for the reverence of taste and genius to the remotest time. Not a rock, or fountain, or vale, or wood, or softly undulating landscape, that has not been visited by our educated youth in the day-dreams of their early aspirations; and in manhood, the scholar, in his hours of meditation, wanders away to the classic shore, the sunlit fountain, the stream still vocal with its ancient harmonies, the rock on which Fame has inscribed so many deathless stories, and the spots, dearer than all, where patriotism struggled in vain, or triumphed as it bled. The remark of the Rev. James Godkin, in his *History of Greece*, applies to the ancient Greek provinces, now forming part of Turkey, as well as to those of the present little kingdom misruled by Otho:—"Nowhere does territory count for so much, morally and historically, as in Greece. In other parts of the world, immense regions, thickly peopled for centuries, and covered with cities, are memorable for nothing. But here there is scarcely a spot of ground that is not sacred to heroism, to poetry, to philosophy, to the arts, or to patriotism." The Turk has no sympathy with those local associations; they belong to a civilisation which he cannot understand, and to a religion which it was his mission to destroy; but he has nevertheless a keen eye for the beauties of nature, and there is no spot of loveliness, from the soft shores of the Gulf of Venice or the sea of Marmora, to the lofty grandeur of the Balkan or the Caucasus, to the beauty or sublimity of which he is indifferent; and there are few descriptions of landscape to be found in any region which his own beautiful lands do not possess.

Turkey is marked by several mountain ranges, the most noted of which from the events of modern history are those of the Balkan, which separate Roumelia from Bulgaria and Servia.

Taken as a whole, Turkey is a mountainous region, rendering access from one part of the empire to another very difficult, and offering points of defence against invading armies in almost every direction. The greatest altitude reached by any elevation in these ranges is that of Mount Scardus, 10,000 feet; and Scamius and Pindus are each about 9000 feet. None of the other elevations quite reach 8000 feet, and few ascend to above half that measurement. From the mountainous configuration of these countries they are all well watered, and many rivers irrigate it and subserve its commerce: as the Danube, the Save, the Unna, Verba, Bosna, Drin, Morava, Timok, Schyl, Isker, Aluta, Jalomniza, Sereth, Pruth, Maritza, Tondja; the Kara-su, Struma, Vardar, Selebria, Narenta, Vojutza. The students

of classic geography will identify many of these by their ancient names: such as the Hebrus, Tonzus, Cypsela, Nestus, Strymon, Axius, Peneus, Aous.

CLIMATE AND RESOURCES.

So various are its geological and geographical features, that it must of necessity have many climates. Turkey in Europe has generally long and severe winters, excepting only in its least exposed situations and lowest latitudes. The Russians in their campaigns across the Danube have declared that they felt the cold as severely as in Southern and even Central Russia. The great elevation of so large a portion of European Turkey, and the relentlessly bitter blasts from Russia sweeping across the Pruth, the Sereth, the Danube, and the plains of the provinces, as well as over the Black Sea, direct upon the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, cause the country to be colder than other European countries on the same line of latitude. In Asiatic Turkey the cold is often excessive from the same causes. The high table-lands of Armenia are often covered with snow until the end of April, while the severe weather sets in as early as September. The penetrating blasts from the snow-clad Caucasus and from the Russian steppes across the Crimea and the Black Sea, reach to the very centre of Asiatic Turkey; while from the Armenian highlands the cold winds fall as if in showers upon Kurdistan. In summer these countries are all subject to searching heats, which are not of long continuance in Turkey in Europe, but in Syria they are frequently both long and excessive; and there, and over all Caramania, arid winds are as blighting in summer as the northern blasts are in winter. Still the general climate of both European and Asiatic Turkey is healthy; and on the shores and in the islands of the Ægean and Mediterranean, the most balmy and luxurious climates of either hemisphere are to be enjoyed.

The productions of these countries are diversified with the climate. Thessaly blooms with the flora of Italy, and all the delicious fruits of Southern Spain and the Italian peninsula are produced there in the richest abundance: the olive only seems forbidden to this delightful province, as if significant of the absence of that peace which can make happy the possessors of ungrateful soils, and without which the Thessaleans in vain gather the clusters of the vine, or pluck the mellow fruit-bearing tree. In this fertile province the most valued agricultural materials of commerce are munificently bestowed by Providence: wine and oil, tobacco and cotton, figs, oranges, pomegranates, and citrons, are only limited in their abundance by the carelessness or contests of the people. South of the Balkan range the

whole country is fragrant with roses, lilac, jessamine, and innumerable flowering and odoriferous shrubs; the vineyard and the orchard are by every man's door; and fine forests of stately and magnificent trees adorn with their dignified forms and many-tinted foliage the prospect wherever the traveller turns.

Along the shores of Albania the atmosphere has the same light and joyous influence upon the spirits, and brings the same sense of exquisite enjoyment which one feels upon the opposite Italian shores. Here too you may gather the same flowers as in Italy, and taste the same fruits,—however the traveller may miss the superior associations he has left, or feel a new charm in the more picturesque appearance of the Albanian people. In Asiatic Turkey, south of the Taurus, all the productions of tropical and temperate climates flourish together. There the traveller meets with the date, the banana, and the sugar-cane; and indigo of as excellent a commercial quality as is cultivated in India.

The animal productions are as various as the vegetable. Thessaly is as famed for horses now as in the days when Greece and Rome drew upon its resources for their cavalry. The camel is the beast of burden in the Asiatic provinces, and there the beautiful gazelle may be seen in its graceful progress, or the huge ostrich striding awkwardly over its native wastes.

POPULATION AND GOVERNMENT.

It is impossible to state with any approach to accuracy the number of inhabitants. There was a rough census in 1844, which returned the population at 31,000,000; 15,000,000 of which are in Europe, and 16,000,000 in Asia. The most reliable statistics to which we have access are those of M. Ubicini, to whom Professor Creasy refers in terms of eulogy for his general correctness. In his *Lettres sur la Turquie*, t. i. p. 21, he gives tables from which we deduce that Turkey in Europe contains 14,000,000, and Turkey in Asia 15,500,000. In Europe only 2,100,000 are Ottomans; the rest are Greeks, Armenians, Slaves, Jews, and Gipsies. In Asia nearly 11,000,000 are Ottomans, 1,000,000 Kurds, 1,000,000 Arabs, 2,000,000 Armenians; the remaining population is made up of Tartars, Turkomans, Druses, Greeks, and Jews.

The form of government has been often described very improperly as “a despotism tempered by rebellions.” It is a tempered despotism, but the tempering element has rarely been rebellions. On the contrary, insurrections have been generally on the side of oppression. Several of the sultans lost their lives in the attempt to mollify their own despotism. The murderous Janissaries, and the not less mur-

derous ecclesiastics, were ever ready to depose the sultan if he attempted to meliorate the condition of his people by liberal measures, or a liberal interpretation of the institutions of the empire. The sultan is, however, an absolute monarch—he rules by the *jus divinum*, but that is according to the Koran, or book of the prophet, and there he reads the limitations of his rights. His chief minister is the vizier, a name corresponding to that of vicar—he acts as it were in the sultan's stead. The sultan and his vizier are assisted by a counsel of ministers called the Divan. The government is designated “the Porte;” the meaning of which word is *gate*—the gate in oriental countries from time immemorial being the place of judgment where magistrates and princes sat to administer justice. Thus in scripture history the term is frequently found in connexion with that usage; and the Jewish Temple itself,—as containing the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the mercy-seat or throne of God was erected,—is called “the gate of the Lord.”

The absolute power of the emperor is not only tempered by the constitution of the monarchy, so to speak, as laid down in the Koran, but by various other circumstances. The Turks retain throughout the empire municipal institutions, the privileges of which the sultan or his government seldom invade. Mr. Urquhart has given the most detailed account extant of these municipal *quasi* republics; and it is evident from even the most suspicious perusal of his account, that they exert a powerful influence in curbing the exorbitant power of the throne.

The immunities of the Christian sects are also a restriction, although the supreme authority is seldom stretched except in their behalf. The Greek and Armenian patriarchs are in fact delegated sovereigns, and rule the members of either “rite” pretty much as they please, within certain limitations. This power is often dangerous to the government—it is an *imperium in imperio*; which however would hardly ever cause the Porte anxiety but for the designs of foreign governments,—as the post of primacy or the permission to hold it, is purchasable, and the price paid for it is therefore a pledge for the good behaviour of the prelate who assumes the dignity of the patriarchate.

Practically the decree or firman of the sultan is law, and he deposes all officers at his will. It is not in theory allowable for him to do so by the chief dignitary of the Mohammedan Church, but late sultans have not scrupled to extend the sceptre thus far; and the people, astonished and scandalised for the hour, have quietly submitted.

A more comprehensive account of the origin, the offices, or the forms of government is not here necessary; suffice it to say it is based upon the

religion of the empire, and must stand or fall with it.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

The religion of Turkey is Mohammedanism; it is summed up in this sentence: “There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.” Early in the seventh century an Arabian enthusiast conceived the idea of a reformation among his pagan countrymen. It appears that he was moved by patriotic and conscientious motives. In his inquiries and reflections he became tolerably acquainted with the Christian and Jewish scriptures, the inspiration of which he did not fully recognise, or formed only vague notions of its nature and character. To the Jews he took an aversion on account of their venality, intolerance, and pride of race. The Christians did not exemplify their religion any better than the Jews did theirs; and as he became estranged from the idolatry of his fathers, he was increasingly shocked by the idolatry of the Christians, and concluded that theirs could not be the ultimate faith of the servants of God in this world. Thus reasoning, he became as zealous to overthrow the idolatry of the Christian altars as that of the pagan, which once he served; and finding some to sympathise with him in his views of the simplicity of worship and the unity of God, he conceived the idea of a great reformation. So plain did the amount of truth he had gathered appear to him, that he could not believe in any sincere resistance to it; and reasoning like other bigots before and since, that he who opposed truth opposed God, and ought to be punished, the doctrine of force became an essential part of his system. He soon found obstacles from pagans, Jews, and Christians, not to be surmounted without address; and he resorted to policy and pious frauds akin to such as he perceived to be so successful in the hands of pagan and Christian priests, and Jewish rabbis. Here the faithful historian becomes baffled in his attempts to discover where sincerity ends and imposture begins, and where the strong man's mental vision becomes itself deranged in the tumults of his imaginations, his projects, and his sufferings. And as success crowned his deeds and misdeeds, his sincere iconoclasm, love of justice, and earnest promulgation of fundamental religious truth, become more inextricably mingled with signs of mental aberration, all-devouring ambition, and cunning imposture.

It is the habit of writers to treat of the life of Mohammed with as much of the *odium theologicum* as would season the keenest ecclesiastical controversy; and he is praised, and the Koran which he professed to give by inspiration is lauded as a literary and ethical

miracle, or he is denounced as an unmitigated impostor, and his book as a farago of nonsense and fraud. Sometimes, as in the instance of Dr. Cooke Taylor, we find the man defended, or at all events his errors extenuated, while the absurdities of the book are unsparingly exposed. The book, however, was very much in character with the man—with a man of strong mind, of ambitious enterprise,—a religious reformer in a dark age, ignorant of the Gospel, willing to do a supposed good by deceptive means, feigning an inspiration he did not feel, and fancying an inspiration that was not real. Thus constituted and actuated he propounded, as the book of a prophet, that which was only the dream or the device of a fanatic. It is likely that Jewish and Christian aid were afforded him in its composition, and that aid none of the best. He succeeded among an imaginative people by the overwhelming force of his imagination, among a simple people by the amazing directness of his object, among a brave people by his unexampled intrepidity, amongst a roving people by his passion for adventure, and in a superstitious and ignorant age by the display of superior knowledge and more sacred pretensions than other men, and withal by a deep sympathy with the current prejudices of his race and of humanity. He taught that Moses was a prophet, the forerunner of Christ, and Christ a prophet, the forerunner of himself; he supposed, or affected to believe, that he was the promised Comforter—the Paraclete foretold by Christ as the teacher of all things, and the consummator of divine revelation.

A detail of his doctrines is not suitable to this history; but as his religion and faith in his mission have so much to do with the antecedents of the war, the mode in which our oriental allies may wage it, the policy essential to our efficient co-operation with them, and the terms on which peace can be established, this notice of Islamism and its founder is desirable to a complete introduction of the events so soon to be recorded.

The ecclesiastical system of Turkey is simple. Other religions are tolerated, this is established. It is a religion without a priesthood; no sacrifices bleed within its temples, and no altars are reared. Its ministers are rulers and doctors; they govern the faithful according to the Koran, and offer prayer and instruct. Within the mosque all believers may offer prayers, even aloud, but only believers must enter. To proselyte to the true faith is a virtue, if disdain for the infidel does not operate as a bar to the effort. To abandon the true faith is sacrilege, and its penalty death. Even the proselyte who apostatizes, dies.

The social condition of the people is formed by their religion and their political institutions.

Indeed this is the case with all nations; and the religious belief creates the political institutions, or, finding such in operation, modifies them more or less rapidly into harmony with itself. The laws of property, and of the occupancy of land, are much inveighed against by Mr. McCulloch, because there is not an hereditary aristocracy to give the landlord a permanent interest in the estate; but on the whole property is well secured in Turkey, partly by the intervention of the church, and partly by prescriptive rights which check the power of the government.

The character of the people is not industrious; the love of ease has acted as an opiate upon the national heart; there is no vigorous life in Turkey, unless it be among the street porters and boatmen of Stamboul and Smyrna. The true Turk will smoke his pipe and sip his coffee, whether allies swarm in numberless ships to the Golden Horn, or barbarous enemies feel their way through the gloomy passes of the Balkan. The redeeming features of their character are truth, honesty, and abstinence from intoxication by alcohol—we wish we could add, or by opium. The eating and smoking of opium, however, is extreme.

Their worst social evils are slavery and polygamy. Constantinople has its slave-market, where none but the faithful are admitted; although, of course, the ubiquitous English and Americans have obtruded even there. Girls from swarthy Abyssinia, and beautiful virgins from far-famed and fair Circassia and Georgia, crowd this bazaar of dishonour and oppression. The late Emperor of Russia, for political reasons, prohibited this export from all the regions of the Caucasus. Polygamy is the curse of Turkey. By it woman is degraded, population lessened, and the endearing and tender friendship of the original institution of marriage made impossible.

In sobriety and integrity, in faithfulness to his word, and personal generosity, the Turk is superior to the Jew and the Christian settled beside him. He is, in fact, a contrast to the Greeks, so guileful and dishonest, and who are only somewhat worse than the other Christians. Amongst the Armenians, notwithstanding their general venality and servility, there is often a high morality, and a growing disposition to receive religious truth. This favourable change is owing to the devoted and intelligent labours of American missionaries, which always excited the utmost jealousy of the Emperor Nicholas, who instigated Greek opposition, and supported the hostile measures of the chiefs of the Armenian Church; but the vigilance and firmness of the representatives of the American government thwarted these cabals, and secured the continued existence of the auspicious movement.

MILITARY AND FINANCIAL STRENGTH.

Until within a few months the Christian and Jewish subjects of the Porte were not liable to serve in the army—that honour was reserved for the faithful. Policy also dictated such a course—it was not deemed safe, so large a proportion of the population being Christian. What effect the recent change will have upon the fortunes of Turkey remains to be seen; it is probably the real “beginning of the end,” the removal of the key-stone; time will do the rest; and the structure of the Osman ascendancy rapidly fall into irretrievable ruin. Turkey can be great when the Osmans cease to be, or the people cease to be Mohammedans; but an army of Greeks and Franks to defend Islamism is an impossibility. The Greek is as ambitious to oppress the Mohammedan, as the latter is bent upon proudly maintaining his ascendancy. It is not in human wisdom to reconcile these aims, or amalgamate these elements.

The oldest standing army in Europe is that of Turkey, contrary to the general opinion which attributes it to France. The soldier of the sultan’s army was called *Yani-tscheri*, corrupted in Western Europe into Janissary. That formidable soldiery was the terror of this hemisphere. Its existence gave rise to the other standing armies of the European nations. Even our military music has such an origin. The fife and drum, discordant like oriental music generally, are Turkish. Their sound often struck terror in the camps of the Hungarians, and Austrians, and Italians, before Christian Europe beat a drum or blew a fife to gather or inspire her battalions. These Janissaries were as dangerous to the sultan as to his enemies. They deposed and exalted successive occupants of the throne, and ultimately becoming incompetent, with their old tactics and inferior arms, to cope with the advancing military science of the surrounding nations, they were uniformly beaten, and contributed to the decay of the empire. In 1826, the father of the present sultan, by as bold and bloody an exploit as that of Peter the Great, of Russia, when he destroyed the *streletz*, or imperial guard, put an end for ever to this military corporation. Gradually since then the sultans have proceeded, upon the principles of European organisation, to create and discipline an army; and, before the breaking out of this war, an army consisting of the *nizam*, or regular force, to the amount of 150,000 men, and the *redif*, or reserve, of equal number, and of contingents and volunteers to about the same number as each of the former classes, constituting altogether a force of 450,000 men, were nominally at the command of the sultan. The state of the exchequer, the extent of the empire, the disaffection of provinces, all limit

the proportion of this force available for foreign assault, or for concentrated domestic defence. The system is French. The provision and care of the soldier, when within reach of the imperial resources, is good. The army is in a much better condition than the navy. Once that navy was the terror of the Mediterranean, and Venice was mainly crushed by her prodigious efforts against it; but it never recovered the disaster of Navarino, when the fleets of England, France, and Russia, all but destroyed it. At the beginning of this war, a show of naval resistance was made by Turkey, but the surprise and attack at Sinope extinguished for the present the maritime strength of the Porte.

The revenue of the country does not exceed seven millions sterling, a tenth perhaps of which is tribute from Egypt and the principalities of the Danube. It is a revenue totally inadequate to the maintenance of the state, in face of so many dangers as now confront it. About a tenth part also is derivable from the customs, which are laid, not for the purpose of “protection,” but simply for revenue. The commercial principle adopted is free-trade, in which Turkey, not England, set the nations of Europe the example. The maritime commerce of the country is mainly in the hands of the Greeks; the banking and monetary transactions in those of the Armenians; and the internal commerce conducted by Armenians and Jews. There is no public debt in Turkey. The imports are to a great extent, according to Mr. Cobden and other authorities, sent across the empire to Persia, Armenia, and Kurdistan.

SKETCH OF TURKISH HISTORY.

The Turks are an ancient race, who claim direct lineage from a distinguished contemporary of Abraham; but only a particular tribe of that race places itself before us as the supplanters of the Eastern Empire. The proper designation of this tribe is Osmanlis. The name is derived from Osman, who first led them into extensive conquest. The founder of their influence was Ertoghrul, who, under the Sultan of Iconium, ruled over a principality upon the frontiers of Bithynia. Orchan, the successor of Osman, first led them into Europe; and in the year 1453 Mahomet II. conquered Constantinople. Thence, to the time of Solymán the Magnificent, the Turkish arms seemed miraculously to conquer; and the vulture, the proper emblem historically and locally of the race, fattened upon the slain of all Christian nations: so that Persia to the east, and Austria and Hungary to the north, became tributary to the Porte, and the world was awed by its power.

The decline of the empire is generally dated from this season of its exceeding greatness; but there does not appear any other ground for this

than that the luxury and ease thence indulged by the court may be said to have undermined its ambition, and that certain laws promulgated by Solyman tended in the same direction. Selim II., who succeeded Solyman, was sufficiently degenerate for his reign to form the epoch for the recession of Turkish power; but in the reign of his successor, Amurath III., the decline was rapid. Corruption and military insubordination loosened the hand of authority at the seat of government, and the sceptre rested unequally upon the various outlying provinces. Thence, to the accession of Amurath IV., murder, insurrection, official bribery, and perverted law, did their work around the throne of the sultans; and when Amurath ascended it he found the empire truly wretched. He restored order, but severity and cruelty were his instruments; he ruled with a stronger hand than his immediate predecessors, but was himself no better than they were. The empire has continued its downward course to the present; for although the reign of the father of the present sultan began an era of improvement, which his successor has nobly pursued, yet political events have counteracted these auspicious symptoms, and now the empire is engaged in the greatest, although so far not the most dangerous, war of its whole history. Mahmoud, as already related, reformed the military system by the destruction of the Janissaries; and showed such toleration to the Christians as had not previously been experienced. The revolt of the Greeks, whose independence was secured by the treaty of London, in 1829, and the revolt of his powerful vassal, Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, together with a Russian invasion, and various insurrections in his provinces, occupied the strong head and valiant hand of Mahmoud in a way alien to his desires, and all but fatal to his plans of reform.

The present sultan ascended the throne on the 1st July, 1839, when only sixteen years of age. His title is Abdul-Medjid. He has now reigned sixteen years. His appearance is gentle and unassuming, characterised also by a strangely blended expression of coldness and tenderness. His eyes are large and beautiful, possessing nothing of the repulsive fire so often characteristic of the large dark eye of the East; there is a soft and quiet voluptuousness in its light, which even when most animated or angry always tempers it. He does not inspire enthusiasm, but the gentle love him. He is eminently a man of peace; and so far as his disposition is concerned is in no way responsible for this war. The law of Turkish polygamy allows four wives to each believer; but the sultan is an exception from the operation of this law: he is allowed no wives, and the harem is therefore supplied with slaves; these are Circassians and Georgians principally, but Abyssinians and women of various other nations are to be found among them. The sultana may therefore have been a dancing-girl or a waiting-woman, *and is always a slave*. The sultan himself is always the son of a slave. A recent writer says that "the seraglio is always recruited from Georgians, Malays, and Abyssinians;" but other Caucasians besides those of Georgia are more frequently inmates of the *harem*. The word *seraglio*, in the above sentence, expresses an error into which writers commonly fall; it is not to be confounded with harem. The former is properly the *palace* of the sultan; the latter the abode of his women. Every Turkish house has its *harem*, the seraglio is one only, the *castle* of the sultan. The present sultan has already four sons and five daughters; and the sultana is a beautiful Circassian. He has one brother, and one sister who is married to a principal officer and minister.

CHAPTER III.

RUSSIAN AGGRESSIONS UPON TURKEY.

"The Muscovite is the hereditary enemy of all free people."—SIGISMUND, KING OF POLAND.

Among the causes of the decline of the Turkish power was the imperfect subjugation of the conquered countries. As Israel in the land of Canaan found the tributary Canaanites causes of continued weakness, so the Turks in the European moiety of their territory have experienced the injurious policy of leaving the vanquished too strong for the permanent security of the conqueror. Mr. McCulloch dwells much upon this in reference to the whole of the empire; but it has only been the case in Turkey in Europe, for in Asia, as Professor

Creasy describes, "They paused over each subdued province, till by assimilation of civil and military institutions it was fully blended into the general nationality. They thus gradually moulded in Asia Minor an homogeneous and stable power, instead of precipitately heaping together a motley mass of ill-arranged provinces and discordant populations. To this policy the long endurance of the Ottoman Empire, compared with other oriental empires of both ancient and modern times, is greatly to be ascribed."

In the foregoing sketches of Russian and Turkish history but little notice was taken of the past relations of the two powers; this was reserved in order that a separate and more distinct view might be laid before the reader than could have been given if mixed up with the general history of either country.

It was not likely that Russia, having adopted a policy of aggression toward all her other neighbours, should regard uncoveted the provinces of Turkey. It would have been the more strange, when it is remembered how often Russia brought fire and sword to the gates of Byzantium when the Greek emperors reigned there in their imperial splendour. Accordingly, no sooner had the Tartar yoke been shaken off than Russia came into collision with Turkey. Sokolli, the great minister of the feeble and corrupt Sultan Selim, conceived the idea of connecting the Don and the Volga, and thereby the Sea of Azoff with the Caspian. The object of the vizier was to facilitate the conquest of Persia, for he still regarded the Russians as tributary to the Tartars, themselves tributary to his master. In furtherance of this plan a small army was dispatched to Astracan, and another to Azoff, and the Crim-Tartars were ordered to support the operations thus intended to take place. The lieutenants of the Russian czar (Ivan) attacked both armies with success, and succeeded also in dispersing the supporting Tartars. The Russians fought in those battles precisely as they did at Inkerman, coming on in close and crowded columns, pressing one another forward as cloud piles itself upon cloud in the stormy sky. The Turks did not withstand the shock; and although the Russian loss must have been less heavy than if exposed in such masses to modern resistance, they suffered much even as conquerors. The Russians, however, seem to have been alarmed by their own progress, and sent an embassy to the Porte, entreating peace and amity. This was conceded in 1570, just a year after their victories; and so distant then was any likelihood of Russian dominancy, that they accepted peace from Selim in terms the most contemptuous, and resorted to means of obtaining it the most mean and deceitful. And within a single year of that peace a Tartar incursion was attended with disastrous results, for Moscow itself was laid in ashes. For more than one hundred years Russia was checked by this catastrophe; but her strength was inherent, and, as the blossom ripening to the fruit, so her incipient life must needs develop and mature itself in agreement with its own nature. Accordingly, as soon as Peter the Great began to feel conscious of his true position and power, he sent an embassy to the Porte, and negotiated the treaty of Azoff. The Porte was not in a condition to resist demands, while the treaty of

Carlowicz, wrung from it by Austria, Poland, and Venice, was still fresh in its effects. The treaty of Azoff was conceded to Peter, by which the hordes of Crim-Tartary were forbidden to molest Russia; and the Russian boundary was drawn from Azoff to Or. In 1711, Peter considered himself powerful enough to defy the Porte, elated by his victory over Charles XII. rather less than two years previously at Pultowa. By the victory of Pultowa Peter was placed in a position to Sweden, the Baltic nations, and all western Europe, which was calculated to lift him above any fear of defeat from any quarter. Sir De Lacey Evans, in a pamphlet published some years ago, called attention to the designs of Russia as marked from that moment too plainly for any statesman not corrupt or blind to be ignorant of them; and he justly says that "the effects of the Russian victory of Pultowa is felt in Europe to this day." The treachery of Peter was, however, rewarded by signal defeat. There was a poetical justice in the miseries and sufferings of himself and his armies in this campaign; and he was finally surrounded by the victorious Turks, and nothing remained for him and his army but annihilation or captivity. Catherine, to whom he was privately married, exhibited at this juncture a masculine vigour of understanding and an address which proved her equal to any emergency. She succeeded in bribing the Turkish minister and commander, and securing the freedom of her husband and the safety of his army. The Turks, with that lofty generosity which has always attended them in conquest, forgave his treachery, spared his army, and did not retain him as a captive, but entered into a new treaty with him, known since as *the treaty of the Pruth*. This treaty was of course less favourable to Peter than that which he had violated; and it guaranteed the throne of Sweden to the vanquished Charles. Azoff and the adjoining territory were to be restored to the Porte, several forts were to be razed, and the Russian artillery surrendered, more as a sign and trophy of victory than from any desire to enfeeble the czar. The treaty put a stop to the encroachments of Russia upon the Cossacks; and no Russian, except for purposes of commerce, should be permitted to reside in Constantinople. All these pledges of faith were broken by Russia. It is hard to say whether Peter ever intended to observe them. He was so strified by his defeat at the Pruth, that he had no faculty to speculate as to his future policy when signing the treaty which secured his present deliverance.

When Catherine ascended the throne, she began to intrigue against the Porte. She soon attacked Poland, which had been guaranteed by treaty; and sent monks into Georgia and

Montenegro, to foment disturbances among the Christian populations, and shake their loyalty to the Turkish government. The immediate object of Catherine was, however, not Turkey but Poland, a country upon which the Turkish government had also ambitious designs. It was felt at Constantinople as well as at St. Petersburg that a powerful and independent Poland stood in the way of encroachment upon Europe. So strongly was this felt at the Porte that secret negotiations had been previously opened with Vienna, and a partition of Poland between the two powers proposed. Whether from policy or virtue, Austria on the occasion refused to be a sharer with the Porte in the dismemberment of Poland; and it is likely that by way of Vienna Russia was made acquainted with these overtures, and that Catherine, however willing to plunder any neighbour for the plunder's sake, was quickened to assail Poland in this instance by so well authenticated an assurance of the sultan's designs. These views of the origin of a war so disastrous to Turkey as that was, are contrary to those generally entertained; and yet Hammer and other German writers give the secret correspondence, so as to leave no doubt of the ambition of the Turk and the jealousy of Austria in favour of Poland. Under such circumstances the probability almost amounts to certainty that Catherine, indignant with those projects, resolved to be beforehand with the Grand Seigneur, and to wipe out the disgrace of the treaty of the Pruth by destroying the treaty itself. The conduct of Austria was uncertain in all these negotiations, for while feeling or affecting a jealousy for Polish independence in her diplomacy with Turkey, she united with Russia in a war which could not end otherwise than disastrously to Poland. So early as 1737, she allied herself with Russia in an invasion of the Turkish provinces, in which her arms were humiliated by Turkish bravery, and she was forced out of the alliance, forsaking Russia in the hour of her need with a treachery and selfishness in keeping with her bearing throughout all the previous transactions. Instead of gaining anything she lost to Turkey the provinces she had wrested from her, in conjunction with Venice, in the earlier part of the century: Servia, Belgrade, and Little Wallachia, were again consigned to the sovereignty of their previous master. Russia held on the war with obstinacy, and by sheer endurance and perseverance so harassed her enemy as, without any brilliant deed of arms, to reap advantage.

Later in the century, Turkey was again anxious to unite with Austria in a selfish policy towards Poland, and again unsuccessful; and war between Osman and Catherine raged with redoubled fury. The Russians were everywhere successful. From the Dneiper to the

Danube the double-headed eagle looked every way, as if sure of a prey to whichever quarter his flight might be directed. The Crimea was overrun. The English sympathized with Russia, and afforded officers of distinction to both the fleets and armies of Catherine. Greece rose in arms, and Servia was in successful revolt. The English admirals led the Russian fleet into the Mediterranean, and the Turkish navy was annihilated. During the last campaign of that war the Balkan was passed, and the road to the capital occupied by the invaders. The Porte sued for peace. The result was the treaty of Kuchuck Kainardgi, signed 1774. The stipulations were: That Russia should have the free navigation of the Ottoman seas. Her ships of commerce might pass through the straits of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, but only one ship of war should remain at any time within the waters closed by these straits. Azoff, so long coveted, was conceded to Russia, with Taganrog and Kertch. The Crimea was declared independent—the first step to a protectorate occupation by Russia. The two ka-kardas in the Caucasus, the independence of which had been secured by agreement in 1739, were now surrendered. Certain guarantees were given as to the administration of Wallachia and Moldavia. The right of the Russian sovereign to protect the Greek rite in certain particulars was also with great simplicity conceded. Bessarabia as well as the Crimea was declared independent. The effect of this treaty upon Turkey was permanent and ruinous. It enabled Russia, by interference with the Greek patriarchs and by the media of Greek priests, to stir up discontent amongst the majority of the subjects of the Porte,—a restless, bigotted, and perfidious race, ever ready to engage in plots, and hating the government of the Turk with quenchless animosity: a race too upon whom many provocations had been unwisely heaped, and who were still likely to be subjected to persecution. It enabled Russia to swoop down with her ships from the Sea of Azoff upon the Black Sea, and carry destruction along its shores before Turkey could do anything for their defence. It enabled Russia, from her new frontier of Kertch, to form a point of support from which armies might be hurled upon the Turkish empire so suddenly as to wrest from her new and severer terms, more valuable cessions of territory, or even independence itself. By the joint protectorate of the Wallachian provinces, Russia had always a ground of interference, and might at any time, *without a declaration of war*, seize upon a “material guarantee” for the concession of any other demand.

Yet all this did not satisfy Russia. Czar and czarina were alike faithless and aggrandizing. The moderation of others only whetted

the appetite of their ambition. Almost immediately Russian intrigue played its congenial part upon the lately constituted independent territory. The khans were deposed or set up as they were favourable or otherwise to Russia; and it was soon determined that the illustrious house of the Gheris should, without provocation on their part, be humbled and plundered. Partly by force and partly by policy the khan of Crim-Tartary was induced to cede to Russia a reversionary interest in the sovereignty (a scheme resembling that by which the emperor has lately become heir of the throne of Denmark). Stung to the heart, the sultan resolved upon the hopeless task of stopping the further progress of Russia. It was as if the old shattered tree had shaken its branches in menace of the rising storm. But the tempest may strengthen the tree while it strips it of its weaker branches: Russian war strikes at the vitality of rival forces with a keen energy of discriminating hatred. On this occasion Austria was the selfish ally of Russia; her real object being to participate in the dismemberment of the Osman dominions. They were desirous to secure France in this arrangement by giving her Egypt for her spoil. Sweden boldly resisted these projects, but was compelled to make a separate treaty with Russia. Prussia marched an army into her own department of Poland, and menaced the Russian and Austrian frontiers; this she did being secure of a diversion on the side of Sweden, and the support of Holland and the northern German states—not then connected with Russia by marriage-bonds or political sympathies, as afterwards became the case; but still Prussia only negotiated when she should have struck. Her decided attitude, however, assumed consistency from the support of England, and ultimately the treaty of Jassy was signed, in 1792; as Russia became much exhausted by the war, and dreaded a confederation of England, Prussia, Sweden, Holland, and Turkey against her. She had besides further designs upon Poland and Persia of more easy execution, and which peace with Turkey would leave her at leisure to prosecute. By this treaty the Crimea and part of Bessarabia became Russian soil.

During the complications of the first Napoleon's reign, Turkey was involved in the universal embroilment, and had her full share of the universal suffering. Turkey showing some disposition to an alliance with France, with which England was at war, and Russia being then an ally of the latter, both made demonstrations against her. England pursued the policy which she adopted towards Denmark, and which was carried out towards the latter country at the battle of Copenhagen. She demanded the direction of the Ottoman fleets

and the command of the Dardanelles. Russia, having the moral support of England, occupied the provinces. These Napoleon compelled her to surrender, but again allowed her to occupy them, which she did until the peace of 1812; when, by the treaty of Bucharest, she acquired the remaining portion of Bessarabia, part of Moldavia, and the mouths of the Danube. Thus the present positions of Russia on the Pruth and the Danube were gained by the moral support of England, and by an English fleet storming the castles of the Dardanelles, and menacing the sultan in his seraglio.

Some years later the Greek insurrection brought Russia again into the field. England and France, without seconding her policy, but really with the intention of thwarting it, played into her hands. In order to prevent Russia alone effecting the liberation of the Greek race, and the consequent destruction of the Porte, the Western powers pretended to aid her in gaining independence for ancient Greece. Russia saw through this, but also saw that she must either have the Western powers for allies in accomplishing *something* of her own objects, or as enemies altogether against her projects. She of course chose the former alternative, and a petty kingdom was carved out of the Greek territory, over which King Otho now unworthily reigns—a kingdom too small to be powerful for itself, and just large enough to be a thorn in the side of Turkey, and the centre of Russian cabal among the Greek race. The weakest portion of the allied policy was the destruction of the Turco-Egyptian fleet at Navarino. That "untoward event," as the British ministry afterwards called it, left Russia nothing to fear upon the Black Sea if a future invasion by Russia should become opportune. It soon did so. Upon the pretext—a most transparent pretext at the time—of Turkish oppression in the principalities, Russia declared war against Turkey, crossed the Danube, occupied the Dobrudscha, captured Silistria, and not for the first time in her history crossed the Balkan, and arrived at Adrianople, having struck terror to the heart of all, except the intrepid sultan. The Russian army owed these great successes to several concurrent causes. The sultan had only two years before destroyed his Janissaries, and his new army, organised on European principles, had not time to become efficient. Russia, influenced by that circumstance, chose her moment. She was, no doubt, also influenced by a consideration of the amity of the British government. The Earl of Aberdeen, unfortunately for this country, then held the seals of the Foreign-office. He was the friend of the Emperor Nicholas. The Duke of Wellington was head of affairs, and regarded Nicholas as the bulwark of European conservatism. The duke was friendly to the Holy

Alliance, and Nicholas was its incarnate genius. The duke was a man of stern truth and honour; he could not believe that the great ruler of a great people would deign to be otherwise, and he trusted in the word of Nicholas that the war should not be one of aggrandizement, and that he merely sought for a confirmation of the rights of the provinces. The events undeceived the duke, whose laconic apology for his diplomatic simplicity is said to have been—"I could never have supposed the fellow (Nicholas) had been such a liar." Secure of a friend at the Foreign-office, and a confiding, honourable man—the last to doubt the word of any other "gentleman"—at the head of the English administration, Nicholas launched his armies beyond the Danube; and by the genius of his lieutenant, Diebitch, the disorganisation of the Turkish hosts, the cowardice of their leaders, and the prestige of his own name and army, he burst his way through the Balkan, and the fate of Turkey seemed to depend upon his ukase. The result was the treaty of Adrianople, in 1829. This treaty secured the sultan's recognition of the independence of Greece, an object with which the Western powers sympathised. Servia ceased to be in any sense an integral part of Turkey, and became simply tributary. Moldavia and Wallachia obtained independent administrations. Turkey was to pay the expenses of the two campaigns. Some of the most important territorial concessions were also made to Russia; thus falsifying all the professions which the emperor had made to the British government. This was the more nefarious, as but for the influence of Lord Aberdeen the sultan would have defended the capital, and with every chance of driving the Russians back through the Balkan, if indeed their army should escape at all. Hosts were rushing down from Asia to the sultan's aid, and the Russian army was utterly unable to maintain itself; wasted in numerical and physical strength by battle, marches, and disease, they must have perished, had not Lord Aberdeen and the British ambassador saved them, by persuading the sultan to throw himself upon the generosity of a conqueror whose conquests had conducted him, broken in strength, to the strongest resources of his enemy. When the terms of the treaty became known in Western Europe, there was one loud burst of indignation at the treachery of the czar, who professed to have waged the war for the liberties of the Christian nationalities, but who ended it by a treaty securing new accessions of power to himself. Lord Aberdeen was compelled by public opinion, and perhaps a sense of shame for the way in which he had been himself befooled, to write a despatch which amounted to a protest, but which is expressed in terms nevertheless of "whispering humbleness." The greatness and sacredness of

the czar seem far more to pervade the mind of the writer, than the dissimulation and avarice of power which that potentate had so cleverly practised.

Much has been written in praise of this despatch, and Lord Aberdeen repeatedly referred to it during his late administration as a vindication of his anti-Russian principles; but the despatch itself is only a respectful and feeble, although well composed, remonstrance, after the incapacity and Russian leanings of the writer had left it in his own power to do no more than remonstrate. What the professions of the emperor had been we may judge from this extract:—"He (*i. e.* the emperor) renounced all projects of conquest and ambition, and frequently repeated that, so far from desiring the destruction of the Turkish Empire, he was most anxious for its preservation; and that in his own solemn promises should be found the best pledges of his moderation." The noble secretary afterwards asks, "Does the treaty of Adrianople place the Porte in a situation corresponding with the expectations raised by such assurances?" Again, he says, "The cession of the Asiatic fortresses, with their neighbouring districts, not only secures to Russia the uninterrupted occupation of the eastern coasts of the Black Sea, but places her in a situation so commanding as to enable her to control at her pleasure the destinies of Asia Minor. Prominently advanced into the centre of Armenia, in the midst of a Christian population, Russia holds the keys both of the Turkish and the Persian provinces." Lord Aberdeen exposes eloquently the mischievous tendency of every stipulation in the treaty, but *expresses great confidence in the justice and generosity of his imperial majesty!* How a man so imposed upon could express such confidence passes most other men's acquaintance with the philosophy of credulity, and how the same man could, in 1853 and 1854, run in the same track of credulous imbecility, when the very same "imperial majesty" was renewing the game, is inconceivable upon the principles of any philosophy. Ever since this unfortunate treaty Russia considered Turkey her own, and acted accordingly. When Mehemet Ali revolted, Russia and the Western powers came to the aid of the Porte, but Russia alone profited by the aid rendered. A new treaty bound down the Porte still more to the footstool of the czar—the treaty of Unkier Skelessi. This was concluded in secrecy, and was another act of treachery to the West. It was signed in 1840, and by it Turkey was engaged to close the Dardanelles against all vessels of war belonging to nations at war with Russia. This virtually made Russia the protector of Turkey.

When, in 1849, the whole of Europe was

convulsed, Russia fomented as usual disputes in the northern provinces of Turkey, which enabled her to interfere, and exact from Turkey the recognition of a new mode of electing the hospodars, and the joint right of occupying the provinces. This is called the convention of

Balta Lima; and there remained nothing as a preparative for the final conquest of Turkey except the pseudo protection of the Greek Christians, by which the czar could at any time throw the whole Greek population into revolt, and make an easy prey of the distracted realms.

CHAPTER IV.

CAUSES OF THE WAR.—OCCUPATION OF THE PROVINCES.

“Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.”—SHAKSPEARE.

FROM the facts given in the previous chapter, it is evident that Russia was bent upon the destruction of the Ottoman Empire. The *modus operandi* would depend upon events. France gave her the occasion she required. The President of the French Republic, now Emperor of the French, adopted the policy which proved so fatal in the long run to his predecessors—his great uncle, the elder Bourbons, and the Orleanists alike—that of upholding abroad, by diplomacy and force, the ascendancy of the Roman Catholic religion. To this policy the liberties of Rome had been just sacrificed; and the idea of ascendancy for the Latin Church in the East having become revived in all the European Roman Catholic nations, Louis Napoleon wished to strengthen himself for his contemplated *coup-d'état* by flattering this feeling. M. Lavallette was sent to Constantinople to demand the restitution, or original possession, it is difficult to say which, of the key of the grand porch of the Holy Sepulchre, into the possession of which the Greeks had been somehow inducted: also to demand the restoration to its place of some star-cross, in the Church of the Holy Virgin, which, because of its bearing a Latin inscription, the Greeks had removed.

The newspapers of London made very merry about this diplomacy of holy keys and sacred stars, and the more so as the opposition of the Greeks became earnest. The spirit of either the Latin or Greek Church was so little understood at home, that no danger was apprehended from these wars of the pilgrims. The Porte was unwilling to offend the Greeks, and refused the demands of the French ambassador. The latter, in a tone as arrogant and insolent as ever was adopted to the government of an independent nation, threatened to order the French fleet from the Mediterranean to enter the Dardanelles; and showed such tokens of meaning what he said, that the alarmed sultan gave way, and the French demands were satisfied. The indignation of the whole Greek world was soon at its height. The Emperor of Russia could not entertain a more indignant anger than that which animated his subjects; and not

only them, but the 12,000,000 of Greek subjects of the Porte, the inhabitants of independent Greece, and the Greek traders and residents of every country. No person could have access to the society of respectable Greek merchants in England or France at that time without perceiving that they laboured under a sense of wrong; and unhappily also entertained a bigotted rivalry to the Latins, which nothing but ascendancy could assuage. The Emperor Nicholas took advantage of a feeling thus made ready for his projects, and sent Prince Menschikoff to demand the restitution of the disputed key, and a renewed declaration on the part of the Porte in favour of the privileges of Greek Christianity. After much negotiation, the first part of the demand was settled by concessions on the part of the French government, and by the good offices of the British ambassador. The second part of the demand was such, and made in such terms, as it was impossible for the Porte to comply with.

It is here desirable to say that while the arrogance of France furnished the Russian emperor with the occasion for his demands, he had been contemplating some such method of pushing his influence and authority over the subjects of the Porte for some time before. Disturbances had been got up in Montenegro by the influence of Austria, and at the instigation of Russia. The Montenegrins threw forth predatory bands over the Turkish borders, and surprised and murdered great numbers of the inhabitants. Turkey resented these outbreaks, and Omar Pasha was ordered to conduct an army upon Montenegro. Austria interfered under threat of a declaration of war, and the march of Omar Pasha was countermanded. She took, however, the opportunity to ask for a protectorate of her own, which surprised all the ambassadors, and none more than the representative of Russia, who, after denouncing the injustice and arrogance of the Austrian minister, suddenly, by command from St. Petersburg, gave him his support. The unhappy sultan was of course forced to yield. Had nothing occurred on the part of France, this conduct of Austria would have sufficed for

a precedent for Russia; but Austria had not yet fully performed the part assigned to her, when France, opportunely for Russia, did all that she could have desired. That Austria was the instrument of Russia in the Montenegrin affair may be new to the public generally, but the facts are capable of proof. Austrian officers assisted in disciplining the bands of the insurgents, and afterwards received decorations from their own government for the services thus rendered.

That Russia had all this time been preparing for an invasion of Turkey, *in conjunction with Austria*, was subsequently made plain by the diplomatic correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour, the British minister at St. Petersburg. On February 21st, 1853, he thus wrote: "The sovereign who thus insists upon the impending fall of a neighbouring state must have settled in his own mind that the hour, if not of its dissolution, yet for its dissolution, is at hand. This assumption would hardly be ventured unless some intimate understanding existed between Russia and Austria." March 9th, Sir Hamilton again writes: "These points appear to me to be fully established by the imperial memorandum—the existence of some distinct understanding between the two courts upon the subject of Turkey. . . . Assuming as a certain and now acknowledged fact, the existence of an understanding or compact between the two emperors as to Turkish affairs, it becomes of the deepest importance to know the extent of the engagements entered into between them. . . . Its basis was no doubt laid at some of the meetings which took place between the sovereigns in the autumn; and the scheme has probably been worked out since, under the management of Baron Mayendorf, the Russian envoy at the Austrian court, who has been passing the winter at St. Petersburg, and is still here." From these quotations it is beyond doubt, when we recollect the sources of Sir H. Seymour's information, that Austria was implicated with Russia in the way above described, and that Russia would have made demands about the protection of the Greek Church, grounded upon the concessions made to Austria in the case of Montenegro, had not France furnished her with a better pretext. In violation of the conventions of July, 1840, and July, 1841, the Russian ambassador extraordinary at Constantinople demanded a secret treaty with the Porte, the main item of which should be the protection of the orthodox Greek Church, and thus virtually the sovereignty of a moiety of the Porte's subjects. The sultan, alarmed at this demand and the menaces by which it was accompanied, sought the advice of the ministers of the other powers. Advice was at first promptly given by the French and British ministers to refuse any

secret treaty and to resist such demands. The British minister, Lord Stratford, was absent during a portion of these discussions, when Colonel Rose displayed both intelligence and promptitude, which had they been followed up might have averted war; but the governments of France and England vacillated, the French minister for foreign affairs and the English premier were both much under the influence of Austria—the accomplice of Russia in the whole affair; and the English premier was besides the personal friend of the Emperor Nicholas, and the open abettor of that system of policy which regarded the preponderating power of Russia as a necessary element in the European balance, and the surest support of anti-revolutionary and of conservative politics. For although England had refused to enter the Holy Alliance after the peace of 1815, there was always a powerful English party favourable to that confederacy, which rested mainly upon Russia, and Lord Aberdeen made no secret of his sympathy in that direction. In no other way can we account for the utter neglect of all Sir H. Seymour's warnings, and of the warnings previously afforded by the base betrayal of Lord Aberdeen himself by the Emperor Nicholas, in the matter of the treaty of Adrianople. Perhaps all the members of Lord Aberdeen's cabinet shared in some measure this pro-Russian feeling; but so much more did the Aberdeen section maintain it, that jealousy of the Russell section pervaded all their councils. This state of feeling in the British cabinet, and the pro-Austrian feeling of the French Minister of foreign affairs, were the main causes of so much fruitless diplomacy, and such submission to the guidance of Austria, not only at the outset of the quarrel, but through every successive step of negotiation.

The conduct of Russia in its demands, and of Turkey in its refusal of those demands, may be best represented by a perusal of the "*final*" ultimatum of Prince Menschikoff, a draft of which the minister of the sultan was of course to sign, or the plenipotentiary would leave Constantinople in eight days. This was on the 21st of May, 1853.

"The Sublime Porte, after a most attentive and earnest examination of the demands which form the object of the extraordinary mission confided to the Ambassador of Russia, the Prince Menschikoff, and after submitting the result of that examination to his Majesty the Sultan, makes it its duty to notify, by these presents to his highness the Ambassador, the following imperial decision:—

"His Majesty the Sultan, desirous of giving his august ally and friend, the Emperor of Russia, a fresh proof of his most sincere friendship and desire to consolidate the ancient

relations of good neighbourhood and cordial understanding which exist between the two countries, and, at the same time, placing an implicit confidence in the constantly benevolent intentions of his Imperial Majesty towards the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, has deigned to appreciate and take into his serious consideration the candid and cordial representations of which the ambassador of Russia has been the organ, in favour of the orthodox religion of the East, which is professed by his august ally, and by the majority of both their subjects.

"The undersigned has consequently received the order to give the imperial government of Russia, represented by his highness the Prince Menschikoff, by this present note, the solemn assurance of the unchanging solicitude, and the generous and tolerant sentiments which animate his Majesty the Sultan, for the prosperity and security of the clergy, the churches, and religious establishments of the Christian religion in the East.

"To render these assurances still more explicit, to define in a formal manner the principal objects of this high solicitude, and to corroborate by supplementary explanations, necessitated by the progress of time, the sense of certain articles which, in former treaties concluded between the two powers, have referred to religious questions, and to prevent, for all time to come, even the shadow of a misunderstanding on this subject, the undersigned is authorised by his Majesty the Sultan to make the following declarations:—

"1. The orthodox religion of the East, its clergy, churches, possessions, and religious establishments, shall for the future enjoy, under the ægis of his Majesty the Sultan, the privileges and immunities which were assured to them from of old, or which have been granted to them from time to time by the imperial favour, and from a high principle of equity; they shall participate in the advantages awarded to the other Christian sects, as well as to the legations accredited to the Sublime Porte, by convention or special disposition.

"2. His Majesty the Sultan, having thought it necessary and equitable to corroborate and explain his sovereign firman of the 15th day of the month of *Rebbi-Ulakhir*, 1268 (16th February, 1852), by his firman of this date, and to ordain, moreover, by another firman of this date, the reparation of the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre, these two firmans shall be textually executed and faithfully observed, to the maintenance, for all time to come, of the existing conditions of the sanctuaries possessed by the Greeks exclusively, or in common with the members of other sects.

"It is understood that this promise extends equally to the maintenance of all these rights

and immunities which have been enjoyed from the beginning by the orthodox church and its clergy, within the walls of Jerusalem and without, without any prejudice to the other Christian communities.

"3. In case the imperial court of Russia should demand it, a convenient locality shall be assigned, in the city of Jerusalem or its vicinity, for the construction of a church devoted to the celebration of divine service by Russian ecclesiastics, and of an hospital for poor and distressed pilgrims: and such foundations shall be under the special *surveillance* of the Consul-general of Russia in Syria and Palestine.

"4. The necessary firmans and orders shall be given to those who have a right to ask for them, and to the Greek patriarchs for the execution of those sovereign decisions; and a further understanding will be come to in the regulation of other details, which have neither found a place in the firmans respecting the Holy Places, nor in the present notification."

→ This ultimatum was declined by the Porte, and Prince Menschikoff withdrew from Constantinople. During these negotiations the Russian armies were concentrated upon the Bessarabian frontier, and made ready to cross the Pruth in vast force; and at the same time the Emperor Nicholas was sounding Sir H. Seymour at St. Petersburg, and virtually proposing that Russia, Austria, and Prussia, should share with England in event of the breaking up of the Turkish empire. In these celebrated conversations Sir Hamilton represents the emperor as saying, "That in case of the dissolution of the Turkish empire, he thought it might be less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory territorial arrangement than many imagined. The principalities are an independent state under my protection, this might so continue; Servia might receive the same form of government. So again with Bulgaria. There seems to be no reason why this province should not form an independent state. As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. If you should take possession of Egypt, I should have no objection to offer. I would say the same thing of Candia; that island might suit you, and I do not know why it should not become an English possession." His general views as to what he would not permit in case of a dissolution of the Ottoman states were thus expressed:—"I will not tolerate the permanent occupation of Constantinople by the Russians; having said this I will say that it never shall be held by the French, English, or any other great nation. Again, I never will permit an attempt at the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire; or such an extension of Greece as would render her a

powerful state; still less will I permit the breaking up of Turkey into little republics— asylums for the Kossuths and Mazzinis, and other revolutionists of Europe: rather than submit to any of these arrangements I would go to war, and so long as I have a man or a musket left would carry it on.” These conversations were accompanied by despatches and protestations that the emperor would not, in the quarrel then pending, attempt any territorial occupation. But Odessa and Sebastopol were filled with naval and military preparation, and the Russian army was massing upon the Pruth, ready at a moment’s notice to invade the principalities. The moment at last came. Prince Metternich and Count Nesselrode, the Russian minister for foreign affairs, baffled in their intrigues by the resolution of the sultan, gave place to other and more decisive performers. Prince Gortschakoff crossed the Pruth on the 25th of June, at the head of a numerous army, organized to the highest efficiency on the Russian principle, and attended by a most powerful artillery and *materiel* of war. Contemporaneous with the advance of his armies, the autocrat published a manifesto which left his motives and objects no longer in disguise, and which no persons could misapprehend, except those whom the disclosures of Sir H. Seymour had failed to enlighten:—

“By the grace of God we, Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c. Making known to our faithful and well-beloved subjects, that from time immemorial our glorious predecessors took the vow to defend the orthodox faith.

“From the moment that it pleased divine Providence to transmit to us the hereditary throne, the observation of those sacred duties which are inseparable from it has constantly been the subject of our cares and solicitude. Based on the glorious treaty of Kainardgi, confirmed by the solemn transactions concluded afterwards by the Ottoman Porte, those cares and solitudes have always had for their object to guarantee the rights of the orthodox church. But to our profound affliction, notwithstanding all our efforts to defend the integrity and the rights of our orthodox church, latterly numerous arbitrary acts of the Ottoman Porte attacked those rights, and threatened finally to destroy the whole order of things sanctioned by centuries, and so dear to the orthodox faith.

“Our efforts to dissuade the Porte from such acts have been fruitless, and even the solemn word which the Sultan had given to us on the occasion has been violated.

“Having exhausted all the means of persuasion, and all the means of obtaining in a friendly manner the satisfaction due to our just reclamation, we have deemed it indis-

pensable to order our troops to enter the principalities, to show the Porte to how far its obstinacy may lead it. Nevertheless, even now it is not our intention to commence war. By the occupation of the principalities we wish to have in our hand a pledge which will guarantee to us in every respect the re-establishment of our rights.

“We do not seek conquests. Russia does not need them. We demand satisfaction for a legitimate right openly infringed. We are ready even now to stop the movement of our troops, if the Ottoman Porte engages to observe religiously the integrity of the privileges of the orthodox church. But if obstruction and blindness obstinately desire the contrary, then, invoking God to our aid, we will leave to his care to decide our difference; and placing our full hope in his all-powerful hand, we will march to the defence of the orthodox faith. Given at Peterhoff, the 14th (26th) of the month of June, 1853, in the twenty-eighth year of our reign. (Signed) “NICHOLAS.”

The foregoing tissue of falsehood and hypocrisy was intended to act upon the fanaticism of his own people and of his soldiers, who were taught to regard their invasion of the provinces as a crusade. Other means were taken to reassure the Western governments that no conquest was intended. Count Nesselrode wrote diplomatic circulars to the Russian ambassadors and consuls at the various courts and capitals; M. Druhyn de L’Huys, the French minister of foreign affairs, and our own foreign minister, wrote counter-circulars; and time was bootlessly expended by the Western governments that ought to have been given to the preparation of armaments. The Russians lost no time. Having advanced upon Wallachia by way of Leova, and upon Moldavia by way of Skouliany, they rapidly penetrated to the capitals of the provinces, where the clergy of the Greek Church, and the leading officials also of that communion, gave them public welcome. *Te Deum* was sung in the churches, and the Russian armies acted as if on conquered territory. It was on the 3rd of July that the Pruth was crossed; on the 8th Prince Gortschakoff assisted in the ceremonies of the Church of St. Spiridion, at Jassy; on the 29th he received the compliments of the assembled bishops of the Greek Church of the provinces at Bucharest, 150 miles nearer to the Danube. By this date the Russian army had greatly increased; Gortschakoff, Dannenberg, and Luders, had at their disposal nearly 20,000 cavalry, 144 pieces of cannon, of a larger calibre than had ever before been brought into the field by any army, and a force of infantry not so large in proportion to these arms of the service, but the precise number of which it is

impossible, amidst so many conflicting statements, to verify. General Osten-Sacken remained within the Russian frontier with powerful reserves, and reinforcements were pouring along in unbroken streams from the great centres of Russian military power. The fierce Cossack from the Don and the Dneister, the Tartar from the Ukraine, the beetle-browed and predatory Baschkir, with all their variety of wild uniform, and "helm and blade" glancing in the summer's sun, crowded on the great military thoroughfares, while fresh supplies of well-appointed and formidable artillery were carefully transmitted. The foundries of Russia were blazing in the manufacture of warlike weapons; and the workshops of Belgium were ransacked for the musket and rifle. The shores of the Sea of Azoff and of the Black Sea were alive with craft of every size, bearing military resources to the points destined to receive them. By shore and river in the occupied cities of the provinces, and far off in the cities of imperial Russia, the din of ceaseless preparation was heard; and it was evident to all men—still only excepting our government and the diplomatists—that Russia was preparing for a struggle against whatever forces might be brought against her, and was resolved to peril her empire upon one desperate effort to humble Europe, and grasp from Turkey some of her richest provinces or compel the formal admission of her vassalage.

The Russian armies crowded down to the sweeps of the Danube, occupying every strategical position, and fortifying themselves by entrenchments and other defences as occasion seemed to require; the Russian leaders the while consolidating their hold upon the provinces thus occupied by deposing the hospodars, levying taxes and rations for the troops, taking the direction of the militia and municipalities, and when payments were made for anything giving only Russian paper, which it was never intended to redeem. Vast quantities of corn were accumulating upon the Danube and at Odessa, which could not be exported. The Russian armies must be fed; and it was a part of the policy of the occupation to detain these stores for any emergency that might arise. With all these evils pressing down the unfortunate Wallachians and Moldavians, forced enlistment was resorted to; and the boyards who refused complicity with the treasonable hospodars were placed in the Russian ranks. To crown all the horrors which filled with fear these wasted and tortured lands, cholera, which broke out in the corps of General Luders, communicated itself to the people of the country, and every town and many districts, from the windings of the Danube to the confines of Podolia, were swept

by the cold hand of the unseen messenger of woe. As statements of all these calamities reached Western Europe, the people of England were indignant; and although the desire for peace was intense, the increasing indignation of the British people was loudly expressed. None of these things moved their government—their faith was in protocols and protests, both very gentle and harmless; and the Western powers literally did nothing effective during the summer and autumn until the 10th September, when the French ambassador, as if in sudden alarm, and without any orders from his government or concert with his colleague of the British embassy, ordered three frigates to ascend the Sea of Marmora and anchor in the Bosphorus. The English minister, after much importunity, adopted a similar measure; but pains were taken to make Russia and the world believe that this measure was intended to protect the Porte from its own subjects, and not from Russia. Indeed, the allies seemed to name Russia with "bated breath;" while Russia was filling the world with boasting, fabricating reports of successes over the tribes of Central Asia, pushing a force even to Bokhara, and menacing and wheedling Persia by turns. The *Petersburg Gazette* threatened that if England went to war, peace should be dictated to her from Calcutta; she was treated by the emperor and his subjects with utter disdain.

The Turkish government took example from Russia rather than from the allies; she made prodigious efforts to meet the exigency. Her first care was wisely *not* in the direction of the Danube. She knew that, numerous as were the Russian legions, they could not force the passage of the Balkan, and meet her in defence of her capital upon the plains of Roumelia, before the allied fleets and allied troops would secure it. She had another and more urgent danger: that pointed out by Lord Aberdeen in his despatch upon the treaty of Adrianople, referred to in a foregoing page. Russia might penetrate through Armenia into Asia Minor; she might, from the southern shores of the Black Sea, pour down new hosts, overrun provinces comparatively unprotected, and by another route reach the Dardanelles, and menace not only Constantinople, but the allied fleets within its waters. The divan accordingly organised an army of Asia, and with it occupied Anatolia. Selim Pasha was appointed as commander-in-chief and seraskier of the province. Had he possessed the genius of Omar Pasha, to whom the army of the Danube was committed, he might, as events have since proved, have driven the Russians from Georgia and Circassia, and freed the Caucasus from their presence. He was wholly unfit to command a division, much less an army. The Asiatic danger provided against, Omar was

sent to collect and organise an army in Bulgaria, and strong reinforcements were promised and partly provided at Adrianople. Two conscriptions of 80,000 men each were made before the end of September; and Russia replied to these demonstrations by two enormous levies.

Thus the note of preparation sounded through all the vast empire of the sultan—from Kurdistan to the Bosphorus, and thence to the Danube; and the turban and fez, with all the picturesque and varied costume of the wild warriors from the remotest provinces, gave a strange animation to the various cities in which a rendezvous was appointed for each mustering host. Such was the state of things in the sultan's dominions just before his proclamation of war.

Let us now trace the allies in their tempestuous course during the same interval.

At the juncture when the Russian armies entered the provinces, the allied fleets had made no demonstration; and they continued their "reserve" until, as recorded above, a few frigates of each fleet, with dubious object, moored in the Bosphorus. The allies occupied the whole summer and early autumn with "notes." A conference was opened at Vienna, and a "note" was drawn up under the inspiration of Austria, which received the sanction of all the representatives, and was transmitted to St. Petersburg for the emperor's approval, who signified his acceptance of it. This he might well do, for it conceded everything which Menschikoff had demanded. It may probably be for ever impossible to learn whether it was composed with a sincere desire to secure peace by causing the Porte to make concessions which the framers of the note thought of no ultimate consequence, and which would flatter and appease the Emperor Nicholas, or whether it was a trick of Austria, with the connivance of the British minister more especially, to sacrifice the Porte to a future danger and secure a present peace. At all events the Russian cabinet, after scanning closely its contents, and weighing every word of doubtful or double import, saw in it a concession of all that was required. The Porte, however, refused to sign the note. The divan, as well as the Russian cabinet, saw through it. If there were a combined attempt to impose upon the Turkish government, it failed. If the French and British ministers and cabinets were imposed upon, the divan comprised some more sagacious statesmen. The whole diplomatic world was thrown into confusion, indignation, and astonishment by this act of vigilance and force; but as they could not see, or affected an inability to see any great importance in the alterations suggested by the Porte, they adopted them, and the altered note was sent to St. Petersburg. It was refused: Count Nesselrode reminding the Austrian minister that the note originally sent

was accepted on condition that it should undergo no modification, and that as it was their own, the conference should abide by it and compel Turkey to do so. Count Nesselrode's remonstrances and despatches proved that the divan was right, that the construction it perceived as possible, as probable, on the part of the Russian chancellery, was really put upon it; and of course the diplomatists had to retrace their steps, to approve of the prescience and decision of the Turk, to wonder at their own dulness, and cast about them as to what to do next. The question arose, which ought to have arisen at the beginning, *why should Turkey send any note?* The diplomatists found that they had been wrong in principle, when they also discovered that they had blundered in detail.

It is unnecessary to publish the Vienna note to show the merits of the quarrel. In it the sultan was made to recognise that in previous treaties the czar had received a title to a certain amount of protection over the Greek Church: in the correction the sultan throws himself upon the actual stipulations of former treaties—that *he*, not the czar, was bound to protect the "Christian worship." Here are two ideas insinuated by the czar—the Greek Church to be protected, and he to be the protector; the sultan corrects these ideas by referring to the true terms of these treaties—that the Christian *worship* was to be protected, and that it had been stipulated that *he, the sultan*, was to protect it. Can it be possible that the diplomatists were themselves ignorant of these treaties? The treaty of Kainardgi—that which was made to originate the czar's claim—refers to religion in its 7th, 8th, and 14th articles, and in no other; and none of these articles furnish a shadow of such claims as the czar thus fraudulently put forth.

The other passage of the Vienna note was still more objectionable: it made the sultan to concede to the members of the orthodox Greek Church all privileges possessed, by especial convention or otherwise, by all other Christians in his dominions. To this the Porte offered the alteration of "Ottoman subjects." The demand desired that the Greek subjects of the Porte should have the same rights as Latins or Protestants, who were foreigners, and under the protection of their respective governments; the result of which concession would be, that the whole Greek population would be placed under the protection of the Emperor of Russia, he would in fact (taking the concession in connexion with previous treaties, which, it must be allowed, gave him virtually some right to interfere) be the recognised sovereign of half the subjects of the sultan! The sultan was willing to concede to Greek subjects anything conceded or to be conceded to Armenians, Jews,

Franks, or Protestants—willing to accord to the Greeks, who were foreigners, all privileges “accorded or to be accorded to other religious communities,” who were also foreigners. The lucid justice of this could not be made a matter of doubt or discussion.

After a world of red-tapeism all negotiation failed, and the emperor made one more effort to gain his point without war, and the conferences of Olmutz resulted. Nicholas was evidently uneasy lest Austria should not preserve her neutrality; and he arranged a personal interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph there. For some time it became the focus of intrigue, and the probability is that the subsequent course of Austria was there

agreed upon by secret treaty. Many circumstances tend to establish this opinion; and as previous pages of this history reveal, Sir H. Seymour arrived at that conclusion, upon data unknown to the British government at the time, in the spring of 1854. At the breaking up of the conferences of Olmutz it suited Russia and Austria to make the world believe that the interview of the emperors settled nothing, and that Nicholas departed in chagrin and defeat. This version of it was accepted generally then, it is almost as generally discredited now. Thus terminated all hope of accommodation, and there remained nothing for the safety of Turkey but war.

CHAPTER V.

DECLARATION OF WAR BY TURKEY.—CAMPAIGN ON THE DANUBE.—MASSACRE AT SINOPE.

“The big wars
That make ambition virtue.”—SHAKSPERE.

THE sultan had now no alternative to war but abdication. The spirit of his people was everywhere roused, and he would have been considered a traitor to his country and his creed had he any longer hesitated. The Ulemahs—ecclesiastical officers sacred in the eyes of all true Mussulmen—made known to the sultan their official judgment that war with Russia became his immediate duty as their sultan and padishaw. On the 26th of September the council pronounced for war, and the sultan, delaying a few days (perhaps to save the appearance of unfettered sovereignty, and probably also to make available the New-year's-day of the Turks, which is the 4th of October), put forth a declaration of war against Russia, setting forth all the grievances already related as constituting a *casus belli*. It opens with this sentence, which justifies the omission of so lengthily a document from these pages:—“In the present state of circumstances it would be superfluous to take up from its very commencement the explanation of the difference which has arisen between the Sublime Porte and Russia, to enter anew into the divers phases which this difference has gone through, or to reproduce the opinions and judgments of the government of his Majesty the Sultan, which have been made public by the official documents promulgated from time to time.” The concluding paragraphs set forth the intentions of the sultan in reference to his manifesto:—“It notifies then officially, that the government of his Majesty the Sultan finds itself obliged to declare war, that it has given most precise instructions to his excellency Omar Pasha to demand from Prince Gortschakoff the evacuation of the princi-

palities, and to commence hostilities if, after fifteen days from the arrival of his despatch at the Russian head-quarters, an answer in the negative should be returned. It is distinctly understood that should the reply of Prince Gortschakoff be negative, the Russians are to quit the Ottoman states, and that the commercial relations of the respective subjects of the two governments shall be broken off. At the same time the Sublime Porte will not consider it just to lay an embargo upon Russian merchant vessels, as has been the practice. Moreover, the Ottoman government, being unwilling to place hindrances in the way of commercial intercourse between the subjects of friendly powers, will, during the war, leave the straits open to their mercantile marine.” Immediately upon the issue of this declaration, Omar Pasha gave formal notice to the Russian commander, who replied in the following terms:—“My master is not at war with Turkey; but I have orders not to leave the principalities until the Porte shall have given to the emperor the moral satisfaction he demands. When this point has been obtained, I will evacuate the principalities immediately, whatever the time or the season. If I am attacked by the Turkish army, I will confine myself to the defensive.”

At the same time the emperor Nicholas put forth a manifesto about his zeal for the orthodox faith in the East, and calling upon his beloved Russia, in the usual religious cant of all the emperor's public documents, to aid him in the holy war. Count Nesselrode as usual sent his “circular note” to the ambassadors, consuls, and agents of Russia. To the character of this document it will be necessary presently

to refer. Four days after the declaration of war, the sultan made a formal demand for the allied fleets to enter the Dardanelles. The demand was complied with, and the ministers of the Western powers presented the admirals with great "pomp and circumstance" to the sultan. The further request of the sultan that the fleets or a portion of them should pass also the straits of the Bosphorus was refused by the ambassadors, on the ground that *the Western powers were not at war with Russia*. In vain the foreign minister of the sultan urged the danger to which his ships and coasts were exposed in the Black Sea. The answer was, that Prince Gortschakoff had promised to make the war on the part of Russia strictly defensive; and that Count Nesselrode, in his circular despatch (above referred to), had repeated that promise. There was, in the opinion of the ambassadors, no reason for doubting the good faith of the Russian government; and they would not, by a demonstration so hostile as that of sending the fleets into the Euxine, provoke Russia to change the character of the war, and make it one of offensive operation. The reply of the Turkish minister was, that Russia could not make the war offensive upon the shores of the Black Sea if the fleets were to cruise there; and that the only chance of her being able to convert the war upon the Danube into one of active offensive operations, was her having command of the Black Sea for the easy transport of stores of all kinds to the vicinity of the armies. This reasoning, irrefutable although it obviously was, and most important as it soon and fatally proved itself to be, was met by the reply that the ambassadors had no instructions for any demonstration more active than the assemblage of the fleets for the protection of Stamboul. Again the Turkish minister pressed upon the ambassadors and admirals the exposed situation of the coasts of the Black Sea, and the Turkish squadron within its waters; and showed that, for the present, there was no necessity for the allied fleets in the Sea of Marmora; that the sultan, in calling them through the Dardanelles, contemplated their further progress through the other straits; that the Russians could not endanger the capital until they had forced the Danube, captured Schumla and Sophia, forced the passes of the Balkan, and were victors at Adrianople; or, from the eastern frontier, had pushed a victorious campaign from the Caucasus through Asia Minor. It was, however, in vain that the enlightened men then in the Turkish Foreign-office demonstrated that if the fleets were sent to defend Turkey, the Black Sea was their appropriate sphere of action: the admirals had no orders, and the ambassadors would give them none, and pleaded the absence of any discretionary power.

While the fleets spread the tricolor and the

union-jack upon the gentle breezes of the Bosphorus, Omar Pasha, with frame of iron and intellect of light, seemed to do everything as well as direct everything upon the northern frontier of Bulgaria; and only just allowed the fifteen days "notice to quit" to expire, before he showed Russia and the world that the Turks had a general, and that with a general they were still soldiers, as when the blazing scimitar of Orchan first flashed upon Europe, or Byzantium shook before the thunder of the artillery of Mohammed II. They were still worthy of their father Osman, the "Bone-breaker;" and, in hand to hand combat, an overmatch for the boors of Russia both in courage and strength. It must be said, to their disadvantage, that they were not very precise concerning the declaration of war; for on the very day it was declared, and without the knowledge of their chief, a semi-brigade hurried over the river, fell upon a Russian detachment, routed it, seized a considerable booty, and, like true Bashi-bazaks, were away again upon their own side before the foray could be chastised.

With the end of October, the time granted to Prince Gortschakoff by Omar Pasha expired; by whom strong detachments were immediately expedited to the Russian side of the disputed river. Crossing at once in several places, they were soon established in some force upon the frontier of Wallachia, and pushing forward a strong advance-guard upon the Russians, the latter skirmished, refused battle, and slowly and sullenly retreated upon Slatina. To understand this movement of the Turks, or any of their subsequent operations, a clear view of Omar Pasha's position and plan of campaign must be had. The basis of his operations was Schumla, somewhat more than thirty English miles distant to the south of the river. Schumla was well fortified, and the general established facile communication between it and Varna on the sea, so as to be able to derive supplies thence. The right flank of his army rested on those places, and was secure therefore from being turned by the Russian left. His left flank was thrown out diagonally to a great extent—an extent not in keeping with the rules of war, but which in his hands was a safe arrangement; for, if attacked by a superior force, he could draw it gradually and diagonally back upon itself towards his centre, so that as it retired its strength would accumulate, and just in proportion as the attacking force would become attenuated. The Russians would hardly venture to turn Omar Pasha's left, as in doing so they must from its elastic action experience considerable obstruction; while it retiring gradually in the mode described above would escape punishment, and, if outflanked, the

Russians would arrive at the Balkan still annoyed by this supple left wing, and having behind them the whole force of Omar Pasha and almost impregnable fortifications, while the passes of the Balkan would be alive with bristling bayonets, and every crag covered with artillery and rifles. It has sometimes been good strategy to leave a fortified place in the rear of an advancing army. Napoleon and Wellington practised it with success, and the Russians themselves under Diebitch, in 1829, did so with some impunity, but at tremendous risk. With such an army as that of Omar Pasha, occupying such a position as Schumla, and with such a general, and the allied fleets already in the Turkish waters, the attempt to outflank Omar Pasha's left would be madness; so that while he had secured his right, he used this left wing, if we may use so rude an illustration, pretty much as a skilful pugilist will "plant" his blows with rapidity, while he at the same time makes good his guard. Omar's chief difficulty was not the Russians, he had to discipline his troops while they fought; he was often but indifferently supplied with shoes, horses, and instruments of carriage; and he was sometimes tortured with instructions from the cabinet at Constantinople, issued by those who knew nothing of the affairs they presumed to direct. At the outset he was ordered to break down all the bridges, and to keep upon the defensive on his own side of the river. He of course paid no attention to these orders. He knew that to defend shores washed by a deep and circuitous river, it would be often advantageous to make the enemy's shores the barrier rather than his own, and by perpetually crossing and recrossing to harass the enemy by the uncertainty of his action; while at the same time he never deviated from his plan, but shortened or elongated the active wing (the left) of his army as the positions of the enemy tempted, or the necessities of his own position constrained. Should the enemy cross the river in strength, which Omar Pasha could not certainly prevent, unless indeed by harassing him on his own side, then the line of defence taken enabled the Turkish general to give battle with effect, and if outflanked on his left, to place the enemy between two fires, that which Omar could still throw upon his rear, and that with which the reserves from behind the Balkan would assail him in front—a position from which the whole force which Russia had in the provinces could never return, they must either perish in the passes, die of hunger before them, or become captives to the force hanging upon their rear. In the execution of the plan above noticed, Omar Pasha hurried what troops were at his disposal for such a purpose with an apparently desultory, but really circumspect and systematic

rapidity across the Danube. Marches and countermarches, concentration and extension, followed on the part of the Russians, they were confused by the boldness and suddenness of the movement. At first they supposed he had crossed in strength, and there was much disorganised hurrying to and fro to ascertain the quarter upon which the blow was meditated. Finding that a large army had not anywhere gained the Wallachian side of the river, the Russians concluded that it was a mere predatory expedition, and while very desirous to punish it, treated it with characteristic disdain. The Russians excel most armies in their expertness in gaining information of the movements of an enemy. A Russian officer is in his element in the character of a spy. Omar was too much for them in this instance—he knew the country better, and had at his disposal agents and instruments every way adapted to his purpose. He was perfectly acquainted with the disposition of the Russian forces. As he threw the first bodies of men across the Danube, he seized an island between Widdin and Kalafat, where the troops who took possession entrenched themselves. Prince Gortschakoff was at Slatina, upon the Aluta, whither the Russian advanced posts had retired, conveying the intelligence of these very unexpected doings of the Turks. At the same time about 3000 Turks entrenched themselves at Giurgevo, having passed the river in perfect order by a fleet of gun-boats, and offering a very formidable appearance. To dislodge these seemed to the Russian commander the first necessity, although the cost of doing so must be considerable, from their equipment and strength; while if a very large force were brought against them, they could retire in the same gun-boats, and thus distract the Russian plans, weaken other portions of the already scattered and extended line, and fatigue the Russian troops by marches and countermarches, while performing their own operations so as to leave them fresh to maintain their post, or abandon it for some other similar expedition. Meanwhile a body of 3000 Turks forced their way over from Turtukai to Oltenitza, and there occurred the first battle of the war, a battle glorious for the cause of national independence and international justice.

THE BATTLES AT OLTENITZA.

Turtukai is about 1150 yards from the Wallachian side of the Danube, and it rises to the height of 600 feet above the river. The island which we described as taken possession of by the Turks in crossing is 600 yards from Turtukai, and a considerably less distance from the opposite side, the river being there narrower than in the immediate vicinity,

and the island itself occupying some width. The island is higher than the northern margin of the river, and Turtukai commands both from its superior elevation. The moment the Turks took possession of the island, they put in position a powerful battery. This battery might possibly have fired with safety over the heads of the Turks, had they landed opposite to the island; they however were wisely directed to land a little lower down the river, so that the battery should protect their left, and prevent them from being enfiladed by the guns of the enemy, while the enemy would be enfiladed by the guns of the battery. The right of the embarking force was similarly protected by a battery of heavy guns upon the heights of Turtukai. Nothing could be more skilful than the whole plan of disembarkation; and whether the general was completely informed as to the peculiarities of the ground, or that chance determined it in his favour, what might in this respect have proved a difficulty became available for the more facile accomplishment of the purpose of occupation. The river Argish, if its waters may be dignified by the name, here runs parallel with the Danube, seeking lower ground for its confluence. This course continues but a short distance, but it was sufficiently long both to add to the danger and subserve the security of the party landing, for they crossed the Argish, and so deployed that their left and rear were necessarily upon it. Before their left and left centre a thick copse covered the ground, their right was unmasked by any wood or inequalities of ground. Here they entrenched themselves, and the whole landing and entrenching was accomplished about two hours after daylight. This memorable day was November 2nd, 1853. The Cossacks appeared in crowds upon their right and right centre in the open ground about an hour after they had secured their position. The Cossacks skirmished, advancing closely and firing, then wheeling about were succeeded by others; as this whirl of irregular cavalry maintained their desultory fire, they suffered considerably from the rifle carbine of the Turks, a weapon superior to any which their assailants used. The Turks had been accustomed to handle it, under the instruction of French officers, for some short time previously; and they gave good proof of having profited by their instructions. Many a bearded son of the Don was sent rolling upon the plain as he came up to fire, or wheeled round to give place to others. These skirmishers merely covered the advance of columns of infantry, supported by twenty pieces of cannon, both supported by a numerous body of cavalry, who, as the ground became better understood by the assailants, turned to their left, and formed upon the right of the

Turkish position, the only portion of it where cavalry could be brought into action. The total force, independent of artillery, brought against the 3000 Turks was 9000. The latter were repulsed with ease. Early in the action the cavalry were obliged to move out of range of the heavy guns on the heights of Turtukai. Nothing could be done on the other flank by either the infantry or artillery, so completely did the island battery protect it; the copsewood along one half of the Turkish line was so thick as to prevent guns from being brought up there, nor could infantry deploy with any hope of storming the entrenchments in that quarter. The brunt of the contest was borne by the Turkish right and right centre, who sustained the cannonade with coolness, and hurled back the infantry broken and discomfited by the terrible volleys poured from their minnie rifles. The Russians, after coolly confronting this fire again and again, were at last forced to draw off, and victory crowned the skill and steadiness of the Osmanlis. Upon the retirement of the Russians, the night was wisely occupied by the Turks both in their intrenchments and upon the southern side of the river; the position was greatly strengthened on the right of the former, and reinforcements crossed the river. These preparations were not unnecessary, for the Russians appeared next day in double strength, and again made an attack which was as nearly as possible a repetition of the former, and was precisely served the same way—the columns of assault were sent reeling back by the tremendous and certain fire of the assailed. The third day reinforcements having come up on the Russian side, so as to form an army of probably 27,000 men, it was determined by them to storm the works at whatever cost, and restore the courage of their own men and crush at once the hopes of the Turks. It was for moral as much as for physical ascendancy that the Russians fought that day. Omar Pasha had sent over during the previous night all the men he could spare, and the trenches were now guarded by 18,000 men—the odds were in their favour. Omar, seated upon the heights of Turtukai, watched with placidity and the assurance of genius the progress of his measures. The attack was again on the Turkish right, it was the only pregnable portion of the line, and here within a very small compass piles of dead soon attested the desperation of the struggle. The Russian infantry advanced in column, presenting a sure mark for the rifles of the Osmanlis along the line of entrenchment—their bullets could not miss; while numbers of the Russians were doomed to perish before they could deploy or return a single missile for those so unsparingly cutting through their masses. This day the artillery from the south side was more effective

than on either of the preceding, and the Russians had to pass under their range to receive the rifle volleys from the trenches. They did not flinch, but arrived at the breastworks scattered, and many of them wounded, when the Osmanlis leaped over their defences, and with the bayonet and the sword made repulse and slaughter a short work. The Russian infantry, or what was left of them, fled to the protection of their cavalry in utter disorder. The battle was over. The Turks did not lose fifty men. The Russians could not get at them, except when the former leaped the parapets of their works, and fell upon the shattered ranks that staggered thither through the appalling fire of artillery and musketry. The Russians acknowledged a loss of 1000 men, but the Turks found 600 upon the field around the entrenchments after the Russians had carried away many more. On the 11th of November other Russian troops were moved up, under General Englehardt, and a fourth attack was directed upon the entrenchments. On this occasion the Russians disposed themselves as if meditating an attack in flank upon the right, but the fire of the guns from Omar Pasha's side swept the approach. They endeavoured to get possession of the island, so as to open fire upon the position thence, and leave the Turks on the north side no choice but to lay down their arms. The very first arrangements for this enterprise showed its hopelessness; and had they succeeded in gaining the island, it was so dominated by the batteries at Turtukai as to render its detention impossible. The fourth day's fight was, therefore, from the necessities of the relative positions of assailants and assailed a repetition of the former combats; and the encore of the Turkish rifles and artillery was as soothing to Omar Pasha and his companion, the Spanish general, Prim, as it was disheartening to General Englehardt and those who so desperately but so uselessly attempted the execution of his commands.

After that the Turks acted on the offensive, surprising small parties of Russians, and not fearing to attack the irregular cavalry which watched them; and growing bold from their successes, they even sallied out upon the village of Oltenitza itself, where a body of Russians were posted, drove them from their quarters, burned the village, and returned in triumph to their impregnable defences. Other events on both sides of the river, to which the movements of both armies contributed, soon after obliged Omar Pasha to withdraw this force, in order to the concentration of his troops for a more effectual defence of the Bulgarian frontier against the increasing numbers of the enemy which were advancing upon the Danube.

While these events were taking place at Oltenitza, other portions of the Turkish line

were not inactive. They, as already noticed, had crossed the river from Rustchuk to the island of Giurgevo; their landing there was resisted, but they succeeded in occupying a position on the island, and immediately cannonaded the town. Several positions of lesser importance were rapidly occupied on the south—such as Rahova, Nicopolis, and Listova. But Ismail Pasha, afterwards so distinguished by his skill and intrepidity, crossed the river by way of Widdin, and seized Kalafat, which he occupied by two divisions; and, with amazing celerity and sound judgment, strengthened the place and threw out a brigade upon Kalarasch.

On the 26th November, Omar Pasha constructed a bridge of boats between the south shore and the island of Moukhan, not far from Giurgevo, and the day following assailed the Russians at that place; and for the two succeeding days continued their attacks. Retaining the islands of Moukhan and Ramhadan, they continued to strengthen themselves vigorously at Kalafat, while retiring generally from the northern bank of the river, and concentrating upon the southern shores as they retired. Pursuing these tactics, they abandoned Kalarasch and Giurgevo, but, nevertheless, held the Russians everywhere well in check upon that part of the line of defence; and, upon a distant quarter in the north of the Dobrudscha, opposite Brailau, fell upon the Russians at Matschin, and handled them with much severity.

When the news of these events reached Constantinople the joy was excessive—one general outburst of enthusiasm rang through the place; and the calm and quiet sultan himself caught the inspiration, and made such public demonstration of it as increased the loyalty of the old Osmanlis to his person, and silenced those who thought him to be, as they considered the allies, but half-hearted to the war. The sultan wrote a letter of congratulation to Omar Pasha; and sent him a present which is regarded as the highest compliment from the sultan to a successful general—his own favourite horse, splendidly caparisoned, and a magnificent sabre with jewelled handle. In Vienna the feeling upon these tidings was of undisguised alarm; the citizens, indeed, rejoiced as far as they dare, but the court, the aristocracy, and the army, could not suppress their dissatisfaction and apprehension. Always the focus of false intelligence, Vienna kept up its evil reputation in this instance, and sent through Europe tidings the most opposite and unlikely. These, with the true accounts, reached England together; and all Western Europe rejoiced that the military prestige of Russia was dissipated, and the old chivalry of the Osmans revived in so good a cause. It was not then understood that the very worst troops in the Russian service, excepting the artillery, was

in the occupation of the provinces; that, like all other oriental nations, Russia, as a system, sends forward her worst soldiers, holding the best troops in reserve until the seasons of greatest emergency. The joy was not to remain long without being overcast; the accounts of these feats of arms were speedily followed by intelligence of a nature to excite horror against Russia, and dissatisfaction the keenest with the dilatory policy of the Western governments. This intelligence was

THE MASSACRE AT SINOPE.

Sinope is a little town of some 12,000 inhabitants, situated on the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea. Considered in a military point of view its position is one of great importance. Captain Spencer, author of a work entitled *Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia*, visited it a few years since on behalf of the Turkish government, in order to furnish information as to its "capabilities of defence in case of a Russian attack upon that part of the Turkish Empire." He thus describes it:—"We were particularly struck with the position of Sinope, a town built on the isthmus of a peninsula running into the sea in the form of a promontory; a position which it might be seen at a glance was admirably adapted for becoming, in the hands of a clever military engineer, a second Gibraltar. It was also evident that a place directly opposite, and only 150 miles distant from, Sebastopol, protected by no better fortifications than an ill-constructed battery very much out of repair, and an old Byzantine castle in an equally ruinous state, would be certain to be attacked by a Russian fleet in the event of war; and if by any accident it fell into the hands of a clever power like Russia, it would enable her not only to command the whole of the Black Sea, but to cut off every communication between Constantinople and the Turkish pashalics of Erzerum, Kars, Turkish Armenia, &c. Plans of additional fortifications were accordingly executed, and a memorandum was drawn up impressing upon the government the necessity of putting a place so important into an efficient state of defence. It is scarcely necessary to say that the plans and the memorandum remained in the cabinet of the vizier entirely disregarded; and to this want of foresight may be attributed the disaster of Sinope."

From the site, as described by Captain Spencer, it may be easily conceived that the general aspect of the place is picturesque. The "old Byzantine castle" overlooks a considerable landscape, rich with the verdure of a well-watered soil, beneath a climate the most genial; thickly-wooded dells lie beneath its broken walls, and its almost insular position ensures great equality of temperature, the refreshing

sea-breezes tempering the summer heats. It suffers during a portion of the year from the biting blasts which sweep over the Russian steppes upon the Black Sea, and sometimes literally smite Sinope with a severity which penetrates everything. It is a little place of historic and classic interest, as well as of local beauty. Old Greek inscriptions and broken statues, the relics of a tasteful but departed civilisation, are everywhere to be met with. Here the great Mithridates, King of Pontus, once held his court; here Diogenes, of cynical celebrity, was born; and here the nymph Sinope rewarded, according to classic fable, the love of the unscrupulous Apollo, and gave to the place her name.

A Turkish squadron cruising in the Black Sea was obliged to put in here from stress of weather, November being generally a boisterous month upon the Euxine. They had no notion of being attacked, although opposite to the great Russian naval arsenal, because both the sultan and the emperor declared that the war was defensive. The latter proclaimed by Count Nesselrode's circular note, that he would confine himself to the defensive upon the Danubian frontier, and threw the responsibility upon the allies of widening by their interference the limits of a war which his imperial majesty wished to confine within so narrow a compass. The sultan had also declared that he would confine hostilities to the one object of expelling the Russian armies from his territories, and would not assail the territories of Russia. Possibly these mutual declarations influenced the Western powers to refrain from sending their fleets through the Bosphorus, and certainly caused a false security in the mind of Osman Pasha, the gallant admiral of the little fleet. Redschid Pasha, the sagacious foreign minister, had not such confidence, as was proved by the terms in which he demanded of the ambassadors to order the fleets of their sovereigns at once from the Golden Horn to the Euxine. Osman Pasha lay quietly under the dilapidated batteries of Sinope, the guns of which did not even command the range of the harbour, but were carelessly placed, as if Peace had herself made her throne in the old capital of the kings of Pontus. Admiral Nachimoff, who since fell at Sebastopol, saw his opportunity, and in the face of the naval truce that existed, and in falsification of the pledge of his imperial master, he determined to take advantage of it. He led into the quiet harbour a fleet consisting of three first-rate men-of-war, three large two-deckers similar to our old "seventy-fours," two frigates, and four steamers. Their approach was favoured by a fog, and they were not discovered until all hope of preparing for effectual defence, if that in any case might have been possible, was in vain. The

fire of the Russians opened upon them with overpowering weight, crushing the little squadron beneath it, and rendering fight or flight alike hopeless. The Turkish squadron consisted of no ships larger than a frigate, of which class there were seven vessels; there were also one steam-frigate, two schooners, and three transports. Two of the Turkish captains, seeing the certainty of capture or destruction, blew up their ships; and the brave admiral was about to fire his magazine, when a shot carried away his leg. Never in naval warfare was so horrifying a slaughter before witnessed; five thousand sailors perished; the whole squadron was blown into one mass of broken and burning timber, and blasted and bleeding human flesh. Yet amidst the floating timbers, blackened and blood-stained, the Russian ships fired grape and canister, lest any of the wrecked should swim ashore; and such as did make the harbour were shelled, and aim even directed upon the wounded. The town was on fire; the batteries, like the ships and their occupants, were blown into one heap of ruins; nor did the Russians pause in their bloody and barbarous work while there remained anything more to effect by mere murderous carnage. It was not war—it was massacre. It is a point of honour with naval men never to attack frigates with first-rates, unless first fired upon, and then only to inflict the injury necessary to disable sailing and effect capture. The bloody butcher Nachimoff offered no terms and gave no quarter; his end was a vast murder, and he achieved it. Oltenitza and Matschin were avenged.

An English steamer bravely made its way through showers of shot, and escaped considerably damaged to Constantinople, and was the bearer thither to the enraged Divan, and the abashed and humiliated admirals and ministers of the allies, of the first intelligence of the atrocity. Several steamers were sent with succour to the wounded and to the inhabitants. The scene their crews witnessed was heart-rending, and produced a feeling of disdain and hatred towards the Russian navy and nation that will not soon be obliterated. The Russian government might have saved appearances after the fashion of Austria, when its generals perform any disgraceful work, by disavowing the

deed and rebuking the admiral. Not so with Nicholas—*Te Deum* celebrated the glory of both. It was done in the interest of “the holy emperor and the orthodox church,” and that sanctified it in the eyes of the Russian government and people, and we fear we must in truth add, of nearly all Greek Christendom: revenge must be very sweet to satiate the soul of a Greek. The *Petersburg Gazette* recorded the achievement as one to be inscribed upon the rolls of fame; and the emperor, twelve days after its accomplishment, thus wrote:—“With hearty joy I request you to communicate to my brave seamen that I thank them for the success of the Russian flag, on behalf of the *glory* and *honour* of Russia.”

Upon the arrival of the news brought by the English steamer at the foreign embassies, Admiral Dundas suggested that the combined fleets go at once in pursuit of the Russian fleet, and attack and punish it before it could reach Sebastopol. Sinope and Sebastopol are about equi-distant from Constantinople, and the suggestion of Admiral Dundas was practicable, and would have succeeded, as Nachimoff remained in Sinope several days to repair the injuries inflicted upon his ships by the desperate resistance of the Turks. But the French ambassador, who had only recently arrived, and who knew the timid and pro-Austrian policy of the French minister of foreign affairs, warmly refused his co-operation. Indeed, General Baraguay d’Hilliers is an impracticable man everywhere but at the head of his troops, where he can dogmatise with undisputed authority. Nachimoff entered Sebastopol in triumph, bearing the gallant Osman Pasha as his prisoner, wounded and broken-hearted. Death soon put an end to his regrets and pains; the Russians did not, living or dead, do him the honour which the brave never fail to render the brave who have merited victory but incurred defeat.

Thus ended November upon the Danube and in the Turkish waters. There was but one month of war, and it was rich in such sacrifices as war exacts: it was glorious also to the honour and arms of Turkey, and it covered the Russian name with an infamy still deeper than the disgrace of her arms before the undisciplined soldiers of the Porte.

CHAPTER VI.

MILITARY TRANSACTIONS ON THE DANUBE.—ARRIVAL OF RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS.—STATE OF THE PROVINCES.—AGITATION OF THE CAPITAL.—DESPATCHES OF THE ALLIES CONSEQUENT UPON THE MASSACRE AT SINOPE.

"A multitude like which the populous North
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danau, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the South." MILTON.

THE month of December opened favourably for the defenders of Turkey. Their army on the Danube was healthy, they were flushed with victory, and they had unlimited confidence in their chief, who, by an apparently desultory, but really well-planned and well-connected system of attacks, had better protected the frontier than if he had acted only upon the defensive, which would have left to the enemy his choice of time and place for conducting hostilities. The Russian army was surprised at the stand made by the Osmanlis, whom they had been taught to despise; and although anxious to retrieve their honour by some signal victory, they had learned to respect the men over whom they sought to achieve it. The incapacity of Prince Gortschakoff had become patent to all—he had been outgeneralled by the renegade Croat, as he had termed Omar Pasha; his plan of campaign, thrice changed within a month, had been penetrated by his rival, and met by countervailing stratagem; his posts had been surprised, and his soldiers beaten. They had suffered much fatigue; disease had broken out among them, so that thousands were in the hospitals; food became scarce, and both civil and military functionaries robbed the suffering soldiery, as well as the unfortunate inhabitants of the provinces. Omar Pasha had learned in Bosnia and in Albania the necessity of restraining the troops from plunder; and although his undisciplined Asiatic volunteers continued to commit terrible depredations upon the people, he took measures which were of slow but sure operation in restraining them. The people of Bulgaria regarded him as their benefactor and saviour, and omitted no sacrifices to insure the comfort of his troops. His popularity also enabled him, even from the Greeks (who as a class hated him, but whom he conciliated personally), to gain timely information of the movements of the Russians, so that one of Prince Gortschakoff's staff suggested to his chief that Omar Pasha must have some alliance with Satan, the greatest reputed foe of the orthodox church, or he never could acquire such an intimate knowledge of the intentions of the Russian commander. When this was communicated to Omar, he made the *naïve* reply, "that certainly the medium suggested would be one

very available for an intimate acquaintance with Russian policy." The Turkish forces were at the same time cheered by the accounts which reached them from a distance. In the capital the war spirit was at its highest, and rumour ascribed to the sultan himself a desire to "flesh his maiden sword." The Turkomans and other Asiatic tribes sent offers of men; and the Armenians, and even Jews, a class not esteemed so rich in Turkey as elsewhere, offered money. The Greeks too in many cases simulated loyalty, and made offers of loans and armed service; and certain of the superior Greek clergy, who regard the Russo-Greek Church as schismatical and heterodox, and who well understood that the policy of the czar was ultimately to usurp supremacy over the "orthodox church of the East," presented most dutiful addresses to the sultan, and professed the most sincere and cordial loyalty to his throne.

Tidings of these things were borne to the Danube with a rapidity second only to that of the electric telegraph, and which were as disheartening to the Russians as they were encouraging to the Turks. The "four powers" had also just signed a collective note, in which they declared that "the existence of Turkey in the limits assigned to her by treaty is one of the necessary conditions of the balance of power in Europe, and that the existing war cannot in any case lead to modifications in the territorial boundaries of the two empires, which might be calculated to alter the state of possession in the East, which has been established for a length of time, and which is equally necessary for the tranquillity of all the other powers." This inspired the assurance at Constantinople that Turkey would, if necessary, receive active support from "the powers;" and the assured feeling at the seat of government diffused itself to the limits of the empire, and increased the courage of those who were battling for its integrity and honour.

The war on the Asiatic frontier had opened prosperously, although it had proceeded with chequered fortune; but the Danube, if not a more important sphere of contest, yet attracted in Europe more general attention. It is desirable, in order to avoid the complications which would arise by attempting to record contemporaneously the transactions on two such dis-

tant scenes, that a notice of the events upon the Bulgarian and Wallachian frontiers should be first brought down to the close of 1853.

A favourable opening in the story here presents itself for some account of the person and history of the Turkish general. Omar Pasha is frequently represented as an Austrian. He was indeed born an Austrian subject, in that part of Croatia which once appertained to the crown of Hungary. The little village of Ulaski, and the first year of this century, had the honour of being associated with the birth of Omar, whose original name was Lattas, and who was the son of a Greek priest. Lattas was himself brought up for the military profession, and entered the Austrian service, to which he never was cordially attached,—his heart being Hungarian, and his opinions too liberal for either the military or civil régime of Austria. He served for some years in an Austrian regiment of chasseurs, and having been unjustly treated by his commanding officer, he left the service, and entered that of Turkey. He apostatized from the Greek faith, assumed the profession of Islam, and grew in favour with the Turkish government. Khosshrew Pasha had sagacity to see the solid qualities of the young adventurer, and patronised him. He took the name of Omar, and in everything conformed himself to Turkish customs and identified himself with Turkish nationality. Khosshrew Pasha made him his aide-de-camp, and gave him in marriage his ward, a lady of personal attraction and of great wealth. Thus Omar became a Turk to all intents and purposes. His military reputation rose steadily; but it was in 1848 that he was first appointed to an important command. The army of the Danubian provinces was placed under his control, and with very happy results: he repressed sedition, and caused the sultan's authority to be respected; he gained the goodwill of the inhabitants, with whose religious prejudices his own religious history had made him familiar, and the soldiers under his command were subordinate. He then acquired that local knowledge which he turned to such good account in the campaign, the history of which is here written; and it is said that he then became acquainted with the peculiarities of the Russian army, and studied attentively its whole system. He had not previously indicated any prejudice towards Russia, but rather respected that power; he then became averse to Russia, and the determined enemy of its aggrandizement and ambition.

In 1851 the Bosnian chiefs, at the instigation of Austria, revolted against the "Tangimat," or new constitution of the empire, and Omar Pasha was commissioned by the Porte to suppress the revolt. This he did with such energy and skill as to acquire fresh military

reputation, and yet with such justice and forbearance to the people, and such decisive discipline to his own soldiers, especially the intractable Albanians, as rendered important services to the people, the army, and the government. He has the faculty of attaching to him the brave and unfortunate; and the Poles and Hungarians regard him, as a man, a soldier, and a politician, with much devotion. It was chiefly under his influence that the sultan took so decisive a stand, on the subject of the refugees, against the reclamation of Austria and Russia at the termination of the Hungarian war; and that circumstance, and the sagacity displayed by him in suppressing the insurrection in Bosnia, have made for him the deadly enmity of Austria and Russia. A writer in the *United Service Magazine* for June, 1855, not over anxious to commend him, nevertheless admits that he is a brave and skilful officer, worthy of success. "Military men of the higher class are not usually very enthusiastic admirers of Omar Pasha. The renegade general is not indeed one of those great soldier statesmen who have from time to time appeared in history as chiefs of the Ottoman armies of Constantinople. He is not an Achmet or an Omar, a Payazid or an Orchan; he is not a Brandenbergh or a Mehemet Pasha. But he is nevertheless a man of wonderful phlegm and perseverance, always ready in time of danger, and of very respectable abilities as a commander. It is possible that under happier auspices he might have done better, but it is by no means certain." This sentence is quite in keeping with the jealous and disparaging way in which military writers, at heart unfavourable to the cause of Turkey, write of its best general: yet they cannot point out how he could, in his circumstances, have more completely answered the great ends of his command. The writer above quoted gives a very exact description of the difficulties which the general had to surmount. "He was assailed by every art which could be devised by the most ungenerous and determined enmity. He was reproached as a renegade and a Christian still at heart. His careful conduct in public life, the extreme caution and prudence which pervaded the most private arrangements of his household, were dwelt upon and envenomed by slanderous tongues as so many proofs of his hypocrisy. The powerful ulema, or priesthood, were against him to a man; and every venal fanatic endeavoured to push his own base fortunes at the expense of the soldier who was already fighting a desperate battle for their very existence. He was systematically left without money or supplies, with a commissariat compared with the incapacity of which the inefficiency of our own was perfect excellence. It must have been something

more than good fortune which surmounted all these difficulties, and Omar Pasha did surmount them." Such was the man who won for Turkey the first month of combats on the Danube, and who was now withdrawing his troops from the advanced positions they occupied and concentrating them, in order to provide a sure defence against the increasing hosts advancing against him. In person he is agreeable, although somewhat rough of countenance and coarsely formed; he is considerably below the middle stature, of dark complexion, grave expression, even to austerity; but his smile is sweet, and he has the address to conciliate the affections of children;—his little daughter regards him with singular attachment. He is a man of strong domestic feelings. Intellectually he is not so much distinguished for brilliancy or rapidity of conception as for clearness, consecutiveness, and patience of thought. He is a shrewd politician, and is governed and would govern by principle rather than by expediency.

In returning to the December operations on the Danube, it is proper to notice the bravery and successful exploits of a Russian naval officer, the captain of the war-steamer *Vladimir*. On the 20th of November this ship appeared on the Bulgarian coast, along which for the remainder of the month it spread terror, notwithstanding that the weather was tempestuous, and Turkish cruisers were on the alert. Having fired upon some of the coast defences, and chased, captured, and destroyed several merchantmen, she attacked and took an Egyptian war-steamer of ten guns, and only retired from her cruise when there was no prospect of doing further mischief. This exploit of the *Vladimir* was a pretty fair indication of the inefficiency of the Turkish navy, and of the supineness and total want of vigilance which exposed it afterwards to the disaster at Sinope.

During the whole month of December, Omar Pasha slowly and with care pursued his system of concentration. His troops fortified themselves on their own side of the Danube in Rahova and Nicopolis, and still more especially at Widdin, one of the most important strategic positions occupied by them. After the repulse of the Russians at Matschin, in the Dobrudscha, they retired behind Trajan's wall, a barrier memorable in classic association, from which the barbarians of past ages were hurled back upon their forests or dreary steppes. It was not the intention of Omar to occupy the Dobrudscha, but rather by retiring upon Trajan's wall, and fixing his head-quarters at Rustchuck, to tempt the Russians to follow in that direction, and thus entangle them in the great morass so often fatal to armies campaigning on the Danube. Omar did not altogether give up the system of desultory attack by his left,

while his right wing was thus cautiously retreating upon the line of the classic barrier above described, for on the 20th of December a detachment was dispatched from Kalarasch against Karakal upon the Aluta, which post they gallantly stormed, and, still acting upon the same prudent as well as spirited policy, abandoned the conquest so gallantly made. At Kalafat the Turks had by the end of December placed themselves in an attitude of strength which caused the Russians very great uneasiness. The works were of great extent, and, although so rapidly constructed, were durable. As Kalafat became the centre of important operations subsequently, it will throw light upon the importance it assumed to give a more exact description of its defences. Previous to the military occupation of it by Omar Pasha, its protection was three awkwardly constructed redoubts, placed on as many hillocks, commanding the approaches to the place. Sami Pasha, the Governor of Widdin, on the opposite bank of the river, ordered it to be occupied and fortified by a circumvallation of breastworks and bastions of earth mounted with cannon of long range and large calibre. To Ismail Pasha was committed the performance of these orders, he partaking of the qualities of his chief (Omar Pasha), prudence and daring, crossed, attended only by five men, to an island opposite the place, and there reconnoitred. He immediately sent to Widdin for several battalions of infantry and some guns, which were promptly dispatched by the governor. Having entrenched upon the island, so as to make it a *point d'appui*, he crossed over with his brigade, and found no Russians to oppose him—the nearest Russian troops having been alarmed when he crossed to the island by the rumour of a Turkish army landing upon their side of the river, and fearing to be cut off, they retired upon Krajova. In less than a fortnight from the landing of Ismail Pasha, the defences were in such a state as to defy 10,000 Russians. The works were continued with goodwill to the end of the month, when the place assumed an attitude of defensive power formidable even to an army. The breastwork glacis was in every part swept in traverse by the cannon of the earthwork redoubts. A strong and prominent fort upon the Danube commanded the approach from Krajova; and in the breastworks to the right, openings were cut, from which cavalry could debouch upon any infantry force attempting to storm in that direction. Long shed barracks were constructed by digging the earth and roofing it over, and these were formed so skillfully as to be a dry and healthful shelter, as well as to offer considerable security. European engineering lent its aid to Ismail Pasha in this exploit. Thus fortified, he awaited in

defiance the menaces of Russia, which were now so pompously sounded forth through all the capitals of Europe. While Ismail was thus busy at Kalafat, Sami Pasha took careful measures at Widdin to prevent the interruption of Ismail's work. He intercepted all communication with the disaffected Servians, whose spies infested Widdin. He detected the Austrian Consul in efforts to send by certain Greeks and Servians messages to General Luders, informing him of what was going on. In vain the Austrian threatened the thunders of his government: he was literally shut up, and all his communications intercepted, until Ismail had done his work on the other side of the river, and Kalafat became an entrenched camp and a fortified place of formidable dimensions and power.

Scarcely had this been effected when the new Russian plan of procedure developed itself. The forces already in Wallachia spread themselves in an incomprehensible manner from Orsova almost to Cronstadt, on the Transylvanian frontier. If the Prince Gortschakoff intended to facilitate the strategy of Omar, he could not have more effectually accomplished such an object; by this extravaganza of military tactics he opened up to Ismail Pasha the chance so promptly and gloriously made available of striking a heavy blow at Citate. The Russian reinforcements came fast flowing down from Moldavia and Bessarabia; and they advanced in three separate *corps d'armée*. One was to occupy Karakal, which the Turks had evacuated after their gallant and sudden little feat of arms there; a second was to move down the river Aluta to Turna; and the third was to attack Kalafat, whence, they boastingly announced before their arrival, they would drive the Turks into the Danube. Indeed, if they had succeeded in driving them out of their works, the Danube must have received them; for although a bridge of boats connected Kalafat with the island where Ismail first threw up his entrenchments, the passage for a fugitive host of probably 20,000 men would be inadequate and unsafe, and the island itself an insecure retreat.

Meanwhile Prince Gortschakoff was busy in person at Bucharest constructing entrenchments: an absurd rumour had made its way through Europe, after the combats at Oltenitza, that the Turks had advanced upon that capital, driven the Russians through it, and set it on fire in three places. It would appear that these rumours alarmed the Russian commander; and he took measures to make their realization at any future time less likely, when he ought to have been directing a more connected and vigilant series of operations upon the shores of the Danube. He had, however, much to distract him; his orders were to storm the whole line of

the Danube and enter Bulgaria, *coûte qui coûte*, when he was obliged to content himself with menacing proclamations, boasting addresses to assemblies of the boyards, and an endless *gobe-moucherie* which disgusted the Wallachian capital, and excited the ridicule of his staff and even of his soldiers. He was obliged to disband several militia regiments; and the men supposing it to be his intention to draft them into the Russian line, deserted, or stubbornly refused to obey orders, and were taken out and shot. One body of Wallachian light horse was ordered to march upon the Danube—they were about 1600 in number, equal in force to a British cavalry brigade; the order was given to them in the evening, and when the hour for morning muster arrived not one man was to be found: they had all deserted in the night, favoured by the people and the militia in their flight.

At this juncture a report was made to the emperor of the losses sustained by his armies in the principalities, stating them to amount to 35,000 men. This report, which was far beneath the truth, maddened the autocrat; and led him to send the most stinging reproaches to his generals, accompanied by the highest commendations of his troops.

Probably these reverses, so wounding to Russian pride, account for the prodigious efforts made in Russia, towards the close of 1853, to enable the emperor to direct the resources of the war with effect. From all the governments in the empire large subscriptions poured in, amounting to 150,000,000 of silver roubles. The clergy alone presented to the treasury a sum of not less than 60,000,000 of silver roubles, in addition to what was contributed by "the governments." The conscription was enforced with severity where previously indulgences were shown; and a sort of foray was made upon the coachmen, footmen, and other servants of the gentry who happened to be in St. Petersburg, and they were drafted off to Poland to the army of reserve.

The month was remarkable also for a partial insurrection in the Crimea. The Tartars very prematurely declared themselves for the sultan; and with no other result than that large numbers of them were driven into the interior by Prince Menschikoff, many sent on board the fleet, and some sent into Bessarabia, to be enrolled in the reserves occupying that province.

Notwithstanding the tragedy at Sinope, a Turkish squadron was again in the Black Sea; a Russian brig of war was captured off the Bulgarian coast, and another ship of larger size attacked and considerably damaged. By the end of December the whole Russian fleet of the Black Sea was in the harbour of Sebastopol. It was rumoured that a British squadron

had passed the Bosphorus a fortnight before that event took place, and the Russian navy were as anxious to avoid the British, however much the odds might be in their favour, as they were desirous to encounter the Turks.

While the events recorded above were hurrying along and creating their incidents for future story, the capitals of "the powers" were in commotion at their occurrence. Western Europe was deeply agitated by the sanguinary onslaught at Sinope; and an impulse was given to the friendship of France and England for the Porte. Austria and Prussia were evidently well satisfied with that "naval victory," for not only did their ministers join in the "*Te Deum*" at St. Petersburg, but in the Greek churches at Paris and Brussels the representatives of these powers had the audacity to take a part in the thanksgiving offered for that "success." When the sultan proclaimed war, the ministers of the German powers left Constantinople; and in the coteries about the court at Vienna and at Berlin undisguised joy followed the intelligence of Sinope. Early in December a report gained circulation at Constantinople, that the Porte, awed by the destruction of its fleet, and pressed by new "notes" from the allies, was willing to accept "peace at any price;" and the ulemahs and softas harangued the people at the mosques, and instigated multitudes of infuriated fanatics, who demanded the resignation of the ministry and the abdication of the sultan. The ambassadors and admirals of France and England offered the assistance of the fleets to protect the government and quell the tumult; but the sultan nobly replied that sooner than use foreign force against his people he would resign his throne. The promptitude of the government in offering explanations to the people and arresting the ringleaders soon restored order; and the tidings from the Danube encouraged alike the people and the divan.

Indications of trouble upon the Servian frontier harassed the government to the end of 1853. The Bosnians raised a contingent of 12,000 men to aid the sultan; and when contemplating their march through Servia to join the army of Omar Pasha, the prince or hospodar refused permission, on the ground of his neutrality, thereby renouncing the suzerainty of the sultan. The Bosnians proceeded by force to reach their destination, and the Turkish garrisons on the Servian frontier were strengthened, and acted with an unusual license. The interference of Austria prevented a mutual recourse to arms; but the adjustment of the dispute was unfavourable to the sultan's authority.

It was upon the 12th of December, and by way of Berlin, that the news from Sinope reached London. The British premier was as much surprised as if he had never written the

memorable despatch respecting the treaty of Adrianople, or as if the traitor of 1829 and the butcher of Sinope were not the same. What appeared to the noble earl at the head of British affairs a proof of great vigour was upon due consultation soon adopted; instructions were sent to the fleet to enter the Black Sea, and, will it be credited by posterity, the instructions also enjoined upon the admiral in command to *salute* the Russian navy! That any honourable man could continue to allow the Emperor Nicholas to call him friend without disclaiming the relation, after the perfidy and dishonour of that imperial traitor in the affair of the treaty of Adrianople, is strange; that this *friend* should continue to be believed and trusted, when he had all but given notice of his intention to play the same game over again, as the czar did in his conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour ten months before, is passing strange; but when, after seizing the first opportunity of violating his word, his proclamations, and the despatches of his ministry, by as base, cowardly, and bloody a transaction as ever dishonoured civilised man, the fleets that were his barbarous instruments in the treachery and massacre should be made the objects of studied courtesy and respect by the fleets they had insulted by that act of barbarity, justified the general public in believing that the fear of Russia or the love of Russia had deadened every manly and patriotic sensibility in the heart of the men from whom such orders could proceed. When these directions to the fleet were announced to the public, the dissatisfaction was marked by every ordinary demonstration of popular displeasure. From that moment the British ministry lost the confidence of the public, although it remained for other events to precipitate their fall.

While the Admiralty was giving its orders for the due observance of civility to the murderers of Sinope, the Foreign-office was busy with despatches more worthy of British reputation. On the 27th December, a despatch was addressed to the British minister at St. Petersburg, as follows:—

"SIR,—Authentic information, dated the 9th instant, from Constantinople, has reached her majesty's government, that on the 30th ult. a Turkish squadron, at anchor in the harbour of Sinope, was completely destroyed by an overwhelming force; that 4000 Turks perished; and that the survivors, not exceeding in numbers more than 400, who have been brought away by English and French vessels, were all more or less wounded. The feelings of horror which this dreadful carnage could not fail to create have been general throughout all ranks and classes of her majesty's subjects in this country. The object with which the com-

bined fleets were sent to Constantinople was not to attack Russia, but to defend Turkey; and the English and French ambassadors were informed that the fleets were not to assume an aggressive position, but that they were to protect the Turkish territory from attack. The Russian admiral, however, must have acted upon the orders of his government, which government was well aware of the instructions which were to guide the British and French admirals; and her majesty's government, therefore, are compelled to consider that it was not the Turkish squadron alone that was deliberately attacked in the harbour of Sinope. That in order to prevent the recurrence of such disasters as that of Sinope, the combined fleets will require, and, if necessary, compel Russian ships of war to return to Sebastopol, or the nearest port.

(Signed) "CLARENDON."

So strong was the desire of peace on the part of the Western governments and of the Porte, that fresh conferences took place with this object; and Vienna, to which the sultan had strong objections as the theatre of negotiations, was selected as the most appropriate place. A second Vienna note was drawn up, which has been since so frequently referred to in diplomatic discussions and discussions about diplomatic affairs, as "the note of the 5th of December." This was presented, ten days afterwards, to the Turkish government by the ambassadors of the Western and German powers.

"The undersigned, in accord with the representatives of the allied powers, have the honour to make known to the Sublime Porte that their governments, having still reason to believe that the Emperor of Russia does not regard the thread of the negotiations as being broken by the declaration of war, and the facts which have been the consequence of it; knowing, moreover, from the declaration of his Imperial Majesty, that he only desires to see secured a perfect equality of rights and immunities granted by the Sultan and his ancestors to the Christian communities, subjects of the Sublime Porte; but, on its side, the Sublime Porte, replying to that declaration by the declaration that it regards it as being for its honour to continue to maintain the said rights and immunities, and that it is constantly disposed to put an end to the differences which have arisen between the two empires—the negotiations to be followed shall be based:—1st. On the evacuation of the principalities as promptly as possible. 2nd. On the renewal of the treaties. 3. On the communication of the firman relative to the spiritual advantages granted by the Sublime Porte to all its non-Mussulman subjects: a communication which,

when made to the powers, shall be accompanied by suitable allowances given to each of them: the arrangements already made to complete the accord relative to the holy places, and to the religious establishments at Jerusalem, shall be definitively adopted. The Porte shall declare to the representatives of the four powers that it is ready to name a plenipotentiary to establish armistices, and to negotiate on the basis above-mentioned, with the concurrence of the powers, and in a neutral city which shall be suitable to them. The declarations made in the preamble of the 13th July, 1841, shall be solemnly confirmed by the same powers, in the interest of the independence and the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and that of the European courts; and the Sublime Porte, on its side, shall declare, in the same interest, its firm resolution to more effectually develop, by its administrative system, the internal ameliorations which may satisfy the wants and the just expectations of its subjects of all classes.

"REDCLIFFE.

"BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS.

"L. DE WILDERBRUCK,

"DE BRUCK."

Upon receiving this note, the sultan was inspired with the hope of peace, and requesting a delay of forty-eight hours, he summoned the national council. This council is composed of the ministers of state, the ulemahs, and such other persons of distinction, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, as the sultan chooses, or finds it convenient to call to his presence. After two days of most anxious deliberation, they came to the following decision:—"The Porte will accept the collective note of the four powers; it will nominate a plenipotentiary to treat for peace in any town except Vienna; it will accept the declaration of the four powers, that the evacuation of the principalities shall be considered as a conclusive *sine quâ non* of the negotiations; and that the war shall not change the territorial condition of Turkey. The Porte declares, at the same time, that it will not renew the treaties which existed before the war between it and Russia."

The ambassadors were anxious to make better terms for Russia, and remonstrated against the determination of the council to break with Russia in respect to the treaties of Adrianople and Kainardgi. Incredible as it may appear to unsophisticated minds, the ambassador of England pleaded, on behalf of Russia, for the recognition by Turkey of that very treaty which the czar by a disgraceful *ruse* accomplished and maintained against the protest of the very same minister from whom the British ambassador now received his instructions; and not only against the protest of that

minister, founded upon the injustice of the deed, but founded also upon the violation of the emperor's personal assurances. The treaties of Adrianople and of Kainardgi cannot co-exist with the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire; a perusal of the third chapter of this history must make that truth clear to its readers. Yet the men whose duty it was to insist upon terms of peace consonant with that integrity and independence, became the advocates of the czar in respect to both! Had Turkey followed the advice of either France or England, she was lost. To the clear-sighted policy of her own divan she was indebted for guidance when the counsels of her allies were obscure, inconsistent, contradictory, or ruinous. Either the representative of England was unequal to his position, or he was fettered by instructions wholly irreconcilable with any real intention to baulk Russia of

her prey. The government of Turkey firmly and finally proclaimed to the world that these two humiliating and unjust treaties, wrung from her by Russia when deserted or ill-advised by the other European powers, should never be renewed. Redschid Pasha, to his discredit, counselled the concession; but the general feeling of the great counsellors of the divan was, that now war had commenced, they would rather be driven from Europe, sword in hand, as their fathers entered it, or perish in the defence of Constantinople, than ever again revive those injurious and dishonouring acknowledgments of past defeat. Thus ended European diplomacy for 1853. While all these things were transacting in Europe, Asia was the scene of scarcely less exciting events; and within that theatre a more picturesque and romantic drama occupied the stage, a description of which we reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAR IN ASIA.—RUSSIAN ENCROACHMENTS UPON TURKEY, PERSIA, AND THE CAUCASIAN TRIBES.—SCHAMYL, THE SULTAN AND PROPHET OF THE CAUCASUS.

"Sampson hath quit himself like Sampson,
Heroically." MILTON.

To assist the reader to a just conception of the military and naval operations of the Turks upon the Asiatic frontiers of Russia, it is necessary to sketch the previous progress of Russia in that direction. For at least three-quarters of a century, arms and artifice had been accomplishing her designs, both upon the Turkish and Persian territories. Sometimes art without force availed; and sometimes, even when force failed, craft was sufficient to repair disaster, and of itself effect conquests. There can be no doubt of the consummate ability of the whole Russian people in affairs requiring nice and dextrous management; and this, more than the education of her diplomatists, aids the success of the ministers and ambassadors of Russia. Perhaps no people in the world's history, excepting only the Greeks, were ever so much given to lying as the Slavonic section of the Russians. In this particular, the czars and their diplomatists were always most accomplished. Never were the arts of evasion, equivocation, and verbal fraud so unscrupulously resorted to, or so keenly cultivated, as by the agents of Russian political affairs. Hence we never hear of a treaty between Russia and any other power, in which the former has not contrived to obtain a cession of territory. In 1731, the Khirgish Tartars ceded to her territory which comprised 31,000 square miles. In 1732, there was a further Tartar cession of 15,000 square miles. Catherine wrested and wheedled from Turkey about 2500 square

miles, partly on the Asiatic and partly on the European frontier. She also obtained the protectorate of Georgia, guaranteeing to the royal family the crown—a guarantee which, of course, was never intended to be observed. By the treaty of Azoff, Peter gained a footing upon the sea of that name; and ever since the ambition of Russia has been eagerly directed both to the eastern and western shores of the Black Sea, until Nicholas, by the treaty of Adrianople, 1829, robbed the sultan of the Delta of the Danube, and the Asiatic coast of the Black Sea, from Anapa to Poti, a distance of 200 miles, and part of the pachalic of Ahalzie. Having, in our third chapter, given a summary of the history of Russian aggression upon Turkey, it is here only necessary to say that from Persia she has taken Dhages-tan, Schinean, Ghilan, Menzenderan, Astabad, and other territory, containing about 18,000 square miles. Some of these acquisitions were made without firing a shot; and most of them, as well as others especially in Europe, were made by the help of allies whose blood and treasure she liberally employed, but to whom she never allowed any advantage to accrue. Mr. Man, in his *Encroachments of Russia*, has given a brief and very complete summary of her successes in this way. He writes:—"It is by diplomacy that Russia has so egregiously overreached the governments of Europe. By an alliance with Austria and Prussia, she was enabled to tear Poland to

pieces, England, France, and Sweden looking quietly on. By an alliance with France and Austria, Catherine II. was enabled to seize the Crimea, and push her outposts towards Persia, India, and Constantinople. By an alliance with France, in Napoleon's time, she was enabled to wrest Finland from Sweden, all the other powers being quiescent. By another alliance with Napoleon, Alexander invaded and annexed large portions of the Turkish territory, in 1806, while Napoleon himself invaded Spain. By alliances with England, by the aid of whose ships the Turkish fleet was blown to pieces at Navarino, Nicholas was enabled to invade Turkey, and set up claims to the 'Protectorate' of the Danubian provinces; and England further aided Russia by detaching Greece from Turkey, and setting up a sham Greek kingdom—in reality but an outpost of Russia. By England's connivance, Russia poured her armies into Hungary but a few years ago, and crushed the gallant Magyars in their struggle for freedom,—the modern rôle of Russia being to play the conservative in propping up the falling dynasties of Europe! Thus have all the great nations of Europe helped Russia by turns, until at length they found out—when it was all but too late—that they had been jointly contributing to establish a power in Europe, the further progress of which must inevitably prove their own destruction."

Following her old policy, Russia sought an alliance with Persia when meditating the present war with Turkey. Offers of partition were made at Teheran; efforts to ferment disputes, on religious grounds, were made by Russian agents there and upon the frontiers of the two Mohammedan powers; military expeditions were pushed into Asia from the Caspian and the Sea of Arakal, and the ambassadors of the czar announced haughtily to the khans of Khiva and Bokhera, the approach of armies to subjugate their territories, unless they entered into alliance with him, for the purpose of any immediate demonstration against Persia, or ultimate demonstration against Afghanistan and India, which he might project. Persia had felt the might of a czar's arm already too frequently not to fear it; and she besides cherished towards Turkey a rivalry, and a schismatical hostility, which is as bitter among the followers of Mohammed as among professing Christians. But the shah had a wholesome fear of England, with whom the Affghans on his own frontier were forming alliance, and who, since the occupation of Aden, on the Persian Gulf, has always been a terror to the government of Teheran. Persia could not alone wage an aggressive war upon Turkey; her population does not exceed 8,000,000, and her regular army is not more than 35,000 men:

an irregular force, principally cavalry, of twice that number, is said to be always ready for the service of the shah. The revenue is collected in a way more oppressive and less efficient than that of any other state perhaps in the world, scarcely excepting those petty Indian principalities which are partly or wholly under British protection: the amount fluctuates from £1,500,000 to twice that sum. Thus has Persia fallen from the glory which once was hers, when the mistress of a gorgeous empire, and armies were sent forth by her more numerous than ever were marshalled in the history of war. She is still rich in fertility and resources; but, poor in intellect, these resources are not available; and she sits in the pride of a barbaric splendour, fearing and despising the other powers of the world with which commerce or contiguity brings her into connexion. During the summer and fall of 1853, she committed several aggressions upon Turkey, which issued at last in the cessation of all diplomatic connexion, and a war with that state imminently threatened to add to the difficulties of Turkey. Some injuries upon British subjects gave occasion for the English *chargé-d'affaires*, Mr. Thompson, to demand satisfaction, which, being contemptuously refused, at the instigation of the Russian envoy-extraordinary, Prince Dalgrouki, Mr. Thompson suspended his relations with the Persian court. This so terrified the shah and the chief minister, that reparation was made, and at the same time assurances given that Persia would maintain a strict neutrality in the war. A Persian force, commanded by Russian and mercenary officers, might operate with much effect upon Erzerum, or along the confines of Asia Minor; and at the least create such a diversion in favour of Russia, as would enable the latter to penetrate into the heart of Turkey in Asia. Had Mr. Tayleur Thompson been of the class of diplomatists who at the same time figured in Constantinople and Vienna, the Persian difficulty might have created a wilderness of protocols; but he understood the oriental character, and took at once bold and vigorous measures. The menace of a double attack upon Persia, by way of Afghanistan and Aden, indirectly conveyed by Mr. Thompson, was of more avail than if the way from Constantinople to Teheran had been strewn with conciliatory and persuasive despatches from all the ministers of all the powers.

At the breaking out of the war, the sultan found an ally in Schamyl, the world-celebrated Circassian chief, who had waged a long and bloody conflict with Russia, for the independence of his mountain land, and the religious liberty of his people; and in the desperate and unequal struggle, deeds of daring were achieved by him and his followers never excelled in the

wars of chivairy. By consulting a good map, the reader will perceive that from the Cuban River, near to the Sea of Azoff, along the north-eastern shores of the Black Sea, and stretching away to the western shores of the Caspian, the mountain ranges of the Caucasus constitute a natural barrier between Russia and Asia Minor. Russia, in her aggressive progress, has out-flanked this barrier line on the sides both of the Caspian and the Sea of Azoff, and has established her dominion to the south of the Caucasian range, along the shores of the Black Sea and of the Caspian. But from Anapa to Soukhoukale, the native tribes dispute the borders of the Black Sea, and from Kapyt to Georgievsk, they dispute the northern slopes of the mountains. Also, nearer to the Caspian Sea,—a considerable district sloping from the mountains down to where the river Terek bends northward in its course to the Caspian,—the sovereignty of the czar is resisted. Over the people of Circassia Proper, the dominancy of Russia is more complete than over the country of Daghestan, which is the theatre of the renowned exploits of the warrior-chief Schamyl.

Before giving any account of Schamyl, and the wars so successfully urged by him against the Russians, some further notice of the progress of Russia in the neighbourhood of the Caucasus is necessary; and it is also desirable to give some information concerning the climate and population.

By the treaty of Goolistan, Persia resigned to Russia, Georgia, Imeritia, Mingrelia, Derbend, Badkoo, Persian Daghestan, Sheerwan, Shekkee, Ganga, Karabagh, and parts of Maghan and Tablish. The first three of these territories were inhabited by Christians of the Georgian and Armenian churches; one other (Karabagh) was partly inhabited by Armenian and Greek Christians, and partly by Mohammedans; all the rest by Mohammedans only. All these countries had maintained a rude independence, but were tributary and nominally subject to the Persian shah. The nature of their relations to the shah did not allow of his ceding their territories; and this was well known to Russia, who, seeking a pretext for invasion and robbery, with the peculiar hypocrisy of her character, induced the formal cession of the lands by a sovereign who did not own them, although he had a sort of feudal right to the services of their chiefs in war. Russia, with the pious pretence of settling disputes, preventing anarchy, or converting the people, according to the peculiar character of the district and the population, entered upon her work of subjugation, and with all the usual results—oppression, robbery, and bloodshed. The people of the Georgian districts submitted too tamely, being influenced by the Greek priests, emissaries of Russia, or

by their own native priests of the Greek Church, who were taken into the pay of Russia, although the money so employed was appropriated out of the revenues of Georgia. The districts inhabited by the Armenians were even more tamely submissive than those of Georgia, for the Armenians became useful to Russia because of their sagacity in commerce, and were encouraged to an extent which somewhat counterbalanced the despotism politically maintained over them. The Mussulman population never really submitted, and no means were adopted to conciliate them. Every insult that could be devised was offered to them by the native Christians, with the connivance and sometimes at the instigation of the Russian officials; and at last the oppressions and insults of the latter were such, as if it were their policy to exasperate the people into open insurrection, in order to find occasion for the more entire destruction of their liberties. Mosques were turned into taverns, wine-cellars, and stables, and “the prophet” was mocked in various ways tantalizing to the people. The pilgrims of the Mohammedan religion carried tidings of these things on their way; and all around the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian, the name of the czar became as hated as that of “Shatan,” and whatever tended to check his power was, in popular estimation, holy. The mountaineers of the Caucasus maintained still their independence. They had never surrendered to either the sultan or the shah, although they had nominally embraced Mohammedanism, and were, like the rest of the Mohammedan world, divided into the sects of Ali and Omar, which Turkey and Persia respectively embrace. Mingled with their doctrines of Islamism were many traditionary notions of Paganism, and some opinions and practices older than either Mohammedanism or Paganism, and cherished amidst these fastnesses ever since the regions of the Caucasus became the cradle of the second population of the world. Different tribes differed somewhat in race, and somewhat more in religion, and jealousies on the part of their chiefs kept them divided; still, each hated Russia with an animosity embittered by distinction of race and of religion, and, above all, by love of country. The treaty of Goolistan did not define the line of frontier between Persia and Russia with sufficient distinctness, and this uncertainty was preserved by various political tricks on the part of Russia. Sometimes she induced the Georgians to object; sometimes the political agent or commissioner on the spot pleaded guilty to a violation of his instructions; sometimes the Russian envoy at Teheran exceeded his authority, and thus disputes were kept alive, and adjustment rendered more difficult; while Russian pickets, on various pre-

tences, spread themselves beyond the borders, and gradually encroached upon territory which had not previously been comprehended in the debated line. Upon the accession to the throne of the Emperor Nicholas, Russia pursued a not less cunning, but a still more vigorous policy than during the reign of Alexander. Prince Menschikoff, the chief mover of all aggression and mischief during the late reign, appeared as the emperor's representative in Persia. The shah, in terms of moderation and even deference, requested the surrender by Russia of the violated territory, and his demands, so obviously just, were met by the prince in a manner similar to that which he since employed at Constantinople. The minds of the Persians were inflamed with an incurable resentment, and, as in the case of the present sultan of Turkey, the shah had his choice of abdication, or a peremptory dismissal of the Russian envoy. He chose the latter, the result was war; and Nicholas, whose accession to the imperial throne at St. Petersburg had been resisted with bloodshed, became at once popular with all classes, even of the capital, when it was known that he had entered into a fresh crusade for the extension of Russian dominion. The war raged on for some time, the Persians everywhere giving way before the system of European warfare which the Russians opposed to them; and the result was the acknowledgment of Russian ascendancy from the Caspian to what is now called Russian Armenia.

In February, 1828, these series of wars with Persia terminated by the treaty of Turcomanchai; and Russia, protesting that she wished for no territory, but had indeed too much, nevertheless, to prevent all cause of future war with Persia, arising from an ill-defined boundary, declared herself compelled to seize the line of the Araxes. Persia, besides paying the expenses of the war—a proviso which Russia never omits when successful—had to surrender most valuable territory. The splendid provinces of Erivan and Nukchivan, including various fortresses, especially that of Erivan, were surrendered; and although Russia laid down as the basis of the treaty of peace, the possession as a boundary of the river Araxes, she, in the course of the negotiations, seized upon provinces beyond the Araxes; and, in reply to the remonstrances provoked by this treachery, threatened to break off the negotiations and recommence war. Baffled and beaten, Persia surrendered to her avaricious, tyrannical, and most unprincipled victor; and thus Russia became dominant in a position from which the powers of Turkey and Persia could be always menaced, and whence she might gradually push her way to Teheran, on the one hand, and Constantinople on the other. The possession of the fortress of Abbasabad, which a

former shah had constructed under the direction of a distinguished French engineer, might be said to command the line of communication between Turkey and Persia. This fortress is north of the Araxes, the line which Russia had herself chosen as separating the territories of the contending empires; but she pretended that, to complete the defensive utility of the fortifications, a *tête du pont* on the *opposite side* was essential, with an esplanade, for which she required a segment of a circle with a radius of two miles: all this was ceded by Persia. Finally, what Russia had already by force secured for herself—the exclusive navigation of the Caspian—this treaty formally recognised; so that, from the Caspian on the east, and from the Sea of Azoff on the west, Russia could always pour her troops and supplies undisturbed upon the country between the Caucasus and the Cuban, and carry out her long-projected desire of including the whole Caucasian range within her boundaries. The treaty of Adrianople with Turkey, framed so soon after the treaty of Turcomanchia with Persia, stipulated the surrender by Turkey of the Caucasian shores of the Black Sea, and of the territory contiguous to that of Persia bordering upon that sea; and although the Caucasian range was not subject to either Persia or Turkey, by the treaties above-named, Russia wrung from both a recognition of her sovereignty there, so as to forbid their aid thence after to the efforts of the wild mountaineers to maintain their freedom. Through all the transactions of battle and treaty, war and peace, between Russia and the two great Mohammedan empires, these brave mountain men held their own, regardless of the policy of the empires which claimed or conceded the right to subject them. The Russian troops were attacked in all the posts which they had established nearest to the mountains. Every stray soldier was picked off; detachments were waylaid and destroyed. Russian officers of distinction fell by the dagger of the Lesghai within their own lines. Russian battalions were more than once discomfited by *women* in the mountain defiles. The Russians erected fortified posts along the whole line of the Caucasus, as points of support for the razzias by which they contemplated wearing out the Caucasians: the forts were entered as if by enchantment, and every soul fell beneath the heavy swords of the Chechenes, Lesghis, and Circassians. The lines of road from the western shores of the Caspian, and from that sea to the straits of Tamen, were impassable by any but large bodies of troops attended by a powerful artillery, as bodies of cavalry comprising from one to five thousand men would swoop down with the speed of the falcon, and through the least opening dash across the line of march,

throw into confusion both front and rear of the marching columns, and, after cutting many to pieces, again disappear with the same celerity. Sometimes these bands of horsemen would not lose a single man, while the road for miles would be strewn with the bodies of their foes. The Russians are slow in forming to receive cavalry, and were some years ago still less prompt in this manœuvre, and the tactics of the mountaineers being altogether different from regular European horse, and their arms and mounting of the very best, they were a terror to the Russian infantry, and the Cossacks and other Russian irregular cavalry seldom dared to meet the shock of their charge. The irregular Cossacks of the Cuban were much superior to their brethren of the Don in combating with the Caucasians, as they understood their mode of warfare, and were often as well mounted. These have been the only really efficient troops in the Russian service throughout the long wars hitherto waged against the liberties of the Caucasian people.

Since the Russians erected forts upon the Black Sea, the tribes have frequently descended the southern slopes of their mountains with the suddenness and force of a mountain-storm, and swept the coast of the invaders. Communications between the forts by land were cut off, the forts themselves stormed, or the Russian troops shut up, ill-provisioned, and harassed by a desultory and deadly warfare in the most unhealthy situations, until, under the bullet of the Circassian marksman, and the malaria of the marshes and lagunes, they melted away. In vain was garrison succeeded by garrison, and expedition by expedition; thirty thousand Russian soldiers were in vain sacrificed yearly. Up to the breaking out of the present war, the population of the Caucasian districts had actually increased, their mode of warfare improved, their combination become more complete, and, at last, under a chief possessing a military and legislative genius, and a moral ascendancy previously unknown amongst these free tribes, they are more formidable than ever. Of all services the invasion of a mountain country is the least suitable to the Russian soldier. He is brave and obedient, but he is slow and unwieldy. He is—at all events has been in the Caucasus—ill-fed and most inappropriately clothed and armed; and, brought up upon the steppe, he is entirely incapacitated by all previous habit from any enterprise in a country of unequal surface, more especially where, as in the Caucasus, mountains tower up to the regions of eternal snows. History tells us how easily the Swiss preserved their liberties against armies superior to any which Russia has ever introduced to the regions of which we write; and what are the Alps to the Caucasus—what a height of 7000 feet to

one of 17,000—what the highest alp to the Elb Rous, which dominates the whole Caucasian range, and seems to wear the heavens for its crown? The incompetency of the Russian soldier for campaigns in such a country may be more readily conceived from the following graphic sketch of him by “the Roving Englishman:”—“He is a sulky, sullen, stupid-looking fellow, with a pale blue complexion, like that produced by what the doctors call ‘the administration’ of nitrate of silver in cases of disease. Poor wretch! he looks like a felon, for he has been treated all his life as a hound. He has a short, straight nose, the nostrils of which are turned upwards, and seem like two small holes in his face. He has little round eyes; but he is too stupified by ill-treatment to have any expression in them, though he is in the first flush of youth and strength. His hair is of a rusty bay or reddish brown: it does not dare to curl or wave, and sticks out in points and notches, as though in despair of doing right, turn which way it will. He is a square-built, powerful man, but he is listless, silent, and awkward. He appears susceptible of neither pain nor pleasure; to have no respect or love for himself. He seems to have neither reason nor instinct. He is a machine ready to obey a touch of the impelling hand, or to have something within him which hears and acts at the hoarse shout of command, but of himself he does nothing. He has no will, no energy, no pride of craft. If you speak to him suddenly he starts and takes an attitude of drilled attention. He will not flinch or stir for a blow, but his eyes darken and his thick lips close. He is dirty in his person and habits, but not untidy or slovenly; for he seems always on parade. God only knows what thoughts pass through his mind, for he never utters any. He appears profoundly impressed with his own insignificance and inferiority to every one who wears a good coat, and he bows down abjectly before a bit of gold lace and a sword, whoever wears them. He has no soldierly love of pleasure. He loves drink, indeed, and he will sit silently soaking raw spirits as long as he can get any, but the liquor has no brightening effect upon him; he is as impassive in his cups as when sober. He may drink himself blind, deaf, motionless, speechless, but he cannot drink himself gay. If an officer told him to walk down a precipice, or drink a glass of speedy poison, the idea of remonstrance or disobedience would never occur to him. He would do either as merely a part of his allotted task in life, the object for which he was born. He has been told that the French and English are impious heretics, a sort of plausible devils in human shape; he believes it devoutly, for he has no reasoning powers, no opinions. He believes that he will incur

Divine wrath by holding communion with them; that they will poison him if he eats their food; that they will torture instead of healing him if he be wounded; that their medicines are death in disguise, their benefits a mockery, their kindness a device of the Evil One. He does not think these things distinctly, and one after the other, but such is the general confused impression on his abject mind.

"His clothes are ill-made and scanty, they are so thin that they seem all outside; a broad white band is slung over his right shoulder and descends on his left hip; this sustains his sword—it is not a very good one. The mass of the Russian army are of course badly armed, from the organised system of peculation which exists in every department. Indeed, the Russian soldier has perhaps never had a full meal in his lifetime. He was robbed before he was born, and he has been robbed ever since: first, by the baron and the disponent; since, by every one who has had to do with him. In the army he has had to digest the last sublimated essence of robbery; for in Russia the commander-in-chief robs the generals, and the generals after their degree rob the colonels, and the colonels rob the majors, and the majors rob the captains, and the captains rob the lieutenants, but all rob the soldier together. Russia presents, perhaps, the only example in history of a country governed by a military despotism, and in which the soldiers have been kept in the same state of slavery as the rest of the community."

Such a soldiery will, at the word of command, ascend the mountain steeps as far as it suits the purpose of the defenders to allow them, sure that the issue will be their destruction. Still, up they clamber from "aoul" to "aoul," burning the cottages, wasting the fields, cutting down the vines, and sparing neither woman nor child, until at last they reach a point where their superiority of numbers no longer avails them, and they are sent rolling back in blood and destruction to the mountain's foot.

The country thus fiercely contended for is worth the contest. It is one of political importance, from its position at the head of the Black Sea. Historically no country, scarcely excepting Palestine, has more sacred associations. Upon Mount Ararat, in Armenia, the ark rested, and thence Noah and his offspring went forth to colonise the world. A tradition which prevails over all these countries, from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to Erzerum, affirms that before the ark settled on Ararat it rested on the Elb Rous. On the shores of these fine regions the immediate descendants of Noah formed their first settlements, and there the first altars of a pure patriarchal worship were reared. From those regions westward the sons of Japhet made their way to Eastern Europe, and round to the Mediterranean, thence spread-

ing by Spain and Gaul over Western Europe. From this cradle of humanity the children of Shem encircled the eastern shore of the Euxine, and penetrated to Asia Minor and the shores of the Mediterranean to central Asia, Persia, India, and the farthest east; and the unfortunate descendants of Ham had a home in these provinces before they crossed to Arabia and Egypt, and penetrated the dark continent where they have for thousands of years slumbered in ignorance and slavery. When classic history opens its pages upon these lands, we perceive Greece sending thither her expeditions and her colonies, and recording the importance, beauty, and fame of these fine realms. In Mingrelia a vast plain still bears the name of Argo, the son of Phryxus, by whom Sinope was founded, when Mithridates once reigned in his glory. Jason built Idessa, in Georgia. Imeritia, Mingrelia, and Gourial, constituted the Greek Colchis. The followers of Castor and Pollux built the far-famed Dioscurios. All along the inland sea called the Caspian, perhaps to its northern shores, the Greeks had colonies. The tribes called Iberians and Albanians claim a Grecian origin.

The resources of these countries are rich and various. In the days of Strabo, if we credit his testimony, the soil of Imeritia and Mingrelia produced four crops annually, and troops were furnished for the services of the kings of Pontus more in number than the population which those provinces could now sustain. Where now vast marshes stretch away in miserable monotony, sending up the deadly marsh malaria upon the country beyond, rich corn-fields and orchards once flourished. The baleful Crescent first spread its blight over these healthful and fertile lands; and since, the dreary despotism of Russia perpetuates the ruin. Traces of public works for drainage and other useful purposes are to be met with in various directions, showing the superiority of former generations of inhabitants to the Turk, Persian, and Muscovite, by whom the country has been overrun. Conquest has sometimes civilised, but it is far more generally a curse to the moral and physical condition of the conquered nations. Whatever may be the blessing or the value of peace, liberty is still dearer even amidst the din of arms and the sacrifices which war entails. War brings many evils, but the loss of liberty is generally the loss of all good. The nation that knows not how to combat can soon be taught to forget all other things; the nation that forgets not the use of arms, and the legitimate occasion for their employment, may learn every other lesson in security, and is most likely to realize the blessing of peace withal. The independence of these fine countries must first be won, and then once more, from the Bosphorus to the Cimmerian Bosphorus,

along the whole Asiatic coast of the Euxine, towns shall flourish, agriculture pour forth its teeming treasures, wealth give power and stability to new states, and civilisation spread those blessings which no other hand can scatter, and which she never bestows but upon the free. The countries which enriched the commerce of Athens, her trade with which laid the foundation of her maritime glory; the countries associated with the most brilliant annals of mighty Greece, and mightier Rome; the shores studded with the ruins of a glorious antiquity, and crowned with the loftiest grandeur of majestic nature,—where cities smiled in the security of peace, and were decorated with the chaste architecture and glorious sculpture of Grecian genius, and where every refinement that could adorn life, to use the language of the great Edmund Burke, “from poetry up to eloquence,” was cultivated, even as in classic Corinth or imperial Rome,—must not be trodden down by the rude foot of the Muscovite, the enemy of all freedom, honour, and truth. This is no wild dream. The Caucasus is the great natural barrier to invaders either from the south or north. Neither Turk nor Persian has been able to conquer it. The renowned Mithridates, the hero and conqueror of all the adjacent shores, failed to surmount it. Rome, in the elevation of her military pre-eminence, was here foiled; and the great Alexander was rolled back from it, as the waters of the Euxine subside at its feet when the storm ceases to urge them against its shores. We will not recount the defeats of Russia while at the same time invading its southern and northern slopes; every crag has been drenched in the blood of assailant and defender, every ravine has been a grave for a Russian band; the vulture and the eagle have feasted upon hosts of the stricken Russ, who fell beneath the sabre or the bullet, the malaria, fatigue, and hunger, but Circassia is still free:—

“For oh! the great God never plann’d,
For slumbering slaves a home so grand.”

The country is everywhere lovely. In Syria and in Switzerland there are many rival scenes, and especially amidst the lake-scenery of the latter—a description of beauty in which the Caucasus is very deficient, although some lovely exceptions to this deficiency are to be met. The vicinity of the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Sea of Azoff afford, however, according to the point of prospect, many magnificent spectacles, especially when seen from the more elevated mountain shelves, commanding as they do such a vast variety of view, of crag, and cliff, and verdant slope, and forest, and corn-field, until the eye rests upon the silver light of the distant waters. There is no grandeur in the Alps to be compared with what is to be seen all over the Caucasus. The climate is also

superior—indeed, there are many climates, from the sultry plains of the Cuban and Leman, to the snow-clad breasts of the more lofty elevations. Yet nowhere is the climate a bad one; the shores of the rivers just mentioned, or of the Caspian, are only sultry in certain seasons; and in the highest lands, amongst the glacier and snow-peak, it is said that vast sheltered valleys, rich in corn-fields and orchards, are the homes of the beautiful races that love them so dearly and defend them so well.

The Circassians are certainly the finest race in the world. They are celebrated for their beauty, and the celebrity is deserved. Of all the numerous tribes inhabiting the mountains they are the handsomest. They are probably the aborigines. When they mix with other races, by the emigration of the females to other countries, this beauty is imparted to their offspring. The Turks have, since the introduction of Circassian slaves to their harems, physically become a much superior people to what they had previously been; the Cuban Cossacks and neighbouring Tartars were in like manner improved; and a perceptible improvement among the Russian colonists has been observed, since the adoption of Caucasian wives by both soldiery and officials. The Circassians are not so large as many other races, but are beautiful in form and countenance, and in fine proportions excel all other people. Perhaps few Englishmen have had equal advantages with Captain Spencer for observing the habits and personal characteristics of the people. In his visit to the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea with Prince Woronzof, while the latter was the Russian governor of the Caucasus, he attended the great summer fair of Redout Kaleh, and thus describes its visitors:—“It afforded us an opportunity of seeing specimens of all the various races who inhabit the neighbourhood. In addition to Mingrelians and Imeritians, there were Georgians and Persians, Circassians, Lesghians, and Armenians, together with Jews, Turks, Tartars, and Turkomans—a curious *mélange*, each habited in their separate costume, and exhibiting in their features and manners their characteristic peculiarities. There was the stately Georgian, in his becoming costume—a blue cloth blouse with the sleeves open to the elbow, the whole neatly braided; wide shawls confined at the knees, and a high cap of black Astracan lamb-skin. In features he might be taken for an Armenian or a Persian; the only weapon he carried was a large poinard with an ivory handle, stuck in a red silk sash. The Mingrelians and the Imeritians in their costume and features somewhat resembled the Circassians, except that they were much inferior in personal appearance, and wanted the bright sparkling eye and bold independence of

manner which distinguish that people. These peasants were all well armed, with poinard, pistols, and gun, slung across the shoulder; and carried hanging from the shoulder the same species of black mantle, made from plaited goat's hair, as the Circassians are accustomed to use. But by far the most interesting among the assembled multitude were the inhabitants of the higher alps, the Souanians of Souanethia, a territory where the winter, it is said, lasts eight or nine months in the year. These gigantic mountaineers were all armed to the teeth, and looked as fierce and savage as if they had never before mingled with civilized men. Instead of the becoming blouse worn by their countrymen on the coast of Circassia, they were habited in long sheep-skin coats, ornamented in front with the usual red leather patron pocket of a Circassian mountaineer, sheep-skin caps with the wool plaited in ringlets, while their bare legs were encased in a sort of sandal made of untanned leather, and fastened with thongs. Besides these there were other tribes from the remote districts of the Caucasus equally interesting."

Such is the country, such are the people, and such the leading historical events connected with both up to the period when the present hero of these mountains, the intrepid Schamyl, found a fitting theatre for his genius and courage. He has organised most of the tribes, combined them in a great league against the common enemy, and assumed the direction of the whole, guiding and dictating their enterprises, governing them as a prince, and instructing them as a prophet. He has not the merit of originating either the opposition to Russia, or the present plan of warfare, nor has the idea originated with him of making religious enthusiasm subserve national independence. The struggle commenced before he was born; he found it raging, became an humble soldier in the cause, and a devoted enthusiast in the faith, and rose to direct both.

Soon after the middle of the last century, a chieftain named Mansur Bey, a native of Daghestan, and a zealous Mohammedan, became a preacher of the Koran throughout these mountains. Many of the chiefs and people were pagans, or inherited, perhaps from patriarchal times, a recognition of the Supreme Being, whom they worshipped in groves, offering animal sacrifices, the heads of families and clans being the priests and prophets. In the lowlands a mere nominal Christianity obtained, which was defaced by pagan traditions, which were commingled with its observances. The Dervish Mohammed, as Mansur was first called, persuaded by his eloquence many of all these classes to embrace Islamism. He did much to unite the tribes in their common defence; and his authority as an apostle of the great prophet

enabled him to use this union for purposes of formidable demonstration against the enemies of the independence of the Caucasus. Others succeeded him when his career was finished; but one only rivalled him in power before Schamyl surpassed them all.

One Kasi Mullah exceeded Mansur both in a reputation for sanctity and in the skill of government. F. Bodenstedt, a German writer, describes him as of small eyes, after the Russian type, a face seamed with smallpox, beardless, of very low stature, but thickset and strong. He was a travelling scribe, by which he had an opportunity of learning the family circumstances and the tribal feuds of the whole country. He gained by his doctrines, sagacity, and the enthusiasm which he had the faculty of exciting, many followers of his opinions, who ultimately became followers of his person; and soon after Russia had—by her treaties with Persia and Turkey, above described—fancied herself sure of the Caucasus, Kasi Mullah raised the standard of a holy war. In the beginning of 1830 he suddenly appeared, attended by a sacred band, sworn upon the Koran to be true to him as their chief and prophet, to give up everything for the freedom of their religion and the independence of their country, and never to be at peace with Russia until she was no longer in a condition to invade it. His sacred band he called *murids*. Many were the daring feats of Kasi Mullah and his *murids*, among whom was one distinguished for religious fervour above all the rest, and as distinguished for his bravery and skill—that one was Schamyl.

In 1832, when Himri, a mountain fort, was stormed by the Russians, Kasi Mullah perished in the breach. His chief companion on that occasion was Schamyl, who, after performing prodigies of valour, escaped marvellously, to appear elsewhere, not as a simple murid or guard of a prophet, but as a prophet. The mantle of Mullah was supposed to descend on the shoulders of Schamyl.

It was at this *avoul*, or village, of Himri that the new chief had been born some thirty-five years before. His early life was remarkable for reserve and piety, his long abstinences, his severe vigils, his enduring prayers; while even in his boyhood he was, although the most delicate of all his companions, the bravest of the brave. He is below the middle stature, of perfect symmetry of form, with large and beautiful eyes, and genuine Circassian contour, although himself a Lesghian, a race less beautiful. He has small feet, of which, like the great Emperor Napoleon, he is—especially when on horseback—very vain. He is, like the same exemplar, still more vain of the beauty of his hand, which is small and fair. He wears a large beard, which is very red; and he is said to be not less vain of this hirsute

appendage, more especially of its colour than he is of the other personal peculiarities which in Western Europe would be more generally considered graces. Taciturn, calm, collected, possessing much personal endurance strangely associated with considerable delicacy, he is of the most active physical habit and mental genius; and both to friends and foes seems as if endowed with ubiquity. He is the most splendid of all the Circassian horsemen, although they are the first in the world, not excepting the Arabs; his rifle takes the most deadly aim when the rocks are ringing with the volleys directed upon the foe; and high above the battle the slender arm of Schamyl waves the scimitar where danger is thickest, and the most adventurous enemies press on.

Like the founder of his religion, Mohammed, Schamyl is sincere in believing that he is chosen of God to effect a great and glorious work; but like him also, he adds to the hallucinations under which from fanaticism he labours, a cunning leaven of religious imposture. In his far off mountains he adopts the policy, so prevalent in Europe, of making religion subservient to politics and ambition. While the Emperor Nicholas was telling the nations on the shores of the Caspian that God had predestinated him to spread there the "Orthodox Church," Schamyl was telling the Mohammedan sections of those populations that the prophet Mohammed appeared to him in trances, and that in exterminating the Giaours he was acting as the anointed of Allah. The giant of St. Petersburg and the genius of the Caucasus were both playing the same game, both intoxicated and intoxicating others with a cup brimming with mingled fanaticism and imposture. There is this difference—the hero of the Caucasus is not a hypocrite, the bully of St. Petersburg was; Schamyl has a creed in his heart, Nicholas believed in himself and his ambition. Intellectually, Schamyl is well qualified for his self-imposed task. He never loses his presence of mind; his moral courage never fails; his sagacity in selecting his agents and officers is wonderful; his power of penetrating the designs of the enemy, both in a political and military point of view, prove him to be one of nature's great statesmen and generals; but the gift in which he excels most is that of eloquence. He is nature's orator as well as legislator and hero. When fear and hope, gifts and war, have failed to decide a dubious tribe, or reconcile a refractory one, a single oration of Schamyl has accomplished everything, and brought them willing captives to his feet. His sarcasm is withering, and his power of repartee, such as would cause Lords Derby and Brougham, Mr. D'Israeli and Mr. Bright, considerable uneasiness for their wreaths, were he to enter the lists of parlia-

mentary competition with the same command of their language which he has of his own. His fertility of resource, copiousness of illustration, softness of persuasion, and vehemence of passion, are all alike extraordinary. No man ever united in public address the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re* as perfectly as he does. As the shadows and sunbeams passing in rapid transition over the many-tinted foliage of the Caucasian forest, so his anger and his encouragement pass in gloom or brightness over the hosts that move responsive to his ever varying but ever effective oratory. Thus gifted, his mission to the tribes was like a message along the electric wire, it flashed intelligence and impulse to all. The murids of his predecessor gathered around him; he greatly added to their number, made more stringent the rules which discipline them, and the laws which keep them to their fealty; and with this desperate and devoted body-guard he went on conquering and to conquer, like some warrior of prophetic vision, and like such also a mystery. Many deeds attributed to him are no doubt exaggerated, and many have had no existence but in the oriental imagination of his followers; we shall only attempt to satisfy the popular interest awakened in this country concerning him, by a relation of a few of the more notable and well-authenticated feats of his history. The people of the Caucasus say of him—"Mohammed was Allah's first prophet, Schamyl is his second;" and this saying betrays the great secret of the enthusiasm upon which he works so well, which, united to the powerful *amor patriæ*, so characteristic of the mountaineers, is a sufficient motive power to enlist in his service all the oppressed races from the southern shores of the Caspian to the lofty eyrie of Souathania.

When the Emperor Nicholas committed the war in Daghestan to the charge of the German general, Willeminoff (and it is curious, by the way, to notice that the most ferocious executors of Russian policy in the Caucasus have been Germans), he gave strict charge that certain fortresses, the eagles' nests of Kasi Mullah, Schamyl's predecessor, should be scaled and stormed. This was accomplished with incalculable bloodshed, and Himri, the birth-place of Schamyl, was the last stronghold of the chief Kasi Mullah: thither he retreated, attended by his murids, the desperate body-guards, of whom Schamyl was the most distinguished. By incredible labour the Russians, under the German general, Rosen, to whom Willeminoff committed the enterprise, brought up their artillery, and opened a heavy cannonade upon the mud walls and irregular defences of the place. Breaches were soon made, but there was no way of reaching them, except by single file, along paths only partially sheltered

by overhanging rocks and foliage; it is needless to say that the advancing Russians were "picked off" long before they could reach the breach, if such the chasm made by the artillery in these peculiar defences could be called. When the chief path of access for the besiegers was literally choked by their dead, the attempt to enter the breach was given up, and the cannon again resorted to until the place was levelled, and the very rocks brought crumbling about the heads of the besieged. The cannon was carried nearer on men's shoulders, although many fell dead beneath the load, under the bullets of the besieged, and the fatigue of the undertaking, still General Rosen ordered up fresh men, and the guns opened with grape and canister upon the ruins, the defenders making every particle of cover available to take certain aim. Thinned by this wasting fire, the besieged still dauntlessly held by their forlorn post until, unable to offer to the Russians a fire so prompt and rapid as before, the latter crowded over their dead and dying comrades to the place, and put to the bayonet the hapless garrison. All perished, and Kasi Mullah and his faithful Schamyl, the last to fall, were hurled by the Russians over the precipices into the Koi-son beneath. Any others in whom life was detected were consigned also to the abyss, and wolves and vultures began their feast ere yet the smoke of the battle had rolled from the cliffs. The fate of Kasi Mullah and of Schamyl was placed beyond all doubt, and their memory was mournfully sung by the bards of Daghestan, when once more the natives of the district flew to arms against Russia.

Two years had elapsed since the storm of Himri, when again upon its eagle-rock a body of Daghestans were assembled in desperate contest, resolved to emulate the gallant deaths of Kasi Mullah and Schamyl. The Russians again swarmed up the rocks in multitudes, using scaling-ladders to ascend the almost perpendicular faces of the cliffs, at the base of which the Koi-son winded its rapid and boisterous course. Just as all hope for the brave Daghestans had vanished, and the martyrdom to creed and country, of which they aspired to make themselves worthy, was about to be attained, a chosen band, led by Schamyl, and guided through unknown tracks, fell upon the flank of the besiegers with a fierce cry, which the Russian officers describe as thrilling through every heart, and to which the very rocks might have vibrated; volley after volley sped amidst the confounded Russians, and then the garrison and the brave band who came to their rescue attacked the Russians with the sabre, or flung them over the precipices, with that strength and agility by which the mountaineers are characterised. The women of the garrison

hurled large fragments of rock upon them, and even used the firelocks of their husbands with rapidity and skill. The Russians were utterly routed, leaving several pieces of cannon in the hands of Schamyl, the first artillery ever possessed by the mountaineers; muskets, pistols, Russian sabres, and a great store of powder also fell into the hands of the victors. There could be no doubt of the identity of their deliverer on the part of the garrison; but how the warrior who two years before had perished on that spot, and had become the food of the wild dog or the eagle, could then appear so suddenly as a conqueror, was an enigma which they could not solve. It was equally a mystery to the Russians. Schamyl attributed it to Allah and his prophet, but how either had intervened remains still a secret; neither Schamyl nor any other son of the mountain has told the story. From the remotest eastern to the remotest western mountain of the Caucasus, the tale spread that Schamyl had returned from the dead, sent by Mohammed in pity to the faithful, and to punish the presumption and cruelty of the Giaour. Even the common Russian soldiery were awed by "the miracle," and began to think that God was fighting against them. The name of Schamyl became terrible to friend and foe; to the one it had the terror of awful sanction and of a divine authority, to the other of superhuman wisdom and bravery, or satanic alliance.

Thence Schamyl began a system of more complete organisation, the more easy of accomplishment as none dared to dispute his will. He introduced a system of revenue, orders of honour, rewards, provisions for the disabled and widows and children of the fallen, and established gradually a regular government. It was, however, his fortune to be again hemmed in by the Russian armies. He skilfully retired upon his fortresses; they this time as skilfully drew their *cordon* around him. Every defile was guarded, every commanding position secured; a possible retreat was provided for by having guns placed in position and detached bodies of rifles, so that the pursuing Daghestans could not assail the army in flank. Onward and upward the dark tide of Russian soldiery surged, as if a sea of vengeful life rising to overwhelm the barriers of freedom for ever. Schamyl was driven to his last resting-place, the fort of Akhoulga. It was strong by nature, and strengthened not only by native art, but some rude conceptions of European fortification entered into the plans of defence. It was well provisioned, and some captured guns, of small calibre and in bad condition, gave a new feature to the defensive preparations of the mountaineers. The place held out with wonderful tenacity; it seemed as if its walls were animated with the spirit of resistance

which manned them. The Russians fell in multitudes before it; but it was ordered to be taken, and the order should be executed although Russian blood dripped from every rock. The moment for storming at last came, and the scenes of Himri were renewed at Akhoulga—the whole garrison was put to the bayonet; and this time Schamyl, not last, but

“Foremost fighting, fell;”

he was struck by a rifle bullet in the breast, and afterwards repeatedly stabbed by the bayonets of the Russian soldiery as they entered. When the fire of the besieged was utterly quenched in blood, the dead were put aside in heaps, that the body of Schamyl, easily identified by his dress and the position in which he fell, might be separately disposed of; but it was sought for in vain—it had mysteriously disappeared!

Meanwhile the tidings of his destruction had been transmitted to the head-quarters of the Russian army, and thence to St. Petersburg, where the *Te Deum* swelled through the Russian churches for the removal of the great impediment to Russian conquest in the East. Scarcely had these songs of thanksgiving and glory died away, than the tidings reached the palaces of the czar that Schamyl, at the head not of a band, but of an army, was laying waste the property of the tribes subject to Russia, and with numerous hordes of irresistible cavalry was sweeping over the adjacent plains, cutting off detachments, charging columns, capturing artillery, and seizing convoys! If miracle only accounted for the preservation of his life on the former occasion, how much more must the explanation of his escape this time resolve itself into the supernatural! His authority rose still higher, and his fear haunted the superstitious Russian soldier, causing the lonely sentinel to quail with terror at the supposed apparition of the satanic chief; and diffusing through the Russian ranks the idea that valour was thrown away in such a war, when the enemy was commanded not by an ordinary man, but by an enchanter or a fiend.

Yet Schamyl had another escape, scarcely inferior to these. Once more shut up by Russian military skill and perseverance, and by the reckless expenditure of the soldier's life, characteristic of the conduct of the war in the Caucasus, the Russians were preparing to storm the mountain-fortress where, with a few of his murids, he had found a retreat, when a deserter, reaching the Russian lines, warned the general that, by a certain hour that night, Schamyl, appressed in female attire, would descend from the rock upon a certain sheep-walk, and escape, leaving the murids to defend the rock to the last extremity. Acting upon this information, a sufficient force was

placed in ambush, and at the hour foretold Schamyl was seen to descend, and bound along the path by which escape might be secured, had he not been betrayed; rifles rang out upon him, and a desperate pursuit commenced, the Russian officers being desirous of taking him alive. At last the fugitive fell under a shower of bullets, and the prize was seized; but lo! it was not Schamyl, but one of his faithful murids, who, with exulting lips, mocked the Giaours as he expired. The diversion purchased by the brave man's life was successful; the true Schamyl and his little garrison escaped in another direction. The deserter, like the pretended Schamyl, was devoting life to the safety of his chief and the service of the cause; upon him Russian vengeance was to be wreaked, he was ordered to be immediately hanged; but he also was gone, leaving his poinard buried in the heart of the Russian sentinel, in whose custody he was supposed to have been placed unarmed.

Sometime previous to the revival of the Caucasian war, in 1828, the Russians secured the son of a chief, took him to St. Petersburg, gave him a military education, and promoted him step by step to the rank of major-general. He was sent into the Caucasus, that, by his knowledge of the language and the instincts of the race, he might be more efficient than the Russian officers had been. He no sooner reached his native mountains, than, giving up all the honours and advantages of civilised life, military glory, and imperial favour, he deserted to his countrymen. He is now the right hand of Schamyl and his brother-in-law, Daniel Bey. To him the mountaineers are indebted for European discipline, which they are fast acquiring. Poles, and even Russians, deserters, are in considerable numbers among them, and act as artillerymen, engineers, and sappers; and as they generally marry native women, they become as eager in defence of their mountain liberty as those born to it.

Such was the condition of the Caucasus, and such was Schamyl, when, in 1853, the Sultan Abdul-Medjid formed an alliance with him, and instructed the commander of his army in Asia to co-operate with the chivalrous highland chief in the conduct of the war. Had the Turkish generals done their part as efficiently and gallantly as Schamyl did his, the Russian army of Asia had been annihilated before the close of 1853; but never in the history of armies were cowardice, folly, and peculation so conspicuous as with the Turkish commanders upon that theatre of the war.

We have already observed that the first care of the Porte was to provide against all contingencies on the Asiatic frontier. A rude force of militia, irregulars, and volunteers, amounting it was alleged to 50,000 men, was placed

on the Persian frontier, as reports had reached the sultan that Russia would allow Persia more time to pay the debt contracted by her—or rather the tribute imposed upon her—in the last war, on condition of her making certain aggressive movements against Turkey. Batoum was strengthened; and reinforcements, to the amount of 10,000 men, sent thither before the summons to Prince Gortschakoff was made by Omar Pasha. The corps stationed at Batoum was probably better organised than any other portion of the Turkish army, not excepting the guards; compared with it the troops placed under Omar Pasha's command were a mere rabble. Several officers of skill, experience, and spirit, were nominated to commands, most of them were from other European armies. The Irish general, Guyon, who arrived at such distinction in the Hungarian war, now known as Churshid Pasha, held the highest position amongst these. As a dashing horseman and brilliant *sabreur*, he would be more highly appreciated by the Turkish soldiery than for his superior attainments as a strategist and tactician. He seemed to unite all the qualities desirable for a general in such a command. If he failed subsequently to effect what was expected, the fault was not his: the corruption and incapacity of the Turkish pashas, and the intrigues of the divan, paralysed his efforts. His counsels were slighted, his orders counteracted, his remonstrances overruled at the seat of government. He did all a man under such circumstances could do, and more than most men would have attempted. Associated with him were Perchat Pasha (Stein), Osman Bey (Zashitzkey), Fehti Bey (Colman)—a German, a Pole, and an Irishman. There were European officers of minor rank, refugees, Poles and Hungarians, and a few Irish officers. All these proved subsequently to be capable and gallant officers; but their efforts, as well as those of their superiors, were rendered nugatory by the Turkish system, which they had no power to correct. Troops were actively poured through the Bosphorus into Asia from July until the massacre of Sinope: Kurds, Nestorians, a large force from the *corps d'armée* of Syria, and even a brigade from Tripoli, were ordered to that destination; and there seemed no reason to apprehend disaster in Asia.

The mountaineers of the Caucasus "opened the ball" in Asia. The Russian fortress of Tojnak Kaleh was taken by the Circassians by one of their sudden and daring movements, and they appear to have created with as much skill as bravery such diversions in favour of the Turks as were practicable; indeed, so it was acknowledged at Constantinople, for the government official organs thus described them:—"The Daghestans, Circassians, and other tribes, have advanced to the Black Sea, and

taken five Russian fortified posts, and razed the forts of Gostogajewskof and Tengainsky. In consequence of these disasters Russia has been necessitated to send reinforcements, which are already off the coast. Three Russian brigades have already advanced towards the frontiers at Tortun; and Adi, the pasha of that place, and Selim Pasha of Batoum, are preparing to make a diversion, which would assist the inhabitants of Lasistam, the Kurds, Circassians, and people of Daghestan, to relieve their brave brethren of the Crimea from a foreign yoke." The doings of the Turkish eastern army very little corresponded with the great words of the officials at Constantinople.

Meanwhile the Russians were not idle in these quarters: they formed an army of reserve at Redout Kaleh, on the Black Sea; on an island close to Astrabad, on the Caspian Sea, they landed a large force—it was said in Constantinople as many as 20,000 men; at Tiflis a regular *corps d'armée* was established, under General Ackoudinski Dolgoranki. Schamyl at this juncture harassed the Russians; he appeared suddenly at the head of nearly 20,000 men before Zahattali, but was promptly repulsed, after a short, but bloody and decisive battle, in which the Russians were superior in numbers and arms, the mountaineers in activity and bravery. By a well-concerted arrangement another force was prepared to fall upon Schamyl as he retired, but he effected his retreat without loss, carrying with him his wounded, and even many of his dead. It was reported at Tiflis that the Russian loss was not less than 3000 men. While the Russians were carrying out their plans to intercept the Daghestan chief, he not only made good his retreat, but burnt all the villages where Russian property was to be found in the surrounding district, and put many Russians and pro-Russians to the sword.

As upon the Danubian frontier, so upon the Asiatic, the Turkish soldiery did not await either the declaration of war or the orders of their officers, but made razzias across the line which separated the territories of the sultan and the emperor. In this respect the inferior officers were as impatient as the men. In July several severe skirmishes occurred, rather to the disadvantage of the Russians, who were not in expectation of these desultory attacks. Along the line of the river Arputsky especially these doubtful encounters occurred, as it gave opportunity for smart surprises and sudden attacks on the part of the Osmanlis. This description of warfare was put a stop to by the vigorous conduct of the Russian general. Meanwhile, Selim Pasha made demonstrations at Bayazid, in front of General Bubatoff, one of the most active and experienced of the Russian

generals, and suffered a prompt and decisive repulse. On the 4th August, Mustapha Zarif Pasha attacked General Bubatoff near Kars, and was repulsed. Next day Bubatoff assumed the offensive; and at Kurukdar, near Gumri, defeated Mustapha.

At this juncture General Guyon recommended a plan of operations to the general-in-chief, Selim Pasha, which, if carried into effect, would have probably been decisive of the campaign. Guyon, discovering that the Russian general Andronikoff (having, considerably to the right of Selim's army, driven in all the Turkish outposts) was turning the flank of Selim's line, and would get between him and Kars, advised an advance and sudden attack upon Bubatoff, and then to retire as suddenly and fall upon Andronikoff, and thus assailing the Russian forces in detail, in all probability destroy both corps. Selim had, however, some religious scruples against advancing that day, or the next, or the next—they were Turkish holidays; the result was that when the movement was attempted it was too late—the Russian spies had conveyed to Bubatoft a knowledge of the contemplated movement, so that when the Turks, by torchlight, made as they thought a surprise, the Russians, who were posted by the hills of Hadjivelekey, were well prepared to receive them, and repulsed them with severe slaughter. The first to set an example of cowardice, where there was but little valour displayed by any, was Selim himself. His generals all followed his example—Zarif Pasha especially. Riding about with terrified looks, he gave orders impossible of execution, inspiring alarm wherever he appeared, until, upon the first sign of repulse, he fled precipitately from the field. His generals either had not presence of mind to repair his errors, or had not themselves courage to supply his deficiency. They also refused obstinately to do anything recommended by Guyon or Stein, both of whom were present, and could have retrieved the fortunes of the hour if their advice had been heeded, or they had been allowed to assume command. Resul Pasha, who commanded the right flank, fled instantaneously. Vely Pasha had capacity enough to appreciate the advice of General Guyon, but his jealousy of that officer prevented his acting upon it. The men fought bravely enough for some time after the *bunbashis* and *murallais* (superior regimental officers) forsook them. One man displayed gallantry and skill throughout, and only one—Tahir Pasha, who commanded the Turkish artillery; wherever he was present the guns were well served, but except where he personally directed, even this portion of the force conducted itself badly. On some heights which commanded the Russian right he placed an excellent

mountain-battery, the fire of which could command their flank—this battery never discharged a shot. An American officer, Major Tevy, remonstrated and entreated, but with no effect, the officer in command would not be dictated to by an infidel foreigner. Finally, upwards of 30,000 Turks were routed by just half their number, and fled panic-struck in every direction.

Soon after this terrible disaster of the Turks, all the plans and successes of General Bubatoff were rendered nugatory by another incursion of Schamyl, which filled the mind of General Bubatoff with the utmost apprehensions concerning his communications, and prevented his undertaking anything worthy of his previous victories and great talents. Throughout September, Schamyl and several inferior chiefs not only cut off detachments, but stormed forts and attacked armies. They took Toprak Kaleh, and retained it. Djen was also captured by them; while the Russian general Orlianoff refused Schamyl battle, although at the head of 15,000 men, whose retreat was harassed, the rearguard suffering severely from Schamyl's cavalry.

In October, the Turks showed great spirit and energy in many points, so as to lead to a general suspicion that their previous defeat by General Bubatoff had been much exaggerated, and that the European officers, with Abdi Pasha, had lent themselves to the propagation of these exaggerated reports because disappointed in the commands and influence they had expected. Be that as it may, throughout October and November the spirit and gallantry of the Turks merited the eulogies which re-joining Europe conferred upon them. On the 14th October, the Russians having begun fortifications on the Tchouroukson, Selim Pasha crossed the river at several places simultaneously, and fell upon the Russians so rapidly that they, unprepared for the possibility of so large a body crossing to their side of the river, made an ill-arranged and desultory resistance, which ended in their being driven back with loss. They were pursued by Hassan Pasha as far as Orelli. In this attack and pursuit the Turks suffered little, and captured two of the enemy's guns, and 144 prisoners, principally of the artillery; 600 Russians were placed *hors de combat*. The Russian troops retreated upon Chenkedy, as it is called by the Turks, Fort St. Nicholas, as it is termed by the Russians. This is the border fortress upon the eastern shore of the Black Sea. Here they received reinforcements, but the Turks pursued their advantage, and forced another battle, which issued still more unfavourably to the Russians. The Turks attempted to storm the fort, but were repulsed; they again attempted a storm, and were a second time repulsed; but

the third effort was successful, as they were aided by a naval squadron, and the slaughter of the Russians was very great. Many prisoners also fell into the hands of the Turks, and large stores of provisions, gunpowder, and munitions of war. Nearly 2000 stand of arms, and, still more valuable at that juncture, 3000 sacks of flour were among the spoils. General Kloff, a Cossack hetman, was among the prisoners. Prince Woronzoff, the Russian general-in-chief of the forces in Asia, admitted in his despatch the full extent of this disaster. It is frequently desirable to consult the Russian despatches in the Asiatic war, for they are often truthful, although vaunting; and the facts are often correct when any misfortune is recorded, although the explanations offered consult Russian vanity and interests. Prince Woronzoff writes:—"It was judged necessary to keep the place as long as possible because of the provisions, but the detachment in the fortress could not do so, and fell fighting. Three officers and thirty soldiers were alone able to cut their way through the enemy's forces; but two pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the Turks, and the provisions were burnt.* It is painful for me to commence my report of the hostilities with the Turks by so unfortunate an event; but it is necessary for us to hope and to say, as in 1812, 'God will punish the aggressor.'" The pious fraud upon his own conscience, with which he closes the despatch, shows how all classes of Russian officials, even the highest, deemed it necessary, either to please the autocrat or to conciliate the spirit of the nation, to maintain a tone of hypocrisy. No one knew better than this distinguished prince that Russia was the aggressor, yet he resorts to this pseudo-piety of expression to do his part in keeping up the assumption of religious and spiritual motive, and of standing upon the defensive in this war, which the czar and his diplomatists so impudently put forth. The expression in the above despatch, that he regretted to have to *begin* his report with an account of so great a misfortune, has led several writers upon the war astray. Prince Woronzoff refers only to the operations upon the coast, which were conducted on the part of the Turks by Selim; while on the Georgian confines, Abdi Pasha conducted a separate series of operations, which issued in the contests above noticed, before the attack on Fort St. Nicholas.

The victory at Fort St. Nicholas took place on the 28th October; from that time until the 9th November, or as some accounts state the 17th November, the Russians made five different attempts to regain it, but without success. The Russian operations from the sea, designed

to assist these land attacks upon the fort, were still more disastrous. A Russian war-steamer, with troops on board, while endeavouring to land them, was fired upon from the fort and from a new battery just erected on the coast, and her machinery disabled; she, however, was drifted by the wind until, striking upon a rock close by Batoum, she went down, and out of her crew and 800 soldiers, twenty-five men only were saved and made prisoners by the crew of the Egyptian frigate the *Nile*. The English captain (Turkish admiral), Slade, called Mushawar Pasha (the advising or consulting pasha), rendered considerable service by landing arms and ammunition for the Circassians, and munitions of war at Fort St. Nicholas; he also made various captures of Russian ships, and not a fishing-boat manned by Russians could elude his vigilance. He conveyed to the Circassians Seffer Bey, who had, at the demand of Russia, been so long detained a prisoner at Constantinople. Russian and Polish deserters were also taken up by him from various parts of the coast, and conveyed to the army of Selim Pasha. Several transports from the Sea of Azoff were intercepted by him, and one Russian brig-of-war; another and larger vessel (a war-steamer, laden with arms, ammunition, and provisions, and having troops on board), in order to escape him made for Sebastopol, but was overtaken by a storm, driven on a dangerous part of the coast of the Crimea and lost, every soul on board perishing. On the 17th November, 1200 Russians were landed near to Chevetil (Fort St. Nicholas), for the purpose of co-operating with certain troops designed to attack that so frequently contested stronghold; but the Turks attacked them, and compelled them to re-embark. In this affair the loss of the Russians was proportionately enormous; 400 were left dead upon the beach, the wounded, who were also numerous, were brought on board, as were the guns, except one, which remained in possession of the Turks. Subsequently another attempt was made to land an army of 18,000 men, Slade having gone with his squadron to the Bosphorus. This attempt was also unsuccessful, the Turks opposed the landing, and the Russians had to re-embark, this time carrying their dead as well as wounded with them, and saving all their guns.

General Prince Woronzoff was now in great straits at Tiflis: Schamyl had penetrated thither in one of his impetuous and wonderful razzias, and carried off not only booty, but several prisoners, under the eye of the astonished Woronzoff. The latter was nearly surrounded, and his retreat all but cut off: the Mussulmen of Georgia were in arms; Goumri showed above its white towers the ensigns of the sultan; Redoubt Kaleh and Kislar acknowledged the

* There was not time to execute his orders in this respect, a large portion of the provisions was secured by the Turks.

ascendancy of the Crescent. Schamyl attacked and stormed the fortress of Zakhatala, after thirty-six hours' unremitted fighting and great slaughter. Kahitty capitulated to a detachment of auxiliary Lesghians and Daghestans, after a bloody resistance of several days. The Turks advanced to Alexandrople, in Georgia, which they blockaded, as also Akista (or Akhaltzick), and summoned the citadel to surrender. The plan of Selim Pasha was for the two corps of the Turkish army, that of Batoum and that of Anatolia, to unite at Tiflis after they had cleared their respective lines of route of the Russian forces; and although but little skill was shown by the Turkish leaders, and as little bravery, such was the courage of the soldiery that when led by European officers, or by the few officers of science and courage of their own nation, they greatly distinguished themselves. In many of these combats fortune favoured the Turks, or hard fighting, in spite of bad generalship, achieved the victory; and sometimes by fortuitous circumstances they literally stumbled upon success, when the measures of their chiefs were such as to render defeat all but a certainty. Abdi Pasha was always frightened in action, always apparently desirous to get out of it, and yet as eager for an advance, after having so often shown to himself and others that he did not know what to do when the object of such advance was reached. On the other hand, Prince Woronzoff, if not great in arms, succeeded by his most effective civil administration in preventing insurrection, and he effectually checked the disposition of the Russians to commit excesses upon the inhabitants of the disturbed districts. General Bubatoff, his lieutenant, displayed consummate military skill, and by one stroke of generalship he saved the Asiatic provinces of Russia from being overrun by the vehement onslaught of the Turks in the first campaign. He blew up the fort of Bayazid, just as the Turks had made preparations to take it, and led the garrison by forced marches in another direction, so as to confuse and paralyse the plans and proceedings of the Turks. He followed out this plan of destroying forts, the defence of which was uncertain, and which kept his men detached; employing their garrisons in the field, where they might be most useful in checking the onward course of the enemy, or in attacking with superior numbers the unsuspecting Turkish generals, so as to defeat them in detail.

Early in November, Mehemet Pasha, the commandant at Bayazid, advanced upon Erivan, which the Russians wisely evacuated. The Russians about the same time attempted a surprise on Goumri, which they were very near accomplishing. It was defended by Ahmed Pasha, "director of the army of Anatolia," who, recovering from the confusion into which

he was at first thrown, beat back the Russians with much carnage, and pursued them to the citadel of Alexandrople. In the neighbourhood of Akhaltzick there was fighting with little intermission throughout November, until the Turks received a defeat there, which was one of the most signal in their annals. The minor combats in that neighbourhood were all in their favour, and the encounter at Paskoff was even brilliant on the side of the Turks. Zarif Mustapha, at the head of his Bashi-bazouks and a few battalions of regular troops, drove out the Russians with the utmost impetuosity, and then threw up with celerity such defences as secured the position, which was of some importance from its vicinity to the fortified town of Akhaltzick, which it was Mustapha's design to storm. The capture of this place was urgent, because it is so situated on the borders of Georgia and Armenia as to give its possessors a secure base of operations upon a large extent of country in both provinces. Before the attack upon Akhaltzick the Turks attempted to storm Alexandrople, but their artillery was too light to make any impression upon the place, and, at their first attempt to force it, they were repulsed so signally that their troops fell back upon Goumri. At Akhaltzick they were at first successful; they entered the town, and were in possession of every part of it except the citadel, which they could not breach from the inferiority of their guns; the Russians, seizing a favourable juncture, attacked the besiegers, drove them out of the town, and afterwards defeated them on the open plain.

The accounts received in England of this battle, or rather series of battles, were contradictory; some of them coming by way of Constantinople, some by Vienna, and others through St. Petersburg and Berlin. The Turkish despatches admitted a loss of 1000 men killed (without stating the number of wounded) and 200 prisoners. From Vienna we were informed that the Turks lost 5000 killed (the wounded not being referred to), twelve pieces of cannon, and seven stand of colours, and all the baggage and stores of the besiegers. The Russian account is inconsistent with the others and irreconcilable,—especially with the detailed particularisation of the Turkish occupation of the city, and their efforts to breach the citadel. We give it from the despatch of General Andronikoff, who commanded the garrison, which account is itself discrepant with what appeared in the St. Petersburg papers.

"On the 12th November (O. S.) I arrived at Akhaltzick. I reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and obtained the conviction that the ground they occupied was unapproachable. It extended from the village of Ab down to Supplis; and this position was further strengthened

by many breastworks and batteries. The condition of the town and district of Akhaltzick compelled me to act with decision; and this the more, since I had been informed that the Turks had been reinforced, and that fresh reinforcements were expected from Ardogan, Adjar, and Kars. Early on the morning of the 14th instant, I formed a column of four battalions of foot and fourteen guns, and pushed them forward against the enemy's front at Lower Supplis. The artillerymen had been drafted from the various regiments, and the horses were taken wherever they could be got. Another column, consisting of three battalions and three light guns, was detached against the left wing of the Turkish position, on the banks of the river Poskhoff-Tchaï. This second column was supported by nine *sotnias* (100 men each) of Cossacks, twelve *sotnias* of Tiflis militia, and one detachment of noble volunteers. The engagement commenced with the fire of the artillery, which was continued on either side till thirty minutes past eleven, A.M. The obstinacy of the enemy in the defence of the position they had taken, convinced me of the necessity of storming that position, in spite of its natural advantages and fortifications, and although the river is of considerable depth. The Turks made a desperate defence in their entrenchments, in the houses, gardens, and, in short, in every point which offered the possibility of resistance. Exposed to the grapeshot of the whole of the enemy's artillery, and harassed by the fire from the Turkish foot, our own infantry, up to their necks in water, crossed the river, and attacked the enemy with such violence and overwhelming force, that, in spite of their obstinacy, they commenced losing ground. The first step backward was the commencement of a total defeat of the Turks. On this side, in Lower and Upper Supplis, we captured nine pieces of artillery; and in the village of Pamatsh, we took three pieces of artillery and two light field-pieces. The streets and houses of the village were covered with the bodies of the slain. While a hand-to-hand combat was raging on the right bank of the Poskhoff-Tchaï, a second victory was gained on the left bank. At ten o'clock a large column of the enemy, horse and foot, was descried approaching the heights of the mountain Obas Tumanski. Six *sotnias* of Cossacks were sent against this force, and the firing commenced at two o'clock, P.M. A detachment of the mountain battery No. 1, consisting of guns taken from the enemy, was sent to support the Cossacks. The six *sotnias* of Cossacks and the noble volunteers, who joined them from Upper Supplis, attacked and routed the enemy. Two hundred were killed, and the rest dispersed; and, in spite of their attempts, they could not effect a junction with the main force. At sunset the combat was over, because there

were no antagonists for us to conquer. I must confess that this success, unheard-of in its way, which was obtained by perseverance in a cannonade of four hours, and after a fire of grape and musketry, which lasted two hours, and which was consummated by a hand-to-hand engagement, could be expected only from the dauntless courage of Russian troops. All this proves that there can be no obstacles for the orthodox army, fighting at the call of the mighty Sovereign for its creed, czar, and country. Can there be obstacles for an army which is mindful of the imperial word?—"In thee, O Lord, have we trusted: let us not for ever be confounded!" We have lost one officer and thirty-nine privates, and nine officers and 179 privates were wounded. The loss of the enemy must have been very severe, for above 1000 Turks remained dead on the field of battle. We took 120 prisoners of foot, horse, and artillery; and among them a mullah, and the servants of the pasha. They were taken to the fortress. We took also ten field-pieces and two mountain guns, two artillery parks, several flags and standards, and a large number of small flags, with stores, &c."

In this battle the Russians brought into action field-pieces carrying balls of 16lb., the usual weight carried by other armies being 12lb. Those guns of superior weight were managed with the same facility as the lighter guns of other European armies; and to this superiority in their field-artillery the Russians were mainly indebted for their signal victory, although neither the despatch of Andronikoff nor the publications of St. Petersburg chose to make the acknowledgment. This was not the first time this new description of gun was brought into the field by Russia; but it was the first time upon a large scale that it was used, and contributed so signally to victory. In the battle of Baschkady, fought soon after, they were still more indebted to this weapon, for chiefly by its instrumentality the Turks were routed, their artillery being speedily overpowered. Otherwise the battle was against them, for the Turks everywhere foiled them in bayonet charges and hand-to-hand combats with the sword. In this action the Turks lost more than thirty pieces of cannon, which were spiked or broken by the Russians, and left upon the roads. The Russians in the closer strife of the engagements lost heavily; and 1500 men, according to their own despatches, were placed *hors de combat*.

Another defeat was sustained by the Turks, and on their own territory, in quick succession to the former disasters. At Ongusli, upon the 1st December, General Bubatoff attacked, by a sudden and bold manœuvre, the Turkish seraskier, and routed him, driving him in great disorder upon Kars. The Turkish camp

equipment and stores, with twenty pieces of cannon, became the prizes of this enterprising Russian officer. Later in the year the Turks were attacked at Soubattan; both sides claimed the victory, but the Turks remained in possession of the ground. They were attacked also at Baiander; where both sides also claimed the victory, but the Russians were certainly repulsed.

Both armies now went into winter-quarters. The Turks in doing so almost disbanded, and suffered from attacks concerted between the Russian armies and certain Georgian volunteer bands, fanatics of the Greek Church. In some cases whole detachments of the Turks were cut off. Tahir Pasha, who had received an English military education, did all in his power to prevent and to repair these evils, and among the Turkish officers he was by far the most efficient.

At the close of the year, Prince Woronzoff had collected an army of about 50,000 men upon skilfully arranged positions, and had written the most urgent applications for reinforcements; he was said to have remonstrated, in terms which no other Russian subject dare employ, against the tardiness with which supplies and troops were sent, and the imperfect arrangements in his rear, in those provinces over which he had no control. The Turks, greatly reinforced and better officered, held also strong positions. Zarif Mustapha Pasha and Selim Pasha were in occupation of the Russian territory of Georgia, at the head of more than 20,000 men, chiefly irregular Asiatic troops. General Guyon, at the head of 30,000 men, menaced Akhaltzick; and Stein, at the head of 25,000, menaced Alexandropol. It had been arranged at Constantinople, chiefly through the counsels and remonstrances of the British ambassador, that the European officers of the Asiatic army should not have a merely nominal command. The religious scruples of the Turks against obeying "infidel commanders" constituted the difficulty in the way of such arrangements; but the Porte undertook, notwithstanding such an obstacle, to give the European officers in its service in Asia such commissions as would release them from the subjections to the pashas which had hitherto embarrassed them. Thus both armies awaited the opening of the campaign in 1854. The two most remarkable men in action upon the fields and shores of these countries, during the events we have recorded, were Prince Woronzoff and Admiral Slade. We shall make the close of the campaign of 1853 available for giving a brief memoir of each.

Prince Michael Woronzoff, or, as the Russians spell it, Woronzow, was born at Moscow, in the year 1792, a year remarkable in European history. His father was appointed to the

embassy in London while Michael was but a child; and in England therefore he received his early education, and spent a considerable portion of his life. It was his father's intention to bring him up for the diplomatic profession,—one of the highest ambition to every Russian,—but he preferred the army, and served with distinction in the ever-memorable campaigns commencing in 1812 and ending with the battle of Waterloo. He commanded the Russian armies in occupation of France from 1815 to 1818. He left France to take part in the conferences of Aix, where his sagacity attracted attention. Proceeding home, he received from the emperor the governor-generalship of Odessa, New Russia, and Bessarabia. During his control of these provinces he showed the usual craft and greediness of his race; and in the exercise of these qualities pleased his master, the Emperor Alexander, by gaining for him fresh acquisitions of territory. On the accession of Nicholas, he was ordered to support the negotiations of the Russian ambassador at the Persian court (the emperor's designs upon Persia having first developed the ruthless spirit of aggrandisement which influenced his whole career), and there he acquitted himself to his lord's satisfaction.

Subsequently, as holding the government of the contiguous provinces, he was ordered to give efficient support to the Russian armies acting on the Danube. Prince Menschikoff, then commanding the army besieging Varna, was dangerously wounded, and had to resign the command, which Prince, then Count, Woronzoff assumed. Less fiery in his temper than Menschikoff, and characterised by the discretion and cunning hereditary in his family, he sought to gain by address what Menschikoff failed to win by arms. He succeeded in corrupting the Turkish commandant of Varna, and in this way obtained the surrender of the place. After this exploit he was made governor and commander-in-chief of the Caucasus. He suggested the plan of a "blockade" of the whole mountain district, and the gradual separation of the tribes by corruption. His plans were harassing to the Caucasians; but it was generally thought that a slow but sure success would attend them, had not the breaking out of the present war disconcerted all his arrangements. It does not appear, however, that his projects for subjugating the mountaineers issued in any solid successes; and he was himself despondent, when the war upon the Asiatic frontier of Turkey directed his energies thither; and there, whenever he was personally engaged, he incurred defeat. It is indeed questionable whether, but for the skill of Bubatoff throughout the campaign, and the unexpected victory of Andronikoff at Akhaltzick, he would not have been obliged to have abandoned all Russian Armenia and

Georgia before the end of 1853. His title of prince was conferred upon him for his services in the Caucasus, when, in 1845, the novelty of his undertakings attracted attention, and seemed to promise the best results for Russian policy.* Perhaps no subject of the czar held so high a post, or is so much honoured. As a politician, a diplomatist, and an administrator, he is wise and adroit; as a military man his plans are showy, and wear the appearance of being thoroughly perfected, but he does not himself execute them with promptitude and address. His reflective faculties are in excess of his observing, and yet he is a shrewd adept in corrupting oriental politicians. His improvements at Odessa, where he has large property, and in the Crimea, are praiseworthy. His palace in the Southern Crimea is one of the most magnificent and most beautifully situated in the world. Mrs. Neilson, an Irish lady, long resident in the Crimea, has given the most graphic sketch of both the palace and the country around it that has yet issued from the press. From a perusal of her account we infer that the prince is better adapted to the arts of peace than of war; that the government of provinces rather than the command of armies is his forte; and that in the encouragement of industry and of the fine arts he is a munificent patron.

In our account of the capture of Fort St. Nicholas, and the performances of the Turkish navy in the Black Sea, we noticed the services of Admiral Slade. He was born at Maunsel Grange, in Somersetshire, and is the fifth son of General Sir John Slade, Bart., G.C.H. This family has given servants to their queen and country in larger proportion than have most others. The father of Admiral Slade was a distinguished officer. The admiral's eldest brother died in 1843, when lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Royal Dragoon Guards; his second died a few years previously, when major of the 3rd Light Dragoons, with which notable regiment he served in India. Another brother died in 1828, when lieutenant, R.N., from fever, caught in the discharge of his duty upon the western coast of Africa. Colonel Marcus Slade, who commanded the Light Infantry during its distinguished services in South Africa, is also a brother of the admiral; and so is Frederick William Slade, the well-known queen's counsel. The subject of this notice is named Adolphus, and bears the rank of post-captain in the British navy, and that of admiral in the Turkish. He is also of the distinguished Turkish rank of a pasha, and receives the designation of Mushawar. From a very early

age he betrayed a partiality for the sea, and was entered by his family as a pupil in the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth. He was a close student, and carried off the gold medal from many competitors. He entered as a midshipman in the navy in the year 1817, on board the *Tyne* of 26 guns, and served three years on the South American station. We next hear of him on board the flag-ship of Sir Harry Neal, at the demonstration against Algiers, in 1824. He served at the battle of Navarino, in charge of the *Hind* cutter, after which he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. When the war of 1828 broke out between Russia and Turkey, Lieutenant Slade went to Constantinople as a private gentleman, but accompanied the Capitan Pasha in his cruise in the Black Sea. Of this he has published a very interesting account, as well as of his travels in Turkey, which were extensive, and in which he informed himself accurately of the resources and military strength of the Turkish empire; the book is entitled *Records of Travels in Turkey, with a Cruise in the Black Sea with the Capitan Pasha*. Lieutenant Slade afterwards became a student in the Naval College at Portsmouth, and gave himself sedulously to the study of every branch of his distinguished profession, until appointed to the flag-ship of Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, in 1834, upon the Mediterranean station. Employed by the admiral chiefly in scientific and diplomatic affairs, he visited Sebastopol, and drew up a report of its defences; he had been previously there in the *Blondé* with Captain (now Admiral) Sir Edward Lyons. On his return home, after the usual tour of the Mediterranean service, he published his work on *Turkey, Greece, and Malta*. In 1841, after having been twenty-six years in the service, he was promoted to the rank of commander. In his indefatigable thirst for knowledge, and especially professional knowledge, he placed himself in the arsenal at Woolwich, for the purpose of studying steam power as applied to naval warfare, and obtained a first-class certificate. He then received command of the *Recruit*, 12-gun iron sailing brig, and was employed on the coasts of the Spanish peninsula and at the Azores, where his services met with the approbation of his superiors. It was not until New Year's-day, 1849, that he obtained the rank of post-captain, for which he was indebted to the influence of the first sea lord of the Admiralty, Admiral Dundas, afterwards associated with him in the allied commands of the fleets in the Euxine. At the beginning of 1850, we again hear of him as an ardent student in the Naval College at Portsmouth, from which he was taken by Lord Palmerston, and sent to the British admiral on the Mediterranean station, to offer his advice and assist-

* Mr. Sydney Herbert, who is married to a near relative of this promoter of Russian ambition, was the British secretary at war while the prince commanded a Russian army against our ally.

ance should war arise between Turkey and Austria in the case of the Hungarian refugees. By Lord Palmerston's further recommendation, he was received by the sultan as advising or consulting Admiral of his fleet, which is the rank he now holds. He is a distinguished scientific scholar, a profound proficient in fortifications and naval gunnery, and a man of extensive reading and literary research; as a linguist few surpass him: he converses freely in all the languages spoken on the shores of the Mediterranean and Black Seas. His flag-ship, the *Nuz retick* (the Victorious), is a model of naval architecture; she is built after Turkish taste, but nothing is sacrificed to Turkish prejudices. With the exceptions of the inter-

positions of Admiral Dundas and Lord Palmerston, Admiral Slade never had a friend at the Admiralty. He belonged to a very unfashionable class of British officers there—the truly scientific. “A learned sea-horse” is quite odious to a first lord: a dashing spirited young fellow, with a brave heart and a high title and plenty of money, is the favourite. Many whom Slade had assisted to give them some qualification for their profession were promoted over his head; the students from whom he won naval prizes were post-captains while he was a midshipman! Honour to Lord Palmerston for his discrimination and justice, in this instance, in giving merit its proper place.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WAR ON THE DANUBE AT THE OPENING OF 1854.—GREEK INSURRECTION.—THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE WESTERN POWERS.

“At times a warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum.”

SCOTT.

THE year 1854 opened with many and painful forebodings; for although hope against hope was cherished by the cabinets and communities of civilised countries, the general uneasiness was manifest, and many foresaw that the year could not close before the peace which had so long prevailed among the leading powers of the world would be interrupted. The thunder-clouds hung darkly and menacingly over Europe, which were so soon to concuss, and startle the whole world by the flashes and peals of war. In the meantime, Turkey waited not for the accomplishment of these portents; she had armed and battled not in vain, and her recent successes nerved her arm for more vigorous exertions. The war in Asia had issued in something like a drawn battle; the campaign had been exceedingly chequered, which terminated there with the close of the old year. Russia had not lost—with the exception of the defeats at Fort St. Nicholas—battles such as she had gained. The Turks had been shamefully defeated upon the open field, although their movements had been more rapid than those of the Russians, except where General Bubatoff was in command; and in various conflicts they proved themselves superior in close combat. The Russians in Asia, however, had the worst of the war viewed as a whole, for they had been obliged to encounter other enemies than the Turks; and these, if not uniformly successful, and if sometimes severely defeated, had nevertheless carried on a desultory warfare, disastrous to the Russians. Turkey had every right then to feel encouraged as the year 1854 opened with its dim light upon the dreary wastes of the Danube. It was a

severe winter, the operations of the contending hosts had been embarrassed by the frosts and snows of December, and with the opening year the severity of the winter increased; as war hung upon

“The skirts of the departing year,”

so the arriving year was attended by its furies. Omar Pasha was ill, but still active. The embarrassments which were so needlessly placed around him by the intriguing pashas, politicians, and bigots at Constantinople, compelled more exertion than even his vigorous habits could with impunity endure, and he was scarcely equal to any task, much less that imposed upon him by the aspect of affairs. He, however, continued the policy so successfully pursued by him hitherto; and on the 4th January he opened the work of 1854 by an attack upon Giurgevo in person. The contest was little more than one of skirmishes, and seemed only to have been directed by Omar to give heart to his men for more important struggles, and to increase their confidence in themselves and him. The Russians, however, lost more men than the Turks, and both in skill and courage the latter showed superiority. The Turkish general seems to have been unable to undertake anything further, but having given such directions to his officers as, if properly executed, would lead the Russians to believe that his vigilant eye was still upon them, he retired to Schumla, and was for some time in imminent danger of death. The tidings of his illness, although fortunately kept pretty well from general cognizance, soon reached the Porte, and the sultan immediately dispatched

his own chief physician to be in attendance upon his most trustworthy general. Before his personal surveillance became essential, his recovery was completed: had the Russians known of his illness, they would have been emboldened to more enterprising measures.

The corps of the Russian army which was directed to advance upon the Danube in a westerly direction, bent their march upon Kalafat; but as this corps was not of itself of sufficient strength to attack that place, the general in command ordered entrenchments to be made behind the village of Citate,—we presume in the hope that troops from the corps moving to their left would converge upon Kalafat also, and in sufficient time to co-operate with them. Seeing that the columns moving on their left were within a few hours' march of them, it indicated some timidity on the part of the Russian general at Citate to entrench his army there. The lessons of the previous autumn and winter were not forgotten: Oltenitza especially filled the recollections of the whole Russian army. The entrenchments were not well executed, and instead of being thrown up before the post which they were intended to defend, they were formed behind it; and as an enemy in possession of the village would have gained an advantage towards the accomplishment of his intentions against the trenches, the Russians were obliged to occupy the village also. The village consisted of a long, straggling street, with intersecting lanes; behind the houses lay farmyards; and large haystacks in great numbers were in those yards and the adjoining fields, also ricks of maize and piles of firewood; near the centre of the street is a large Greek church, and for a mile in one direction, and some seven-eighths of a mile in the other, the street straggles away from this centre. The troops in the neighbourhood were commanded by General Fishback: his generals of division were Englehardt and Bellegarde. Prince Vasilitchkoff commanded the cavalry; General Aurep, it was said, commanded in Citate. The prince was the only Russian general in the corps of Fishback; the rest were all Germans—ever ready, as we have shown in our account of the war in the Caucasus, to aid Russia as mercenaries in her career of spoliation. Achmet Pasha and Ismail Pasha commanded at Kalafat; and these, acting in concert with Sami Pasha, the intelligent and most gallant governor of Widdin, resolved to attack the Russians quartered so securely as they thought themselves at Citate. A certain American officer has described this as an attack with “purposeless aim, although of fortunate issue;” but the purpose was wise, and had it not been wise on general grounds, it were still wise from necessity. The Turkish pashas must have been assured that if the three advancing

corps were to unite at Kalafat, under Gortschakoff, the chances of maintaining themselves at Kalafat in the face of such an army were greatly lessened; and to maintain Kalafat was worth great sacrifices, for it was the only place the Turks had on the northern shores of the river, and as long as they held it, the Russian possession of Wallachia was threatened in a manner to disturb its security. It was evidently then good generalship to strike a blow at Citate, sudden and effectual, before the converging corps of the invaders should concentrate. Accordingly, early on the 6th January (Christmas-day, old style), while the Russians were either wholly in repose, or looking forward to a day of religious festival and rejoicing, the Turks marched stealthily out from Kalafat, and proceeded along the road which lies through Romau, Galoutza, Maglavit, Gunia, and Funtina. As if Heaven smiled upon their enterprise, the morning was exceedingly fine. The severe frost which had prevailed suddenly relaxed the previous day, and rain fell, but on the morning of the 6th the sun rose genially, the air was clear and warm as on a sunny spring day; the Danube rolled its huge masses of floating ice crashing by the works of Kalafat, and its uproar could be heard even while the guns were passing through the gates of the defences, so quietly did the host move out to their enterprise. The Turks never fight so well in cold weather as under a warm sky, and the effect of the change was observable upon the soldiery. A column of 10,000 infantry, under the more immediate direction of the two pashas, was supported by 4000 cavalry under Mustapha Pasha, and 1000 irregular cavalry or Bashi-bazouks under Ferck Bey, with Skender Bey, so well known by reputation both in Europe and Asia, as his second in command. Two batteries of six guns each accompanied the infantry. Two “battalions” of light field-pieces were with the cavalry, and there were two howitzers with the reserve. The advance-guard was under the command of Tefih Bey, and consisted of about 1000 chasseurs, or irregular infantry, armed with the new French rifle. Tefih Bey arrived at the entrance of the village about nine o'clock, followed closely by Achmet Pasha; the former with some guns entered by a cross street or lane, while the latter took post with a portion of the infantry in reserve, and Ismail Pasha charged into the place at the head of the main body of the infantry. The cavalry wheeled round to the other end of the street, where a detached body of Russians were posted, and whom the cavalry cut up, driving them down the street to the church, the Russians making every curve in the line of street and every projection of house a defence, against which the light guns with the cavalry immediately opened,

sweeping away the defences and the defenders, until the latter fell back upon the entrenchments, the guns of which played with effect upon the cavalry, who still pressed forward, suffering much and inflicting some injury. The Bashi-bazouks threw themselves from lane to lane, and taking the houses in the main street from the rear, stormed them, putting their occupants (the Russian soldiers) to the sword. These men were thus as formidable dismounted as when in their saddle. The irregular infantry also clambered into carts and upon the firewood, maize-ricks, and haystacks, and thence replied to the fire of musketry opened by the Russians from the windows of the houses which they occupied when surprised by the attack, or to which they had been driven. Selim Pasha and his infantry were in front, but even there fighting in line was out of the question. Every rush of the infantry was, however, facilitated by volleys of artillery; then, leaping forward, the foot soldiery, hand to hand, encountered every group of Russians who could find means to throw up some obstacle between themselves and their opponents, or who defended the houses which now front and back were assailed with such determined impetuosity.

Thus for some hours a wild and murderous street-fight, more bloody than those sustained behind the barricades of Paris, was kept up between the defenders and the assailants. The superiority of the light-armed Turk, who in close combat frequently used his musket merely as a shield, and with his scimitar or dagger rushed into the closest struggle with his foe, was evident. Those of the Russian soldiery who were roused from bed or from breakfast, and had no time properly to accoutre themselves, fought best, as they were unencumbered by the long-tailed coats and heavy helmets. Before twelve o'clock, the village of Citate was cleared of the Russians with great slaughter, and very little loss to the Osmanlis; and such of the former as could, found refuge in the entrenchments behind the village. There the Russian cannon were principally placed; and they were twice as numerous, and of twice as heavy mettle as those of the Turks. Upon these entrenchments the Turkish cannon opened with deadly skill, while the Russians served their guns as badly as it was possible for soldiers to serve artillery; yet in the front of these entrenchments the Turks incurred considerable loss: cannon fired point-blank upon a body of men rushing up to their very muzzles must be destructive, however incompetent the gunners. Twice, or as some accounts say, thrice, the Turks were scattered back from the open mouths of those instruments of death; but the four Turkish pieces, which were with the cavalry who had entered to the right of Citate, had opened upon the

entrenchments with excellent effect, levelling the earthworks and dismounting the guns; and the cavalry had actually ridden into the entrenchments, and put many of the gunners to the sword, but with severe loss. If a battalion of infantry had been at that point with the cavalry, the trenches would have been at once conquered.

Thus matters were when a new event caused the assailants to hesitate, and singularly changed the whole aspect of the combat. The Russian troops in the neighbourhood of Karul heard the firing (or, as some say, received a messenger dispatched by the Russian general at Citate the moment he recovered from his surprise), and hurried to the scene of battle. This reinforcement consisted of the regiment of Odessa, 3000 strong, and two regiments of the tenth division of infantry, each regiment of the same strength,—with that of Odessa making a force of 9000 infantry, together with 600 horse and nine guns. This new enemy appeared on the road from Respicht, where at the beginning of the action Achmet posted himself with about half a brigade of infantry, while Ismail gallantly commanded the attack, riding everywhere on a large white horse, and wearing a white pelisse, as if anxious to show himself to the Russian marksmen. In the critical juncture of affairs now developing itself, Achmet Pasha met the advancing host; and while Ismail and a portion of the brave assailants of the trenches kept order of battle in that direction, another portion made front in their rear—a manœuvre which would try the courage of the most veteran soldiers of our best European armies. Fortunately, the Russians had been driven out of the village, their battery at the church had been captured, at the lower end of the main street a Russian battery had been also taken, and at the opposite end of the long line of street a redoubt, which had served the Russians as a defence, had been stormed; now every barrier formed by the Russians became one for the Turks against the new Russian force in their rear. The orchards, ricks, barricades, farmyards, all were made into ready and efficient defences; while Achmet Pasha with the *immediate* reserve formed the first line of the new front thus so gallantly offered with impromptu, skill, and valour by the Turks. Assailed between two fires, and by double their numbers, the prospects of the conquerors seemed now darkly changed: the new Russian force was already in the streets of Citate; the cavalry had dashed upon the guns of the Turks, some of which had been dismounted, and the positions of which they were changing; but a volley of musketry, and a discharge of grape and canister left half that cavalry prostrate on the spot where they charged. Happily, when the Turks were advancing upon Citate they left some troops

on their line of march to cover, if necessary, their retreat; for these Ismail Pasha now sent, and they arrived just at the moment when their presence was essential, not indeed to repulse the column from Karul, that had already been effected, but to complete its rout, prevent it from reforming, and to advance in a new attempt upon the entrenchments. It was at the moment Ismail Pasha's reserves were in sight that the Russian reserves had made their attack: they came on in dense columns—just as the French used to do in the peninsula—and were received by the Turks as our “thin red line” used to receive the columns of the French. The result was similar: before the Russians could deploy, the line two deep of musketry flashed upon them, and with the grape and canister of the cannon rent the column into fragments; and the speedy charge with the bayonet upon the disjected masses, put them completely to the rout, the living line passing as it charged over piles of the fallen foe. As the Turks were exhausted with this charge, the reserves from Moglovitz arrived, and threw in their fire upon the retreating Russians, whose retreat was speedily turned into flight, leaving several guns in the hands of the victors, while the dispersed and fugitive soldiers were broken beyond the power of their officers to rally. Nearly 3000 Russians had now fallen in the streets, field-works, defences of the village, and along the road by which the Russian reinforcements arrived. Still there was more work to do; and joining the reserves to his already victorious force, Ismail Pasha precipitated them against the entrenchments, and with success.

Citate is built upon a slope, and the entrenchments behind the town command it. So long as Russ and Turk fought hand-to-hand in its streets, the batteries from the trenches could not play upon the latter; but when they attempted a storm, then as they mounted the ascent they were exposed, without the slightest shelter, to the devastating fire of the trenches. So excited were the Turks in the flush of their previous triumph, and the confidence inspired by the arrival of their reserve, that they charged the entrenchments with enthusiasm. The commands of their officers were anticipated by a general impulse; and through the murderous fire, across the bellowing guns, breasting the measured array of musketry, forcing aside the fixed lines of bayonets, onward rose the tide of brave men, and every arm struck for life and victory. It was victory, but it was carnage—horrible; no quarter was expected, none need have been: the Russian officers, pulling their caps over their faces, rushed madly upon the weapons of the stormers, and died pierced with every weapon borne by the victors. There were no prisoners—the broken and scattered

trench, and the bleeding piles of conquered slain, alone remained. The Turkish loss was very little anywhere but in the entrenchments. They had so completely surprised the Russians on their arrival, and were so well protected by the defences of the town when they turned front to the Russian force from Karul, that their loss was mainly before and in the trenches: here it was considerable—1000 men in killed and wounded; but they had at this cost stormed a strong place, dispersed two separate corps, killed and wounded 6000 of the enemy, proved that the Turkish soldier well led could take as well as keep entrenchments, and so humbled the vaunting foe in the eyes of all Europe as to lessen his courage and sully his renown. There was great booty captured; but as the Turks did not intend to hold Citate, this was to a great extent destroyed.

On the 7th the Russians made a reconnaissance in force, but retired upon the advance of the Turkish cavalry and some field-guns. On the 8th a more formidable demonstration was made, and there was some severe fighting,—the Russians who were sent to attack putting themselves on the defensive the moment they felt the fire of their opponents. On the 9th the Turks advanced, and drove the Russians before them, who retired upon Krajova. Various estimates are given of the Russian loss, some making it as low as 3000 killed and wounded: we believe that the estimate we give is the nearest to the truth. Some accounts also represent the Turks as retiring upon Kalafat on the 7th, leaving the Russians in possession of the entrenchments; but such accounts are entirely inconsistent with the nature of the victory, and the efforts which the Turks had chiefly in view—namely, to clear the neighbourhood of Kalafat from the presence of the enemy.

The battle of Citate made a great impression at St. Petersburg. The czar bit his lips at the intelligence until the blood appeared; and it was dangerous to be near his person and hazard any unwelcome remark. The terrible excitement he evinced after the battle of Oltenitza was renewed; and he sent orders to take Kalafat whatever the cost of life. Bloodshed was of little moment to that man, if his humours only could be gratified, and his ambition promoted. General Aurep, who it was alleged commanded in Citate, was ordered in disgrace to the rearguard of the army of the Caucasus; which, if a position of humiliation to him, was also one of peril, for the rearguard of that army had, in fact, become the advance-guard of the troops destined to supply the war on the Georgian and Armenian frontier, and was constantly harassed by the free bands of the unvanquished regions.

As soon as the expeditionary force had retired from Citate and the surrounding country

upon Kalafat, that place was further strengthened, and also Widdin, upon which as a place of support it rested; and the returning severity of the weather precluded all hostile operations on either side, until the spring of the year should enable them, with renewed resources, to open another campaign.

At this juncture, General Schilders arrived with instructions from the emperor to Prince Gortschakoff, and with a commission to report upon the losses of the army. He confirmed the report previously given, that up to New Year's-day (old style) 35,000 Russian troops had perished, many also being in hospital, of whom a considerable portion would probably be disabled from active service. Prince Gortschakoff, upon the reception of his new commands, was to perfect his arrangements for a decisive opening of the spring campaign early in February; and, meanwhile, supplies and troops were to be moved southward from Bessarabia and the capital of Moldavia. The usual boastings were now rife in St. Petersburg, Brussels, and all the German cities from Berlin to Vienna, and wherever there was a pro-Russian party. Prince Gortschakoff was to operate, in February, at the head of such an army as would overwhelm, not only Kalafat and Widdin, but sweep the armies of Omar Pasha behind the Balkan. This seems a suitable occasion to satisfy the inquiry which may arise in the minds of our readers, "Who is this redoubtable Prince Gortschakoff?"

The name of Prince Gortschakoff has few *souvenirs*. We need not occupy much space in our history, or much time on the part of our readers, in a narrative of the commander of the Russian Danubian armies. He was born in that year of great events, and in which, and the year that succeeded it, so many great notorieties began their existence—the year 1792. He has an elder brother and a younger. The elder served well in the army of General Diebitch, in 1829, and was in constant attendance upon the person of that chief, and in his counsels, until the treaty of Adrianople put an end to that war. He was afterwards employed as governor of remote provinces, especially in Siberia. The younger brother became a diplomatist. He was chief-secretary of the Russian legation in London, in 1824. He was afterwards employed in negotiating the delicate affair of the marriage of the Grand-Duchess Olga with the Crown-Prince of Wirtemberg. Lately, he has taken a prominent place among the diplomatists of this war.

The subject of this notice seems always to have been engaged in hard work; and, without much praise or blame, he has made his way to high distinction. We can account for this by what appear to us to be the leading peculiarities of his intellectual constitution. He is not

a vain man, and does not seek praise; yet he is not indifferent to honour, and fails not to wear upon his breast the crosses, medals, orders of civil and military distinction, and badges of imperial favour. He is a man of no imagination. His perceptions are also slow. He has no original power, no genius; he is not even a clear thinker; yet he is a plodding, painstaking, honest performer of prescribed work. He would have walked into Kalafat if he had known how, very indifferent as to any results of any kind whatever. If directed to dry up the Danube by any one whom he thought ought to know how the thing should be done, he would, according to his orders, work assiduously, regularly, and truly, and try to dry it up, although with every apparent certainty of being himself swept away with its flood. He entered the artillery service, and he is an artillery officer to this day, and nothing more. To fire upon a position, a fortress, or an advancing column; to defend a position or a fortress according to any good old rule and prescribed plan or principle which he happens to know, is about the extent of his capacity. He will do what he is ordered, and say nothing about it before or after it is done; or he will try to do it, and, failing, be neither more nor less communicative. He is soldierly in his bearing, and has a severe, frank face, bearing a strange blending of the intelligent and the puzzled in its expression, such as is often to be seen with merely practical and unimaginative men in our own country, especially among gentlemen of the military profession. His conduct is very much influenced by his religion, when the naked idea of military duty does not rule it. He believes in God as the God of the Greek Church and of Russia; and that the Greek Church and Russia and the emperor (who is both the Greek Church and Russia) are almost, if not quite divine. During his whole military career, he has always been hammering away at something or at somebody. He served in the Danubian campaign, in 1828-9; he was the artillery officer of General Urassoffsky, while the latter engaged the attention of Redschid Pasha, in order that General Diebitch might cross the Balkan, and gain Adrianople, while Redschid was so occupied. The encounters between Redschid and Urassoffsky were many, and the victory was nearly as often on the one side as the other, and Gortschakoff was certainly always in those combats, at whichever side victory scattered its laurels; but never, in any despatch of his general, nor previously in any despatch of General Diebitch, is any mention made of his name: he is never praised, and he is never blamed. In the great Polish insurrection he again served as general of artillery, under Diebitch, with the same queer sort of distinction—that of always doing what he was

bid. The cholera took away Diebitch, and then Paskiewitch succeeded to the command; it was all one to Gortschakoff—he still did as he was bid, and powdered away with his artillery according to the best-known rule which he understood himself, or which any one else might tell him who was authorised to tell him anything. In this way, by a quiet sort of fighting (if that be not a solecism), and a constancy to his duty, he rose to distinction and power, and at the period which our history finds him, he was commander-in-chief of the Russian army of the Danube, aide-de-camp general, general of artillery, chief d'état-major of the active army, military-governor of Warsaw, and first member of the Council of Administration of Poland; and in the absence of Prince Paskiewitch, the *Namietstwick*, or Secretary General of the kingdom, he held the privilege of presiding at the deliberations of the council of that kingdom.

Having left the army of Omar Pasha shut up from enterprise, during the weeks of his illness and the severity of the Danubian winter, it seems a suitable moment to describe a portion of his army that figured in the previous contests, and which we shall hear of again and again during the progress of the war. A passage descriptive of the Russian soldier, from the graphic pen of the "Roving Englishman," enlivened a previous chapter, we will now give a description of the Bashi-bazouk from the same source. The description is, with certain exceptions, as true as it is humorous and racy:—

"He is a dark brown, wild-looking fellow, in golden clothes—a modern captain of a free company. His arms are a wonder of expensive uselessness. The settings of his pistols are perhaps solid silver, or silver-gilt, inlaid with precious stones, but their barrels were probably made by some clumsy Greek armourer during the war of independence; their locks are on the old flint and steel principle, and bad of their kind; yet the treacherous flint is of course fixed in a silver holder, and the worthless lock has very likely a thumping turquoise stuck rudely on to it. The fellow is a barbarian, and looks like it. He is tawdry, loose, and dirty beyond belief; he is fierce, selfish, and greedy to an equal degree; he is clumsy and awkward; his gorgeous clothes seem to be thrown on rather than put on; and his apparel presents the same odd contrast as his mind. He comes from some far-away country—from the mountains of Circassia or Albania, from Syria, or where not—so that he does not comply with the modern fashion of the Turks at Constantinople, and cover his head merely with a red cap; but he twines an immense shawl in picturesque folds round and round it till he looks, while sitting down, like a gigantic mushroom. It may be that the

shawl, thus apparently misapplied, is worth almost as much intrinsically as the useless pistols; but it is incredibly soiled, and dirty, and twisted, and tangled. I have used the word 'apparently' however with intention, for the headdress here described might be as absurd as costly in England, we should be slow to attach the idea of ridicule to that which is a general custom in any country. If, therefore, most of the oriental countries keep their shaved heads warm, we may conclude with tolerable certainty that the practice is approved, and that they do so wisely. It is at least positive that a thick covering will foil the rays of the sun much more successfully than a thin one; and this is an object of paramount importance in a country where the inhabitants pass most of their time in the open air, and sun-strokes are frequent and dangerous.

"The rest of the Bashi-bazouk's dress is contrived probably for reasons equally prudent, if one could get to the bottom of them. An immense sash of thick silk is wound many times round his loins, and again above it is girded a broad thick red leather belt with pockets and receptacles for arms. This makes a capital support for a man who passes sometimes twenty hours on horseback at a time, and who never saw a chair with a back to it. His pistols and silver-sheathed sword (as splendid and trustworthy as the pistols) stick out so far, both before and behind, that he could hardly wear a long coat, or button even a short one. His waistcoat is therefore one dirty blaze of bad embroidery in front, and he has also embroidered sleeves to it; while his jacket is made something on the principle of a *husar's*, save that it covers both shoulders; that is to say, the large, open, fantastic sleeves, hang down behind, like a fanciful pair of golden wings. His breeches are also embroidered, and they appear at first sight too short, for they fasten far above the knee, and leave the hinges of the leg as free as a Highlander's, and probably for the same reason. A man had better not confine or cramp his knees who is always scrambling up and down mountains, and who must be always ready for a dashing leap across some yawning chasm. From the commencement of the calf of the leg down to the ankle, the leg is bandaged as tightly as strength can bandage it: it is bandaged until the leg becomes as hard and shapeless, and almost as thin as a broomstick. Over the bandages he wears leggings of the same eternal gold tinsel, confined by long, gay, flaunting garters of scarlet silk. His shoes are curiously old and foul; he kicks them off therefore at every opportunity, and curls his legs under him. He is a curious study, but he does not improve on acquaintance. He has none of the virtues or vices of a soldier. He avoids fighting

whenever it is possible, and will think it an extremely proper thing to decamp at the approach of danger. His idea of the duties of the military profession is firing felon shots with a long rusty gun from a rock on the sea-coast, or a tree by the way-side. His glory is to surprise and butcher the defenceless, as they wind through some lonely mountain gorge; to torture his prisoners for sport; to rob his friends adroitly. He is a mere marauder—a bandit—a ruffian. His savage heart would make a monster of him, if it were not so often palsied by a dastard fear. His love of money is a passion; he clutches it with a rapacity, and hoards it with a secrecy quite wonderful. He would not give a piastre to save his comrade from being flayed alive; he would rather even suffer torture than part with it for any purpose, save that on which his foolish heart is set. Perhaps he covets some glittering ring, which he has seen in the bazaar and cannot steal; perhaps he wants a watch, or a more magnificent pair of pistols, or a new pair of silver-hilted pincers, to take little bits of ardent charcoal out of the fire and light his pipe. He plucks out his beard to look young; he waxes his mustachios and arches his eyebrows with his dagger; yet this love of fine appearance seems strange in a man who always leads a solitary, roving life; who will never marry, and who lives unbeloved; who would as soon rend the coins from a virgin's hair as ease a Rayah merchant of his ducats. He is abstemious, almost to contempt of dainty food; a few grapes or olives, according to the season, a lump of coarse black bread, a few onions, and a little unsweetened coffee, is all he cares for. He has a great fear of disease and death. He wears charms and talismans to protect him from harm. He believes in omens and magicians, but he has no real religion."

In the above description of a very dirty military dandy, a robber without being exactly a professional robber, neither his patriotism nor courage have had fair play from the writer. He is sometimes a hero, sometimes a poltroon; and often, when he appears the latter, he is as gallant as ever. He has no notion of regular warfare; he does not profess to be a *regular* soldier; he despises the drill, and the drilled man heartily. He will take to flight when placed before regular troops, but not to disappear altogether from the field of action, for he will be found speedily, somewhere or other, on the flank or rear of the troops before whom he fled. He will keep at long range while he sees regular forces in disciplined array, but let them break line, and he does not fear single combat, but will dash upon his enemy, and fight or turn, or turn and fight again, just as in his opinion any stratagem is open to him, or opens to him a prospect of success. These

men, when sufficiently trained to act with regular troops, have, as in the battle of Citate, shown great bravery in the most trying emergency. They are often, they are generally, the first in the field and the last out; they will stay to plunder, or with desperate courage cover a retreat. They have certainly no romantic notion of generosity; yet they have love of country, and a sense of loyalty to their sovereign: they have often proved incorruptible to Russian gold, although always ready to risk a great deal to plunder it. Attempts to discipline them in the modern system of European infantry, or even cavalry, have generally failed, but not always. Our readers will judge of Omar Pasha by a knowledge of the materials out of which he had to make an army, and such, for the most part, they were. Under such commanders as Skender Bey, these men would go anywhere; but neither for him nor any one else would they submit to the regularity of discipline required in well-organised troops. In the battles yet to be described, in which the peculiarities of the Turkish forces were displayed, our readers will comprehend many features of the combats, and the motives and plans of the Turkish officers, by understanding the sort of troops which composed those forces, and which these officers had to command.

While matters on the Danube seemed to slumber, and, wrapt in the chill of winter, the belligerents found even their quarters scarcely tenable, the official tyranny of Russia was busy in the unfortunate provinces occupied by her armies. The Moldavians suffered at first much more than the Wallachians from the pillage of the Russian soldiery, and the oppression of the Russian chiefs. It was deemed politic to spare the Wallachs, because of their vicinity to the enemy. Prince Gortschakoff, in a fierce proclamation, threatened them, however, with a vengeance "speedy and dire" if they held any intercourse with "the pagan enemy," or showed that enemy any sympathy. The Wallachs did show them sympathy; and this resulted in the decapitation of three of the principal inhabitants in one village, and the scourging of many heads of families in another. In a third case, the whole village was plundered, and the people left utterly destitute. In a fourth instance, the men rose in rebellion against the violation of their women; and after all the women were violated, every male inhabitant was put to the sword.

The frost and snow hemmed in the Russian troops in their cantonments from any active operations against an honourable and armed foe; but they still found opportunity to visit with rapine, rape, and murder, a most harmless and inoffensive peasantry. Never was the military occupation of an enemy's country

more resentful, dishonest, and treacherous; but in this instance the provinces occupied were under the protection of the emperor, and Prince Gortschakoff marched into the territory proclaiming that protection, and offering justice to all.

The sultan's dominions nearer to the capital were exposed to still more serious troubles. The Greeks of Greece and the Greeks of Turkey formed a confederacy for the subjugation of the empire by a revolt, in concert with the Russian invasion; and the bursting out of the insurrection greatly depressed the sultan, embarrassed the allies, discouraged the people in the occupied provinces, and emboldened Russia to assume a loftier tone of boasting and defiance to Turkey and to the world. The establishment of the kingdom of Greece had been an event altogether in favour of Russia. The incompetency and servility to Russia of our foreign minister, Lord Aberdeen, spoiled every thing at that juncture which the good intentions of the allies proposed. The territory taken from Turkey for the purpose of making a Greek kingdom was too small or too large. Either such an extent of territory as might support a population numerous enough to retain independence should have been carved out of the sultan's empire, or the Greeks should have been left under his authority: the coercion brought to bear upon the sultan for the recognition of Greece, should have been employed (if employed any way) to secure his Greek and other Christian subjects their civil and religious liberties. The plan, as it was executed, was Russia's. The Emperor Nicholas, in his conversations with Sir G. H. Seymour, already referred to, plainly declared that he would never suffer the revival of the Greek Empire, or anything similar to it; which means that he thought any power in Greece or Constantinople strong enough to defend the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and to use the position of strength afforded by their shores, would be an impediment to the designs of Russian conquest sufficient to frustrate them. According to this policy, the little kingdom of Greece was just made large enough to be a focus of intrigue and treason for all the discontented Greeks of the sultan's empire. Russian diplomacy found there a sufficient theatre for its talents; and at Athens, as a centre, influences were laid and maintained, which soon spread through the whole population of European Turkey professing the Greek rite. The sums expended by Russia in Greece since 1829, would never be lavished by any power for honourable objects. It was designed that this outlay should repay itself by its effects upon Greek fanaticism in favour of Russia, and its efficiency in spreading discontent among the subjects of the Porte.

The weakest prince in Europe was by the wisdom of "the powers" put upon the throne of Greece, reminding one of the inimitable satire of Lucian, when he describes the gods as doing things too foolish, and using instruments too feeble, for mortals in their inferiority to think of. Otho and his patrons were at once feared, hated, and ridiculed by the Greeks: as their ancestors laughed in the theatres at the gods they adored in the temples, so the Greeks bowed down to "the powers" with servile reverence, and lampooned the puny despot they set up. Otho became, of course, the possession of the most active and keen amongst the diplomatists, which is only another way of saying that he became from the first an instrument of Russia. Austria was very anxious to see a scion of the house of Bavaria on the throne of Greece; for it held out to her, through her influence upon the former, the prospect of promoting her own selfish ends upon Turkey, by pulling the strings of the Bavarian puppet at Athens. Austria became too weak and dependent upon Russia to turn the scheme to any account; and besides, her diplomatists were outwitted so thoroughly by those of the czar, that in seeking only for herself she was made solely to serve Russia.

The policy of the sultans towards their Greek and other Christian subjects became greatly improved; but still the Christians of every creed, and everywhere under the government of the Porte, were great sufferers: they were plundered, and sometimes murdered, by the pashas, and even by mobs, who were allowed to do these things with impunity. Beautiful Greek and Armenian girls—especially the former—were maltreated in a manner too horrible to describe, and their testimony would not be received in any court of justice: so that while the spirit of the sultan and his government was lenient, conciliatory, and just, that of the pashas and people was fanatical, insulting, and oppressive. There was no indisposition in Europe to promote the liberty and rights of these sufferers; but Russia never sought to do so, except in some form that would extend her own authority. Any liberal concessions to the Christians were stigmatised as "new-fangled western ideas;" and the sultan was warned against "those revolutionary changes" by the Russian minister at Constantinople. Indeed, it was very injurious to Russian designs that any reforms in the administration of Turkish affairs, favourable to the liberties of the Greek Christians, should take place. The czar hoped to work upon their sense of wrongs and oppressions to keep up disturbances, which, essaying to put down in the sultan's behalf, there would be afforded pretexts to demand new treaties, conferring new titles to Russian interference with the civil affairs of Turkey, and ceding more

territory for the czar's better management. Thus affairs in Greece and Greek Turkey were kept in incessant irritation; the emissaries of the Russian chancellerie everywhere fomenting discontent, because of the very grievances which the Russian ambassador as incessantly interposed to prevent the Porte from redressing.

In this way the elements of insurgency were seething up to January, 1854. The British ambassador called the attention of the Porte to the justice and necessity of vigorously carrying out all contemplated reforms, and he gave to his own government constant information on the subject. The sultan and the sultan's government, although obstructed by the Russian embassy, and the bigotry, ignorance, avarice, and tyranny of the pashas, as well as by the fanaticism of the Mohammedan population, were vigilant to redress every wrong, and secure to the Christians every privilege compatible with the existence of a Mohammedan government. But the greatest difficulty in the way of reform was in the intemperance, bigotry, dishonesty, falsehood, and immorality every way, of the Greeks themselves. The Turks regarded them as rogues in the very grain—as born traitors, liars, and robbers; and they were very much in the right, unhappily, in these opinions. Many of the Greek merchants and persons of opulence and education were an honour to the empire, as they would be to any country; still retaining the commercial enterprise and judgment of their ancestors, when Greek colonies and commerce were the fame not only of the Mediterranean and the Euxine, but of all Asia, Europe, and Africa; still characterised by the lively and caustic wit of former generations; still born with that unrivalled genius which shone in the works of Praxiteles or Ctesiphon, and that taste which of old could make proselytes by the exquisite sculpture or carving of a deity; still speaking in the powerful and euphonious tongue which filled the eloquence of Demosthenes with its thunders, and the song of Sappho with its strains. Yet the mass of the Greek people were, if addicted to arms, cut-throats and banditti; if engaged in commerce, cunning and fraudulent—and almost in everything and everywhere false. The glory of Grecian valour had sadly departed, for the Greeks outnumbered their oppressors in Europe three to one, and yet only responded to their oppressions by clanking their chains, and crying in the ears of Europe, or turning with desire and hope to the stern despotism of the North. They mingled in all the vices of their conquerors, and surpassed them on their own ground and in their own way; and so surrendered to pleasure their energies, as to justify the taunt of Byron:—

“You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The manlier and the nobler one?”

Perhaps this and kindred taunts were felt, and amongst the braver Greeks enkindled a desire for liberty; but still, as a whole, they were always relying upon foreign valour, again reminding one irresistibly of the stinging words of the generous and noble friend of their race already quoted:—

“Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
They have a king that buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks
Your only hope of freedom dwells.”

Cringing and cursing, rebelling and running away by turns, they were at last, it was thought by the czar and his man Otho, ripe for a real revolt. Accordingly, in defiance of the terms on which Otho received his throne, and of the recognised neutrality of his kingdom, he literally placed himself at the head of the conspirators. His chief minister might as well have been chairman of their committees; and the printing-presses of Athens threw off oceans of insurgent proclamations and appeals, which, somehow, the censor of his Hellenic majesty never could detect. Arms, too, from the government arsenals, or rather stores, found their way into the hands of the rebels, who had been rapidly organising from the moment Turkey proclaimed war; and arms were also given into the hands of the sympathisers, who were collecting in bands, and bound by oath to liberate their brethren from the Osman yoke.

The queen of Greece, a much more manly person than her husband,—besides having the comparative advantage of not being a fool,—might be considered in the light of secretary to the sympathisers, and Russian paymaster. Through her majesty, the czar's minister distributed most of the douceurs so amply given to reward the labours of spies and emissaries. The Greek priests were paid through their superiors; they were, major and minor, all agents of his imperial majesty. Everywhere, in Greek chapels and convents, splendid presents from the czar were paraded with great pride. The clergy showed magnificent rings; and the churches were enriched with pictures, relics, altar furniture, and various ecclesiastical trappings, bestowed by the imperial protector of the Greek Church. Assassination and robbery were amongst the instrumentalities set to work in this reckless conspiracy, where czar, king, queen, and priests, were all straining after objects of their own by every means, however unprincipled; and only a few gallant Greeks were really fired with the patriot's noble aspirations.

King Otho and his ministers, we are strongly

inclined to believe, would never have yielded to the gold of Russia, or her promises of aggrandisement for themselves, if Bavaria and Austria had not covertly encouraged the court of Athens. It is true that the courts of Vienna and Munich afterwards united with those of St. James and the Tuileries in remonstrance to both Otho and his queen; but Otho would never have braved the Western powers and Turkey for an hour, if he believed that the German governments were inimical to his procedure. Russia, however, flattered him with the promise of enlarged dominions; and it was said that the Russian minister so little respected his sagacity, that he felt himself safe in holding out to his hopes the dazzling promise of an imperial crown. As the bird of Eastern story, which flitted from tree to tree with the talisman, mocking the eagerness of the pursuer's ambition, so would the eagle of Russia play with the unhappy aspirant to the crown of the Byzantine Empire. Her majesty, who could see so much and so well where gold gave light, was blind to the omens of disaster which at the very outset of the undertaking threatened the throne of her frail lord; and she devoted her whole energies, which were not contemptible, and used her address, which was not without a certain influence, in favour of the projected insurrection.

A sort of proclamation was issued by the committee at Athens, although it was desired that it should be circulated as if coming from another source, of which we give a copy:—

"We, the undersigned, inhabitants and elders of Radobitsi, in the province of Artz, sighing under the pressure of the exorbitant taxation which has been imposed on us by Ottoman conquerors, who are not only incapable of civilisation, but besides violate the chastity of our maidens, do renew the struggle of 1821, and swear by the name of the Almighty and by our sacred fatherland, in no case and under no plea to lay down our arms until we have obtained our liberty.

"Now, at the commencement of the struggle, we hope to rouse the sympathy of our brethren, of the free Greeks, and of all those groaning under the Ottoman yoke, so that they may take up arms to renew the holy war of 1821, and fight for faith, fatherland, and our inalienable rights.

"The war is holy and just; and no one who considers the weight of our burdens and the rights of nations, will utter a word in defence of our barbarous oppressors, or advocate the cause of the Crescent, which is planted on the summit of our sacred Church.

"Up then, brethren! rush to battle! throw off the hated yoke of our tyrants! and with us loudly proclaim to God and the world that we

do battle for our fatherland, and that the Most High is our shield of defence.

"JOHANN COSOVAKIS; DEMETER KOKAS;
COSTI KOSMA; BAS NAKOS; NITULAS
BASOS; COLIOS MAVROMATI; K. C.
STUMA; DEMETER SCALIVIOJANI; GEORG
CALZIGAMI; C. MERCHAS; K. KATZILAS;
KONST ZEYARIDES."

With the above was circulated a form of oath, to be taken by all willing to devote themselves to the revolt, which ran as follows:

"I swear by the Holy Gospels, by the Holy Trinity, and by Him crucified, that I take up arms which shall not be cast aside until our oppressors are driven from the homes of our fathers, and my fatherland is free. I also swear by an Almighty God to be faithful to my flag, and, if necessary, to shed the last drop of my blood in defence of my comrades."

The allegation of heavy taxes contained in the above address is false; no people were ever more lightly taxed than the Greek subjects of the Porte, and few populations better able to bear a heavy taxation. Commercially they were favoured by the Porte; the foreign trade of all Turkey is in the hands of the Greeks, and the most liberal system of commercial law regulates their traffic. Their acquisition of property is never interfered with, and their possession of it never rendered insecure. The aim of the Greek population is not liberty. One reason why they hate the Ottoman government is, that they see other sects beside their own tolerated. Were there a Greek empire, an enlarged Greek kingdom perfectly independent, or a Greek republic, there would follow a cruel and bloody persecution of Latins, Armenians, and Protestants, within its bounds. The Jews, despised by the Osmanlis, are everywhere beaten, robbed, and oppressed by the Greeks. When persons in England have advocated the resuscitation of an independent Greek nation, they have been unwittingly urging the ascendancy of a bigoted sect and a resentful people, and promoting the persecution of Jews and Christians of various communities, the most inoffensive in the world, but whom the Greeks desire to expatriate or extirpate. It is a remarkable confirmation of this view of the spirit of the Greek Church and people, that in none of their appeals to Christendom for countenance and aid do they ever refer to the persecutions endured by Jews or Armenians, Franks or Nestorians—all other religions and all other sects of the Christian religion are ignored by these pseudo-liberals and patriots. The only activity and life of independent Greece is displayed in its religious intolerance or its brigandage; a gloomy superstition and morose intolerance

brood over the minds of the people, which even the love of pleasure does not banish from their hearts or from their physiognomies :—

“Tis Greece, but living Greece no more ;”

that trite line tells the condition of the Greek kingdom, and of the Greek race beyond its limits, also, except where the freedom of Turkish commercial law, and the intercourse with foreigners, have quickened the commercial and literary enterprise of a portion of the populations of the great cities. Shortly before the insurrection burst forth, the British ambassador had private information which enabled him to aid the Turkish government in detecting the plans of the projectors to some extent. Letters were also intercepted inviting Prince Gortschakoff to cross the Danube, as the Greeks of Bulgaria were ready to rise in arms at his presence. It is likely that, had the prince been able to take Kalafat and Widdin, a Bulgarian insurrection would have been attempted. He, however, had been occupied in a manner that neither promised much for his spring campaign, nor for those who intended to welcome him between the Danube and the Balkan. Before the measures of the patriots—as they called themselves—were ready, the British minister for foreign affairs became urgent upon the Porte to make such concessions as would deprive the malcontents of their best plea, and of the sympathy of Christendom. Indeed, when the sultan was upon the verge of a declaration of war, and the Greeks and King Otho were but beginning to bestir themselves, Lord Clarendon thus wrote to the ambassador :—“It is the deliberate opinion of her Majesty’s government, that the only real security for the continued existence of Turkey as an independent power is to be sought by enlisting the feelings of its Christian subjects in its preservation ; that although Turkey may get over her present difficulties by the aid of her allies, she must not reckon on external aid as a permanent resource, but that she must create for herself a sure defence in the affections of the most intelligent, active, and enterprising class of her subjects ; and that it is impossible to suppose that any true sympathy for their rulers will be felt by the Christians, so long as they are made to experience in all their daily transactions the inferiority of their position as compared with that of their fellow-subjects—so long as they are aware that they will seek in vain for justice for the wrongs done either to their persons or their property, because they are deemed a degraded race, unworthy to be put in comparison with the followers of Mohammed. Your excellency will plainly and authoritatively state to the Porte that this state of things cannot be longer tolerated by the Christian powers : the Porte must decide

between the sacrifice of an erroneous religious principle, and the loss of the sympathy and support of its allies. You will point out the immense importance of the selection it has to make ; and her Majesty’s government conceive that very little reflection will suffice to satisfy the Turkish ministers that the Porte can no longer reckon upon its Mussulman subjects alone as a safeguard against external danger, and that without the hearty assistance of its Christian dependents, and the powerful sympathy and support of its Christian allies, the Turkish empire must soon cease to exist.”

The Greek insurrection, so long ripening, came to maturity at the latter end of January, and it first indicated its strength in Albania, and then rapidly extended to other provinces. The Albanians* are a brave race, and are often employed in the service of the Porte ; they

* In our sketch of Turkey we were obliged to glance merely at the general outline of the country, and the leading facts of her history, because of our anxiety to approach in our story of the war the great events upon the Danube and in Asia, which had so recently thrilled upon the heart of Europe. We therefore take occasion, in passing, to notice the places and people referred to in the narrative of the struggles which so lately stained and darkened those beautiful realms. Albania is one of the western provinces of Turkey, and stretches along the shores of the Adriatic Sea from Montenegro and Bosnia on the north, to the provinces of Epirus and Thessaly on the south. The physical character of both Albania and Epirus are similar ; and alike, or nearly alike, favoured the plans of the insurgents. They have been well described in a pleasant modern work, called *European Turkey*, by William Knighton, M.A., we select the description from that work because of the grace of expression and the brevity with which so much is conveyed :—“The whole of the ancient Epirus, the lower portion of the modern Albania, is covered with mountains chiefly of a calcareous character, and furrowed by deep ravines or dark caverns. The outlets to the sea, which are few, correspond with the character of the country—the Suli, the Vojutza, the Scombi, and the Drino, are all mountain torrents ; making their way precipitously into the sea from the heights of the interior, sometimes hemmed in by narrow ravines, through which they murmur boisterously as they plunge on to the west, sometimes falling over precipitous rocks with headlong fury, and sometimes again watering peacefully a level district that slopes almost imperceptibly to the borders of the next ridge, where the foaming and dashing recommences. The climate of Albania is like that of Italy, warm, clear, and cloudless, but subject to protracted droughts, as well as to sudden and violent north winds, that produce instantaneous changes of temperature. The olive luxuriates on the lower shores of the Adriatic to the south-west of Albania, whilst as the traveller ascends to the mountains, extensive forests are found clothing their sides, forests concealing rich mines that have but to be worked to furnish employment for many inhabitants. The vintage in the valleys and lower plains begins in September, and the heavy rains during December are succeeded by frosts, often severe in January. The oak, the plane, the cypress, and the ash, flourish on the sides of the hills, at the base of which the laurel and the latick abound, indigenous to the soil ; cedars, pine, larch, and chestnut trees, are by no means scarce. Such is the character of most of the hills of Southern Albania, but by no means of all ; many of them are arid and sterile ; but even of these, such is the prolific virtue of the stimulating heat, the sides in early spring are clothed with the violet, the narcissus, and the hyacinth. The entire landscape is then a mass of vegetation of the most brilliant colours, abounding with contrasts that serve to embellish the scene, and to render it striking as well as beautiful.”

make good troops—regular and irregular—and, when well officered, fight with self-reliance, spirit, and obstinacy. They showed their characteristic courage in various desultory encounters with the sultan's troops. The Turkish garrison of Arta* was soon after besieged, and thrice attacked with boldness and skill. In the port of Arta* a sea-fight occurred between a Greek cutter and the Turkish guard-ship, which ended in the destruction of the latter. At Janina,† and various other places of more or less strength, the Turkish troops were hemmed in by superior numbers; and in some instances the places were stormed, and the small garrisons put to the sword. These combats were maintained with virulent animosity, the Greeks loading their enemies with curses and vituperations during the conflicts, and showing a rage, bigotry, fanaticism, and bloodthirstiness truly horrifying. When the Turks were successful, they showed as little disposition to give quarter, although they maintained the fight with a gravity and an enthusiasm strangely blended; when the Turks were defeated, they died without a cry or a murmur of either despair or rage, but selling their lives as dearly as possible. In Epirus the objects of attack by the insurgents were not so much the Turkish troops as the mosques; but from which the aggressors only tore the emblems of the Mohammedan religion, supplanting the Crescent by the Cross, and erecting altars where the Greek mass was offered. The insurrection extended in the same spirit to Thessaly‡ and Macedonia;§ in fact,

* Arta is the second city of Albania. It is situated upon the banks of the river Arta, which falls into the Gulf of Arta. Its population is about 15,000. The neighbourhood is rugged and picturesque, sometimes wild and sometimes beautiful.

† Janina is the first city of Albania. Its inhabitants number 40,000. It is beautifully situated upon the shores of a small lake called Acherusia, which discharges itself into a subterranean abyss. Viewed from the elevations of the Zitza, the valley of Janina is indeed lovely. "The lake tapering off to a point towards the north, the white houses and lofty minarets reflected in its waters, the sides of the encompassing mountains, with their calcareous cliffs denuded of vegetation, form a landscape of which paintings might give an idea in detached portions, but which it would be impossible to bring before the eye in one view by any sketch however extended."

‡ Thessaly is bounded on the east by the Archipelago, on the west by Epirus, on the south by the kingdom of Greece, and on the north by Roumelia. It is one of the fairest and richest portions of all Turkey. Pindus, Olympus, Issus, and Pelion, overlook its plains; and the traveller can wander nowhere in Thessaly without perceiving that he is on classic soil.

§ Macedonia, once the seat of kingdom and even of empire, where Philip reigned, and Philip's more glorious son, is now a division of the province of Roumelia, to the west of which it lies. The mountains of Macedon afforded secure haunts for the rebels; but Macedon, although rich, is not so in the resources of armies. Cotton and tobacco are the staple productions. The vine, however, flourishes there also, producing the best wines; and the mountain-sides are dotted with rich corn-fields. Who can think of the legislative genius of Miltiades, and witness without regret the misrule of Macedon? and who

all the portions of Turkey contiguous to Greece, which had formed a part of ancient Greece, were speedily in some degree of revolt. The insurrectionary bands were led either by officers of King Otho's army, or by students from the University of Athens. One corps of 8000 men was led by Spiridion Karakaisis, son of the Karakaisis who figured in the Greek revolution; this Spiridion held a commission from King Otho, and although publicly summoned to return to Athens, he disregarded the command, and so acted as to show that his proceedings would secure him the secret approval of his sovereign. These Greek companies, and this army under Spiridion were well paid, and the leaders had money which was freely distributed; it did not all come from Russia—the Greek community of Constantinople was thoroughly initiated in the conspiracy, and largely subscribed to it through their commercial agents in Athens, Smyrna, and elsewhere. The Greek merchants of Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, London, Liverpool, and Manchester, are generally very rich, and it was alleged that they supplied the "sinews of war." In Manchester and London they indignantly denied this, disavowing all complicity in any matter of disloyalty to the sultan, or embarrassments to the countries whose hospitality they enjoyed. Circumstances of grave suspicion existed, however, by reason of which these disavowals were very much discredited.

The insurrection was kept up without at all relaxing through the month of February, and was not suppressed until, at the end of March, awed by the demonstrations of the allies, and the fear of consequences to himself, King Otho was made to feel the madness of the enterprise into which he had been seduced. Early in February, Salonica* suddenly rose in arms; but the Turkish troops, without firing a shot, charged with the bayonet, and dispersed the insurgents with slaughter. In Thessaly a body of 3000 men made head against the authorities; but this corps was composed chiefly of sympathizers. Can we think of the inquisitive genius of Aristotle, and not mourn over the occupation of this fine region by a race of uninquiring Turks and of mongrel Greeks, wedded to their customs, however foolish?

* "Salonica is situated on a semicircular extent of coast that lies at the head of the gulf of that name. Its population has been estimated at fifty, seventy, and a hundred thousand. Monuments of its ancient splendour meet the wanderer in every direction; triumphal arches, ruined temples and churches, broken statues and empty pedestals—all evidences of a civilisation passed away, ere the refinement of European civilisation gave way to the impetuous voluptuousness of Asiatic life. The harbour, built by Constantine the Great, will easily contain three hundred ships of large size; but the bay without is unsafe. The Jews form a very large proportion of the population of Salonica. They have established some factories and several schools. A considerable overland trade is carried on by them with Semlin (opposite Belgrade) and Vienna. They even penetrate to Leipzig with their cottons, leather, carpets, and tobacco."—*Knighton.*

thisers from Greece, and brigands. The Thes-salians generally felt that their smiling land, where peaceful industry is so amply repaid by productive harvests, should not be overrun by banditti and the tools of foreign tyrants. Thessaly is now, as in ancient times, a province rich in cultivation; and, whatever may be the political disabilities of the people, they are secure in person and property; and, literally, "every man sits under his own vine and his own fig-tree, none making him afraid." They were unwilling to exchange all this for the despotisms of Athens or St. Petersburg, although they sighed, like all the Greek race, for the dawn of the happier time to which they look forward, when the Cross shall eclipse the Crescent, and shed from the dome of St. Sophia its glory upon the capital of a Greek Empire.

The Suliots* and Servians† were much ex-

* The Suliots are the fiercest of the tribes of Albania and Epirus. The town of Souli is about twenty miles north-west of Arta. Lord Byron thus compliments their heroism:—

"On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnants of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore."

These Suliots were nearly exterminated by the ruthless Turk, Ali Pasha; there is, however, a formidable remnant of them still; and, throughout the insurrection, the swarthy Suliots might be seen foremost in the bands of whatever kind that ravaged or attempted to ravage the western provinces of Turkey, and all the country between the Gulf of Venice and the Archipelago. The country of the Suliots is interesting from its picturesque character, its classic associations, and the dauntless heroism of its turbulent people. Lord Byron has consecrated afresh all the shores of the Adriatic to the Muses; and, in mere passing gleams of description, his inimitable genius has given vivid pictures of both the people and the famed shores on which they dwell:—

"Land of Albania! where Iskander rose;
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise;
And he his namesake, whose oft baffled foes
Shrank from his deeds of chivalrous emprise:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The Cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale Crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

"Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Array'd in many a dull and purple streak,
Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer:
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year."

† Servia lies to the extreme north upon the Danube, having Bosnia upon its western, and Bulgaria upon its eastern, confines. It is opposite to Slavonia and the Banet, the Danube separating it from them. The Servians are Slaves in race, and Greeks in religion. The influence of Russia in that principality is in the ascendant; the utmost jealousy of the Turks being entertained by the people, who sympathise in religion and race with the Russians. The Servians do not desire, however, their country to become a Russian province; they are resolved to maintain their independence against all odds, whether Russ or Turk invade it. Notwithstanding their invidious prejudice of race, and their bigoted prejudice of religion,

cited; and serious apprehensions were entertained by the Porte of terrible conflict with both. Montenegro* also showed symptoms of renewing the proceedings which, in 1852-3, furnished Austria with a pretext for armed interference, and a mission to Constantinople, *à la* Menschikoff. In Epirus a corps of 2500 men marched through several districts in triumph, carrying the Greek Cross, with the motto of the Labarum—the old standard of the Byzantine Empire—"Conquer by this!" As

the Servians enjoy an advanced civilisation, and possess a very ancient literature: the wild songs and irregular poetry of Servia are pervaded by a genius altogether peculiar, except that sometimes when in Slavonia and Russia the mind and heart were free to pour out their tribute to nature, similar characteristics of thought and feeling to those of Servia are seen. Of late some trouble has been taken, both by German and British writers, to bring out the literature of Servia; and the public mind in England has been taken by surprise to learn that so remote and obscure a province upon the Danube should be so rich in literary treasure. The Servians are brave, proud, and free.

* Montenegro is a small, compact territory, bounded on the north by Herzegovina and Bosnia; on the east and south by Albania; on the west by the Gulf of Venice. Its Italian name, *Montenegro*, "Black Mountain," expresses its aspect from the shores of the Adriatic. The whole circle of the province—if province we may properly call a territory which owns no master—is surrounded by a girdle of bold, dark, bleak, rigid-looking mountains. From these innumerable rivulets descend, intersecting the country like a system of veins. The landscape is wildly picturesque; and supports in a barbarous life about 100,000 inhabitants. One fourth of the entire male population are warriors—old men and boys delighting in the use of arms, and a barbarous military parade. They are brave with a savage bravery, robbers when they can find opportunity, with no scruple about murder where a Turk is concerned, and they are intensely religious according to the Greek ceremonial. None of the peoples formed into separate communities upon the soil of what is ostensibly the Turkish Empire regard Russia without some jealousy and alarm, unless the Montenegrins. The interference of Austria on their behalf, in 1853, was manifestly at the instigation of Russia, as we have shown at large elsewhere. Russia would not tolerate Austrian interference in any way, where a community professing the Greek Church was concerned, if she had not a concealed purpose of her own. Kravinski, in his work entitled, *Montenegro and the Slavonians of Turkey*, describes the government as republican, which is correct only so far as that its chief is not a king. The government is in fact *sui generis*. The chiefs are elected nominally by the people, but really by the military; and these chiefs elect the governor, the metropolitan, and the commanders. The persons elected, however, are for the most part those who would have ruled on the hereditary principle. Fathers govern their families, not by a national or even a religious code, but by their patriarchal privilege. Chiefs, soldiers, officers, and heads of families, are all governed by the priests, who teach them nothing but the most superstitious stories of saints, and to hate with all their hearts Turks, and schismatics as all Christians not of the Greek Church are termed. Their conduct to woman is that of savages. Sir G. Wilkinson, in his work entitled, *Dalmatia and Montenegro*, informs us that a Montenegrin thinks it beneath him to speak of a woman before a stranger, even accompanying any remarks about his own wife with such expressions as "saving your presence," "begging your pardon," &c. The women are made, in fact, not only the labourers, but the beasts of burthen: a mule or an ass would have, among these friends of freedom, an easier life than that of a woman. To say their prayers, rob and murder the object of their plunder, or in the name of religion to perpetrate some great revenge, seems to be the occupations most congenial to the Montenegrins.

this body passed through the districts which they sought to revolutionize, they scattered the most inflammatory appeals to the invidious feelings of race and religious distinction, and blazoned forth acts of individual injustice on the part of the Turks, as if the Turkish government had countenanced their perpetration. These means, by which it was hoped to strengthen the insurrection, in fact weakened it, for they roused the martial spirit of the Turks even to ferocity. The garrison of Arta exemplified the truth of this opinion, for they sallied forth, dispersed with slaughter various Greek bands, and, while exasperated by the calumnies they saw everywhere posted upon public places in the villages, they committed various excesses. At Peta they committed sacrilege upon the Greek Church, and violated the defenceless. This event did much to quicken the insurrection into a fitful life—the people rose and cried for vengeance. Arta was sacked, so far as the Turkish garrison was concerned, and Preveza was obliged to capitulate.

A great number of Greek subjects of Great Britain crossed over from the Ionian Isles into Epirus, and gave important aid to the rebellion by money, counsel, and arms. The Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles,* Sir Henry Ward, took measures to put a stop to this movement. He directed a circular to the British functionaries in all the islands, in which he said—"Your duty, sir, is to convince the authorities of your island that the movement which has so unfortunately commenced in Greece, is certainly calculated to remove all hope of amelioration in the condition of the Greek population of Turkey, by impelling them into a barbarous struggle of a nature to endanger themselves, their families, and their property, without the slightest chance of success; since no one can imagine that the treaties and declarations of the great cabinets of Europe can depend on committees at Athens, the acts of which are assuredly not admitted by any established government."

The Austrian government thought it necessary to comply with the requisitions of the Western powers, and to intimate to the Servians and Montenegrins that she would permit neither to revolt. The Turkish government acted with decision; troops were dispatched to Epirus and Thessaly, and these were reinforced by Egyptian reserves. The forts previously taken by the rebels were recaptured; hesitation appeared among their leaders; and the courage of the Turkish and Egyptian soldiery, aided by their superior discipline, which secured several signal successes, made such an impres-

sion upon the Greek population of Turkey that the revolted laid down their arms everywhere, until the disturbance was confined to predatory bands in the mountains of Albania and Thessaly, and to the incursions of certain "free companies" across the frontiers of Greece.

It would interrupt the order of narrating contemporaneous events, if in this place the final issue of the Greek insurrection were anticipated: other scenes and other actors demand our attention before that event finds its place upon our pages.

The indignation felt in England and France when the tidings of the massacre at Sinope reached them, compelled the governments to order their fleets into the Black Sea.* On the 19th December the instructions to the admirals were dispatched, but the storms and fogs so common at that season in the Euxine detained them at Beicos Bay until the 4th January, when, accompanied by several Turkish line-of-battle ships, laden with troops and stores for the

* The Black Sea and the countries upon its shores being the principal theatre of the war, it is necessary for such of our readers as have not the advantages of extensive libraries that we give some description of it. It is a great inland sea between Europe and Asia, extending from the strait of the Bosphorus to the strait of Kertch, which separates it from the Sea of Azoff, in length about 700 miles, and rather more than half that in breadth. It washes the shores of the Turkish provinces of Roumelia and Bulgaria, and the Russian provinces of Bessarabia and the Crimea in Europe; also the shores of the Turkish provinces of Asia Minor from the Bosphorus to Fort St. Nicholas, and the whole shores of the Caucasus thence to the strait of Kertch. It is generally considered dangerous to navigators, because of dense fogs and sudden storms; these dangers exist, but many who are well acquainted with it declare them to be exaggerated. It is tideless, and its depth steadily decreases. The waters are nearly one sixth less salt than those of other seas, which is attributed to the vast quantity of fresh water poured into it by the rivers which empty themselves from its shores, such as the Danube, the Don, the Dniester, the Dnieper, and the Bug. Some of the most beautiful scenery in the world may be beheld from its bosom. The mountain-coast of the Crimea is very lovely; from the southern side of the peninsula the hills are richly wooded to their summits, orchards and gardens clothe their slopes, amidst which are the summer-palaces of the Russian nobles, some of which are on a scale of princely grandeur, and others, conceived in the most perfect taste, are built in a style of architecture more in keeping with their purpose and the retreat of the locality. From the little port of Yalta one of the fairest scenes may be contemplated. All along the Circassian coasts the sublime or beautiful is present, and frequently the voyager realizes the truth of the doctrine taught by some metaphysicians—that the image of the sublime is often formed by successive images of the beautiful. A voyager already quoted describes his first glimpse of the Caucasus in these terms:—"After passing the mouth of the Cuban, the lesser chain of the Caucasian mountains rose up before us in all their varied and picturesque beauty—for we were now skirting the coast of Circassia—and a more brilliant pageant than they exhibited, with the glorious sun of Asia lighting up every separate pinnacle, cannot be conceived." The shores of the Black Sea have, if possible, more historic than picturesque interest; they are crowded with tumuli, ruins, dilapidated castles and monasteries, and the relics of ancient cities. All the great nations of antiquity had their emporiums and settlements upon these for ever famous coasts. But where the Greek, the Roman, and the Genoese, built cities, the Turk and the Russ spread ruin and desolation.

* The Ionian Isles were part of the ancient dominion of Greece, and afterwards subject to the Turks, they are now under the protection of England, who is represented by a lord high commissioner.

Asiatic army, they proceeded to the coast of Anatolia, and afterwards lay a short time off Trebizond. A small British squadron remained at the entrance of the Bosphorus; and the *Retribution* (ominous name!) was sent to Sebastopol, to convey to the Russian admiral a notice that the fleets had entered the Euxine, and to require the surrender of certain English engineers captured at Sinope. While before Sebastopol, the officers of the *Retribution* sketched the fortifications; this circumstance being observed by the Russians, gave them great umbrage, which they have never since failed to show in receiving maritime flags of truce, or communications of any sort from the British squadrons, either in the Black Sea or in the Baltic. The fleets did not remain long upon their eastern cruise, but returned to Beicos Bay, except a few steamers which remained in observation off Odessa and Sebastopol, in order to prevent any sudden attacks or descents upon the Turkish coasts. When the czar was informed of the entrance of the naval squadrons into the Euxine, he expressed no surprise, simply observing that he had foreseen the difficulty, and had provided against it. The despatch of Lord Clarendon, the English minister for foreign affairs, and the notifications of the English and French ambassadors at Constantinople, in reference to this new demonstration of the allies, rekindled the czar's wrath, which seemed to have been much appeased by his public thanksgivings for the slaughter at Sinope. He became morose, and almost savage to all about him; no one but the empress could approach him with confidence; and tokens of a degree of excitement, amounting to mental aberration, began to display themselves. While the tidings were fresh, and this excitement at the highest, he, in the presence of his whole court, delivered a sudden and terrible philippic against the allied governments and the sultan. The impromptu character of this strange address—the intense excitement of the czar's countenance—the blended solemnity and ferocity of his manner, and the expressiveness of his elocution, produced the most imposing effect upon all present. They listened with astonishment and awe while, with uplift eyes and extended hand, he pronounced, "War, war, war, to the enemies of Russia!" and added—"Following in the path of my predecessors—faithful, like them, to the orthodox faith—after having invoked, like them, the aid of Almighty God, we shall await our enemies with a firm foot, from what side soever they come; persuaded that our ancient device, 'the faith, the czar, and the country,' will open to us, as it has ever done, the path of victory." And then, extending his hands, and assuming an attitude as if inspired, he pronounced the words—"Nobiscum Deus! Audite populi, et vinci-

mini; quia nobiscum Deus!" While in this elevation of excitement, he ordered despatches to his ambassadors at the courts of St. James and the Tuileries, directing them to demand explanations as to the entering of the allied squadrons into the Black Sea; and if the replies did not satisfy the ambassadors that the Western powers would preserve a strict neutrality, they were to demand their passports. The replies of course gave no such satisfaction; and the ambassadors took their leave, much it was believed to their own regret, as rumour ascribed to them a hearty disapproval of the conduct of the czar in provoking the war. Baron Brunow had resided many years in the Russian embassy, and was an admirer of the English nation; and M. Kisseleff had resided many years in Paris, and was much respected by every class of Parisian society which could have the opportunity of intercourse with him. The answers of the English and French governments were presented to Baron Brunow and M. Kisseleff on the same day, the 1st of February; on the 6th the baron received his recall, M. Kisseleff his on the day following.

While the ambassadors of Russia were arranging the preliminaries of their withdrawal from the Western courts, Count Orloff was acting as the especial envoy of the czar to the courts of Vienna and Berlin. His ostensible object was to negotiate terms of peace; but what was shrewdly conjectured then, facts have since but too well established—that his real object was to secure the alliance, or, at all events, the neutrality of the German powers. It was not alone with the governments of Austria and Prussia that the count was diplomatically busy—all the petty German governments had a share of his attentions; and as his agents were legion, and all selected for their competency, and paid without parsimony, he was exceedingly well served. It was then the plans were laid of action and counter-action, advance and obstruction—of mimic rivalry and frustrating delays, which have ever since characterised the proceedings of the whole of the German powers. The ostensible proposals of the count were at once rejected by the Emperor Francis Joseph. Count Orloff, feigning himself ill—as some uncharitably suggested—remained in Vienna longer than diplomatic usage allowed after the rejection of his terms. He then framed new proposals, to which the Vienna conference would not listen. The Turkish note which the Vienna conference adopted was refused by the Russian emperor, who haughtily announced that he would listen to no mediation between himself and the sultan; that if the latter desired to sue for peace, he must do so at the headquarters of the emperor's army, or at St. Petersburg by an especial embassy. Count

Orloff, before leaving Vienna, presented his final terms of peace, in which was included, as the first, that Turkey should initiate proceedings, and, according to the emperor's misssive above noticed, either at the head-quarters of his army in the provinces, or at St. Petersburg; with, however, liberty to refer for counsel to the four powers. The second was that the former treaties between Russia and Turkey should be renewed. The third that Turkey should enter into a new treaty never to give an asylum to political refugees. The fourth that the sultan should recognise by an especial and formal declaration the emperor's protectorate of the Greek Christians. These demands, being much in excess of those made by Prince Menschikoff, showed the allies the hopelessness of negotiating upon a basis favourable to Turkey, and might have taught them the futility of all negotiations with Russia until arms had impressed her with the necessity of herself seeking a peace founded upon the security of the Ottoman Empire. Count Orloff left Vienna on the 4th February, and brought with him to St. Petersburg the welcome news that the German powers would retain a strict neutrality. The Austrian government immediately after proposed a general protectorate of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and sent this proposal to the czar for his acquiescence, before submitting it to the allies. The answer of Nicholas was fierce and prompt. "Russia will permit no other power to meddle in the affairs of the Greek Church. Russia had treaties with the Porte which would settle the question between them alone." Yet, will it be credited by the general reader, that, after this decisive and insulting communication, Austria again set to work to engage the allies—Turkey more especially—in another note; that the Western powers allowed themselves to be played with by the artifices of Austria, and constrained their spirited and consistent ally, Turkey, reluctantly to take part in the weak proceeding? Nothing, however, came of these diplomatic conferences but delay, until the allies sent their ultimatum to the czar some weeks later. The most notable person in all these negotiations, originating at Constantinople and transferred to Vienna, was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; and the most sagacious of all the negotiators, although not universally reputed so, was Retschid Pasha, the Turkish foreign minister. We shall close the present chapter by a brief memoir of each.

VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, G.C.B., ambassador-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Porte, was born about the year 1783, and is the son of a London merchant. George Canning, the distinguished statesman, orator, and scholar, was his first cousin. Stratford Canning received his early education at Eton, and his more

complete education at King's College, Cambridge. The Cannings are of humble origin—the grandfather of Lord Stratford (and of George Canning) having lived in a very obscure condition in Ireland, where he was born, before he sought better fortunes in England. Stratford Canning was appointed, in 1807, *précis* writer to his cousin George, who was then secretary of state for foreign affairs. In the same year, he attended Mr. Merry on his special mission to Denmark and Sweden; and, in conjunction with the late Earl of Mornington, acted as secretary to the envoy. In 1808, he accompanied Mr. Adair in a similar capacity to the Porte. In 1809, he was appointed permanent secretary to the embassy at Constantinople; and so early as 1810, upon the recall of Mr. Adair, was appointed minister-plenipotentiary to that court; but, after negotiating the peace of Bucharest, between the Porte and Russia, he returned home. His first exploit in diplomacy—at all events, the first on his own responsibility—gave great satisfaction to the party in power in England, among whom Mr. Stratford Canning had many influential friends, who lost no opportunity of commending his parts, and holding him up as a young man of genius and of the greatest promise. The treaty of Bucharest, however, was all in the interest of Russia. The success of Mr. Stratford Canning's mediation lay in obtaining, as it was thought, better terms for Turkey than could have been expected; and, at all events, in promoting a peace between the two powers, which was then desired by England. The English policy in those days was to strengthen Russia, as a conservative power, useful in the balance against revolutionary France; and Mr. Stratford Canning's negotiations were influenced by that policy. In 1814, the subject of our memoir was sent out as envoy to Switzerland, and assisted in the arrangement of the alliance of the nineteen cantons, which became the basis of their federal compact. This compact has never secured a happy and complete federal union of the cantons; but we believe Mr. S. Canning had no merit and deserved no blame in connexion with any of the successes or failures of that treaty: he merely represented his country, and did little and offered little advice upon the occasion. His presence was of more importance at the Congress of Vienna afterwards, whither he went to aid in the final settlement of the Swiss question. In 1820, he was created a privy councillor, and was accredited envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary to the United States of America. He remained there three years. Soon after his return home, he was again dispatched to America to adjust all the questions in dispute between the government of that country and his own. A treaty was drawn up as the result of his negotiations,

which was not ratified. The boundary question, which he supposed he had settled, remained as unsettled as ever, and nearly provoked a war subsequently between the two countries.

In 1824, Mr. S. Canning was sent to St. Petersburg on a special mission in reference to the Greek revolution, and *en route* he accomplished a mission to the court of Vienna. Having executed the duties laid upon him by his government at those courts, he was again appointed ambassador to the Porte, whither he went from St. Petersburg. He became the partisan of the Greeks on that occasion, and originated the petty policy which made a little kingdom for Otho, and which made a little kingdom and a little king the suitable instruments of the czar in his oriental designs. Upon Mr. S. Canning's return to London, in 1827, he drew up the treaty of London, by which the naval events of Navarino, and the coercion of the Porte by a Russian army, shook to their centre the power and empire of the sultan, and prepared the way for fresh Russian aggressions. In 1828, he went on a special mission to Greece; and, in 1829, took part in the especial conferences, held at Paris, for the formation of the Greek monarchy. While he was negotiating, Diebitch, the Russian general, was fighting his way to Adrianople; as, recently, while the great diplomatist was similarly engaged, the armies of Russia were laying siege to Silistria. His province seems to have been the theoretical; the czar's, and that of his officers, the practical and substantial. It must be told, in justice to Mr. S. Canning, that although disposed to make a little Greek kingdom, his plan assigned a considerably wider boundary than that agreed upon. It was chiefly through Russian influence that the independent Greek territory was so limited as it is. Mr. Canning opposed the Russian limits; but the government at home repudiated their own plenipotentiary, and adopted in their integrity the plans of Russia. He then resigned, and returned home; but public opinion was with him in this case; and the government, yielding to its force, recommended the king to confer upon him the Order of the Bath, and he became thence known as Sir Stratford. He then entered parliament for the most corrupt and contemptible of all the unreformed boroughs—Old Sarum. In 1831, Sir Stratford was sent once more to Turkey, and some of his previous views as to boundary, constitution, &c., were carried into effect concerning Greece; so that, in 1832, the treaty of London was executed finally, and definitely settling the affairs of Greece. The same year he was sent on a special mission to Madrid and Lisbon, but only went to the former. He soon returned, and re-entered parliament as member for one

little borough after another, until his services were again required at Constantinople. He had twice, in the meantime, refused the governor-generalship of Canada. Returning, on leave of absence, he was sent to Berne, in 1847, to interpose in the cantonal quarrel between the *Sunderbund* and the other portions of Switzerland. It was a very judicious selection of a minister on the part of the British government, as the cantons regarded him as a sort of sponsor for their constitution. Russia, Austria, and Louis Philippe, the traitor citizen-king, had conspired against the liberties of Switzerland; and, as is always the case when a free state is to be oppressed or dismembered, they blackened the reputation of the Swiss people and government through the medium of the press of Paris, Brussels, Vienna, and Berlin. Sir Stratford exposed these calumnies, and reconciled the existing differences, or controlled them by his moral influence and intellectual and historic authority—much to the disappointment of the author of all the mischief, Louis Philippe, and his abettors, Austria and Russia.

Sir Stratford again returned to his post in Turkey, where he was the sound counsellor of the Porte against Russian intrigue and aggression, as far as the instructions of his government allowed. Although some of his proceedings were unfortunate, and the results of his policy detrimental to Turkey, we are of opinion that, in these cases, he was much fettered by the orders of the Foreign-office. On one occasion, the czar refused to receive him as an ambassador from the British court; and the bitter personal hostility to him of Nicholas was notorious. He is much feared and disliked by the Russian diplomatists, and by none more than by Count Nesselrode, who is often regarded as friendly to England. Sir Stratford's oriental policy was drawn from the advice of his illustrious cousin, of whom Byron said, "Canning is a genius—almost a universal one: he is a wit, a poet, an orator, and a statesman." It was well understood at St. Petersburg whence Sir Stratford derived his diplomatic inspirations, and he was disliked and feared accordingly. We have a remarkable exemplification of this in a certain diplomatic document of Count Pozzo di Borgo, dated October, 1825; it is from a secret despatch to Count Nesselrode:—"The introduction of Mr. Canning into the ministry, and the influence which he exercises in it, in his character as a popular leader, have weakened the ancient relations between Russia and the British cabinet; indeed, the change of doctrines which results has almost destroyed them. His conduct in the affairs of Turkey proves that neither the most perfect confidence displayed on our part, nor sacrifices the most evident, have

been able to change his sentiments in regard to us. It has been full of suspicion and jealousy; which proves that it may one day become hostile."

Sir Stratford and Lord Palmerston heartily co-operated in the case of the Hungarian refugees; and the advice which was given by them, and by Redschid Pasha and Omar Pasha, sustained the sultan in refusing their extradition at the demands of Austria and Russia. The most important reforms in the Turkish administration were accomplished at the instance of Sir Stratford, and since he became Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, his influence has been similarly wielded. Torture, and the infliction of death upon renegades, were abolished at his suggestion. The appointment of mixed commissions of Turks and Christians for the trial of offences is his idea; and the reception of the testimony of Christians in the courts was afterwards established at his request. On the 24th of April, 1852, he was raised to the peerage; and on his return to Constantinople, he obtained firmans for the liberties of all Protestant Christian sects, as well as of the oriental sects throughout the sultan's dominions. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is a man of taste, and a patron of literature and science; he is especially fond of classic antiquities. When Mr. Layard could not obtain any help from government, Lord Stratford (then Sir Stratford Canning), at his own expense, authorised him to proceed with many of his researches. The Budrum marbles, the supposed remains of the Mausoleum erected at Halicarnassus by Artemisia, Queen of Caria, for her husband, Mausolus, were obtained by Sir Stratford, by firman from the Porte, and given by him to the British Museum.

Lord Stratford married, in 1816, Harriet, daughter of Thomas Raikes, Esq., Governor of the Bank of England, who was removed from him in the year following by death. In 1825, he married his second wife, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of James Alexander, Esq., of Sumner Hill, near Tunbridge, niece of the Earl of Caledon. His heir is his son, the Hon. George Canning.

Lord Stratford is one of the most industrious men that ever represented England at a foreign court. It was not from laziness or love of ease that he neglected the hospital at Scutari, about which so much has recently been said. He was duped by those whose interest it was to deceive him, but upon whose representations he relied. He has been much blamed for the severity of his temper, and his want of urbanity to British strangers in Turkey. We believe that no resources of time or temper could meet the demands made upon them, in Lord Stratford's case, by the crowds of his idle, and foolish, and we must add interested fellow-

subjects, who pursue him for patronage and favour in his embassy. Truth compels us, however, to admit that his temper, always quick, has of late years become irritable to a degree that gives just offence to others, and is most painful to his friends. He does not possess the vigilance and activity of his former years. Since exalted to the peerage, it has also been observed that he has assumed a *hauteur*, an air of consequence, a pomp, and an authority, foreign to his previous habits. The time has arrived when the *otium cum dignitate* becomes his years.

MEMOIR OF REDSCHID PASHA.—Redschid Pasha is undoubtedly the most eminent man in the Turkish Empire; Lord Redcliffe is represented to have said of him that he was the only honest man among its public men. Guizot in public designated him a great man. That he is a very important person to Turkey and Europe may be inferred from the fact that he is the chief instrument in effecting all the useful reforms of the sultan's government, and that by his conduct of its foreign affairs Russian encroachment has been resisted, and Russian menace recently defied. We wish we could add that Russian intrigue had been baffled, but that has not been the case. The diplomatists of the czar have outwitted Redschid; they soon discovered that his weak points were a love of protocols and treaties; and a pride in his own capacity and dexterity; they also perceived that he dreaded and abhorred war, for which he has no genius, and that he would make great sacrifices to avert it. The policy of Nicholas was based upon this knowledge of Redschid; and therefore the Porte was perpetually threatened with war during that monarch's life, in order to induce Redschid to negotiate, which he was always ready to do, and, with the aid of his faithful friend, Lord Redcliffe, he was even eager to try a diplomatic fencing-match with the czar's envoys. Skilful as Redschid is, he was generally defeated, having a weak power to serve, and the cunning employers of a formidable empire to contend with. It was under Redschid's influence that the late sultan founded a diplomatic corps to represent him abroad; previously, the sultans, although occasionally sending ambassadors for special purposes, did not employ stated representatives to foreign governments.

Of the early life of Redschid very little is known. It is difficult to learn anything of the early life of public men in Turkey: they are generally persons who have originally been poor tradesmen, small shopkeepers, or slaves. Redschid was the son of some government functionary, and when a boy had opportunity of observing how the public business was carried on. The terrible Ali Pasha, whose

cruelties in the Greek insurrection became so notorious, married Redschid's sister; and as her father died while her brother was a boy, she took him to her home, and he became the private secretary of his brother-in-law. While the latter was governor of the Morea, and when previously grand vizier, Redschid was his painstaking and intelligent secretary; and when Ali's failure in Greece ruined him, Redschid, previously a notable person, emerged into a prominent public life. He was employed in various important offices in Turkey; and, in 1836, he was appointed ambassador to France, an office for which his knowledge of the French language and literature peculiarly qualified him—departments of intelligence generally unknown to Turkish public men. After serving his master well in Paris, he was accredited to London in a similar capacity, and here his knowledge of the English language and literature excited great surprise, and won for him much respect. In fact, Redschid was one of the most considerable persons in Paris and London while residing in those places. He was respected by the *corps diplomatique*, and was fashionable with the leaders of *haut ton*. In 1846, he was first named minister of foreign affairs by the sultan; and since then was three times grand vizier, and twice minister at the Foreign-office. He is the head of the reforming party, and is violently opposed by the old Turkish party. M. Bianchi, late oriental secretary to the foreign minister of France, says of him:—"Redschid Pasha is not only—by the European celebrity of his name—the first statesman in the empire, he is also indisputably the man whose past history recalls the greatest services to the country, and to its civilization. Among these services may be enumerated the constitutional act of Gulhane, the quarantine, the posts, the abolition of monopolies, the re-organisation of the army, the reform of the currency, the creation of the university; in short, all the important improvements by which Turkey has been favoured by the sultans since 1838, have either been

suggested, or prepared and executed by Redschid Pasha, under the auspices of these sovereigns." His personal character is not to be commended. He has been accused of speculation, and but for his services would have been punished. No foreigner can visit his house without being surrounded by his servants for "*backshish*" (a fee), in order to obtain the privilege of an interview. Important public business will not secure the great man's reception unless bribes go before it. It is alleged that even Lord Stratford, who preserves Redschid in power, cannot visit him without a cost of 500 piastres. Opposed to polygamy, he allows his wife to train young persons for the harems of others. He is cunning, expert, intriguing, and selfish; and but for his love of European manners and ideas, and his vigilant opposition to Russia, he would be an undesirable servant or councillor for the sultan. His age is about fifty-five, and he is said to be very handsome, but all writers do not so represent him. Mr. McFarlane, who seems to have a prejudice against him for his reforming tendencies, says, "I never saw him but once, when he was returning through the filthy streets of Tophana from a conference with the sultan. He appeared to be a very different man from what he was in London, he had grown obese, and his complexion had become muddy; he looked gloomy, uneasy, and sulky; but this may have proceeded from the fact that he was then on the point of being thrust from place and power." If our readers wish to know more of him, they may consult Bayle St. John's work—*The Turks in Europe*. He is still the most influential man in Turkey in the department of foreign politics, and is a warm partisan of the Western powers, and a decided opponent of Russia. If he can be kept from entangling himself, his country, and her allies, in some new mesh of protocols, by which he may display his accomplishments in that line and gratify his vanity, his usefulness as a minister or vizier of Turkey may yet be very great.

CHAPTER IX.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TWO EMPERORS.—RUSSIAN MANIFESTO.
—ENGLISH PEACE DEPUTATION.—ULTIMATUM OF THE ALLIES.—THE CZAR'S REPLY.

"He doth bstride this narrow world
Like a colossus."

SHAKSPEARE.

WHILE the negotiations recorded in the previous chapter were "dragging their slow length along," England and France began gradually to prepare for the impending strife. It is marvellous to ordinary men how our statesmen could suppose peace possible under such circumstances as our history has pointed out; but the

hallucination prevailed equally in the Foreign-offices of Paris and London, and, stranger still, the Turkish Foreign-office admitted the idea, and Redschid Pasha was as ready to nibble at all sorts of overtures as Lord Westmoreland at Vienna, and as Count Buol was to present them; yet some of the best statesmen in

both countries warned their respective governments against indulging in the hope that war could be averted. M. Thiers expressed himself to the Emperor Napoleon with great confidence to this effect. His words are represented to have been — “The Emperor Nicholas finds that Russia has in face of her a far more difficult affair than he had ever anticipated, but notwithstanding the difficulty of his position he is not the man to give way: in addition, he is subjected to the pressure of the old Muscovite party, as the sultan is constrained in a measure by the ulemahs and the old Ottoman party.” M. Guizot was especially summoned to the imperial presence, and interrogated as to his opinion. His answer is said to have been — “Sire, I am convinced that the czar will not abandon an iota of his pretensions.” The opinions of our own leading political men are already familiar to our readers. At this juncture Kossuth wrote some letters which did not attract sufficient notice at the time, but which foreshadowed darkly the coming events. The French emperor was still of opinion that peace might be maintained, and so expressed himself to the two veteran statesmen above-named. It was not then known that his reliance was mainly upon the effect an autograph communication from himself might have upon the Emperor Nicholas. He wrote a letter—a masterpiece in its way—but the czar was unchecked even for a moment in his career. Still, while the letter was meditated, and, afterwards, speeding its way to St. Petersburg, Napoleon III. was organising his resources and making ready for the worst. Early in January orders were given to provide 400 horses for every cavalry regiment, instead of 120, the usual yearly supply. Soon after an order was issued to the minister of marine to arm twelve additional ships of the line; at Brest a squadron had been already fitting when this order was given; and at L’Orient a squadron of four frigates was nearly ready for sea. The emperor frequently consulted Marshal St. Arnaud and General Pelissier on subjects of military arrangement; and the *Débats* hinted that the latter should be made minister of war, the former commander-in-chief of an expeditionary army. Other Paris papers foretold the appointment of General Canrobert. An extraordinary levy of seamen in the ports of Brittany was ordered contemporaneously with the instructions issued to the minister of marine for the increase of ships. The *Courier du Havre* gives a painful picture of the promptitude and stringency with which these orders were executed.

The preparations in England were not equal to those of France, and our French neighbours murmured at this; the English press also called public attention to the dilatory conduct of the

British government. Quickened by these discontents in both capitals, some hurry was shown, and various orders were issued and recalled. There seemed to be no directing head in English military affairs; and the fact that an order was given was no security that it was intended to be obeyed. Sir Stephen Lake-man was sent to Omar Pasha as an adviser, and a sort of British commissioner. A military writer in *Colburn’s New Monthly* for June, 1855, represents this appointment as an annoyance and hindrance to the pasha, and calls Sir Stephen a military incubus! Several other officers were sent to Turkey, some of them to Omar Pasha, and others to Selim Pasha, at Batoum; but none of these appointments were popular among military men, and very little good, if any, resulted from them. In the case of Omar Pasha, he was continually harassed by pompous opinions from these officers, who were alike ignorant of the character of the contending armies, and of the habits of the people upon the theatre of war.

The presence of Lord Dudley Stuart and other independent English gentlemen at Constantinople encouraged the sultan; and they were afterwards acceptable guests at the headquarters of Omar Pasha’s army, where their presence greatly encouraged the Turkish troops by this proof of sympathy on the part of the Western nations. Several distinguished Poles and Hungarians offered their swords to the sultan, but the Austrian minister, in a menacing but still furtive manner, opposed his acceptance of their services. The sultan was also discouraged and surprised by receiving from the Austrian and Prussian ministers strongly-expressed communications disapproving of the entrance of the allied fleets into the Black Sea. So long as the sultan’s allies only directed protocols against the aggressor, Austria and Prussia affected coincidence of opinion; but, upon the first display of solid protection, they were full of alarm and disapprobation. This was consistent on the part of powers whose ministers congratulated the czar upon the cowardly butchery at Sinope; but how the Western governments or Turkey could put any confidence in sovereigns so acting, passes our knowledge of human nature, and may well furnish metaphysical and ethical writers with a new chapter on the philosophy of credulity. The Pasha of Egypt was a less doubtful ally; he sent to the Porte 25,000 muskets, a large portion of which were given in charge to a murid sent by Schamyl on an especial embassy to the Porte. This murid brought an autograph letter from the Daghestan chief, or a letter at all events purporting to be such, as some deny to the warrior a knowledge of letters. A communication from the Pasha of Egypt placed at the sultan’s disposal 12,000 additional troops,

and a small but efficient detachment of artillery, independent of the guns usually allotted to Egyptian brigades. The efforts of the Porte were incessant to direct reinforcements upon the Danube, and to send to Schumla and also to Batoum, upon the Asiatic theatre of the war, large supplies of arms and ammunition. The most formidable preparations were made by the English Admiralty throughout the month of January, and in February, up to the time of the departure of the Russian ambassador. There was much hesitation and confusion—almost as many counter-orders as orders—waste and extravagance incalculable; but still, so great were the naval resources of Great Britain that the work went on, and powerful naval armaments filled her ports and arsenals before the word was given to “let slip the dogs of war.”

Russia was not idle: the din of preparation for a war *à l'outrance* seemed to sound forth all over her vast territory. Inspections of the Russian fleets in the Baltic, and of the Russian arsenals, were incessant. Reviews of immense bodies of troops took place, especially in Poland and in “the governments” contiguous to the Baltic. Masses were offered, and incense perfumed the air in all the churches, for the divine interposition and the “powerful aid of our Lady and the holy saints of Russia.” The czar made various mendacious representations to the Scandinavian powers; his efforts to cajole them failed, and he resorted to menace. The *Falles Rast*, a Stockholm journal, informs us that King Oscar laid before the chambers of his kingdom no less than twenty-five notes, lettered from A to Z, which he had received from the “diplomatising” powers. He referred to the demands of Russia in terms of indignation, which his majesty’s enemies represented as assumed. These demands were to the effect that Sweden should join her, or maintain an unarmed neutrality. The allies, on the other hand, were desirous to secure the assistance of Sweden, but offered no threats. Prussia advised a strict but armed neutrality for the present—her own course of action, or non-action; and King Oscar preferred the advice of Frederick William, with whom he seemed disposed to co-operate in any policy. Norway decided on the fitting out of a squadron composed of frigates, corvettes, brigs, and gun-boats—crafts suited to the shallows of the Baltic Sea; and she was willing to join the allies, if Sweden would concur. Sweden would not concur. The Russian envoys retired baffled and angry with the spirit evinced by the Swedes, but with undissembled rage and vengeance towards the people of Norway, whose love of liberty and jealousy of Russia far exceeds in intensity those traits of feeling on the part of the people of Sweden.

Overtures were at the same time made from St. Petersburg to the cabinet of Copenhagen for the cession of the island of Bornholm to Russia. Bornholm is within a day’s sail of the Sound and Copenhagen. The King of Denmark was not unwilling to oblige his great conservative and imperial brother, but his fear of the Danish diet decided his refusal. His majesty, moreover, resolved upon a neutral position, and the czar declared that he would not recognise that neutrality—that Denmark must, from her position, be on one side or the other. It is to be presumed, therefore, that if the Baltic coasts of Russia cease to be blockaded by the allies, the Russian fleets will attack Denmark, making her neutrality a *casus belli*; for, although the war has far advanced at the time we write, Russia has not withdrawn her protest, nor recognised the neutrality of his Danish majesty. A similar protest was sent by the Russian court to that of Sweden, and the czar added this significant threat—“Look well to your interests.” It had been well for the interests of all the Baltic powers if they had united with the allies; Russia might ere now have been forced back from the positions which she has so recently taken upon its shores. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, could furnish gun-boats and other small craft, and hardy and gallant seamen to man them, who would have penetrated every sinuosity upon the shores of the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland; Helsingfors, Cronstadt, and perhaps St. Petersburg itself, would ere now have been bombarded. When peace is being secured, it will certainly not be for the interest of the Western powers to do anything for the Scandinavian nations, or shelter them in any way from the wrath of Russia, unless they have shaken off in the meantime the thralldom of, their present unconstitutional and pre-Russian sovereigns.

It is remarkable that throughout these protracted negotiations the sovereigns of Germany and Scandinavia, and of Europe generally, with the exception of the King of Sardinia, were all in favour of the czar, while the people were as generally in favour of the allies. The existence of so many petty states in Germany and Italy, the preservation of which, and of despotic authority in them, forms a part of the czar’s policy, is injurious to the liberties of Europe, and promotes the designs of Russia. An author of some celebrity wrote well many years ago on this subject; we wish his words may enlighten the policy of the more free and powerful governments.

“Europe is divided into unnatural sections by the force of its existing governments; when that foreign and hostile force is removed, the sections will reunite with the masses from which they were originally separated. The

mind of Germany is one, though the governments are many; the governments are tottering, and Germany, free and independent, will form one powerful and enlightened empire. This change must be for the benefit of Great Britain. Our alarms about the power of France are unnecessary: but Germany, united in one body, would at all times form a counterpoise to all aggressions from the other side of the Rhine. Italy, when it formed one kingdom, would be sufficient to defend its natural barrier, the Alps; and the Slavonian provinces of Austria, confederated with Poland, would form an advanced guard against the aggressions of Russia in Europe."*

The czar did not confine his naval or diplomatic efforts to the northern and western departments of his empire. He made fresh attempts to entangle the shahs of Central Asia and the Persian monarch in his nets, and he increased his defences on the coasts of the Crimea; his ships were withdrawn within the harbour of Sebastopol, where they numbered forty — *twenty of them being line-of-battle!* What an armament to keep upon the waters of an enclosed sea, where he had no enemy to encounter, and no use for this array of power but aggression upon Turkey!

Sympathy with the objects of the Western powers, and opposition to Russia, arose at this juncture from a very unexpected quarter. Prince Metternich, the veteran and absolutist statesman, exerted his influence with his royal master to induce a closer alliance between Austria and the West. When taunted by the Russian party at Vienna with his inactivity in the days of his power where Russia was concerned, he replied: "My administration of affairs has been always anti-Russian; I have never been indifferent to her progress, and was only passive when I saw that France was in alliance with her, and when my opposition and protest could avail nothing. I was greatly opposed to the erection of a Greek kingdom, for which opposition I incurred great reproach. I wished to do everything possible for the independence of Germany, which must cease if Russia become one day all-powerful; and the emancipation of Greece was an additional instrument in the hands of Russia." These remarkable words made a deep impression upon the young Emperor Francis Joseph, and greatly disconcerted the Austro-Russian party.

Amongst the many schemes and enterprises which racked the brain of the czar, was one to dethrone the Emperor Napoleon by what was called the fusion of the elder branch and the Orléanist branch of the Bourbon family. The agents of the czar accomplished "the fusion." The Duchess of Orleans, mother of

the heir of the French throne through the Orleans dynasty, resisted, notwithstanding the importunities of her unprincipled brothers-in-law, who, forfeiting nothing themselves, were willing to strip her and their young nephew of hope and glory, if they could only inflict mischief upon the hated rival of both sections of the Bourbons. The conduct of the Duchess of Orleans was politic, wise, fearless, and high-principled; and if a scion of the Bourbon race again mount the throne of France, we trust it may be under the regency of this pure and noble-minded woman.

Before the answers of the British and French governments were communicated to the Russian ambassadors, concerning the entrance of the allied fleets into the Black Sea, the French emperor performed one of those eccentric but clever "affairs," for which he has gained so much notoriety. He addressed an autograph letter to the czar; the letter he had been for some weeks revolving in his mind, and upon the effect of which he relied so much. The letter occupies too important a place on the scroll of history to be omitted from our pages.

"Palace of the Tuileries, 29th January, 1854.

"SIRE,—The difference which has arisen between your majesty and the Ottoman Porte has assumed such a grave aspect, that I think it right myself to explain directly to your majesty the part which France has taken in this question, and the means which suggest themselves to me in order to avoid the dangers which menace the tranquillity of Europe. The note which your majesty has just sent to my government, and to that of Queen Victoria, endeavours to prove that it was the system of pressure adopted from the commencement by the two maritime powers which alone involved the question in bitterness. On the contrary, according to my view, the matter would have continued a cabinet question, if the occupation of the two principalities had not suddenly transferred it from the region of discussion to that of fact. Nevertheless, although your majesty's troops had entered Wallachia, we advised the Porte not to consider that occupation as a warlike act, thus proving our extreme desire for conciliation. After I had consulted with England, Austria, and Prussia, I proposed to your majesty a note designed to give satisfaction to all. Your majesty accepted it. We had hardly, however, been informed of this good news, when your minister, by explanatory commentaries, destroyed all the conciliatory effects of it, and thus prevented us from insisting, at Constantinople, upon its pure and simple adoption. The Porte, for its own part, suggested some modifications in the note, to which the representatives of the four powers at Vienna were not indisposed to agree. They were not,

* The Progress of Britain, p. 80. By James Douglas.

however, agreed to by your majesty. It was then that the Porte, wounded in its dignity, its independence threatened, and being compelled to raise an army to oppose that of your majesty, preferred to declare war rather than remain in a state of uncertainty and humiliation. The Porte had claimed our support; the cause of the Porte appeared to us to be a just one; and the English and French squadrons were therefore ordered to the Bosphorus. Our attitude in reference to Turkey was that of a protector—but it was passive. We did not invite her to war. We unceasingly addressed to the ears of the sultan the advice of peace and moderation, persuaded that this was the best mode of coming to an agreement; and the four powers consulted together again, and submitted to your majesty some other propositions. Your majesty, on your part, exhibiting the calmness which arises from the consciousness of strength, contented yourself with repulsing from the left bank of the Danube, as in Asia, the attacks of the Turks; and, with the moderation worthy of the chief of a great empire, your majesty declared that you would act on the defensive. Up to that period we were, I may say, interested spectators—but simply spectators—of the dispute, when the affair of Sinope compelled us to take a more decisive part. France and England had not thought it necessary to send troops to the assistance of Turkey. Their flag, therefore, was not engaged in the conflicts which took place upon land. But at sea it was very different. There were at the entrance to the Bosphorus 3000 guns, the existence of which proclaimed loudly enough to Turkey that the two leading maritime powers would not allow her to be attacked by sea. The affair at Sinope was for us as painful as it was unexpected; for it matters little to us whether the Turks wished to convey munitions of war to the Russian territory. In fact, Russian ships attacked Turkish vessels in the waters of Turkey, while those vessels were riding quietly at anchor in a Turkish port. The Turkish vessels were destroyed, in spite of the assurance that there was no wish to commence an aggressive war, and in spite of the vicinity of our squadrons. It was no longer our policy which received a check, it was our military honour. The sound of the cannon-shot at Sinope resounded painfully in the hearts of all those who, in England and France, wish to preserve national dignity. There was a general participation in the sentiment that, wherever our cannon can reach, our allies ought to be respected. Out of this feeling arose the order given to our squadrons to enter the Black Sea, and to prevent by force, if necessary, the recurrence of a similar event. Thence arose the collective notification sent to the cabinet of St. Petersburg, announcing that if we prevented

the Turks from making an aggressive war upon the coasts of Russia, we would also protect the Turks upon their own territory. As to the Russian fleet, in prohibiting its navigation of the Black Sea, we placed it upon a different condition; because it was important during the war to preserve a guarantee equivalent in force to the occupation of the Turkish territory, and thus facilitate the conclusion of peace, by having the power of making a desirable exchange. Such, sire, is the real result and statement of the facts. It is clear that having arrived at this point, they must either bring about a definite understanding or a decided rupture. Your majesty has given so many proofs of your solicitude for the tranquillity of Europe, and by your beneficent influence has so powerfully arrested the spirit of disorder, that I cannot doubt as to the course you will take in the alternative that presents itself to your choice. Should your majesty be as desirous as myself of a pacific solution, what would be more simple than to declare that an armistice shall now be signed; that things shall resume their diplomatic course; that all hostilities shall cease; and that the belligerent forces shall return to the places from which motives of war have led them? Thus the Russian troops would abandon the principalities, and our squadrons the Black Sea. Your majesty, preferring to treat directly with Turkey, might appoint an ambassador, who could negotiate with a plenipotentiary of the sultan a convention which might be submitted to a conference of the four powers. Let your majesty adopt this plan, upon which the Queen of England and myself are perfectly agreed, and tranquillity will be re-established and the world satisfied. There is nothing in the plan which is unworthy of your majesty—nothing which can wound your honour; but if, from a motive difficult to understand, your majesty should refuse this proposal, then France, as well as England, will be compelled to leave to the fate of arms and the chances of war that which might now be decided by reason and justice. Let not your majesty think that the least animosity can enter my heart. I feel no other sentiments than those expressed by your majesty yourself, in your letter of the 17th of January, 1853, in which you write, ‘Our relations ought to be sincerely amicable, based as they are upon the same intentions—the maintenance of order, the love of peace, respect for treaties, and reciprocal good feeling.’ This programme is worthy of the sovereign who traced it, and I do not hesitate to declare that I remain faithful to it. I beg your majesty to believe in the sincerity of my sentiments; and it is with these sentiments that

“I am, sire, your majesty’s good friend,
“NAPOLEON.”

The above letter arrived at St. Petersburg the 6th February. M. de Castelbacque, the French ambassador, informed Count Nesselrode that he wished to present a letter to the czar from the Emperor of the French. The etiquette of the Russian court forbids any business with the emperor after four o'clock; but Count Nesselrode made this important communication an exception, and M. Castelbacque appeared at the palace the same evening. The emperor was ill, but graciously received the envoy and his communication. Having read it, the czar appeared painfully affected. He then spoke a few words in Russ, in a low tone, which the ambassador did not comprehend. The czar, upon recovering his composure, told the envoy that he would answer the letter in a few days, which he did upon the 9th of February, in a spirit as insolent, as false, and as hypocritical, as pervaded the other documents and manifestoes to which his signature has been attached since Prince Menschikoff appeared at Constantinople.

"St. Petersburg, 28th January (9th February), 1854.

"SIRE,—I could not reply better than by repeating to your majesty, as they belong to me, the words by which your letter terminates:—'Our relations must be sincerely amicable, and rest upon the same intentions—the maintenance of order, the love of peace, the respect of treaties, and mutual good-will.' Accepting, as you say, that programme such as I have traced it, you profess to have remained true to it. I dare believe, and my conscience tells it to me, that I have not deviated from it. For in the affair which separates us, and of which the origin does not come from me, I have always endeavoured to maintain friendly relations with France. I have avoided with the greatest care to come in contact on this ground with the religion professed by your majesty. I have made in the interests of peace, both in form and substance, all the concessions compatible with my honour; and in claiming for my co-religionists in Turkey the confirmation of the rights and privileges which have been acquired for them since a long time, at the price of Russian blood, I have demanded nothing but what was consequent upon treaties. If the Porte had been left to itself, the differences which now rend Europe would have been long ago settled. A fatal influence alone came and threw itself across it. By provoking gratuitous suspicions, and exalting the fanaticism of the Turks—by misleading their government on my intentions and the real bearing of my demands, it has made the question assume such exaggerated proportions that war has been the result.

"Your majesty will allow me not to enter into too long details of the circumstances exposed in your particular point of view, of

which your letter presents the chain. Various acts of mine very unexactly appreciated, in my opinion, and many a controverted fact would be necessitated to be re-established, at least, in such manner as I conceive them—long developments scarcely suitable in a correspondence from sovereign to sovereign. It is thus that your majesty attributes to the occupation of the principalities the wrong of having suddenly translated the matter from the domain of discussion to that of fact. But you overlook the fact that that occupation, still purely eventual, was anticipated, and in a great measure caused, by a very grave anterior fact—that of the apparition of the combined fleets in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles. Moreover, long before that, when England still hesitated to assume a menacing attitude towards Russia, your majesty had first sent your fleet to Salamis. That offensive demonstration surely evinced little confidence in me. It was of a nature to encourage the Turks, and paralyse beforehand negotiations by showing them France and England ready to maintain their cause at all risks. And, again, your majesty attributes to the explanatory commentaries of my cabinet on the Vienna note the impossibilities in which France and England found themselves to recommend its adoption to the Porte. But your majesty may be able to call to mind that our commentaries followed, and did not precede, the non-acceptation, pure and simple, of the note; and I think that the powers, if they really desired peace, were bound to demand as a preliminary that adoption pure and simple, instead of permitting the Porte to modify what we had adopted without change. Moreover, if any part of our commentaries was of a nature to give rise to difficulties, I offered at Olmutz a satisfactory solution, which appeared such to Austria and Prussia. Unhappily, in the interval, a portion of the Anglo-French fleet had already entered the Dardanelles, under the pretext of protecting there the life and property of English and French subjects; and, to allow the whole fleet to enter without violating the treaty of 1841, it was necessary that war should be declared by the Ottoman government. It is my opinion, that if France and England had desired peace as I did, they should at all cost have prevented this declaration of war, or when war was declared, at least have acted so as to keep it within the narrow bounds which I desired to trace for it on the Danube, so that I should not have been forcibly torn away from the purely defensive system it was my intention to follow. But from the moment the Turks were allowed to attack our Asiatic territory, to storm one of our frontier posts (even before the term fixed for the commencement of hostilities), to blockade Ak-haltziek, and to devastate the province of

Armenia—from the moment it was left free to the Ottoman fleet to convey troops; arms, and ammunition to our coasts, could it be reasonably expected that we should wait the result of such an attempt? Was it not to be supposed that we should do everything in our power to forestall it? The affair of Sinope was the consequence—the forced consequence—of the attitude adopted by the two powers; and the event surely could not appear to them unexpected. I had declared my wish to remain on the defensive; but before the explosion of the war, as long as my honour and interests allowed me, as long as it remained within certain limits. Was that done which ought to have been done to prevent those limits from being passed? If the part of spectator, or even of mediator, did not suffice for your majesty, and you desired to be the armed auxiliary of our enemies, then, sire, it would have been more worthy of you to have told me so beforehand, by declaring war to me. Then every one would have known his part. But is it equitable to charge us with criminality after an act which nothing was done to prevent? If the cannon-shots reverberating from Sinope were painful in the hearts of all those who in France and England entertain the lively sentiment of national dignity, does your majesty suppose that the menacing presence of the 3000 guns you speak of, and the noise of their entrance into the Black Sea, are facts without an echo in the heart of the nation which I have the honour to defend? I learn from you for the first time—as the verbal declaration made to me here did not mention it—that at the same time they protected the provisioning of the Turkish troops on their own territory, the two powers have resolved to forbid us the navigation of the Black Sea; that is to say, apparently, the right of provisioning our own coasts. I leave it to your majesty to consider if that is, as you say, to facilitate the conclusion of peace, and if, in the alternative of which I am placed, I am allowed to discuss—to examine for a moment—your proposition of an armistice, of the immediate evacuation of the principalities, of negotiating with the Porte a convention to be submitted to a conference of the four powers—would you, sire, yourself, if you were in my place, accept such a position? Would your national spirit permit you to do so? I boldly say No. Grant to me, then, the right to think as you do. Whatever your majesty may decide, it is not threats that will make me give in. My confidence is in God and in my right; and Russia, I will guarantee it, will know how to show herself in 1854 what she was in 1812.

“If, however, your majesty, less indifferent to my honour, should return to our pro-

gramme—if you will offer me a cordial hand, as I now offer mine to you at this last moment—I will willingly forget how offensive the past has been to my feelings. Then, sire, —but then only—we may discuss, and perhaps come to an understanding. Let your fleet confine itself to the prevention of the Turks taking new forces to the theatre of war. I willingly promise they shall have nothing to fear from attempts of mine. Let them send me a negotiator, and I will give him a fitting reception. My conditions are known at Vienna; they are the only basis upon which I can treat.

“I beg of your majesty to believe in the sincerity of the sentiments with which I am, sire,

“Your majesty’s good friend,
“NICHOLAS.”

This letter to the Emperor Napoleon was followed by another irate production of the czar, in the form of a manifesto, which, as it produced an immense effect upon Russia, and the members of the Greek Church in Turkey, we give.

“We Nicholas, Autocrat and Emperor of all the Russias, &c. &c.

“We have already informed our beloved and faithful subjects of the progress of our disagreement with the Ottoman Porte. Since then, although hostilities have commenced, we have not ceased to wish—as we still wish—the cessation of bloodshed. We retained even the hope that reflection and time would convince the Turkish government of its misconceptions, engendered by treacherous instigations, in which our just demands—founded on treaties—have been represented as attempts at its independence, veiling intentions of aggrandisement. Vain, however, have been our expectations thus far. The English and French governments have sided with Turkey, and the appearance of the combined fleets off Constantinople served as a further incentive to its obstinacy; and now have the Western powers, without previously declaring war, sent their fleets into the Black Sea, proclaiming their intention to protect the Turks, to prevent the free navigation of our vessels of war for the defence of our coasts. After a course of proceeding so unheard of among civilised nations, we recalled our ambassadors from England and France, and have broken off all political intercourse with these powers. Thus England and France have sided with the enemies of Christianity against Russia, combating for the orthodox faith. But Russia will not betray her holy mission; and, if enemies infringe her frontiers, we are ready to meet them with the firmness bequeathed to us by our forefathers. Are we not still the same Russian nation to

whose exploits the memorable year of 1812 bears witness?—May the Almighty assist us to prove this by deeds! With this hope—combating for our persecuted brethren, followers of the faith of Christ—with one accord let all Russia exclaim: ‘O Lord, our Redeemer, whom shall we fear? May God be glorified, and his enemies be scattered!’”

To both these documents an able refutation was given by the French minister for foreign affairs in what is called, in political parlance, a diplomatic circular. The animadversions of the French minister were eloquent and cutting, but betraying some mortification that his reliance on the Emperor of Russia's *moderation* was disappointed. It is at once amusing and painful to read the recognition of the czar's great services to the cause of order, and his extreme moderation, in the despatches and circulars of the French minister, and compare them with the recorded conversations of her majesty's ambassador at St. Petersburg. What services did the czar ever render to the cause of order? Did he not throw the two great eastern empires of Turkey and Persia into repeated disorder by his aggressions? Did he not rob and trample upon the people of the Danubian provinces whenever it suited his purposes? Did he not tread out the last glimmering spark of liberty in Poland? Did he not aid Austria to carry fire and devastation upon the free and happy homes of Hungary, and there quench liberty and order in the blood of their bravest defenders? There lived no man in Europe, while he lived, from whom freedom and order might demand such extensive reparation. It is with shame, then, we read of Sir G. H. Seymour reminding his imperial majesty of his well-known moderation, which he always maintained, and perceive such men as Drouyn de Lhuys complimenting him for the services he rendered to Europe in supporting it against what were really efforts for its own emancipation from civil and ecclesiastical bondage. There were parties and public men in Europe, in 1848-9, whose objects and proceedings were anarchical and unholy; but the mass of the European population sought for liberal and enlightened government, and used their victories with moderation. The re-actionaries and despots neither imitated the moderation of the people, nor proposed to themselves righteous or honourable ends. Never in the history of nations was political perfidy more shamelessly perpetrated than in the conduct of the courts and governments of Europe in the re-actionary policy of which the great autocrat was the main support. It is no wonder that Drouyn de Lhuys should ultimately retire from his post, overreached by both Austria and Russia, whom he trusted, and after having perverted his own great talents

and abused the position and interests of his country by a temporising policy, dictated by his despotic sympathies, as evinced in the circular we give below. It is necessary to call the attention of our readers thus early to the bias of this statesman's mind, because of the important and injurious part played by him in the tedious negotiations by which the progress of the war, and the success of the allies, were impeded; while, at the same time, we give him credit for his exposure of the czar's sophisms, and his eloquent denunciation of the czar's hypocrisy.

“Paris, March 5, 1854.

“SIR,—You are now cognisant of the answer of the Emperor Nicholas to the letter of the Emperor Napoleon, and you have also read the manifesto which the former sovereign has addressed to his people. The publication of these two documents has destroyed the last hope which might have been placed upon the wisdom of the cabinet of St. Petersburg; and that same hand which had acquired honour by the support it had held forth to Europe, shaken to its foundations, now opens the way to passion and chances. The government of the emperor is deeply afflicted at the inutility of its efforts, and the ill-success of its moderation; but on the eve of the great struggle which he has not desired, and which the patriotism of the French nation will enable him to assist, he feels it necessary once more to disavow responsibility for results, and to place its whole weight upon that power which will have to account for it in history, and to God.

“In addressing the Emperor of Russia in terms in which the utmost conciliation was united with the most noble frankness, his imperial majesty was desirous of clearing the question of all the absurdities which kept the world in suspense between peace and war; and endeavoured so to arrange it as that there might be no offence given to the dignity of any one. Instead of acting upon a similar principle, and accepting the hand extended to him, the Emperor Nicholas preferred to recur to facts upon which Europe had definitively pronounced an opinion, and to represent himself as having had to contend, from the commencement of a crisis provoked by his government, with a preconceived and systematic system of hostility, which was fatally calculated to bring about that state of things which has happened. It is not my voice, sir, it is that of Europe which replies, that never, at any period, did an imprudent policy meet with adversaries more calm and more patient in their resistance to designs which their judgment pronounced to be unjust.

“I will not go back to past events, upon which such full light has been thrown; but I must

once more repeat that it is no longer allowable to assimilate the dispute between the Latins and the Greeks about the Holy Sepulchre, with the claim now put forward. The question was arranged from the commencement of Prince Menschikoff's visit to Constantinople; and it is the claim which that ambassador raised upon one point, when he had obtained satisfaction upon another, which has aroused the whole world, and inspired all the cabinets with the same desires for caution and conciliation.

"Is it necessary to enumerate all the attempts, the failure of which is only attributable to an invincible obstinacy? Nobody is ignorant of them; and there is nobody that is not aware that if decisive demonstrations were made during the progress of negotiations, each one of them was preceded by an aggressive act on the part of Russia.

"I will only recall to recollection the fact that if the French squadron, at the end of March, anchored in the bay of Salamis, it was because since the month of January there had been an immense assemblage of troops in Bessarabia. If the naval forces of France and England had approached the Dardanelles, where they only arrived in the month of June, it was because a Russian army was encamped upon the banks of the Pruth, and because the resolution to cross that river had been taken, and had been effectually announced since the 1st of May. If, at a later period, our fleets were at Constantinople, it was because cannon resounded on the Danube; and, in short, if they entered the Black Sea, it was because, contrary to the promise of acting upon the defensive, Russian vessels had left Sebastopol to destroy the Turkish vessels at anchor in the port of Sinope. Every step which we took in concurrence with England in the East had peace for its object, and we did not desire to interfere between the belligerent parties. Every day, on the contrary, Russia advanced openly towards war. Assuredly, if there were two powers unlikely to coincide with France and Great Britain in a conflict with Russia, these powers were Austria and Prussia. You know, sir, that the principles by which we are actuated are known, and that Europe, constituted as a jury, has pronounced a solemn verdict upon pretensions and acts of which no apology—however high the name from which it may now emanate—can change the character. Thus, the dispute is not between France and England assisting the Porte, and Russia; it is between Russia and every state which has a respect for what is right, and whose opinion and whose interest must compel it to support the good cause.

"I therefore confidently contrast the unanimity of the great cabinets with that appeal to the recollections of 1812, addressed to a sovereign who had just made a honourable

and powerful effort at conciliation. The whole conduct of the Emperor Napoleon sufficiently attests that if he be proud of the inheritance of glory left him by the head of his race, he has neglected nothing in order to render his accession to the throne a pledge of the peace and tranquillity of the world. I will only say one word, sir, of the manifesto in which his majesty the Emperor Nicholas announces to his people the resolutions he has taken. Our epoch, however troubled, has at least been exempt from one of the evils which most affected the world in former days—I mean the wars of religion. Now, however, an echo of those disastrous times is made to resound in the ears of the Russian people. There is an affectation of opposing the Cross to the Crescent; and an appeal is made to fanaticism for the support which cannot be obtained from reason. France and England need not defend themselves from the imputations made against them. They do not support Islamism against the orthodox Greek faith. They go to protect the Ottoman empire from the ambitious covetousness of Russia. They go there with the conviction that the presence of their armies in Turkey will destroy the prejudices—already much weakened—which still separate the different classes of the subjects of the Sublime Porte, and which cannot be reconciled, unless the appeal sent from St. Petersburg, by provoking hatred of race and a revolutionary explosion, should paralyse the generous intentions of the sultan. For us, sir, we seriously believe that by giving our support to Turkey, we shall be of more use to the Christian faith than the government which uses it as an instrument to promote its temporal ambition. Russia is too oblivious, in the reproaches she makes against others, that she is far from exercising in her own empire, in reference to the sects not professing the dominant faith, a tolerance equal to that to which the Sublime Porte has a good right to lay honourable claim; and that, if she were to display less apparent zeal for the Greek religion beyond her frontiers, and more charity towards the Catholic religion at home, she would better obey the law of Christ, which she so pompously invokes.

"Receive, &c.,

"DROUYN DE LHUYS."

The ambassadors of the allies left St. Petersburg during this diplomatical logomachy. The emperor showed a marked difference in his mode of treating them. The French ambassador took his leave in the usual manner, and such politeness was offered to him as the occasion allowed. He left on the 21st of February. The English ambassador was not permitted to ask for his passports—the czar, anticipating his recall, sent them; he was not allowed to take

leave, and intimations were made to him that his departure had better be quickened: accordingly, Sir G. H. Seymour left on the 18th of February. The French ambassador signified his displeasure at the discourtesy shown to his British colleague, and declined such marks of respect as, being refused to Sir G. H. Seymour, it might appear in him invidious to accept. The *St. Petersburg Journal* immediately after recorded the czar's protest against the line of policy pursued by the Western governments.

The circular of Drouyn de Lhuys was exceedingly well-timed, for it followed immediately upon the allied ultimatum, which was dated the 28th of February; and on Tuesday, the 7th of March, the messenger left Vienna to bear it to the Russian capital. The terms were brief and stringent:—that, before the end of April, the czar should withdraw his armies from the principalities; and that, in six days after his receipt of the demand, he should signify its acceptance. The czar's comment on this was, that “it did not require *five minutes' consideration*; and that he would expend his last rouble, his last musket, and his last man,” rather than submit. This, however, was not his formal reply; he gave none, but retired to Peterhoff the day before the missive arrived, and the only official notice taken of it was by Count Nesselrode, who intimated that “*there was no answer.*” Thus haughtily, defiantly, and contemptuously, did the autocrat treat the Western nations, their overtures of peace, their demonstrations of power, and their respectful forbearance. Austria and Prussia did not join in the ultimatum; their policy was to reap all the fruits of war, if it should ensue, without any of the costs or risks. Austria pretended that it was necessary for her to give all her attention to the security of peace among the Slaves on both sides of the Danube; to strengthen herself against Russian attack; Hungarian, Polish, or Italian revolt; and the suspicious and jealous policy of her German rival, Prussia. An official document published in Vienna immediately upon the ultimatum having been sent, characterises the demands of the allies as just, and in accordance with the interests of Europe. While, however, the czar affected so much haughtiness and disdain at St. Petersburg, he sent a confidential agent, whose path crossed that of the bearer of the ultimatum; this agent was authorised to make proposals through Austria to the Western governments. These proposals were, however, the same imperious demands somewhat changed in form; and the ministers of England, France, Austria, and Prussia, were unanimous in at once deeming them unworthy of any serious discussion. Thus was brought to an end all negotiations between the allies and Russia preliminary to war.

In order to preserve in our narrative the consecutive occurrence of these controversial and diplomatic letters and documents, we have carried our readers some way into the month of March, whereas the combatants on the fields of war were left shut up in the snows of winter, except as they emerged occasionally for some desultory attack. The warlike preparations of the allies we left as they stood at the end of January. We shall return to these matters in another chapter, and shall conclude this by noticing one of the most odd and eccentric circumstances which has ever been recorded in connexion with the politics of belligerent states. The Quakers, and the members of other religious denominations in England, constituting the Peace Society, regarded the probable outbreak of war with great anxiety. The Society of Friends convened a general meeting of their body, and delegated from it three of their number to wait upon the Emperor of Russia, and present him with an address deprecating war. The letter was written in the second week of January, and the Friends deputed to convey it were—Joseph Sturge of Birmingham, Robert Charleton of Bristol, and Henry Pease of Darlington. They left London on the 20th of January, and proceeded by way of Berlin, Königsberg, and Riga, to St. Petersburg, and arrived there on the 2nd of February. The deputation did not adopt the usual method of foreigners who seek a communication with the emperor; instead of applying through their own ambassador, they at once made application to Count Nesselrode, who most courteously received them. The Friends justified their departure from the etiquette observed in communications with the imperial person or government by foreigners, on the ground that theirs was a religious, and in no sense a political mission, and therefore they made no use of courtly media in approaching the chief of the grand chancellerie and the emperor. Possibly the shrewd Friends divined that neither the government at home, nor the ambassador at St. Petersburg, were very favourable to their undertaking. On the 10th of February, the deputation was introduced by Count Nesselrode to his majesty, who received them standing, although at the time ill with the gout. The address was then read, and was as follows:—

“*To NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.*

“May it please the Emperor,—We, the undersigned members of a meeting representing the religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, in Great Britain, venture to approach the imperial presence under a deep conviction of religious duty, and in the constraining love of Christ our Saviour.

“We are, moreover, encouraged so to do by the many proofs of condescension and Christian

kindness manifested by thy late illustrious brother, the Emperor Alexander, as well as by thy honoured mother, to some of our brethren in religious profession.

"It is well known that, apart from all political considerations, we have, as a Christian Church, uniformly upheld a testimony against all war, on the simple ground that it is utterly condemned by the precepts of Christianity, as well as altogether incompatible with the spirit of its Divine Founder, who is emphatically styled the 'Prince of Peace.' This conviction we have repeatedly pressed upon our own rulers; and often, in the language of bold but respectful remonstrance, have we urged upon them the maintenance of peace as the true policy, as well as manifest duty of a Christian government.

"And now, O great prince, permit us to express the sorrow which fills our hearts as Christians and as men, in contemplating the probability of war in any portion of the continent of Europe. Deeply to be deplored would it be, were that peace (which to a large extent has happily prevailed for so many years) exchanged for the unspeakable horrors of war, with all its attendant moral and physical suffering.

"It is not our business, nor do we presume to offer any opinion upon the questions now at issue between the imperial government of Russia and that of any other country; but, estimating the exalted position in which Divine Providence has placed thee, and the solemn responsibilities devolving upon thee, not only as an earthly potentate, but also as a believer in that Gospel which proclaims 'Peace on earth and good-will toward man;' we implore Him by whom 'kings reign and princes decree justice,' so to influence thy heart and to direct thy counsels, at this momentous crisis, that thou mayest practically exhibit to the nations, and even to those who do not profess the 'like precious faith,' the efficacy of the Gospel of Christ, and the universal application of his command, 'Love your enemies: bless them that curse you: do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father, which is in heaven.'

"The more fully the Christian is persuaded of the justice of his own cause, the greater his magnanimity in the exercise of forbearance. May the Lord make thee the honoured instrument of exemplifying this true nobility, thereby securing to thyself and to thy vast dominions that true glory and those rich blessings which could never result from the most successful appeal to arms.

"Thus, O mighty prince, may the miseries and devastations of war be averted; and in that solemn day when 'every one of us shall

give account of himself to God,' may the benediction of the Redeemer apply to thee:— 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God:' and mayest thou be permitted, through a Saviour's love, to exchange an earthly for a heavenly crown, 'a crown of glory which fadeth not away.'

[The signatures follow.]

"London, 11th of First month, 1854."

The emperor listened with the most serious interest to these plain, pious, and impressive words. He seemed especially affected by the reference to his mother, and nodded assent to the expression concerning his predecessor, Alexander's, good-will to the Friends. Indeed, his whole manner was urbane and even respectful. These simple, upright, honest men, commanded from the haughty arbiter of the fate of nations a respect which generals, and nobles, and kings could not win, even from his courtesy. The impression of the deputation was, that he was not uninfluenced by what was addressed to him; and the harshness, so often characteristic of his countenance, gave way to a bland kindness, while his voice, naturally commanding and severe, was filled with suavity. He detained the delegates some time in conversation, and gave them what he termed "an explanation of his differences with their government." The Friends afterwards noted down what was addressed to them, and compared these notes, which were as nearly as possible as follows:—

"We received the blessings of Christianity from the Greek empire; and this has established and maintained ever since a link of connection, both moral and religious, between Russia and that power. The ties that have thus united the two countries have subsisted for 900 years, and were not severed by the conquest of Russia by the Tartars; and when, at a later period, our country succeeded in shaking off that yoke, and the Greek empire, in its turn, fell under the sway of the Turks, we still continued to take a lively interest in the welfare of our co-religionists there; and when Russia became powerful enough to resist the Turks, and to dictate the terms of peace, we paid particular attention to the well-being of the Greek Church, and procured the insertion, in successive treaties, of most important articles in her favour. I have myself acted as my predecessors had done, and the treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, was as explicit as the former ones in this respect. Turkey, on her part, recognised this right of religious interference, and fulfilled her engagements until within the last year or two, when, for the first time, she gave me reason to complain. I will not now advert to the parties who were her principal instigators on that occasion. Suffice it

to say that it became my duty to interfere, and to claim from Turkey the fulfilment of her engagements. My representations were pressing, but friendly; and I have every reason to believe that matters would soon have been settled, if Turkey had not been induced by other parties to believe that I had ulterior objects in view—that I was aiming at conquest, aggrandisement, and the ruin of Turkey. I have solemnly disclaimed, and do now as solemnly disclaim every such motive. . . . I do not desire war; I abhor it as sincerely as you do; and am ready to forget the past, if only the opportunity be afforded me. . . . I have great esteem for your country, and a sincere affection for your queen, whom I admire, not only as a sovereign, but as a lady, a wife, and a mother. I have placed full confidence in her, and have acted towards her in a frank and friendly spirit. I felt it my duty to call her attention to future dangers, which I considered sooner or later likely to arise in the East, in consequence of the existing state of things. What on my part was prudent foresight, has been unfairly construed in your country into a designing policy and an ambitious desire of conquest. This has deeply wounded my feelings and afflicted my heart. Personal invectives I regard with indifference—it is beneath my dignity to notice them; and I am ready to forgive all that is personal to me, and to hold out my hand to my enemies in the true Christian spirit. I cannot understand what cause of complaint your nation has against Russia. I am anxious to avoid war by all possible means. I will not attack, and shall only act in self-defence. I cannot be indifferent to what concerns the honour of my country. I have a duty to perform as a sovereign: as a Christian, I am ready to comply with the precepts of religion. On the present occasion, my great duty is to attend to the interests and honour of my country.”

The deputation observed that as their mission was not of a political character, but only intended to convey to his majesty the religious views of their body, they could not enter into any of the topics touched upon by his majesty as concerned in the dispute. They craved permission, however, to call the emperor's attention to the subject of national arbitration, by which nations might settle their disputes as peaceably-disposed individuals find it feasible to settle theirs. They pointed out to his majesty the difference between Mohammedanism and Christianity—the former resting upon the sword as its instrument of propagation, the latter relying upon truth and moral suasion. They then made an appeal to the czar as to the slaughter, suffering, famine, and ruin, which must be attendant upon a European

war amongst such great powers, and depicted the injuries which must in its course befall the weak and the innocent. The emperor, however stern his heart, must have been deeply affected by such themes from the lips of these true, benevolent, and disinterested men. As the deputation were about to leave, the emperor expressed his desire to introduce them to the empress, who, with the Grand Duchess Olga (said to be favourable to the English) entered the room, and conversed in an affable manner with “the Friends.” On their departure, *the czar shook each of them cordially by the hand*, and desired them to remain some days in St. Petersburg. They were afterwards informed by Baron Nicolay that the emperor desired to transmit to the Society of Friends a written reply. A reply in French was subsequently given, which is substantially the same as the *vivâ voce* address of the czar. It is as follows:—

“Sa Majesté l'Empereur a reçu l'Adresse présentée par la Députation de la Société des Amis avec une vive satisfaction, comme l'expression de sentiments entièrement conformes à ceux dont il est animé lui-même. Sa Majesté a horreur comme eux de la guerre, et désire sincèrement le maintien de la paix. Pour y arriver elle est prête à oublier insultes et offenses personnelles, à tendre le premier la main à ses ennemis et à faire toutes les concessions compatibles avec l'honneur. Sa Majesté n'attaquera pas: elle ne fera que se défendre, et sera toujours disposée à entendre des offres de paix.

“L'Empereur regrette vivement l'état actuel des choses, et il en rejette loin de lui la responsabilité. Il a constamment désiré vivre en bonne entente avec l'Angleterre: il a une sincère affection pour la Reine, qu'il estime comme souveraine, femme, épouse, et mère; et il lui a donné des preuves non équivoques de confiance et d'égards. Sa Majesté répudie toute idée ambitieuse de conquête ou d'ingérence injuste dans les affaires de la Turquie: elle n'y réclame que ce qu'elle a le droit de demander en vertu des traités explicites conclus par ses devanciers et par elle-même. Le lien qui unit la Russie à ses co-religionnaires en Orient date d'il y a 900 ans; c'est de l'ancien empire Grec que lui est venu le Christianisme, et depuis ce tems une communauté constante d'intérêts religieux a été maintenue entre la Russie et l'empire de Byzance jusqu'à sa chute. Débarrassée elle-même du joug des Tartares, la Russie s'est depuis ce tems constamment appliquée à améliorer le sort de ses co-religionnaires: elle y a travaillé avec succès. Elle ne saurait récuser ses sympathies religieuses pour eux et renoncer à une influence légitime acquise au prix de son sang. Mais l'empereur ne veut rien au delà; il n'en veut nullement aux Turcs: et il serait heureux de voir l'Angleterre rendre

meilleure justice au mobile qui a guidé ses actions. Il ne croit pas lui avoir jamais donné le moindre motif de plainte; et il en appelle au témoignage de tous les Anglais établis dans ce pays, qui n'hésiteront pas, sa Majesté en est convaincue, à déclarer qu'ils n'ont eu toujours qu'à se louer de l'accueil qu'ils ont trouvé en Russie.

“NESSELRODE.”

“Petersbourg, le 1 (13) février, 1854.”

For the reception of the Quaker deputation, the Emperor Nicholas took great credit to himself; and the Emperor Alexander II. and his government have since paraded it in all sorts of ways, as proofs of the amicable spirit of the Russian court and government. As a specimen of the mode in which it is still traded upon as a political capital, we annex an extract which recently appeared in *Le Nord*, a Belgian paper, established in Brussels by the Russian government, for the purpose of producing some effect upon the public opinion of Western Europe in favour of Russian ideas. The extract is another flagrant proof, added to the many which have appeared already in our pages, of the unblushing hypocrisy of the Russian government, and the falsehood upon which the whole political system of Russia is based. It is difficult to peruse the extract without being at a loss to know whether amusement or indignation should predominate in the mind to which such transparent humbug and pretence are presented.

“When, two years ago, the Oriental question assumed the gigantic dimensions of a European war; when the French Emperor challenged the czar, and the English parliament voted, amidst the cheers of the House, the declaration of a war which already has cost so many precious lives and so large an amount of money, without bringing the principal question a single step nearer to its definitive solution; then, three men of brave hearts and intelligence—three generous defenders of humanity and pacific progress—set out from England for St. Petersburg to carry to the Emperor Nicholas the wishes and the prayers of the Peace Party, which they represented. And in the whole of Europe there was one man only who treated seriously this noble and touching enterprise of the pilgrims of peace and humanity. He was the only one fully to comprehend the whole compass and purpose of that sterling generosity—that sincere devotion

to the interest of civilisation and progress, and the enlightened patriotism and self-denial of this pacific mission, upon which the English people looked with irony and contempt—as nothing else than a piece of good-natured Don Quixotism. To talk of peace at a moment when the soldiers of the West embarked in all the English and French ports, impatient to destroy the phantom of Muscovite preponderance, was an anachronism, an absurdity, a folly! The Emperor Nicholas was the only man who, to the full extent, comprehended this cry of anguished charity. In his imperial palace he received the English pilgrims; listened with kindness and sympathy to the expression of sentiments so like his own; and no doubt, if the dignity of his empire and the interest of his subjects had allowed him, the czar would have instantly sent to the armies of the West the olive-branch which these peace-men had brought to him. But it was not the czar who had to recall a declaration of war, which he never made; it was to France and England that the words of conciliation and peace ought to have been addressed; to these powers it behoved to retrace an imprudent and precipitate resolution—the worst consequences of which will recoil upon themselves—by making acceptable propositions to Russia, who has always shown herself ready to accept them. The missionaries of peace understood this. They went back to their homes, and then arose that powerful Peace Party which, from time to time, raises its voice indignantly, to protest against the disasters accumulated upon the country by an unjustifiable armed intervention, and apprehensions of conquests perfectly imaginary—to cry over the huge war-graves which cover the sons and relatives of the noblest families of Great Britain; to groan under the enormous burthens imposed by a reckless war expenditure; and to this voice answers—like a sinister and threatening echo—the cries of the army in the East, twice renewed and twice destroyed.”

The Friends remained some time in the Russian metropolis, where they were “the lions” of the day. Crowds followed them in every direction, and they were most popular persons. They were treated by all classes of the people with honour. Their mild and benevolent demeanour, and the obvious sincerity of all they said and did, produced an impression everywhere in favour of their Society, their country, and themselves.

CHAPTER X.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALLIES IMMEDIATELY PREVIOUS TO THE DECLARATION OF WAR.—
EMBARKATION OF TROOPS FOR THE EAST.—DEPARTURE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

"A great nation cannot have a little war."—FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ON the last day of January, Queen Victoria opened parliament in person; and the introductory paragraphs of "the speech" from the throne were well-timed, and more expressive and clear than such documents usually put forth:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am always happy to meet you in parliament, and on the present occasion it is with peculiar satisfaction that I recur to your assistance and advice.

"The hopes which I expressed at the close of the last session, that a speedy settlement would be effected of the differences existing between Russia and the Ottoman Porte have not been realised; and I regret to say that a state of warfare has ensued.

"I have continued to act in cordial co-operation with the Emperor of the French, and my endeavours, in conjunction with my allies, to preserve and to restore peace between the contending parties, although hitherto unsuccessful, have been unremitting. I will not fail to persevere in those endeavours; but as the continuance of the war may deeply affect the interests of this country and of Europe, I think it necessary to make a further augmentation of my naval and military forces, with the view of supporting my representations, and of more effectually contributing to the restoration of peace."

The speech of her majesty was received with great unanimity in both houses, and every disposition was shown to support her requisitions should war unfortunately ensue. Much dissatisfaction was, however, expressed with the dilatory proceedings of the government, and their want of firmness of purpose; and a very general discontent in and out of parliament began to evince itself in reference to secret diplomacy. The Marquis of Clanricarde said in his place, and the truth of his remark was generally acknowledged, "that no policy had ever been attended with such want of success. The people of the continent had in consequence entertained a lower opinion of the spirit and energy of the English nation; and that we were neither to be trusted by friends, nor feared by foes—'willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike.' We were on the brink of a great war, but a war which a more firm and direct attitude on our part would have done much to prevent. The government ought to have been more watchful of the aggressive policy of Russia upon Turkey. And

this neglect could not have been the result of want of intelligence of what was passing, for in the February of 1823 the French government had called their attention to it, and the public press had done the same. When Colonel Rose called for the fleet, the government should have been awakened, and the vigour displayed by Colonel Rose followed up."

We quote his lordship's speech because it echoed the public voice at the time, although his lordship was not regarded as a popular leader.

In the reply of Lord Clarendon, he admits—"It is only another proof of the inconvenience which I have seen for the last few months, of not being able to lay the whole of the intelligence before the house and the country. No one can be more conscious than myself of this disadvantage, and of the many misrepresentations that might have been prevented by publicity. *But we thought it right not to depart from the established practice of this country.* The government is answerable to parliament alone for its conduct."

These opinions were everywhere quoted and discussed, and that prejudice against secret diplomacy which has grown up in the public mind began to develop itself more actively from the influence exercised upon it by the opening of the session. The opinion of the public was also much influenced by another passage from the speech of Lord Clarendon:—"My Lords, it must be remembered that if this peace, which is of unexampled duration, be once broken, it may be followed by a war alike without parallel. You must remember that those doctrines which convulsed Europe in 1848 are still cherished by vast numbers; and they having lost none of their strength, a war now would be no ordinary war. Europe in such a case would be the battle-field not only of contending armies, but of contending opinions; and we, to whom such mighty interests are entrusted, would have been worthily thought utterly unmindful of their importance—would have disqualified ourselves when we asked for support in a necessary war—if we could not have then shown that we had first exerted and exhausted every means for maintaining the blessings of peace."

The inference deduced from this by a large portion of the general public was, that inasmuch as a war might endanger the despotic thrones upon the continent, and give the people—betrayed and oppressed by the re-actionary

policy since 1848—a chance of recovering their liberties, her majesty's government were willing to make almost any sacrifice, even the sacrifice of the independence of Turkey, if it could have been managed by any trick of notes and protocols, rather than by any prompt and energetic resistance to Russia, give opportunity for popular insurrections abroad." That the government of Lord Aberdeen sympathised with Austria, Prussia, and the other despotic powers who had trampled upon the liberties of the continent, became a conviction with multitudes after that speech.

It is necessary to notice these causes of the general disposition to find fault with the government, and to suspect it, which characterised the population of the British Isles, and more especially of London, during the preparations and negotiations which pervaded the months of February and March. The public was denounced by the government press as rash, petulant, and impatient, in a degree previously unknown; and all remonstrances with the government for dilatoriness at home, and uncertain and trimming policy abroad, was set down to a disposition too impatient and warlike. The opinions uttered by Lord Clarendon were afterwards repeatedly endorsed by Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sydney Herbert; and thus were sown the seeds of that suspicion and constitutional jealousy with which the whole government came to be regarded by so large a portion of the people. Unhappily, the popular suspicions were too well founded; the objectionable passages in these speeches of the cabinet were the real indices of the opinions and sympathies with which they entered into the war, which left Silistria to its own resources, which spared Odessa, which entered upon the Crimea expedition without foresight, and which in all the preparations for war, both before and after the declaration, showed such confidence in ultimately securing a peace without a contest, because of the magnanimity of the emperor; and such an unwillingness to lessen his power, or give pain to his feelings,—although by neglecting to do the one, and by an undue consideration of the other, disaster to our arms, and disadvantage to the national objects, should ensue.

At this juncture, the public mind was also much disturbed by reports concerning his Royal Highness Prince Albert. Much of the unwillingness of government to meet the designs of Russia with energy and promptitude had been attributed to the prince for some months. It was said that he interfered in an unconstitutional manner with the foreign despatches; that he also interfered with the army in a manner as much at variance with the constitution; that he corresponded with the foreign despots, sympathising with them, and affording them

counsel and information, such as was incompatible with his station as the consort of a constitutional queen. These rumours caused much discontent and distrust in the mind of the multitude, and made them look with less respect and confidence upon the court. Lord John Russell, in one of his most eloquent speeches, denied some of these charges altogether, and gave a qualified negation to the others, and the public impression became much more favourable concerning his royal highness; but still there lurked in various directions a feeling that the court sympathised with Russia—that the government regarded the unimpaired power of the czar as necessary to the European balance, and as a counterpoise to foreign liberalism. Under the influence of such ideas, the people became more liable to imprudent zeal for hostilities.

The omission of any notice of this state of the popular will in England, and the causes of it, would leave much unaccounted for in the pressure exercised upon the government and parliament.

As to the conduct and policy of the British government, from the presence of Prince Menschikoff in Constantinople to the opening of the British Parliament on the 31st of January, 1854, it may be summed up in the speech of the Earl of Derby, delivered in his place in the House of Peers on the 14th of February. The noble earl ironically asked—"What must be the state of that country which was neither at peace nor war, nor yet neutral? Taking the Blue-books," he contended, "that so early as the 7th of January, 1853, the government had ample information that Russia was preparing military forces to carry out her objects, whatever those objects might be. They had similar information in March, and again in April. It is true, that Count Nesselrode's answers to questions on this subject were evasive; but there were the like accounts from our own consuls and agents in or near the countries where the forces were being collected. The noble earl, the foreign secretary, had in his possession the fact that Russia had endeavoured to negotiate a secret treaty with Turkey against the Western powers when he stated to their lordships, on the 25th of April last, that he had perfect reliance upon the friendly assurances of Russia. And, subsequent to that period, had they reason to believe that Russia would abandon her claims? Again, quoting the Blue-books, they must have had every reason for supposing the contrary, particularly from the despatches of Sir G. Seymour. The government had characterised the occupancy of the principalities as an act derogatory to the dignity and fatal to the independence of Turkey; but when it occurred, did they remonstrate against it, or did they throw upon

the czar the responsibility of war? No: but they mildly expressed their confidence in the czar's pacific intentions, and that the door would not be closed to an arrangement. Yet, at this moment, they were also encouraging resistance on the part of Turkey. After the czar had taken this step, it was not likely that he would withdraw upon such language; but if, before he had ventured upon it, energetic language had been held, the peace which the noble earl at the head of the government valued so much, might have been preserved. With regard to the prospects of the future, he could not see any hope of avoiding war. On what did Lord Aberdeen rest his expectations of peace? Did he expect that the Emperor of Russia would suddenly recede from his position? If he did, it would be the strongest condemnation of the noble earl's policy; for, in such a case, on what ground could he say that his attitude of war ought not to have been taken earlier. He did not blame the government for having endeavoured to preserve peace, though he did not approve of the means they had adopted; but if they were in earnest, and if they were embarking in this war in a manner worthy of the country, and of the justice of its cause, he should, waiving all other considerations, render them all the support in his power."

Against these arguments the Earl of Aberdeen reiterated his assurances of going to war in earnest, if necessary, but declared "that he would not even then abandon the hope of peace." It is no wonder if the preparations for the struggle went on slowly, considering the magnitude of that struggle, and the delay already permitted. How the czar in his cabinet must have laughed the English premier to scorn! He had already overmatched him in his previous war with Turkey; and he rightly calculated that, while the destinies of Britain were in the same hands, he might with safety prosecute the schemes of his ambition sufficiently far to secure a formidable footing upon Turkish soil, before England could move a regiment to expel him.

During the month of February, the debates upon the impending war in the British Commons were frequent. Mr. Layard called the attention of the House and the government to the sluggish preparations made by the British government, and showed from the Blue-books, and from circumstances which fell under his personal knowledge, that the French government had initiated every movement of a decisive character, and had (to use the honourable member's own language) "great difficulty in dragging the English government along with it." To the taunts and admonitions of Mr. Layard, and other gentlemen acquainted with Eastern politics, Sir James Graham replied

with the boldest affirmations of vigorous earnestness in the prosecution of the war; and demanded great credit for his government in pursuing so politic a course towards Russia and the German powers, that the former was isolated from the rest of Europe, and Austria and Prussia committed to the alliance of the West. Lord John Russell's assertions as to facts were more cautious; but his bold denunciations of Russian imperiousness and aggression were such as would lead the country to suppose that he was satisfied with the determination of his colleagues—to obtain ample guarantees for the integrity and independence of Turkey, or have recourse to arms. Notwithstanding these assurances by the leading members of the government, it was evident that it had no heart for the war; and that it would have accepted any concessions on the part of Russia, although merely nominal, which Turkey could be induced to comply with. The bold speeches were made to keep the British public at bay, whose indignation was now fairly roused. The people at large were as eager for war as a boy in classic times impatient for the *toga virilis*; there grew up a desire in the nation to try its strength with Russia, and put an end to the vaunting and defiance with which that power marked its relations with the rest of the world. The leader of the House of Commons told that assembly that an increase of "no less" than 10,000 men would be demanded for the army—a statement which was received by "the House" with great seriousness, but which the people laughed to scorn. The country everywhere saw the absurdity of voting estimates for an addition of only 10,000 men to the army, while Russia was already master of the Moldo-Wallachian territory, and had an army in her empire of three-quarters of a million of men. The increase demanded by government for the navy was 10,000 seamen and 3000 marines. The calling out and organisation of the militia went slowly on. There was bustle and preparation; but through it all a keen observer might perceive that the government of England expected that these demonstrations would effect, without conflict, all that was desired. The naval preparations assumed, however, formidable magnitude; and never did England look forward to her navy with such confidence as she did to the fleet preparing for the Baltic. Before a declaration of war was even resolved upon, it was determined by France and England to protect Constantinople by a large body of troops; and it was confidently believed that the presence of the allied armies on Turkish soil, and of the allied fleets in the Black Sea and the Baltic, would either render a declaration of war unnecessary, or, if war must come, such a display of the resolution and resources of

the allies would speedily bring the czar to terms. Subsequent events have proved that both the Western governments, but more especially the British, laboured under this delusion—a delusion by which many thousands of men, many millions of money, and much honour have been sacrificed.

On the 14th February the first movement of troops was observed in London. The 1st battalion of the Coldstream Guards marched out of St. George's Barracks, Trafalgar Square, in order to proceed to Chichester, previous to embarkation for Malta. This event produced an intense enthusiasm among the people; and, at the same time, excited the most kindly and tender feelings towards the soldiery. Seldom do our historians depict the first scenes of military preparation; the accounts we first learn from them relate to the actual campaign, when the grim front of battle is presented. How much of the evils of war are experienced before the first gun booms over the field of conflict, or hostile navies meet in terrible encounter! Often will the old soldier, while he

“Shoulders his crutch, and shows how fields were won,”

turn his recollections beyond the battle and the bivouac, to the first pangs of parting, and the last look upon eyes that to his never looked love again. No one could witness the departure of the first battalion for the war through the streets of London without mingled emotions of triumph and sorrow: triumph, to witness the soldierly bearing of the men, as they returned with dauntless but kindly looks the greeting of the multitude, as their steady tramp resounded along Trafalgar Square, and their fine uniform and array appeared to such advantage upon what has been called “the finest site in Europe;” sorrow, when the thought forced itself upon the unwilling heart that many of these men went forth never to return, and that “the leave-takings, hopeful though heart-breaking,” were the last kind interchanges of feeling between the dearest. Where are these brave men now? Has it not been as truly as eloquently written of them—“Reckless of all danger were they, regardless of death; spurning all ease, all pleasure, all private emolument, they seemed preternaturally daring. They fought like gods, but how many of them perished like beasts? They have faced without flinching the roaring cannon, the silent cholera, the deluging rains, and the riotous tempests.” “Meanwhile, we have at home their disconsolate relatives, attired in mourning, and weeping because they are not. In the halls of the nobility, and the cottages of the peasantry, alike is this affliction seen. Many a pale young bride sits solitary; she is now a widow, and every night she sees in visions her gallant

husband's corpse; many an ardent daughter weeps when she thinks of her noble father, who has perished in the field; and many a tender sister's heart is bleeding, for her brother has fallen. And see ye that anxious and huddling group of little children, who watch in vain for their father's return? They shrink already beneath the chilling winds of orphanhood, and wonder why they too could not have died.”

It was just noon when the battalion left the barracks, and the hour of course was favourable to a large assemblage. The steps of the National Gallery and of St. Martin's Church were perhaps never so thronged by eager sight-seeing crowds; and the whole line of streets, from the barracks, along the Strand, over Waterloo Bridge, to the terminus of the South Western Railway, was literally blocked up by multitudes, all eager to show some token of sympathy. Many a hand was stretched out to the brave fellows as they passed, which they had never clasped before—men of the humblest station grasped hands in which the best blood of England flowed. “Fair women and brave men” waved their parting adieus; and tears trembled upon the cheek of beauty and the stern cheek of manhood, as the long line of martial men marched past. The windows and even the housetops were peopled with spectators, whose cheers, and waving hats, and kerchiefs, testified their interest in the scene. Many of the officers were young-looking men, and the rank and file seemed to be in the very bloom of youth and manhood, and to have attained that soldierly bearing which only a perfect discipline, united to professional pride, ever thoroughly forms.

There were some heart-rending incidents along the track of this brave pageant. One motherly-looking poor woman, of much beauty, and with two neatly-clad boys with her, all dressed in mourning, as if death had been lately in their little circle, or as if they felt that mourning became the occasion, stood on the flagway by the steps of the National Gallery. A soldier, in the first company, with an expression of manly sorrow on his countenance, waved them an adieu, which they returned; and then, with a passionate burst of weeping, the poor woman placed an arm round each of her boys, and hurried along through the multitudes to keep pace with the line in which *he* marched. In the Strand an elegant girl stood, with countenance deadly pale, until nearly the last company arrived, when she clasped her hands, and exclaiming, “He is there!” fell senseless upon the pavement. A more touching picture of affection and despair occurred still further on. A very old woman, poorly clad, her white hair streaming beneath a bonnet that seemed as if crushed by the crowd in her

efforts to make her way to the front, stood straining her eyes for some object of the deepest interest to her, when suddenly recognising in the ranks what she sought, she stretched out her lank arms as if to grasp it, and would have fallen if not caught by the bystanders, and carried from the spot. She neither spoke nor cried—a low, deep groan expressed her anguish.

On the same day, the 3rd battalion of the Grenadier Guards left the Tower, to take the place of the Coldstreams in St. George's; but as it was generally known that they were to depart thence on the following Saturday, the populace in the East-end made that the occasion for their adieus. They played the "British Grenadiers" as they left the Tower, which seemed to delight the mob, who made the vicinage of the "old keep" ring with their cheers. As they passed along, and played "The girl I left behind me," the multitude took a more sober tone; cordial greetings were expressed mutually by people and soldiers, and the latter frequently turned and smiled significantly, as voices from the crowd rang out with such expressions as "Guards, remember England!" "Grenadiers, think of England!" "Guards, leave your mark on 'em!" "Give it 'em, Grenadiers!" &c. &c.

The 1st battalion of the Fusilier Guards being "on turn" for foreign service, volunteers from the 2nd battalion, at Windsor, were ordered to join it at the Wellington Barracks, London. Three hundred and sixty rank and file left Windsor on the same day as the movements above recorded took place; they proceeded to the Windsor Station of the South Western Railway, under Lieutenant-colonel Dixon; and the scenes in the line of march were similar to those which took place in London with the Coldstreams and the Grenadiers. The band of the 2nd battalion of the Fusilier Guards was reputed a fine one, and it "played off" the volunteers. As they marched out of barracks they struck up "Cheer, boys, cheer," which evidently thrilled upon the crowds, and fired the soldiers themselves, for they marched with a most animated expression, loudly cheered by the people. As they passed up to the station they played "We are going far away," and the effect upon the multitude was instantaneous; a feeling of deep and inexpressible sympathy pervaded them, and fond farewells were heard on every side. At the station, the concourse was so great that it appeared as if the whole population of Windsor and the neighbouring country had turned out. The Eton boys and their tutors occupied a small elevation at the end of the arrival platform; and when the guards entered the train, and the band ceased to play, these young patriots raised a loud and hearty cheer, which evidently

delighted the soldiers, who responded to it vociferously, waving their hats, and appearing as if excited by the surprise with which this youthful huzza fell upon them. The people in the Park and at the station caught up the cheer; the animation of the whole multitude, military and civilians, patricians and plebeians, proved that the heart of England was stung by the insulting bearing of the czar, and that the national spirit, goaded to war, met its prospects with unquailing energy.

Meanwhile other regiments in England and Ireland received orders to prepare for embarkation, and volunteers were invited to join them from such regiments as were not intended for the campaign. Notice was sent to the provisional battalion at Chatham that 600 men were required: they were promptly supplied. It was remarked that not one man who volunteered had ever been tried by a court-martial, or fallen under military censure, and many of them bore good-conduct marks. The duty-men of the 24th volunteered to a man, with the exception of two old soldiers who had served long in India, and having just come home, expected to retire from the service: they were left by themselves on parade, amidst loud laughter from the troops and the civilians who were present. When the 71st Highlanders came off duty the day they were requested to furnish volunteers, the whole dépôt offered and were accepted, and their pay-sergeant was left standing on the parade alone!

On the following Thursday morning, the 1st battalion of the Fusilier Guards were drawn up for parade and inspection at the Wellington Barracks, by the Duke of Cambridge, the Colonel-in-chief of the regiment. His royal highness was accompanied by General Millemay Fane, Colonel the Hon. C. B. Phipps, Colonel Bentick, Colonel Hall (1st Life Guards), Colonel Brownlow Knox, and other officers. The men were under the command of Lord Rokeby; Colonel Colville's retirement on half-pay, and expected brevet, leaving the command to that nobleman. After the men had been satisfactorily conducted by the noble lord through various evolutions, his royal highness formed them into square, and delivered to them a most inspiring address. The Duke of Cambridge bears no reputation as an orator, but his words and manner in that square of guards were thoroughly eloquent: it was an abrupt, frank eloquence, suitable to soldiers, and evidently went home to their hearts. His royal highness did not flatter them, while he, at the same time, conveyed his admiration of their celerity of movement and thorough discipline. Perhaps the battalion never before presented so fine an appearance, or seemed animated by a higher military enthusiasm, although it has so often "gone to the wars," to

justify the proudest confidence, and most generous hopes of the nation.

On the evening of this day, the guards had their farewell banquet at the London Tavern. His royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, as Colonel of the Scots Fusileer Guards, occupied the chair, supported on the right by Lieutenant-general Sir Edward Bowater, K. C. H., and on the left by Lieutenant-general Sir Willoughby Cotton, G. C. B., K. C. H. A long list of noble and gallant men surrounded the festal board: General Hope, General Aitchison, Colonel Berkeley Drummond, Colonel W. T. Knollys, Colonel Colville, Colonel Lord Rokeby, Colonel Eden, Colonel Moncrieff, Colonel Walker, Colonel Blair, Colonel Sir G. Walker, Colonel Tyrwhitt, Colonel De Bathe, Colonel Onslow, Colonel G. Dixon, Colonel Phipps, Colonel Scott, Colonel Dalrymple. After the banquet, the Duke of Cambridge alluded to the services those around him were about to render to their country, and his royal highness mingled happily the rough energy of the soldier with the sentiment of a man of feeling. There was a deep seriousness about this meeting which was toned by patriotic and professional enthusiasm. Alas! some of the names recorded in the above list belong to men who now sleep beneath the turf of Alma, or upon the bleak ridges of Inkerman; and some never saw the fields of war towards which their impetuous valour aspired, but dropt silently beneath the withering pestilence at swampy Varna; and some still keep watch and ward in the contested trench, lead the perilous assault, perhaps, ere long, to add to the list of the great and gently born who died for England and for honour.

Woolwich, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and all our great arsenals seemed as if we were preparing to resist an invasion, rather than fitting out squadrons, and preparing to embark troops for a distant theatre of war.

On Monday, the 20th of February, Prince Albert inspected the 3rd battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and the 1st battalion of Scots Fusileer Guards, in the square of the Wellington Barracks. Both these battalions were under immediate orders for embarking, and this circumstance gave *éclat* to the proceeding. His royal highness was attended by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-chief of the forces, and a retinue of the nobility. Peers and peeresses gathered together to look upon the line of brave men upon whose valour the pride of England would so soon depend.

A series of banquets were given to the officers of the guards, which were attended by many of the nobility, and assisted to keep alive, in that class, the warlike ardour which was generally supposed at the time to actuate more warmly the humbler classes of the community.

A banquet given to the Duke of Cambridge, who was appointed to command one of the divisions of the expeditionary army, was especially *recherché*; and it was said that nothing so splendid had been seen since the grand entertainment given to the royal visitors in 1814. The Duke of Cambridge was at this time a most popular personage. He was regarded as a well-instructed and practical officer, and not wearing the uniform of the army as a royal decoration.

On Wednesday, the 22nd, a portion of the Grenadier Guards left London, *en route* for the East. The men were mustered at three o'clock in the morning, and although they had unrestricted leave, not a man was absent when the roll was called. Early as was the hour fixed for their departure, a dense crowd occupied every spot in Trafalgar Square. While the multitude awaited the appearance of the guards, they sung with stentorian vehemence "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen." Soon after five o'clock the band emerged from St. George's Barracks, through the passage beneath the National Gallery, and proceeded to the Strand, where they took up their station. Soon after the grenadiers came forth, without order, each separate group as it came out, and almost each separate man, was cheered by the people; as they ran along to form in the Strand, they were attended by running escorts of friends and admirers, every one eager to show them some courtesy, and to bestow upon them some little gift. When the column was formed, it was a thousand strong, and they began their march to Waterloo Bridge, their black bear-skin caps towering above the heads of the masses of people, and their bright flashing bayonets gleaming above all in the light of the lamps, for day had not dawned. As the band played, and the people shouted, many a door and window was flung open along the line of march, and many an adieu was given *en déshabille*. From the Waterloo terminus to Southampton, at every intervening station, fresh greetings awaited "the gallant guards;" and their arrival at that place was signalled by an outburst of national and generous feeling, which vied with that of the metropolis. The same evening they embarked for Malta, on board the *Ripon* and the *Manilla*, the band playing them on board at an early hour. The Coldstreams had arrived from Chichester, and went quietly on board the *Orinoco* for the same destination. The *Manilla*, the smallest of these steam-ships, and which was fitted with the boomerang propeller, was the first ready for sea; she steamed out about two o'clock, having 250 rank and file of the grenadiers, six officers, and a large quantity of baggage and stores on board. Soon after three, the *Ripon* paddle-wheel steamer followed, having on board 600

rank and file of the grenadiers, thirty officers, and thirty-two women. Last of all, and detained for more than two hours in the dock by want of water, the *Orinoco* took her departure, with 854 rank and file of the Coldstreams, thirty officers, and thirty-two women. She had also on board Colonel Bentinck, Colonel Eyre, and their respective staffs. The three steamers remained in Southampton water all night. The next morning, as they proceeded on their voyage, crowds were collected in the vicinity of the ships, and the soldiers departed upon their long voyage, their ears and hearts filled with the encouraging shouts of their fellow-countrymen, and their own lips bidding their "native land adieu," in the strains of excited patriotism and enthusiastic loyalty. It was a grand sight, not only in its scenic effect but in its moral aspect, to witness this first departure of the soldiers of England for the great war of 1854. Nor was this boisterous leave-taking unmingled with tender incidents: as the vessels proceeded out of dock, there were fair hands to wave "a long, a last adieu," and eyes too dim with tears to behold any objects but those on which love fixed their gaze. One fair girl was there, whose dearest earthly object and whose hope fell on the slopes of Alma. A mother wended her way, "with broken step and slow," to the house which had been deprived of two brave boys—only sons: they fell together at bloody Inkerman. An old man took his leave of an only son—his pride and joy: he died amidst the stench of the Scutari hospital, neglected by the country (or rather its government) in whose service he had been maimed. The pageant was fair, and there was a halo of glory in it, as the stately ships rode away through the still Southampton waters; but, alas! it was a gorgeous funeral procession—these brave men went, with few exceptions, to untimely death. It was a striking feature of this scene, that the women seemed the least affected of any on board; nay, in most cases, their bearing was positively joyful. They had won the lot by which permission was extended to some to accompany their husbands; and to share with them their dangers seemed their ambition and their solace. A few of these soldiers have returned, and since then the hand of the first lady in England has appended medals to their gallant breasts: they were nobly won—they were nobly and appropriately bestowed. A few of the humble soldiers who were on board that little fleet of transports wear now, not only the medal and clasps which record the contests they sustained so well, but the epaulette also. We wish that all who merited so distinguished a promotion had received it: it would have roundeared to our country's honour, and increased her strength.

The fine spirit of the rank and file of the guards may be further illustrated by the fact that several of the non-commissioned officers, not required to go with the Fusileer battalion, requested to be reduced to the ranks that they might be eligible. Many officers of the household infantry were absent on leave, and having wintered in Italy, had still lingered about Rome, Leghorn, Naples, Nice, Genoa, and other Italian cities of fashionable English resort. The telegraph was put into requisition for their recall; in this way Lieutenant-colonel Cartwright, Sir John Ferguson, the Hon. Captain Egerton, Captain Lewis, and other officers of distinction, were hurriedly recalled to their regiments. Private letters at the time gave amusing accounts of the sensation produced in the petty courts of Italy by the perpetual flashing of the telegraphs to the British consuls; and Cardinal Antonelli, and the papal cabinet, were at first seriously alarmed. Having vacillated with Austria—between the secret dread of Russian encroachment and jealousy of the Greek Church, on the one hand, and the Anglo-French alliance and liberalism, on the other—these apparently energetic measures gave them uneasiness, which was betrayed in a manner that amused the British and French residents.

The last detachment of the brigade of guards, whose turn it was to go on foreign service, left London on the 28th. This was the 1st battalion of the Scots Fusileer Guards. It was reputed to be the finest corps in the service. Her majesty gave orders that the regiment should draw up in front of Buckingham Palace, that she might take her leave of them there. The hour appointed was seven o'clock; but hours before that time a vast concourse of persons had assembled in St. James's Park, and along the Birdcage Walk. The impression being very general that it was at the Horse Guards, and not at Buckingham Palace, the regiment was to be paraded, the esplanade and all that portion of the park were also crowded. At seven o'clock the troops marched out of the east gate of the barracks, and consequently had to pass through the densest portion of the crowd, so that they could with difficulty proceed. It was impossible to preserve their ranks—the people pressed upon them with gifts and greetings, and after considerable delay only were they mustered before the palace. On the entrance of the troops within the railing of the principle façade, her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, appeared upon the balconies, and were received by the people with every demonstration of loyalty. As soon as the entire battalion had entered the enclosure they formed line, and presented arms, the band playing "God save the Queen." Their royal highnesses stood

uncovered, and her majesty repeatedly bowed in acknowledgment. The soldiers then uncovered, and gave three hearty cheers; and at least 20,000 persons, many of whom were standing too remote to witness the scene, caught up the cheering, and again and again renewed it. The mounted officers then rode up in front, and saluted her majesty, who returned it with evident emotion. The order for the march was given—her majesty and the royal family remaining standing until the last of the troops filed off from the vicinity of the palace. The line of march was crowded with enthusiastic multitudes, so that the troops could scarcely move along. The wives, sisters, and other female relations, broke into the ranks, and with sobs and weeping caused a deep feeling of sympathy and pity even amongst the most uproarious of those whose plaudits rang in the ears of the soldiery. An observer of the march at Charing Cross wrote at the time—"Women saw husbands, lovers, brothers, friends, for the last time; and sad and woe-worn were their looks as they rushed to the ranks, and the crowd intuitively made way for them." Numbers of young men, relatives, and friends, encouraged the men with feeling but manly tone—"Keep a brave heart, Bob!" "Never say beat, Dick!" "We'll meet again, old boy!" "We'll see one another before you come home!" was the significant expression of some.

It was at Waterloo Bridge that the enthusiasm of the multitude rose to the highest pitch; and there also the most painful part of the proceedings took place. The agony of the women could no longer be suppressed, and a cry of helpless grief rose above every other sound. The countenances of the soldiers were wet with tears, while a manly resolution was also unmistakably expressed there. Some poor fellows seemed to have no friends; they perhaps were happiest—the tendrils of the heart were not so rudely torn by so rough a parting; and yet, at such a moment, to feel alone in the world, without one to bid them an adieu, was perhaps more afflicting than to hear for themselves the cry of anguished love which filled the farewell with which others were so fondly left. It was beautiful to notice the attentions of this class of the soldiers to their comrades, and to the women who clung to them. Perhaps other hearts far away, in loneliness, were breaking for them—eyes which could not look upon them a fond good-bye, wept in bitter solitude their departure—lips which could not speak the parting word, were then earnestly moved in prayer to Heaven on their behalf! And the brave men thought of this, and felt for others. They thought of it afterwards on the solitary sea—on the pallet of pestilential disease—by the drear watch-fire, as

they paced the sentinel's desolate round upon the barren hill—as they followed where their leaders pointed, when the tide of battle rose fiercely against their breasts—and as they struck for "England, home, and beauty," in the moment of chivalry which crowned them with victory and their country with glory, or left only for the loved ones far away the hallowed memory of their valour, their duty, and their affection.

When the troops were fairly got within the Waterloo Station, the band struck up "Cheer, boys, cheer;" and the brave fellows gave three hearty British huzzas, and waved their hats, as they were rapidly borne away.

It was a curious thing to witness, the emotions of the crowd as they dispersed. The women, who had parted with those most dear to them, were the objects of many manly acts of kindness; and from their own sex received unbounded attentions. Some seemed to take comfort in this, but others slipped away as soon as possible, and sought a silent spot in which to weep. The children of the soldiers were literally laden with confectionery; and many a poor man and poor woman gave gifts of money that day to the bereaved, which they bestowed from purses as scanty as their hearts were full of generous sympathy. Groups of young men collected at every corner, and by every public-house door; and not a few mounted the ribbons of the recruit forthwith. On all hands, and from all sexes and ages, the czar came in for liberal denunciations; and we fear that the handling given by certain brewers' men to a notorious Austrian general, would only symbolise what the Emperor Nicholas would have met with from some portions of the crowd who lingered to discuss his peculiar qualities, after the train bearing the guards had passed from sight and hearing upon its mission.

On arriving at Portsmouth, this favourite corps was received with similar enthusiasm to that which had been shown to it by the people of London. Four fine regimental bands met it at the station, and "played it on board" the *Simoom*. They were received by the governor, Major-general Simpson, who then little expected that he would occupy the important position to which he has since been appointed in the expeditionary army.

While the departure of the guards occupied so largely the attention of the metropolis and the southern seaports, and, indeed, of all the country, other bodies of troops were daily hastening to the ports of embarkation; and their departure was also signalised by the generous sympathy, the loyal respect, and the hearty patriotism of the people. The 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, which has since rendered such useful service, embarked at

Portsmouth on the 27th February. Few corps were so distinguished as the Rifle Brigade during the Peninsula struggle; there and at Waterloo they formed part of "the light division"—a division drilled after the peculiar tactics of the unfortunate but most distinguished general, Sir John Moore. Napier, the Livy of English military history, assures us that it was the best disciplined and most efficient division in the army of the Peninsula. Napier himself served as subaltern and captain in the 43rd Light Infantry, which was also attached to the division; and what he relates of the gallant rifles, therefore, fell under his own observation. From the reputation of this corps there was a large assemblage of nobility and gentry to witness their embarkation, many proceeding from London to Portsmouth for the purpose. The Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, the Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare, the Earl and Countess of Grosvenor, Rear-admiral Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Lord Leveson Gower, &c. &c., were on the dockyard jetty, where the *Vulcan*, which lay alongside, received her gallant freight. Major-general Simpson addressed the battalion in language adapted to the object of sustaining and inciting their patriotism and love of military glory; and when he expressed the hope that they would not allow the old reputation of the Rifle Brigade to be lowered, an intense and deafening hurra burst from the square—it was like a volley of musketry, instantaneous and abrupt: as if one voice uttered the sudden shout, the men gave vent simultaneously to the *esprit de corps* which the general's words enkindled.

A romantic incident occurred at the moment of embarking. The wife of a private, not having the good fortune as she would have deemed it to draw the ballot, so as to be included among the number of women allowed by the regulations of the service, dressed herself in the Rifle uniform, and, rifle in hand, marched into the dockyard. She was not detected until just getting on board; but the mediation of the benevolent and noble-hearted Duchess of Sutherland, backed by that of the ladies who were with her, so wrought upon the authorities, that she was allowed to go, and marched on board the *Simoom*, shouldering her rifle, to the pride of her husband, and the pleasure of his comrades. What will not woman do where she loves! The storm, the weary march, the desolate bivouac, the roar of battle, cannot deter her from following him to whom she gives her heart. The soldier's wife often exhibits noble traits of character, and we fear too often is poorly recompensed. Let such instances as these, however, be remembered, and the soldier's wife will also be remembered when the soldier falls; and if both

are sacrificed to their country's necessities, let not their orphan children be strangers to their country's gratitude.

The Rifle Brigade was formerly the Old 95th, and their colours bear the words "Copenhagen, Monte Video, Corunna, Roliça, Vimiera, Busaco, Barossa, Fuentes d'Onore Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, Waterloo." The 1st battalion had been only a year at home when ordered to the Cape, to take part in the late Caffre war: upon their return, just before the expedition was ordered to the East, most of the men volunteered to serve in the 2nd battalion.

On the 24th of February, the streets of the metropolis of the sister-country presented scenes similar to those we have described as witnessed in London. The first contribution of men from the Dublin garrison for the army of the East embarked that day at Kingstown. The 50th regiment, with staff-colours and band, was paraded in the Palatine Square of the Royal Barracks in heavy marching order. They thence, forming four deep, marched to the Westland Row Station of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway. The bands of three other regiments of the garrison led them along the line of route—one of the finest in Europe; and vast crowds accompanied them, vociferously cheering, while from the windows handkerchiefs and scarfs were waved, and every token of a hearty "God speed" displayed. As the regiment took the north side of the long and splendid line of quays for which Dublin is so celebrated, the bands struck up "Auld lang syne," which the citizens took as a compliment, as the "Blind Half-hundreth," as the regiment used to be called, had often shared their hospitality. As they came to the Queen's Bridge, they played "A good time coming;" the bands took up the concluding line of each verse, as the instrumental music died away, and sang it. This vocal repetition was quite in unison with the habits and tastes of the Dubliners, and old Eblana echoed the shouts of the people. When the regiment arrived at Essex Bridge, it crossed, passing up Parliament Street, where the Exchange steps presented a splendid position for the sight, and from which the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs was most enlivening as the corps turned down Dame Street. When they arrived in College Green, instead of wheeling to the left between the Bank of Ireland and the statue of William III., they kept to the right "of King William," and leaving the University to the left, proceeded up Nassau Street and Leinster Street to Westland Row, affording by the longer route the better opportunity to the people to display their feelings. It also gratified the gowmsmen, who, at the front of Trinity College, welcomed the soldiery by waving of

caps and flourishing of shillelahs, and various original demonstrations of good-will, retired through the grand entrance into the College Park, and climbing the railings, continued their hearty plaudits along the line of Nassau Street, and then penetrating to the rear of the College grounds by the School of Anatomy, met the procession again in Westland Row. From the station to Kingstown, crowds of the *élite* of Dublin society welcomed the train as it passed, and a new concourse received it at the Kingstown Station. The troops hastened on board the *Cambria*, and when the colours of the 50th were placed upon the deck of the steamer, the granite cliffs of Kingstown resounded with the cheers of the assemblage who had gathered to bid them a brave "good-bye." The whole jetty, and every crag of rock, was gay with the many-hued multitude; and as the destination of the regiment was Constantinople, merely touching at Malta for coal and water, there was the more interest felt by the people—it was the direct reality of an expedition to the probable theatre of war. The 50th regiment fought through the Peninsula, and one of the best accounts of its services we know of, may be found in *The Adventures of Captain* (afterwards Major) *Patterson*." In the war of the Punjaub, it more recently won many laurels—the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshusha, Aliwall, and Sobraon, having witnessed its valour. When the regiment left Kingstown Harbour, it was in fine condition, being principally composed of well-seasoned and hardy veterans.

On the Monday following (the 27th of February), the 93rd Highlanders embarked at Plymouth. The distance from the Citadel at Plymouth to the gates of the Victualling Yard, at Stone House, is over a mile and a half; and perhaps no spot of ground of the same extent was ever more densely occupied by people than this was. In the midst of the general excitement, the cheering of men and wailing of women, the Highlanders maintained a calmness such as none of the regiments that had previously embarked had the self-control to maintain. Those fine men, with compressed lips and steady countenances, sustained their martial bearing, and preserved their order, notwithstanding all the temptations to relax which circumstances presented. The spectacle within the Royal Victualling Yard was striking; the extensive wharves which surround the government offices were occupied by the people of Plymouth, Stone House, Devonport, and neighbourhood; many of the gentry of Cornwall and South Devon came to take leave of the brave Highlanders, and it was in this position they were principally congregated. The weather was extremely fine—it was one of the most beautiful specimens of a bright

spring-day in the south-west of England. The searching light which belongs to spring, and which often makes faces and attire appear to less advantage than at other seasons, only served in this instance to bring out prominently every feature of the spectacle. The beautiful harbour of Hamooze was studded with numerous vessels; little boats filled with gay company glided about, and gave a picturesque life to the whole. While the regiment was embarking, the bands of the 20th regiment and the Royal Marines played the national anthem and "Auld lang syne," and the band of the Highlanders produced much effect upon the crowds by the way in which they played "Scots, wa hae," "The girl I left behind me," and "O, Susanna, don't you cry for me," which was played again and again with renewed applause. At last the embarkation was completed, the steamers moved off, and rounded the point opening into Plymouth Sound, amidst voluminous cheers from the people, responded to by the waving of Highland bonnets.

At the disciplinary camp at Chobham this regiment was noticed with especial interest by all visitors, professional and non-professional. They are called the Sutherland Highlanders, and their plaid well becomes the military costume. Recently, at the Cape of Good Hope, this corps rendered good service, and attracted very much the interest of the natives, enemies and allies. Major-general David Stewart says, "There are few regiments in the service which, in all those qualities requisite to constitute good soldiers and valuable members of society, excel this respectable body of men. None of the Highland corps is superior to the 93rd regiment. I do not make comparisons in point of bravery, for, if properly commanded, they are all brave; but it is in their well-regulated habits that the Sutherland Highlanders have for twenty years (this was written in 1825) preserved an unvarying line of conduct. The light company has been nineteen years without having a man punished." In the beginning of August, 1805, the regiment embarked for the Cape of Good Hope, to form part of the expedition of Sir David Beard, intended for the reduction of that place. The regiment remained in the Cape, after the conquest of that colony, until 1814, when it landed at Plymouth, and was soon embarked for North America, where, in the short campaign of that year, it fought with distinction under the command of Generals Keane and Pakenham. These were the only campaigns in which the regiment was engaged, from its being raised in Sutherland and Ross, in 1800, to the peace in 1815. The character given of the corps by General Stewart, in 1825, has been strictly maintained ever since. It is a curious fact in connection with this corps, that they occupy more ground

than an equal number of any other infantry regiment in the service.

At the same time that the British Isles were stirred throughout by the dispatch of troops to the East, several regiments in garrison at Gibraltar and Malta received orders to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation. The 55th was at Gibraltar, where it had been stationed since 1851, and orders were transmitted to it to prepare for the probable seat of war. This regiment had fought through the Chinese campaign, and has consequently the word "China" embroidered on its colours, and the figure of a dragon, to commemorate its services in the land of which that device is the very inappropriate emblem.

The 33rd, at Malta, received similar orders. This regiment has probably seen more active service than any other in the British army; from the days of William III. to the battle of Waterloo it has always been in the lists of war. The late Duke of Wellington commanded it in India in the war of Tippoo Saib, where first the great duke's renown became illustrious. It was the regiment in which, as the Hon. Mr. Wellesley, he entered as an ensign. After his decease, the queen herself suggested that it should be called, "the Duke of Wellington's own," and bear on its colours his motto and crest.

We have been particular in noticing the first regiments sent to the East, and the popular feeling connected with their departure, because such topics are so commonly neglected by the historian; and because few remembrances are more deeply interesting to many who will peruse these pages, than those associated with the departure of our brave countrymen. The alacrity for the defence of their queen and country displayed by a class of men so little cared for and so seldom rewarded, forms one of the noblest subjects for the historian's pen; and exemplifies the bold and generous character of the nation in a way to add to its honour, and encourage it in every just undertaking. The language of Shakspeare may be appropriately applied to these poor but gallant men—

" 'Tis wonderful

That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearned; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from others; valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed."

During the movements of troops in February and the beginning of March recruiting went briskly on through all parts of the United Kingdom: never did the guards, line, or militia, meet with such numbers ready to enlist. In the remoter parts of Ireland and Scotland this desire was less active than elsewhere; but in the metropolis of both coun-

tries the readiness with which recruits entered the service was surprising. An Irish periodical thus amusingly describes it:—"Those who are enlisting in Ireland just now have amongst them not only those who may have nothing else to do, but many of comparative substance in their class of life, who are urged by a sort of chivalry to take up arms. A few days ago a number of Dublin car-drivers—men whose worldly means are certainly superior to a common soldier's—threw down their whips with one accord, and followed the ribbons. To give some idea of the *animus* which moved the new recruits, the following anecdote may be relied upon:—A sergeant was, after his custom, importuning some people 'to 'list,' when one, who appeared to be spokesman for the whole, advanced to ask something about their prospects in the army. He did not inquire whether the eating or the drinking might be good, or if they would have fair pay, or anything of that kind, but simply—'Musha, sir, d'ye think we'd ever git a prod at the Emperor of Roosha?' Of course the sergeant said they would not fail to come face to face with the redoubtable Nicholas; and in five minutes after her majesty had twenty additional soldiers."

Strong detachments of artillery, engineers, sappers and miners, and men connected with the commissariat, were put under orders; and Woolwich was a scene of intense bustle and activity. Yet all this apparently energetic preparation only appeared so because of the contrast afforded to the usual quiet in our military depôts and arsenals; in reality the preparations were far beneath the exigency, and the progress made in the equipment of troops, and in commissariat and hospital arrangements, did not comport with the intelligence and earnestness of the country. The government was for "making a little war," if driven to make war at all; and the country was determined upon a bold and magnanimous course, worthy of its chivalry.

Some weeks before the declaration of war, the officers for the command of the expedition were nominated, and the number of troops agreed upon between the Western allies and their Eastern *protégé*. The British were to send 30,000 men, and the French 70,000: the British to be under the command of the Master-general of the Ordnance, Lieutenant-general Lord Raglan, who was to receive the brevet of General.

Although anticipating the military arrangements, which were not perfected until after the declaration of war, it will render the narration of the further proceedings of the authorities at the Horse Guards more intelligible, if we give in this place an outline of the staff of the army as ultimately constituted, and the divisional and

brigade arrangements of the regiments sent on service.

FIRST DIVISION.—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE COMMANDING.

First Brigade.

Grenadier Guards, 3rd battalion. The Grenadier Guards bear on their colours "Lincelles," "Corunna," "Barossa," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Coldstream Guards, 1st battalion. The Coldstreams bear on their colours "Egypt," "Talavera," "Barossa," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Scots Fusileer Guards, 1st battalion. The Scots Fusileer Guards bear on their colours "Egypt," "Talavera," "Barossa," "Peninsula," "Waterloo."

Under the command of Major-general Bentinck.

Second Brigade.

42nd Royal regiment, or "Royal Highland Watch." They bear on their colours a noble record of services: "Egypt," "Corunna," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo." The motto of the corps is "Nemo me impune lacessit." 79th regiment (Cameron Highlanders). "Egmont-op-zee," "The Sphinx," "Egypt," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Salamanca," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo." 93rd, or Sutherland regiment.

Under the command of Major-general Sir Colin Campbell.

SECOND DIVISION.—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS COMMANDING

First Brigade.

30th regiment. This corps served with honour on many fields, especially in Egypt, at "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Peninsula," "Waterloo." 55th regiment. "China." 95th regiment (a new regiment). The Old 95th served throughout the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

Under the command of Major-general Pennefather.

Second Brigade.

41st regiment (Welsh). "Detroit," "Queenstown," "Miami," "Niagara," "Ava," "Candahar," "Ghuznee," "Cabool." Motto in Welsh—"Gwell Angau na Chywilydd;" the device—the Prince of Wales's plume. 47th regiment (The Lancashire). "Tariffa," "Vittoria," "St. Sebastian," "Peninsula," "Ava." 49th regiment (The Princess Charlotte's). "Egmont-op-zee," "Copenhagen," "Queenstown," "China."

Under the command of Brigadier-general Adams.

THIRD DIVISION.—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR RICHARD ENGLAND COMMANDING.

First Brigade.

1st regiment (The Royal regiment, formerly called Royal Scots). "St. Lucia," "Egmont-op-zee," "Egypt," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "St. Sebastian," "Nive," "Peninsula," "Niagara," "Waterloo," "Nagpore," "Maheidpore," "Ava." 28th regiment (North Gloucester). During the present century this regiment has been Irish. "Egypt," "Corunna," "Barossa," "Albuhera," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Peninsula," "Waterloo." 38th regiment (1st Staffordshire). "Monte Video," "Roliça," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "St. Sebastian," "Nive," "Peninsula," "Ava."

Under the command of Brigadier-general Eyre.

Second Brigade.

44th regiment (East Essex). During the present century this regiment has been Irish. "Egypt," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Peninsula," "Bladensburg," "Waterloo," "Ava." 56th regiment (West Essex). "Moro," "Gibraltar." The device—the castle and key; the motto—"Montis Insignia Calpe."

68th regiment (Durham Light Infantry). "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Orthes," "Peninsula."

Under the command of Brigadier-general Sir J. Campbell.

FOURTH DIVISION.—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE CATHCART COMMANDING.

First Brigade.

20th regiment (East Devonshire). "Minden," "Egmont-op-zee," "Egypt," "Maida," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula." 21st regiment (Royal North British Fusileers). "Bladensburg."

1st battalion Rifle Brigade.

Under the command of the senior Lieutenant-colonel as Brigadier.

Second Brigade.

63rd regiment (West Suffolk). "Egmont-op-zee," "Martinique," "Guadaloupe." 46th regiment (South Devonshire). "Dominica." 57th regiment (West Middlesex). "Albuhera," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Peninsula."

Under the command of the senior Lieutenant-colonel as Brigadier.

FIFTH, OR LIGHT DIVISION.—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN COMMANDING.

First Brigade.

Royal Rifle Brigade, 2nd battalion. 7th Royal Fusileers. "Martinique," "Talavera," "Albuhera," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula." 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers. "Minden," "Egypt," "Corunna," "Martinique," "Albuhera," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo." 33rd regiment (Duke of Wellington's own). "Serlingapatam," "Waterloo."

Under the command of Brigadier-general Goldie.

Second Brigade.

19th regiment (1st York, North Riding). 77th regiment (East Middlesex). "Serlingapatam," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Peninsula." 88th regiment (Connaught Rangers). "Egypt," "Talavera," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula."

Under the command of Brigadier-general Buller.

CAVALRY DIVISION.—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE EARL OF LUCAN COMMANDING.

First Brigade, Heavy.

1st (Royal) Dragoons. "Peninsula," "Waterloo." 2nd (Royal) Dragoons (Scots Greys). "Waterloo." 4th Dragoon Guards (Royal Irish). "Peninsula." 5th Dragoon Guards (commonly called Green Horse). "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Toulouse," "Peninsula." 6th Dragoons (Inniskillens). "Waterloo."

Under the command of Brigadier-general the Hon. J. Scarlett.

Second Brigade, Light.

4th Light Dragoons (Queen's own). "Talavera," "Albuhera," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Afghanistan," "Ghuznee." 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. "Leswarree," "Hindostan." 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's own). "Egypt," "Salamanca," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Bhurt-pore." 13th Light Dragoons. "Peninsula," "Waterloo." 17th Lancers.

Under the command of Major-general the Earl of Cardigan.

We have marked the names of the engagements in which these various regiments were distinguished, as the minds of our readers will follow them to the campaign with greater interest, by being reminded of their past services and glory.

During these military preparations, public discussions were promoted in connection with the dress and pay of the British soldier. Scarcely a particle of his dress, from the bearskin cap, or shako, to his ill-made shoes, escaped criticism. The public soon became unanimous in denouncing the weight the soldier is obliged to carry: the stock by which on parade he is often nearly choked, the general tightness and want of freedom in his uniform, the indifference to climate shown in providing him with apparel, and the exorbitant charge made upon him for an inferior "kit." Out of a shilling a day, stoppages of all sorts are wrung, under every conceivable form of pretence, for clothing which ought to cost him nothing. The arms and accoutrements fell as much under public censure as the costume: the British soldier was badly armed—"Swords that would not cut, muskets that would not shoot, pioneers' tools that were impracticable, clothes in which the wearer had difficulty to move, and a stock to stifle him in hot weather," was the stinging description with which an American newspaper summed up the information afforded by the discussions on these matters in the London press. The infantry soldiers' old companion, "Brown Bess," became unpopular both in the army and among the people; indeed, everywhere but at the Ordnance-office, and among the older generals, who still insisted that as the army had driven the French before them from the heights of Busaco to Toulouse with "Old Brown Bess," there was no need of Minié rifles or any other "new-fangled" weapons.

It is to the discredit of a portion of the manufacturing and commercial community that ships, arms, and stores, were in course of preparation for the enemy, while our government was organising armaments against him. In the Clyde and the Tyne steamers intended for the service of the czar were under equipment, and were seized by the authorities, and confiscated to the use of her majesty. Information was conveyed to the Home-office, that large stores of arms and ammunition were preparing for export to Odessa, and a proclamation was issued on the 18th of February, from the Queen in Council, declaring contraband all such material of war. Through the imbecility of the government, large quantities of munitions of war had, however, previous to the proclamation, been actually shipped to Odessa, and other ports of the enemy.

The estimates which parliament was asked

to vote for 1854, beginning on the 1st of April, were utterly inadequate to the crisis; they were—

	Proposed Vote.	Increase.
For the Army	6,287,488	262,470
„ Navy	7,487,948	1,202,455
„ Ordnance	3,854,878	792,311
	<u>£17,621,312</u>	<u>£2,257,236</u>

These estimates were of course the occasion of much parliamentary discussion, the feeling of the House being in favour of a larger vote. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone, hoped by this "bit by bit" preparation for the war to show his majesty the czar British desire for peace; and expected to conciliate him by showing how few regiments we were willing to raise, and the modicum of expense we contemplated. All who knew the habit of thought in Asiatic nations—and Russia is essentially an Asiatic nation—were aware that this parsimonious war-making would have a contrary effect: the czar understood it as a token of a commercial disgust to war, and a dread of adding to the national debt, and he was encouraged to proceed. That such was the feeling at St. Petersburg private letters at the time, and subsequently, abundantly established.

The naval preparations for the war, as we have already intimated, made better progress than those of the army. A fleet was fitted out, the most magnificent the world ever saw, and was committed to the command of Vice-admiral Sir Charles Napier. Rear-admirals Chads and Plumridge were also appointed to important commands under Sir Charles. This fleet was exercised daily off Portsmouth by Admiral Chads, especially in gunnery, who had obtained great celebrity in that department of a naval officer's qualifications. The Russian fleets had paraded about the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland the preceding autumn, and the usual boastings were heard through the Russo-German organs of the press, and from the friends of Russia in the London clubs. In consequence of these boastings, the public were very anxious for the dispatch of the Baltic fleet as early as possible in the spring, and the 11th of March was fixed upon. On the 7th, a grand banquet was given to Sir Charles Napier by the members of the Reform Club. It was given in the coffee-house of the club-room, in Pall Mall, which only afforded accommodation for 200 persons. The members of the club, however, who could not obtain seats at the dinner-table, crowded the ante-rooms and the approaches to the coffee-room, in order to hear the addresses. The flags of England, France, and Turkey, were tastefully blended around the room. There was a large assemblage of persons outside the club, who greeted the arrival of distinguished individuals

with hearty applause; but the favourites were Sir Charles Napier and Lord Palmerston, who, perhaps, were never before greeted by the populace so fervently. The latter member of the club took the chair. He was supported by political names of eminence, and of some who deserved eminence:—Sir W. Molesworth, M.P.; Mr. Peto, M.P.; Admiral Berkeley, M.P.; M. Musurus, the Turkish Minister; Namik Pasha; Mr. Olievera, M.P.; the Hon. W. Cooper, M.P.; Sir J. Lillie. The Vice-chairs were occupied by Lord Dudley Stuart, M.P., and Sir De Lacy Evans, M.P. This banquet was afterwards a subject of discussion throughout the whole empire, and even in foreign countries. A tone of boasting was adopted unusual among English gentlemen; expressions of foolish menace fell from almost all the speakers when referring to Russia. Unhappily, the men who from their position should set an example of prudence, seemed to lose all self-possession, and to give themselves an indulgence in absurd rodomontade. The most warlike and boastful language was adopted by Sir J. Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty—a man who has since avowed himself to have been anxious to obtain any terms from Russia; and who, in fitting out that mighty fleet, only intended it as a demonstration, and expected to awe the czar by its display, while he and his colleagues flattered him by a courtly diplomacy, and craved peace at his hands almost in the language of supplication. The public universally disapproved of the conduct of the leading men at the Reform Club; and grave questions and remonstrances connected with the language there employed were heard in the senate. The excuse offered for all the folly enacted there was, that the speeches were after-dinner orations, to which especial indulgence ought to be given. This did not satisfy the public, who believed that men to whom the guidance of our diplomacy and the command of our fleets were entrusted, ought to be able to preserve their discretion after dinner as well as before. When the health of Sir Charles was drunk, he responded with great vivacity to the compliments paid to him: the opening sentences of his speech were made the subject of much party animadversion:—“I cannot say that we are in a state of war, because we are still in a state of peace; but I suppose we are very near at war. I suppose that, when I get to the Baltic, I shall have an opportunity of declaring war. (*Loud cheering.*) And certainly, if I have the opportunity, I hope it will end in a prosperous war, because I can safely say that this country never sent out such a splendid fleet as that which is about to go into the Baltic in a few days.”

Sir James Graham, as First Lord of the Admiralty, was of course toasted, and as a

matter of course also made a speech, from which we select this paragraph:—“He does not go forth under the hypocritical pretence of conducting a religious war (*loud and vehement cheering*); but he goes forth to assert the independence of Europe; to resist—and I hope successfully to resist—that lawless spirit of aggression and aggrandisement which now threatens to disturb the general peace (*cheers*). My gallant friend says, that when he gets into the Baltic, he will declare war: I, as First Lord of the Admiralty, give him my free consent to do so (*loud cheers*). I hope that war will be short; it may be sharp; but I hope that, with the spirit and energy that ever characterised my gallant friend, it may be decisive.”

On the Monday after these foolish speeches, Mr. French called the attention of the House of Commons to the fact of Sir James Graham having announced that he gave permission to Sir Charles Napier to declare war upon entering the Baltic. Sir James Graham, in a rambling and irate reply, endeavoured to escape the consequences of his words, by reminding the House that he had spoken “after dinner.” A scene of wordy conflict ensued between the friends and opponents of government; but the general sense of the House was clearly indicated as hostile to the spirit of empty bravado that had pervaded the speeches complained of, and the arrogant and imprudent language employed. We especially notice these incidents as explaining the indignation of the country, when, subsequently, the men who thus boasted, and uttered such belligerent language, were proved to be unfavourable to the war they appeared to advocate, and anxious to avoid everything that might practically humble Russia, while deceiving the country and its allies by the utterance of an earnest patriotism.

On the 10th of March, her majesty, on her way to Osborne, visited the fleet in the *Fairy*, royal yacht; and a scene only somewhat inferior in grandeur and effect to that which was presented the next day, at the departure of the mighty armament for the Baltic, was witnessed by the multitudes who, from every part of Great Britain, had collected in Portsmouth and its neighbourhood, and the Isle of Wight. Sir Charles had his flag flying on board the *St. Jean d'Acre*, and as soon as the guns from the guardship, the *Victory* (on board of which Nelson fell at Trafalgar), announced the queen's arrival, the signal was given from the *St. Jean*, and every ship was seen with her yards manned. Immediately after the *Fairy*, with the royal standard floating from her main, bent her course for the head of the fleet. As she passed the Platform Battery, the guns thundered out their welcome, and tens of thousands of people

rent the air with their acclamations. The salute then began, and ran along the fleet, forming a sublime spectacle. The first flash was seen from the broadside of the *St. Jean d'Acre*, and then the roar of cannon was poured over the quiet waters from all the huge thunderers that composed the formidable array. When the smoke passed away, the *Fairy*—a tiny but graceful thing, a perfect contrast to the huge war ships by which she passed—was seen steaming for Osborne. Then, ship after ship poured forth its volleys of cheers, the men upon the yards displaying the utmost enthusiasm. The *Black Eagle* attended the *Fairy*, and carried a large company of the most distinguished attendants upon the court.

Up to a late hour on Friday night, myriads of persons entered Portsmouth and the contiguous towns. Hotels, lodgings, out-houses, every available place, was eagerly resorted to by those in quest of an abode. The illuminations were on a scale never before witnessed in Portsmouth, Portsea, or Gosport. The next day, the first symptom of the events about to transpire was the shifting of Sir Charles Napier's flag from the *St. Jean d'Acre* (101 guns) to the *Duke of Wellington* (131 guns). Soon after, the *Neptune* (120 guns) was steamed out to Spithead by a small steamer. An observer graphically remarked—"It was a strange sight to see that majestic hull, towering aloft with its three decks and its lofty masts, and taken as a helpless prisoner by a petty steam-tug, which could have been stowed away without inconvenience in any part of its ample decks. The superiority of science over bulk could hardly have been better illustrated than in this case: here was one of the finest line-of-battle ships in the world lying sluggishly at the mercy of the reluctant breeze, when lo! a little black magician appears, and taking the huge leviathan by the fin, coolly places her in her position in the proper order of departure. It is quite clear that sailing line-of-battle ships will soon be matters of history in this country. Vast crowds were upon the ramparts to see this ship pass out; and the band, playing well-remembered tunes, gave to the proceeding a strong degree of interest."

The gallant Sir Charles was invited to the Guildhall, to receive an address from the Corporation; and as he proceeded thither, he was welcomed by "the shoresmen" with vociferous cheers. As he returned to embark on board the *Sprightly* for his flag-ship, the throng that pressed around him of all ranks was at once cordial to him personally, and enthusiastic for the enterprise. The pier was decorated with the flags of France, Turkey, Austria, and the United States, as well as that of the United Kingdom. Sir Charles was attended by his three daughters, who were the objects of

unbounded admiration and respect on the part of the multitude. Arriving on board the *Duke of Wellington*, the admiral and the fleet prepared to receive her majesty. The fleet itself was, in fact, but the first division of that destined for the Baltic; the second division was in course of preparation, and to be dispatched subsequently, under the orders of Vice-admiral Corry. That under the immediate command of Sir Charles Napier consisted of the following ships:—

SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS.			Horse-power.
	Guns.	Men.	
Duke of Wellington	131	1100	780
Royal George	121	990	400
St. Jean d'Acre	101	900	650
Princess Royal	91	850	400
Blenheim	60	660	450
Hogue	60	660	450
Ajax	58	660	450
Edinburgh	58	630	450
	680	6420	4030

SCREW FRIGATES.			Horse-power.
	Guns.	Men.	
Impérieuse	50	530	360
Arrogant	47	450	360
Amphion	34	320	300
Tribune	30	300	300
	161	1600	1320

PADDLE-WHEELS.			Horse-power.
	Guns.	Men.	
Leopard	18	280	560
Dragon	6	200	560
Bulldog	6	160	500
Valorous	16	220	400
	46	860	2020

Making a total of sixteen war steamers; of which two, the *Duke of Wellington* and the *Royal George*, are three-deckers, while three carry admirals' flags—Sir Charles Napier's in the *Duke*, Admiral Chads' in the *Edinburgh*, and Admiral Plumridge's in the *Leopard*. The *Euryalus*, screw-steamer, 51 guns, 531 men, and 400 horse-power, was subsequently added.

The second division, under Vice-admiral Corry, which afterwards joined Sir Charles Napier, may be here noticed. It consisted of:—

SAILING SHIPS OF THE LINE.			Men.
	Guns.		
Neptune	120		970
St. George	120		970
Waterloo	120		970
St. Vincent	101		900
Prince Regent	90		820
Monarch	84		760
Boscawen	70		730

SCREWS.			Horse-power.
	Guns.	Men.	
Cæsar	91	850	400
James Watt	91	850	600
Nile	91	850	400
Majestic	80	750	400

FRIGATES, SLOOPs, ETC.

SCREWS.			Men.
	Guns.		
Miranda	15		175
Archer	14		160
Conflict	8		180

	PADDLES.	Guns.	Men.
Odin	16	6	220
Bulldog	6	6	160
Gorgon	6	6	160
Driver	6	6	160
Rosamond	6	6	160
Prometheus	6	6	145
Alban	3	3	60
Lightning	3	3	60
SAILING.			
Frolic	16		130

Making in the whole a fleet of forty-four vessels, 2200 guns, 16,000 horse-power, and 22,000 sailors and marines.

After Sir Charles received the address at the Guildhall, and had returned on board the *Duke of Wellington*, the *Fairy* yacht with the royal party set out from Cowes. There were on board Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Princess Alice, Prince Alfred, and the Prince Consort; also the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and Sir James Graham, in attendance as First Lord of the Admiralty, and Vice-admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane. The *Elfin*, *Fire Queen*, and *Black Eagle*, were in attendance upon the *Fairy*. On a signal from the admiral, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the whole fleet; and when the spectacle was associated with its grand object, none could fail to feel its sublimity. Scarcely had the thunder of the guns died away, and the smoke dispersed, when the *Fairy* and her retinue of steamers reached the fleet. The rigging of the ships was manned, and the men cheered heartily; and their cheers were as enthusiastically taken up by the multitudes on board the pleasure-boats which swarmed around every ship. The bands of the several vessels, as well as the amateur bands on board the various yachts and steamers, played the national anthem. The flagship had her side ladders and decks covered with scarlet cloth, to receive her majesty and suite on board; but the little yacht kept on her course, threading the mazes of the fleet—the royal party examining every ship—and finally passing to leeward, the captain made signal for admirals and captains to come on board. The barges and gigs of the several vessels were instantly put into requisition to convey those officers to the *Fairy*; the admiral's barge led the way, with Sir Charles and his captain in the stern-sheets. By this time an immense circle of pleasure-yachts formed around the *Fairy*, as near as propriety allowed. Her majesty and suite received the officers on the deck of her little yacht. Sir Charles Napier, and Commodore Seymour, the captain of the fleet, were the first on board; they were presented to her majesty by Sir James Graham, and she conversed in an animated manner with these two officers for some time. The queen was deeply affected while speaking to the officers

around her, and addressed them in the language of confidence and hope—manifesting the deepest personal interest in them, and a tender sympathy for all her loyal tars. She was attired in black, but wore a blue veil and parasol, in compliment, it was supposed, to the admiral's flag. The *Fairy* answered well to its name—so swiftly did it glide about, and appeared, in its brilliant painting and tasteful carving, an elegant thing beside the huge war ships amongst which it so gracefully passed.

With all this gay and exciting array, and all the enthusiasm of the multitude on board the fleet and the pleasure ships, there was something in the spirit of the whole in contrast to that of the grand naval review of the previous autumn: on the one occasion all was holiday and merrymaking; on the other, there was an aspect of stern reality—an expression of countenance and a bearing which indicated, both on the part of the crews and the spectators, a consciousness of the terrible reality of war. An observer thus describes it:—"Boats passed from ship to shore incessantly, and with rapidity which seemed directed by earnestness. Signalmen were in constant requisition. Weeping female faces might constantly be seen, as fathers, sons, or brothers, sped away to join their ships. Even the people, who came in thousands to behold the spectacle, wore countenances that were thoughtful, earnest, and even sad."

At two o'clock a signal-gun was fired from on board the *Duke of Wellington* for the fleet to get under weigh. The scene on board the noble ship was at that instant exciting: the veteran Sir Charles stood, glass in hand, giving orders to the ships to weigh in succession; and immediately the signals were run up, and answered by the ships addressed. The shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle could be faintly heard in the distance; "and the sailors, crowding aloft, spread themselves along the yards. Soon the great sails were shaken out, swelling majestically in the breeze; the captains could be heard working to the sound of the fife, and soon the great anchors were seen dangling at the bows, and the ships creeping slowly away." As soon as the first division of the fleet was fairly started, the admiral's own ship "weighed," and made sail with wonderful celerity. "Every rope was hauled home in a moment by the silent but simultaneous efforts of a hundred men; the rigging was soon literally black with sailors; and, while the eye detected everywhere the greatest energy and activity, there was no sound perceptible to the ear but the boatswain's whistle, and an occasional command from an officer, sharp, short, and decisive."

The most interesting event on the occasion was the *Fairy* heading the fleet. By a rapid

move round to windward, she passed from where she had been lying to, and, followed by her attendant steamers, took up her station a little in advance of the leading ship—her majesty standing on the deck, and literally leading her fleet out to sea. The effect of this movement upon the sailors and the spectators was electric, loud shouts filled the air; the sun, which had been partially hidden by piles of cumbrous clouds, burst out refulgently, and seemed to fill the sails of the screw steamers, which all went out to sea impelled by the breeze, and not by steam; the sea foamed and sparkled, as divided by the prows of the advancing ships; and the queen of the seas herself was in the van of the mighty forces she thus led forth to menace and defy her foes. If ever Victoria felt proud of her greatness it might have been then, as she stood upon the deck of her beautiful *Fairy* yacht, followed by those floating fortresses, frowning in their grim strength over the yielding waters. When the foremost ships had neared St. Helen's, signal was made to shorten sail, that the admiral's flag-ship might come up, and this was the moment chosen by the queen to return; and as the whole fleet passed her, ship by ship, she wept, and bid them God speed; and the cheers of her brave tars rang in her ears, until, borne afar upon the world of waters, their sounds died away. As the *Duke of Wellington* was neared by the *Fairy*, the crews rushed up the rigging, and uttered the most hearty demonstrations of loyalty; the *Fairy* hove to, and let the *Duke* pass her; this apparent condescension of the queen filled the generous hearts of the rough sailors with delight, which they were by no means sparing in expressing. One of the crew climbed up to the truck of the maintop-mast, followed by crowds of others, among whom he was the successful competitor for the dangerous position; having attained the giddy eminence, he then seated himself, and taking off his hat, waved it, cheering her majesty, and seeming to occupy this pinnacle of elevation with as much ease as he would have stood on deck,—her majesty and all on board the royal yacht acknowledging his salute. The queen and Prince Albert leaned over the side of the quarter-deck, the former waving her handkerchief, and the latter his hat, giving this gallant fellow the honour of their last adieus. Two other sailors, one perched on the top of the foremast, and the other on the mizen-mast, attracted also the attention of the court on board the *Fairy*. Thus passed out to sea the most brilliant naval squadron that ever left the shores of England. Never before was a fleet better handled, in the opinion of nautical men; never before were enthusiasm, and loyalty, and patriotism, more manifestly and ardently displayed by the brave mariners of England when going to seek the

enemy. If the results of this great expedition did not answer the public expectation, the fault was not with the men, nor their intrepid commander, but with the Admiralty at home, which neglected to provide gun-boats and other craft suitable for warfare in the Scandinavian shallows.

When the fleet reached open water, the order of sailing was formed in two divisions, Admiral Napier's and Admiral Chad's ships, the *Duke of Wellington* and the *Edinburgh*, leading their respective divisions. Clear off the coast, Sir Charles issued the following characteristic order: "Lads, war is declared! We are to meet a bold and numerous enemy. Should they offer us battle, you know how to dispose of them; should they remain in port, we must try to get at them. Success depends upon the quickness and precision of your fire. Lads, sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own!" As soon as this address reached the English newspapers, many and severe animadversions upon the indiscretion of the British admiral were made, and the opposition in both houses of parliament called attention to what they regarded as a repetition of the indiscreet and assuming language of the Reform Club banquet.

Off Dover, the fleet fell in with the *Hecla* steam-sloop, which had just returned from a surveying expedition to the Baltic. The *Hecla* had performed her difficult task admirably, and her meeting with the fleet was opportune. She had only left Hull on her outward-bound voyage on the 19th February, and had completed her work, and returned in time to place pilots on board the fleet, and to distribute the surveying officers, who had on board of her performed the commission assigned to them. She had passed 3000 miles of sea in the short time referred to, and made the gratifying announcement that she had left no ice in the Baltic. Her commander's report to the Admiralty was most interesting, and exemplifies the energy, skill, and daring of the British navy quite as much as a victory over the enemy could have done. According to this report, she "anchored in the harbour of Flekksfiord on the 22nd, and left on the 23rd for Christiansand; she proceeded to Christiana, and carried a line of soundings across the harbour, thence to Fredericsvarn, a small port near Laurvig, where she anchored on the 24th. The commandant of that fort furnished a government pilot, and a set of Norwegian charts for the whole of Christiana Fiord. She left on the 25th for Laurvig Bay, and steamed about there; then proceeded to Christiana Fiord, past Høsten, to Drøbach, where she anchored in the evening. The anchorage of this place was found very bad. The *Hecla's* party went across to Christiana in sledges, and were well received. She

left on the 28th, and proceeded down the Fiord of Christiana. On the 1st inst. she sighted the lights of Wingo Sound at midnight, hove to, proceeded at daylight in through Warholm, Flemish and Hawke Roads, and in and out of the North, Middle, and South Channels. She left Wingo Sound on the 2nd, and made for the Skaw, on the coast of Jutland, and proceeded along Albeck Bay and FredericksHAVEN. She sounded all the way; in the evening anchored at Nyborg Roads; and on the 3rd passed between Kalskø and Spøge, noting the leading marks in and out; also the marks on the Vengeance Shoal. Then she went by the Langland Deep, S.S.W., through the Great Belt, and anchored at Kiel on the same night. Here she received orders to return to the Downs, in consequence of some Russian frigates being in a dangerous proximity. It would have been a grand chance for a Russian frigate to have caught at once all the masters of the Baltic fleet. The masters as well as pilots were told off, and stationed at the guns, in case of being attacked by a Russian of superior force. The *Hecla* left Kiel about eight o'clock on the evening of the 3rd, and arrived off Copenhagen on the 5th, having made Dais Point on the previous morning, and examined the locality of the Plantagenet Shoal, where a line-of-battle ship sank a long time ago. She found the shoal accurately marked on the chart; and commenced her return on the 7th, so as to be in the Channel on the 12th, as ordered, that she might meet the Baltic fleet, and place the masters and pilots on board. The Danish government, she found, had recently issued an order that no vessel should anchor within a certain distance of the Trekroner Battery. The *Hecla* reported that the Great Belt is easily navigable. Christiansand appeared to be the best port that a fleet could anchor in upon the coast of Norway; Wingo Sound on the coast of Sweden; Nyborg in the Great Belt; and Kiel Bay on the eastern coast of Holstein, a little to the south of Schleswig—the most advantageous of any for a large fleet. It is a capacious and most beautiful bay, and possesses the permanent advantage of communication by railway with Hamburg, besides any amount of victualling supplies, which are both good and cheap; coals are also plentiful, and may be had at a reasonable price." The *Hecla* fell in with the fleet in two divisions, "under stern and all plain sail." She commenced with the last ship in the lee division, and continued to transship the officers until her mission was accomplished. The fleet was thus put in possession of a mass of useful as well as necessary information, which could not fail to facilitate their approach to their destination, and their successful manœuvres there. The *Hecla* had several times very narrow escapes

from the Russian frigates. She was herself better fitted for speed than fighting, mounting only six guns—two 10-inch shell guns of 85 cwt., and four 32-pounders of 65 cwt.

An extract from a letter written by Mr. W. S. Lindsay, the great ship-owner, and one of the best practical judges in connection with the commercial marine, will convey to our readers a striking estimate of the qualities of the Baltic fleet.

"We have improved to a most surprising extent in our merchant vessels during the last thirty years, but I certainly was not prepared to find an improvement nearly as great in our men-of-war. I did so. Those who have only inspected a line-of-battle ship of Nelson's day, will form a very imperfect idea of the *Duke of Wellington* by any comparison they may make in their own minds; they must see her before they can understand the real strength of Napier's flag-ship. She is, indeed, a magnificent specimen of naval architecture—a thorough peace-maker; for one broadside of her tremendous artillery must tend materially to create silence. Everything seemed in its place, ready for action. It struck me, however, that fifty feet greater length would have been a marked improvement in the build of the *Duke*, by increasing the extent and range of her battery, and by causing a greater buoyancy, which would have elevated her lower tier of ports still further from the water. A glance at the *Impérieuse*, 50-gun frigate, confirmed me in this opinion. She was everything the most practised eye could desire, and struck me as a fit match for any line-of-battle ship that Russia could produce. In her motions she must be exceedingly rapid, of great length, light, and graceful in appearance, yet with a range of guns of ponderous calibre, which could be brought to bear in almost any weather. The "block-ships," too, mounting, as I understood, in all, sixty 68-pounders on two decks, must prove most effective vessels of war—giant fortifications on the ocean, so low in the water, compared to the three-decker, that in the distance they appeared like frigates; in fact, one of them, the *Blenheim*, was painted as such. This struck me as an excellent idea; the enemy would suppose her to be a single-decked ship, and it would only be when her lower ports were traced up and the double range of guns, fully charged, run out, that the mistake would be discovered—likely enough, too late to prepare for so unexpectedly powerful an antagonist, or to withdraw from the range of her tremendous artillery. As a whole, the fleet surpassed my expectations. Great credit is due to the Admiralty, and the thanks of the country are due in an especial manner to Captain Milne for his untiring zeal and indefatigable labours in sending to sea, in so short a space of time, the

most perfect fleet of ships that ever sailed from our ports.

"In regard to the efficiency of the crews, I had not an opportunity of judging. In getting under weigh they displayed great activity; and I was certainly surprised at the rapidity with which the topsails and courses were unfurled and spread. That they sailed in the best of spirits, and were most enthusiastic in the cause, there could hardly be a doubt.

"I was informed that there were very few officers on board who understood anything about the navigation of the Baltic. If it is so, let us dispatch at once, in a steamer after the fleet, for distribution among the ships, some twenty or thirty north-country skippers. Abundance of volunteers can be found, who have traded all their lives in these seas; who know every inch of the ground, and every bay and headland along the coast."

It is a pity that the advice given at the close of this extract was not followed: the information given to Mr. Lindsay was but too true, as to the paucity in the number of officers on board the fleet who understood the navigation of the Baltic. The means of supplying this deficiency were as ample as Mr. Lindsay pointed out; but the Admiralty did not deign to notice the counsel so wisely given. That this counsel was necessary, all persons must determine who take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the shores and waters of the Baltic. That sea is almost entirely formed by the concentric disemboisement of great rivers: ocean currents are little felt; and there is but little wind power as compared with that which prevails in the Euxine or any other sea—circumstances which made a steam navy expedient. It terminates in gulfs, which are often icebound for a long period of the year, and in which storms are rarely formidable. In these gulfs there are rocks which no charts indicate. The entrances to the Baltic are by "the Sound" and by the "Great Belt." Except the entrance to the Sea of Marmora, guarded by the Dardanelles, there is no entrance to any sea more difficult; while the exit of a Russian fleet to the ocean is impossible, so long as these gates of the Baltic are occupied by hostile forces. Along the shores, up to St. Petersburg, the waters are shallow, and studded with rocky islets. Great ships of war cannot enter these shallows; and the formidable fortresses erected by Russia cannot be approached by large ships, so as to be brought under fire of their broadsides. Everywhere the navigation is most intricate; and to effect it, even for peaceful purposes, is next to impossible without an intimate experience. The Admiralty, however, adopted means to lay down buoys, the Russians having taken up those which usually guided the navigation. The *Valorous*, of

16 guns, and the *Lightning*, 3 guns, were dispatched for this purpose.

On the 14th March, the *Miranda* steam-sloop had the honour of being the pioneer of the fleet in the Baltic. She fired the first guns heard in connection with the expedition when saluting Kronborg Castle, Elsinore. It was a curious coincidence, that at the moment her cannon pealed forth their thunders the upper house of the Danish parliament was coming to the vote, an almost unanimous one, against the pro-Russian and tyrannical ministry of the Danish king.

On the 20th March, Sir Charles Napier arrived at Copenhagen on board the *Valorous*, 14, and immediately landed. He was speedily followed by the rest of the 1st division, and by reinforcements.

Whatever may be said in favour of the ships of this fine fleet, the spirit of the men was still more deserving of praise. There was no press-gang employed as in days of yore; it was a fleet manned by volunteers. What a contrast in this respect to the forced levies of Russian sailors! There was an off-handed, buoyant spirit among the men, as much in contrast with the heavy, dogged, discontented spirit of the Russians. It has been remarked by a traveller, a military man, that it is no bad test of either soldiers or sailors to watch them in their pleasures. Judged in this way, "Jack" is certainly a marvellous contrast to his Russian antagonist. The latter, when he is trusted to go on shore, quietly gets drunk on the cheapest spirit he can procure, generally alone; or if a group of Russian sailors get drunk together there is no fun in them, no sailorly love of jollity. They will drink together in silence, or a few remarks about home, interlarded with oaths, constitute their conversation; and as they fall more under the influence of the liquor the oaths are exchanged for prayers, as a Russian never honours the saints so much as when he is intoxicated. The British sailor will always when he can escape ship for a "trip on shore;" but when the trip is over he is sure to return to duty. The same quick-wittedness that marks his love of fun serves him in his duty, while the slow-witted Russian is alike without ingenious resources in getting a ship under weigh, working her at sea, or serving her in battle: in a storm he is most of all helpless. The *Devonport Telegraph* gave an amusing illustration of the characteristics of the British sailor when bent upon a spree, as exemplified in some of Sir Charles Napier's own crew.

"When the *Duke of Wellington* was taken into dock last week, it was anticipated that liberty would be given to the men to go on shore—especially to such of them as were married, and had wives at this port. In this,

however, they were disappointed, and considerable dissatisfaction was the result. Many of the crew, however, were determined that they would not be baulked in this way, and were bent upon putting into execution some preconcerted manœuvre which should enable them to regain their liberty, if only for a short period. To this, however, many obstacles were presented—the most serious of which was ‘how to pass the gate,’ and ‘hoodwink the peelers.’ Jack’s ready wit, however, here stood him in good need; and the following cleverly concocted stratagem being put into execution, was attended with the desired result: About forty ‘blue jackets’ and marines having clandestinely left the ship, by preconcerted arrangement, met in the yard and formed into line. Prior to leaving the vessel, one of the men had possessed himself of a ‘sergeant’s jacket,’ whilst another had donned a ‘middy’s’ upper garment; and, being thus prepared, they boldly marched up to the gate. Here, as expected, they were stopped by the police inspector on duty, who demanded their business. Our *pseudo* sergeant, commanding his ‘company’ to ‘halt!’ replied that ‘they were the picket,’ and were ‘going out to pick up stragglers.’ ‘Can’t let you pass,’ rejoined the individual in blue coat and silver buttons, ‘without permission of the officer.’ ‘All right!’ immediately responded a mimic small voice, in a tone of authority, from the rear, and which proceeded from the aforesaid ‘middy;’ who, stepping forward, gave the now satisfied inspector ‘ocular demonstration’ of his ‘authority.’ The word was then passed, and the gate being thrown open, the ‘gallant band’ saw liberty before them; and our ‘sergeant,’ commanding his troop to ‘form four deep’ and ‘quick march!’ the ‘picket’ marched gravely forth, and shortly afterwards dispersed; not, however, without indulging in a hearty laugh at the facility with which they had ‘hoaxed the inspector.’ An hour subsequently, as one of the police constables was quietly patrolling his beat, he had occasion to pass the vessel, when a brief colloquy ensued between him and the ‘officer of the watch.’ ‘Rather a large picket gone out to-night, sir,’ casually remarked the former. ‘Picket,’ rejoined the astounded officer—‘what picket?’ ‘The one that’s gone to look out for stragglers,’ quoth the other. ‘There is no picket sent from here;’ and so saying the officer of the watch proceeded below, when his fears were speedily verified—Jack’s ‘trick’ had been successful.”

These men were not runaways; their carouse over, or their visits to their wives and sweethearts paid, all were again at their posts, ready to do or dare, as duty demanded.

On the 16th, the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, and Princess Louisa, visited Admiral Corry’s

squadron, at Spithead, preparatory to its departure to join the division of the fleet under command of Sir Charles Napier. The scene was in every respect similar to that which was presented when her majesty took leave of Admiral Napier, only that everything was on a smaller scale. The *Neptune* (120 guns), under the command of Captain Hutton, attracted the attention of the royal party, and of all the visitors. So rapid were the performances of her crew, that her sails were set by simultaneous movement, as if by machinery. As she lay at anchor, with all sails furled, she seemed as if no life were within her; the next moment her canvas fell, and she wore round with the grace and swiftness of a cutter. This being her first trip, she was watched by nautical eyes with great interest and with great pride, for never did ship put to sea in more gallant trim. She seemed a creature of conscious beauty and power. The *Fairy*, with the Queen and court on board, followed by the *Elfin*, accompanied the *Neptune* out for some distance; and when signal was made that she was about to part company, the rigging was manned in an instant, and the sailors resorted to all their usual daring and boisterous modes of greeting their sovereign. What had previously taken place on board the *Duke of Wellington* was repeated here; the men climbed the giddy top of the main, fore, and mizen trucks. The royal party received these exuberant tokens of loyalty with their wonted kindness and grace; and her majesty seemed so much affected by the loyalty of her brave mariners that, instead of parting company, she ordered the *Fairy* to resume its course, and follow the *Neptune* outside the Nab, notwithstanding that there was a fresh gale blowing, and the sea was very rough. Her majesty and the royal children are, however, reputed to be good sailors; and “Jack” is not a little proud of the way in which her majesty, and the Prince of Wales especially, bear the sea. The Prince-Consort does not share in this reputation for partiality to “blue water,” which “Jack” attributes to his being a foreigner. While the *Neptune* glided out, followed by the *Fairy*, a large war-steamer appeared in the distance. The Queen herself ordered a demand-signal to be run up; to which the reply given by the stranger was, “*Penelope*, from the coast of Africa.” Her majesty is well acquainted with the whole signal-system, and frequently takes that department under her own management when on board the royal yachts, selecting and reading the signals with as much precision and quickness as her officers. The tars consider her a real “Sailor Queen,” and this opinion is very influential in the enthusiasm with which they regard her.

The arrival of the Baltic expedition at its

destination, without accident of any kind, gave great pleasure to the British public: the first letters from the fleet were eagerly read, not only by those to whom they were addressed but by the general public, as they soon found their way into the public prints. One of these, written from on board "the *St. Jean d'Acre*, Wingo Sound, March 18th," gave an interesting description of the progress of the fleet at sea, and of the occurrences attendant upon its arrival at that place of rendezvous:—

"On Monday evening we weighed and stood out to sea. All the ships, with the exception of the paddle-steamers, taking advantage of a favourable breeze from the S.S.W., were under sail. But the impatience of the admiral to arrive at the scene of his future operations was soon evinced by a signal to get up steam. We proceeded in the same order as before, leaving the English coast; the in-shore squadron, under Admiral Plumridge, to windward; Sir Charles leading the starboard; and Admiral Chads the port line. Towards evening, however, a light wind from the northward rolled down upon us a dense mass of fog, which soon made the relative positions of the ships a mere matter of conjecture. Nothing could be seen, save an occasional flash from the position guns of the admiral, or the top-gallant-mast heads of some tall ships towering above the vapour. During the night even these uncertain guides failed; and though we, from our position immediately astern of the flag-ship, were enabled to keep station with some degree of certainty, the remainder were not so fortunate. Morning came, and with it a strong wind, which swept away the fog, and revealed our straggling squadron.

"The recall signal hoisted by the flag-ship was quickly repeated by all within sight. Mere specks in the far-away horizon gradually increased into great ships, as they hastened to take up their positions; and, by twelve o'clock, all who had not hopelessly strayed were again in order of sailing. The paddle-squadron of Admiral Plumridge, and the *Princess Royal*, *Impérieuse*, *Amphion*, and *Royal George*, were not to be seen. This morning, on arriving, we found them all (excepting the *Royal George*, which has not yet turned up) anchoring at Wingo.* The *Euryalus*, which started from Sheerness on the same day as we from the Downs, having been ordered to proceed with all speed, was here on Thursday. She is spoken of as a wonder of naval architecture.

"I give you the gossip of the fleet for what

it is worth, believing that all the sayings and doings of our naval armaments have an interest, at the present moment, for readers at home. Our vicinity to Gothenburg has afforded facilities for crowds of eager sight-seers to visit the fleet. Their little steamers, gaily decked out with national colours, have been cantering about all day, cheering each ship with nearly as much enthusiasm as their brother-excur-sionists off the English south coast. I need hardly say, that the rigging is manned and the ensign dipped, on board all the ships, at each fresh demonstration of Swedish kindly feeling. This enthusiasm for the English is, I am told, very general throughout the country; but I cannot speak from any personal knowledge.

"The bay in which we are lying is surrounded on three sides by a low rocky coast. There are no houses but those belonging to the light-keepers; and a more bleak, uninteresting spot could hardly be imagined: the weather, during the last few days, has been bitterly cold."

While the fitting out and dispatching of squadrons and single ships-of-war for the Baltic were in such rapid progress, means were adopted to embark the artillery and cavalry for the East. Captain Laury's troop of Royal Horse Artillery, and part of Captain Anderson's company of Foot Artillery, were ordered to embark at Woolwich with very unnecessary dispatch, judging by the delays permitted after the actual embarkation. On March the 17th, at midnight, the Deputy Quartermaster-general of Artillery communicated to the Commodore Superintendent of the Dockyard that the troops must begin to embark next morning shortly after six. At five o'clock on the morning of the 18th the men were awakened, and then for the first time had any intimation of the order. By that time the waggons and stores had actually arrived. Such were the promptitude and celerity of the men, that by a quarter past six o'clock they were all mounted in route order. The troops left the garrison before seven o'clock. The band did not play; and the whole proceeding was so quiet and so quick, that the inhabitants of Woolwich were not apprised of it. On entering the Dockyard at seven o'clock, the horses were unharnessed in the Dockyard parade-ground, and the harness packed into casks for each given department. The embarkation of the horses then began; and the whole of the guns and ammunition-waggons were put on board, and the six ships taken out of the basin and towed to moorings at the Royal

* Wingo is a rock near the entrance to Gotheborg (or Gothenburg), on the Swedish coast. Wingo Sound has good "holding ground" for ships in fifteen fathoms water. The roadstead is convenient for vessels going to Gothenburg, and thence outward-bound. In a south-west gale, a heavy sea sets in, but in the Fiord of Rifo, four miles to the eastward of Buskar (the Sound is situated between Buskar and Batta), in the inlet of

Gothenburg, ships may ride sheltered in all winds. The city of Gothenburg is a commercial place, having facilities by its water communications for intercourse with the interior of Sweden. The population is about 30,000.

The selection of Wingo Sound for the rendezvous of the fleet was judicious, as offering peculiar facilities for such a purpose, and as affording the fleet a position for the command of the Baltic.

Arsenal by half-past three o'clock in the afternoon: thus prompt were these brave fellows at the call of duty. No section of the army contained an equal proportion of well-conducted and excellent men as the artillery stationed at Woolwich, for which Colonel Anderson deserves much of the credit: his untiring efforts, enduring patience, kind interest in the soldiery, humane conduct to their families, and the high moral example he personally sets them, have greatly tended to produce such results. It was not until two o'clock that the men could find opportunity or permission to take leave of their families and friends, who were admitted into the Dockyard for short interviews. Seven women, but no children, were allowed to go; and as a large proportion of the men were married, another scene of heart-rending suffering was added to the number which the preparations for the war entailed. Many of these men since fell in action; they bid "a long and last farewell," upon the parade at Woolwich, to those they loved beyond all things, except so far as country and duty entered into the honourable rivalry. They wept as they pressed their wives and little children to their hearts, and yet there was in their bearing a noble manhood—

"A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart, to force it out."

Their adieus were uttered in the mingled cadences of intense suffering, and of a most dauntless defiance of all adverse fortunes. Some of the most soldierly-looking men were in this party, and among those that clung to them with fondest embrace, and hung upon their breast in passionate weeping, were truly lovely young women. There was too a considerable number of fine children, old enough to be conscious of their loss. Oh, how terrible the responsibility of that bad, ambitious man, whose lust of power, and ruthless indifference to human tears and blood, begat this war!

Large draughts from the artillery stationed in Ireland were embarked for the Black Sea, so that the garrison of Athlone, the central garrison of that country, was left with a single gunner. The whole of the horse-artillery stationed at Dublin were sent out, and Woolwich, the great artillery depot, was in a constant state of bustle, embarking guns, horses, and men.

Much discontent was evoked amongst the more thinking portion of the public by the mal-arrangement which characterised all these preparations. Horses were shipped in vessels that were not sea-worthy. When steamers could have been obtained, horses were sent in sailing ships, and died before they reached Malta; and a considerable body of troops had been landed in that place, and the transports had returned, while it was generally understood

that Gallipoli was the spot in the Turkish dominions where the allies were ultimately to disembark. The public naturally felt that, although the troops at Malta were so much nearer Turkey, yet they might as well have remained in England for any power they had to get to Gallipoli; while the transports that might have conducted them thither were uselessly lying in English harbours, or were on their way home. Dissatisfaction with the arrangements of the commissariat, although it had as yet scarcely extended to the general public, was freely expressed in intelligent circles. The hay purchased for the horses of the artillery was discovered to be of the very worst quality, and many of the trusses were filled with dust, straw, shavings, and other rubbish: a dead cat was found in one truss, and a dead lamb in another. It was evident that, among the contractors, were men who would sell their country; men who, for a paltry profit would put the lives of the troops in peril; for of course the efficiency and safety of the artillery and cavalry depended very much upon the means of keeping their horses in health.

While England was occupied with the great preliminaries for war, her ally was not less busy: the two governments acted in perfect accord. The exertions of France, however, were greater for the common object. We of course do not possess the means of giving these in such accurate detail as those of our own government, nor would our readers take the interest in descriptions of the embarkation of particular corps of the French army which they would in the departure of those of our own, in which their near relatives, or friends, or acquaintances, may have been enrolled. The French Baltic fleet was not equipped so soon as ours, the maritime resources of France being much less than those of Britain. It was not until after the allies had declared war that the French squadrons were dispatched; and at the same time a new squadron, under Admiral Bruat, was sent forth as a reserve for the Black Sea fleet, under Admiral Hamelin. The *Moniteur*, which was the organ of the Imperial government, gives a statement of the whole of the French naval expeditionary forces in its number of the 21st of April.

"The Baltic fleet, under the command of Vice-admiral Parseval-Deschênes, has sailed from Brest for the Gulf of Finland. This fleet, on board of which a body of infantry and marine artillery has embarked, is composed of the following vessels:—*Tage*, 100 guns; *Austerlitz*, screw, 100; *Hercule*, 100; *Jemmapes*, 100; *Breslaw*, 90; *Duguesclin*, 90; *Inflexible*, 90; *Duperré*, 80; *Trident*, 80; *Semillante*, 60; *Andromaque*, 60; *Vengeance*, 60; *Poursuivante*, 50; *Virginie*, 50; *Zenobie*, 50; *Psyché*, 40.

Darien, steam-frigate, 14; *Phlegeton*, steam-corvette, 10; *Souffleur*, ditto, 6; and *Milan*, *Lucifer*, *Aigle*, and *Daim*, small steamers. The French naval force in the Black Sea, under the command of Vice-admiral Hamelin, is composed of the *Friedland*, 120 guns; *Valmy*, 120; *Ville de Paris*, 120; *Henri IV.*, 100; *Bayard*, 90; *Charlemagne*, screw, 90; *Jéna*, 90; *Jupiter*, 90; *Marengo*, 80; *Gomer*, steam-frigate, 16; *Descartes*, 20; *Vauban*, 20; *Mogador*, 8; *Cacique*, 14; *Magellan*, 14; *Sané*, 14; *Caton*, steam-corvette, 4; *Sérieuse*, sailing ditto, 30; *Mercur*, *Olivière*, and *Beaumanoir*, 20-gun brigs; *Cerf*, 10-gun brig; *Prométhée*, *Salamandre*, *Héron*, and *Monette*, small steamers. The squadron of Vice-admiral Bruat, intended to act in the Black Sea, the Sea of Gallipoli, and in the Eastern Archipelago, comprises the following vessels:—*Montebello*, 120 guns; *Napoléon*, screw, 92; *Suffren*, 90; *Jean Bart*, screw, 90; *Ville de Marseille*, 80; *Alger*, 80; *Pomone*, screw, 40; *Caffarelli*, steam-frigate, 14; *Roland* and *Primauquet*, steam-corvettes, eight guns each. Independently of these three squadrons and all the frigates, or steam-corvettes, which are assembled in the Mediterranean for the transport of the army of the East, all the naval stations in the West Indies, the Pacific Ocean, the Indo-China seas, and in all quarters where the fish-

eries are carried on, have been reinforced. The French navy has now embarked on different seas 56,000 sailors, and England has an equal force."

The French army embarked from Marseilles and Toulon with great dispatch. The force set apart for the expedition was two divisions of infantry of 20,000 men each; the first under the command of General Canrobert, the second under the command of General Bosquet. A reserve division of 20,000 men was placed under the command of Prince Napoleon Buonaparte, cousin to the French Emperor. The Marshal de St. Arnaud commanded in chief. The engineers and artillery of this fine force were considered by British military men as most intelligent and efficient troops, especially the officers. There were very few cavalry appointed to go out with the first corps of the expeditionary army. The commissariat was as nearly perfect as could be desired. The hospital department was perhaps better arranged than that of any army which ever left the shores of France, or of any other country. Before war was declared, a large portion of the allied expedition reached Malta,—a few of the superior officers of the British army, and most of the superior officers of the French, having arrived with their respective troops.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

"Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in mine ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and lagues."—MILTON.

THE proceedings of the allies were undoubtedly quickened by the popular feeling in both countries; and just before war was declared that feeling was intensely exasperated by the productions of "the secret correspondence." The occasion by which this correspondence was brought to light was a speech delivered by Lord John Russell in the British Parliament, February 17th, in reply to some important questions from Mr. Layard. An abstract of both speeches will best introduce our readers to the true position of the matter. Mr. Layard called the attention of the House to the present state of the relations of this country with Turkey and Russia. There had been so much reserve by this country that it became absolutely necessary that some inquiry should be instituted. Had the ministers adopted a more straightforward policy, they would never have blundered into the position in which they now found themselves. The statements made by the Russian government to the British and French governments were sufficient to disclose the intentions of that power; but if any doubt

could exist, it ought to have been removed by the immense military preparations of Russia, intelligence of which was duly communicated to our government by our ambassadors abroad. He was quite willing that credit should be given to the pacific assurances of Russia, so long as her acts did not contradict those assurances; but when she was privately saying one thing, and openly doing another, it was an extraordinary infatuation that could influence the government in giving credit to her statements. He said there was reason to believe that the Turks would have driven the Russians out of the principalities before they had time to establish themselves there, had it not been for the paralysing advice of our government. It was alleged as an excuse for the tardy operations of our government that they were influenced by the desire to carry the French government along with them; but it was evident that the French Emperor was before them in promptitude, and in a clear perception of what was best to be done. It was the French government that had to slacken its

progress to bring up the reluctant British ministry to its side. In reference to the melancholy affair at Sinope, he thought the responsibility of it should be thrown upon the English minister, by whose instructions Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had persuaded the sultan not to send the whole of his fleet into the Black Sea. Lord Stratford had gone so far as to remonstrate with our government upon its vacillating policy. Although it was well-known the Russians were cruising in the Black Sea, the fleet was kept back, and the result was the dreadful slaughter of Sinope. It appeared as if from some fatality every step taken by our government was a mistake, and it was therefore the more necessary to require from them an explanation of the policy which they now were about to pursue.

Sir James Graham made an ingenious "ad captandum" reply; but the House was not satisfied, and Lord Dudley Stuart and Mr. Roebuck demanded explanations in a manner which showed that the temper of the House was not to be trifled with. This brought up Lord John Russell, who blandly said he was willing to give the information sought for, and, in a tone of much decision and energy, gave the following exposition of affairs:—"There was no doubt that there was deception and concealment on the part of Russia towards this government. Although giving credit to Russia, they were aware that she might have ulterior objects in view, against which it was necessary to be on their guard. He believed that the czar was sincere in the declaration that he was not contemplating an acquisition of territory in the course he was pursuing. He believed the object was to degrade Turkey by defeats, and to force her into terms which would lead at a future period to its conquest or partition. As to the future he had to say that, as the course pursued by the Emperor of Russia had an utter disregard to the peace of Europe and a contempt for its opinions, he had no doubt that the Emperor of Russia would refuse the proposal of the Emperor of the French, and direct all the power of Russia to effect his designs against Turkey. To meet such a proceeding there was but one course of action, and that was to exert the powers at their disposal to defeat his objects; to aid Turkey in resisting the wanton disturber of the peace of Europe; and to fling back upon him the consequences of his own acts. He had further to inform the House that France and England united had an agreement with Turkey that the latter should make no peace with Russia without the consent of her allies. He hoped the House would give the government their confidence, or confide to other hands the destinies of the approaching contest—and may God defend the right."

The effect of this bold speech upon the House was evinced by the repeated bursts of cheering that arose from every side, the opposition benches not less than the ministerial. "Out of doors" the speech produced a similar effect, and may "God defend the right" echoed through the nation. Due notice of all this was of course taken in foreign countries. At Vienna and Berlin the speech was considered as tantamount to a declaration of war, and the imputations of treachery and aggrandizement cast upon the Russian government and emperor startled the timid courts and governments of Germany as something very daring. The effect of these brave words upon the continent, and upon Eastern Europe especially, was such that the Russian government was at once uneasy as to the result, and exasperated as to the course which produced it; but resorted to a method of counteracting the moral influence of the speech, which only gave to it a greater depth and breadth. The *St. Petersburg Journal* was instructed to retort the charge of treachery, and to insinuate that whatever the designs of Russia, there was on the part of the British government complicity. This was evidently done by the Russian court under the impression that the English ministry would be unable or unwilling to produce "the secret correspondence"—the production of which eventually refuted the *St. Petersburg Journal*, and the government of which it was the organ. On the 2nd March the following article appeared in that paper:—

"We have just received a report of the sitting of the House of Commons of the 17th February, and the speech which Lord John Russell made on that occasion. It is not here the place to repeat brutal outrages, of which every faithful servant of the emperor will preserve the recollection, but which do not reach the august person to whom they are addressed. We shall confine ourselves to remarking that the parliamentary annals might be searched in vain for an example of such intemperate language from the mouth of a cabinet minister, in reference to a sovereign against whom the country of that minister has not yet declared war. What are of importance in this speech, are not the invectives of the minister, but the nature of the determinations of the government which the speech reveals. It must be very evident henceforward that the peace of the world does not depend upon chance only, but that war forms a decided element of the plans of the English ministry. From this cause has necessarily arisen that fatal distrust which in the Eastern question was the origin of all the previous difficulties, and which will lead at last to the most deplorable result. That such distrust may have been entertained by France

—that it may, up to a certain point, have found a place in the mind of a government still recent, which has not had time to acquire by long experience of former relations with it an exact idea of our real intentions, and abandoning itself involuntarily to the almost traditional opinion which has been formed of Russian policy in the East,—that may be easily conceived; but on the part of England, which is aware of the antecedents and the character of the emperor from a connexion of long date, an opinion of such a nature justly excites surprise. Less than any other the British government should entertain such suspicions. It has in its hands the written proof that there is no foundation for them; for long before the present condition of affairs—before the questions which led to the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople had assumed so serious an aspect of difference—before Great Britain had adopted the same line of policy as France, the emperor had spontaneously explained himself with the most perfect candour to the queen and her ministers, with the object of establishing with them a friendly understanding, even upon the most important result which can effect the Ottoman Empire. Since the year 1829, his majesty followed with great attention the march of events in Turkey. The emperor could not shut his eyes to the consequences of the changes which were, one after the other, introduced into that state. Ancient Turkey disappeared from the time when it was sought to establish those institutions diametrically opposed as well to the genius of Islamism as to the character and usages of the Mussulmans—institutions more or less borrowed from modern liberalism, and consequently entirely opposed to the spirit of the Ottoman government. It became evident that Turkey was undergoing a complete transformation, and that these experiments, at least doubtful so far as regarded the reorganisation of the empire, seemed rather calculated to lead to a crisis which would overturn it. It seemed likely that a new order of things would arise, which, although indefinable, would at all events destroy that which existed. To these permanent and increasing causes of dissolution recent complications have been added, resulting from the affairs of Montenegro, the religious persecutions exercised in several Christian provinces, a difference with the Austrian government, considerable financial embarrassment, and, lastly, the important affair of the holy places, to which the imperious demands of the French ambassador at Constantinople were beginning to give a serious and menacing character. These complications, which created sullen excitement among the Christian population, were likely, from one day to another, to bring about a sudden catastrophe which it was urgent to

prevent. Penetrated with the extreme importance of such a result, and having at that period almost reached the region of the possible, if not entirely of the probable,—convinced of the disastrous consequences which might result from it, the emperor thought it necessary to assure himself beforehand whether the English government shared his apprehensions. He wished more particularly, by a frank previous understanding, to remove every subject of misunderstanding between Great Britain and himself. It seemed of the highest importance to his majesty to establish the most perfect identity of views with the government of Great Britain. With this view the emperor engaged the English minister at St. Petersburg to cause her majesty to be informed of his anticipations with respect to the danger, more or less imminent, that menaced Turkey. He requested on this subject a confidential interchange of opinions with her Britannic majesty. That was certainly the most evident proof of confidence which the emperor could give to the court of St. James; and thus did his majesty most openly signify his sincere wish to prevent any ulterior divergence between the two governments. Sir H. Seymour acquitted himself forthwith of the important commission which the emperor had impressed on him in a long and familiar conversation. The result has shown itself in a correspondence of the most friendly character between the present English ministers and the imperial government. It is not permitted to us to divulge the contents of non-official documents, which do not concern the emperor alone, and which contain the expression of a mutual confidence. What we are permitted to say is, that in examining the circumstances more or less likely to affect the duration of the *status quo* in the East,—an examination undertaken from the conviction respectively entertained that every effort should be made to sustain that *status quo*, and to prolong it as long as possible,—there never was any question of a plan by which Russia and England might dispose beforehand, and between themselves, of the destiny of the different provinces which constitute the Ottoman Empire; still less of a formal agreement to be concluded between them, without the knowledge and unassisted by the counsel and intervention of the other courts. The two parties were limited to a frank and single confidence, but without reserve on either side, to communicate what might be adverse to English interests, what might be so to Russian, so that in any given case hostile or even contradictory action might be avoided. In looking over the different parts of this confidential correspondence—in recalling the spirit in which they themselves had interpreted it—the ministers with whom at the time it was carried

on, and who since have permitted themselves to be swayed by prepossessions to be regretted, will be able to decide if those prepossessions are just. Let Lord J. Russell more especially re-peruse that correspondence, in which he was the first to take part, before ceding to Lord Clarendon the direction of foreign affairs. Let him consult his conscience, if the passion which leads him astray permit him to recognise its voice. He can decide now whether it be really true that the emperor has been wanting in frankness towards the English government, or if rather his majesty has not unbosomed himself to England with as little reserve as possible; if there exists the least reason for believing that we have ambitious or *exclusive* views on Constantinople, or if, on the contrary, the emperor has not explained himself in a way to remove all doubt as to his real intentions on the subject of the political combinations to be avoided, in the extreme case which he at the time pointed out to the foresight of the British government."

This article soon found its way into the English papers, and attracted universal notice and surprise. The Earl of Derby gave expression to the feeling of the whole country, when, in his place in the House of Lords, he demanded of the premier, "Whether the correspondence referred to by the *St. Petersburg Journal* did actually take place, and whether the noble earl, being challenged by the Emperor of Russia, would satisfy the people of this country by producing the whole of such correspondence?" Lord Aberdeen, in reply, said:—"The communications to which the noble earl referred, and which took place between his majesty the Emperor of Russia and some of her majesty's ministers, were not printed with the papers laid on the table, in consequence of the confidential character which was considered to be in some degree attached to them. It has not been usual, under circumstances similar to those under which these communications were made, to lay upon the table of parliament a statement of familiar conversations, such as those described, between a sovereign and a foreign minister; and for this reason her majesty's government did not think it proper or consistent with that respect or delicacy which was due to a prince with whom we were on terms of alliance, to produce papers which had a somewhat private and confidential character. The statement in the *St. Petersburg Journal*, which must be considered as in some degree official, and by which it appears that there is no reluctance on the part of Russia that her majesty's government should produce and make public all communications which had passed on the subject, relieves her majesty's ministers from much difficulty in

treating with the matter, and removes any reasonable scruple they might have entertained relative to the production of the papers to which the noble earl refers. I can assure the noble earl that if he had not made the observations he has, I should still have laid these papers on the table, and stated these communications to your lordships, the object to retain them and consider them as private having now ceased. The whole of this correspondence will therefore be laid upon the table."

To describe the sensation which the answer of Lord Aberdeen to the Earl of Derby's demand for the confidential correspondence produced, not only in England, but all over Europe, would be impossible. The production of the papers was eagerly watched, and perhaps such a run upon the printing-offices of government state-papers was never previously known, even in the fiercest times of political contention. It was necessary in an earlier part of this history, when unmasking the designs of Russia, to quote some passages from the despatches of Sir George Hamilton Seymour: it is here desirable to place the whole correspondence before our readers, for while by so doing we furnish an account of one of the most important and exciting preliminaries of the war, we at the same time afford an insight to the secret springs of these movements on the part of Russia, which filled the world with alarm.

The magazines and journals of the day, which of course gave publicity to this correspondence, omitted a most important document, which, however, throws a full light upon the whole. It is marked No. 6 in the series of Eastern papers published by order of Parliament. It is a memorandum of Count Nesselrode, drawn up and presented to the British government, and founded on communications received from the Emperor of Russia subsequently to his Imperial Majesty's visit to England in June, 1844. This memorandum was not presented to Parliament until March, 1854, when it was given in connection with the secret correspondence, of which it was in fact a sort of anticipation, showing that for a long time the designs of Russia to use England as an instrument of her own aggrandizement was a cherished feature of the policy of St. Petersburg.

[Translation.]

Russia and England are mutually penetrated with the conviction that it is for their common interest that the Ottoman Porte should maintain itself in the state of independence and of territorial possession which at present constitutes that Empire, as that political combination is the one which is most compatible with the general interest of the maintenance of peace. Being agreed on this principle, Russia and England have an equal interest in uniting their efforts in order to keep up the existence of the Ottoman Empire, and to avert all the dangers which can place in jeopardy its safety. With this object the

essential point is to suffer the Porte to live in repose, without needlessly disturbing it by diplomatic bickerings, and without interfering without absolute necessity in its internal affairs.

In order to carry out skilfully this system of forbearance, with a view to the well-understood interest of the Porte, two things must not be lost sight of. They are these:—

In the first place, the Porte has a constant tendency to extricate itself from the engagements imposed upon it by the Treaties which it has concluded with other Powers. It hopes to do so with impunity, because it reckons on the mutual jealousy of the Cabinets. It thinks that if it fails in its engagements towards one of them, the rest will espouse its quarrel, and will screen it from all responsibility. It is essential not to confirm the Porte in this delusion. Every time that it fails in its obligations towards one of the Great Powers, it is the interest of all the rest to make it sensible of its error, and seriously to exhort it to act rightly towards the Cabinet which demands just reparation. As soon as the Porte shall perceive that it is not supported by the other Cabinets, it will give way, and the differences which have arisen will be arranged in a conciliatory manner, without any conflict resulting from this.

There is a second cause of complication which is inherent in the situation of the Porte; it is the difficulty which exists in reconciling the respect due to the sovereign authority of the Sultan, founded on the Mussulman law, with the forbearance required by the interests of the Christian population of that Empire. This difficulty is real. In the present state of feeling in Europe, the Cabinets cannot see with indifference the Christian populations in Turkey exposed to flagrant acts of oppression and religious intolerance. It is necessary constantly to make the Ottoman Ministers sensible of this truth, and to persuade them that they can only reckon on the friendship and on the support of the Great Powers on the condition that they treat the Christian subjects of the Porte with toleration and with mildness. While insisting on this truth, it will be the duty of the foreign Representatives, on the other hand, to exert all their influence to maintain the Christian subjects of the Porte in submission to the sovereign authority. It will be the duty of the foreign Representatives, guided by these principles, to act among themselves in a perfect spirit of agreement. If they address remonstrances to the Porte, those remonstrances must bear a real character of unanimity, though divested of one of exclusive dictation. By persevering in this system with calmness and moderation, the Representatives of the great Cabinets of Europe will have the best chance of succeeding in the steps which they may take, without giving occasion for complications which might affect the tranquillity of the Ottoman Empire. If all the Great Powers frankly adopt this line of conduct, they will have a well-founded expectation of preserving the existence of Turkey. However, they must not conceal from themselves how many elements of dissolution that Empire contains within itself. Unforeseen circumstances may hasten its fall, without its being in the power of the friendly Cabinets to prevent it. As it is not given to human foresight to settle beforehand a plan of action for such or such unlooked-for case, it would be premature to discuss eventualities which may never be realised. In the uncertainty which hovers over the future, a single fundamental idea seems to admit of a really practical application: it is that the danger which may result from a catastrophe in Turkey will be much diminished, if, in the event of its occurring, Russia and England have come to an understanding as to the course to be taken by them in common. That understanding will be the more beneficial, inasmuch as it will have the full assent of Austria. Between her and Russia there exists already an entire conformity of principles in regard to the affairs of Turkey, in a common interest of conservatism and of peace. In order to render their union more efficacious, there would remain nothing to be desired but that England should be seen to associate herself thereto with the same view. The reason which recommends the establishment of this agreement is very simple:—

On land, Russia exercises in regard to Turkey a preponderant action; on sea, England occupies the same position. Isolated, the action of these two Powers might do

much mischief; united, it can produce a real benefit: thence the advantage of coming to a previous understanding before having recourse to action.

This notion was in principle agreed upon during the Emperor's last residence in London. The result was the eventual engagement, that if anything unforeseen occurred in Turkey, Russia and England should previously concert together as to the course which they should pursue in common. The object for which Russia and England will have to come to an understanding may be expressed in the following manner:—

1. To seek to maintain the existence of the Ottoman Empire in its present state, so long as that political combination shall be possible.

2. If we foresee that it must crumble to pieces, to enter into previous concert as to everything relating to the establishment of a new order of things, intended to replace that which now exists, and in conjunction with each other to see that the change which may have occurred in the internal situation of that Empire shall not injuriously affect either the security of their own States and the rights which the Treaties assure to them respectively, or the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe.

For the purpose thus stated, the policy of Russia and of Austria, as we have already said, is closely united by the principle of perfect identity. If England, as the principal Maritime Power, acts in concert with them, it is to be supposed that France will find herself obliged to act in conformity with the course agreed upon between St. Petersburg, London, and Vienna. Conflict between the Great Powers being thus obviated, it is to be hoped that the peace of Europe will be maintained even in the midst of such serious circumstances. It is to secure this object of common interest, if the case occurs, that, as the Emperor agreed with Her Britannic Majesty's Ministers during his residence in England, the previous understanding which Russia and England shall establish between themselves must be directed.

Having perused the foregoing document, our readers will be the less surprised at the overtures made by the czar to our ambassador at St. Petersburg, and which the following correspondence reveals:—*

No. 1.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(Received January 23.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

MY LORD,

St. Petersburg, Jan. 11, 1853.

ON the evening of the 9th instant I had the honour of seeing the Emperor at the palace of the Grand Duchess Helen, who, it appeared, had kindly requested permission to invite Lady Seymour and myself to meet the Imperial family. The Emperor came up to me, in the most gracious manner, to say that he had heard with great pleasure of Her Majesty's Government having been definitively formed, adding that he trusted the Ministry would be of long duration. His Imperial Majesty desired me particularly to convey this assurance to the Earl of Aberdeen, with whom, he said, he had been acquainted for nearly forty years, and for whom he entertained equal regard and esteem. His Majesty desired to be brought to the kind recollection of his Lordship.

You know my feelings, the Emperor said, with regard to England. What I have told you before I say again: it was intended that the two countries should be upon terms of close amity; and I feel sure that this will continue to be the case. You have now been a certain time here, and, as you have seen, there have been very few points upon which we have disagreed; our interests, in fact, are upon almost all questions the same.

I observed, that I really was not aware that since I had been at St. Petersburg there had been any actual disagreements whatever between us, except with regard to

* The French text is omitted, in order to economise space.

Louis Napoleon's No. III.,—a point respecting which each Government had its own opinion (*manière de voir*), but a point which, after all, was very immaterial.

The No. III., the Emperor replied, would involve a long explanation; I will, therefore, not touch upon the subject at present; I should be glad, however, that you should hear what I have to say upon the question, and will beg of you to call upon me some morning when I am a little free from engagements.

I, of course, requested that His Majesty would be good enough to lay his orders upon me.

In the meantime, the Emperor went on to say: I repeat that it is very essential that the two Governments—that is, that the English Government and I, and I and the English Government—should be upon the best terms; and the necessity was never greater than at present. I beg you to convey these words to Lord John Russell. When we are agreed (*d'accord*), I am quite without anxiety as to the west of Europe; it is immaterial what the others may think or do. As to Turkey, that is another question; that country is in a critical state, and may give us all a great deal of trouble. And now I will take my leave of you, which His Majesty proceeded to do by shaking hands with me very graciously.

It instantly occurred to me that the conversation was incomplete, and might never be renewed; and, as the Emperor still held my hand, I said, Sir, with your gracious permission, I would desire to take a great liberty. Certainly, His Majesty replied; what is it—let me hear.

Sir, I observed, your Majesty has been good enough to charge me with general assurances as to the identity of views between the two Cabinets, which assuredly have given me the greatest pleasure, and will be received with equal satisfaction in England; but I should be particularly glad that your Majesty should add a few words which may tend to calm the anxiety with regard to the affairs of Turkey, which passing events are so calculated to excite on the part of Her Majesty's Government; perhaps you will be pleased to charge me with some additional assurances of this kind.

The Emperor's words and manner, although still very kind, showed that His Majesty had no intention of speaking to me of the demonstration which he is about to make in the South. He said, however, at first with a little hesitation, but, as he proceeded, in an open and unhesitating manner:—The affairs of Turkey are in a very disorganised condition; the country itself seems to be falling to pieces (*menace ruine*): the fall will be a great misfortune; and it is very important that England and Russia should come to a perfectly good understanding upon these affairs, and that neither should take any decisive step of which the other is not apprised.

I observed, in a few words, that I rejoiced to hear that His Imperial Majesty held this language; that this was certainly the view I took of the manner in which Turkish questions are to be treated.

"Tenez," the Emperor said, as if proceeding with his remark, "tenez; nous avons sur les bras un homme malade—un homme gravement malade; ce sera, je vous le dis franchement, un grand malheur si, un de ces jours, il devait nous échapper, surtout avant que toutes les dispositions nécessaires fussent prises. Mais enfin ce n'est point le moment de vous parler de cela."*

It was clear that the Emperor did not intend to prolong the conversation; I therefore said, "Votre Majesté est si gracieuse qu'elle me permettra de lui faire encore une observation. Votre Majesté dit que l'homme est malade; c'est bien vrai, mais votre Majesté daignera, m'excuser si je lui fais observer, que c'est à l'homme généreux et fort de ménager l'homme malade et faible."†

* "Stay; we have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man: it will be, I tell you frankly, a great misfortune if, one of these days, he should slip away from us, especially before all necessary arrangements were made. But, however, this is not the time to speak to you on that matter."

† "Your Majesty is so gracious that you will allow me to make one further observation. Your Majesty says the man is sick: it is very true; but your Majesty will deign to excuse me if I remark, that it is the part of the generous and strong man to treat with gentleness the sick and feeble man."

The Emperor then took leave of me in a manner which conveyed the impression of my having at least not given offence, and again expressed his intention of sending for me on some future day. Whether the intention will be acted upon is not to me so certain. It may be right that I should state to your Lordship that I propose giving Count Nesselrode an account of my conversation with his Imperial master. I am convinced that the Chancellor is invariably favourable to measures of moderation, and, as far as lies in his power, to English views. His desire, then, to act in harmony with Her Majesty's Government cannot but be strengthened by learning the cordial declarations which the Emperor has made to me upon the subject.

Upon reading over my despatch, I am convinced that the conversation, although abridged, has been faithfully reported; the only point of any interest which I am aware of not having touched upon being, that the Emperor observed that the last accounts from Constantinople were more satisfactory, the Turks appearing to be more reasonable, although by what process they had become so had not been made apparent. I will only observe that we have every interest in its being understood that no decision should be taken in the affairs of Turkey, without concert with Her Majesty's Government, by a Sovereign who can dispose of several hundred thousand bayonets. Would the understanding be acted upon?—that indeed may well be doubted, and the rather as the Emperor's assurances are a little contradicted by the measures to which it has been my duty to call your Lordship's attention. Still his Imperial Majesty's words appear to me to possess considerable value, and certainly they offer me at this moment an advantage, of which I shall not be backward in availing myself.

Your Lordship will pardon me if I remark that, after reflecting attentively upon my conversation with the Emperor, it appears to me that this, and any overture of the kind which may be made, tends to establish a dilemma by which it is very desirable that Her Majesty's Government should not allow themselves to be fettered. The dilemma seems to be this:—If Her Majesty's Government do not come to an understanding with Russia as to what is to happen in the event of the sudden downfall of Turkey, they will have the less reason for complaining if results displeasing to England should be prepared. If, on the contrary, Her Majesty's Government should enter into the consideration of such eventualities, they make themselves in some degree consenting parties to a catastrophe which they have so much interest in warding off as long as possible. The sum is probably this, that England has to desire a close concert with Russia, with a view to preventing the downfall of Turkey—while Russia would be well pleased that the concert should apply to the events by which this downfall is to be followed.

I have, &c.,
(Signed) G. H. SEYMOUR.

P.S.—Since this despatch was written, I have heard from the Austrian Minister that the Emperor has spoken to him of the conversation which he had held with me. I told Sir Hamilton Seymour, His Majesty said, that the new ministry appears to me to be strong, and that I am anxious for its duration—although to say the truth, as regards England, I have learned that it is the country with which we must be allied. We must not lean to this or that party.

G. H. S.

No. 2.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(Received February 6.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

My Lord, St. Petersburg, Jan. 22, 1853.

On the 14th instant, in consequence of a summons which I received from the Chancellor, I waited upon the Emperor, and had the honour of holding with His Imperial Majesty the very interesting conversation of which it will be my duty to offer your Lordship an account, which, if imperfect, will, at all events, not be incorrect. I found his Majesty alone; he received me with great kindness, saying, that I had appeared desirous to speak

to him upon Eastern affairs; that, on his side, there was no indisposition to do so, but that he must begin at a remote period.

You know, His Majesty said, the dreams and plans in which the Empress Catherine was in the habit of indulging; these were handed down to our time; but while I inherited immense territorial possessions, I did not inherit those visions—those intentions if you like to call them so. On the contrary, my country is so vast, so happily circumstanced in every way, that it would be unreasonable in me to desire more territory or more power than I possess; on the contrary, I am the first to tell you that our great, perhaps our only danger, is that which would arise from an extension given to an Empire already too large.

Close to us lies Turkey, and, in our present condition, nothing better for our interests can be desired; the times have gone by when we had anything to fear from the fanatical spirit or the military enterprise of the Turks: and yet the country is strong enough, or has hitherto been strong enough, to preserve its independence, and to insure respectful treatment from other countries.

Well, in that Empire there are several millions of Christians whose interests I am called upon to watch over (surveiller), while the right of doing so is secured to me by Treaty. I may truly say that I make a moderate and sparing use of my right, and I will freely confess that it is one which is attended with obligations occasionally very inconvenient; but I cannot recede from the discharge of a distinct duty. Our religion, as established in this country, came to us from the East, and there are feelings, as well as obligations, which never must be lost sight of.

Now Turkey, in the condition which I have described, has by degrees fallen into such a state of decrepitude, that, as I told you the other night, eager as we all are for the prolonged existence of the man (and that I am as desirous as you can be for the continuance of his life, I beg you to believe), he may suddenly die upon our hands (nous rester sur les bras); we cannot resuscitate what is dead: if the Turkish Empire falls, it falls to rise no more; and I put it to you, therefore, whether it is not better to be provided beforehand for a contingency, than to incur the chaos, confusion, and the certainty of an European war, all of which must attend the catastrophe if it should occur unexpectedly, and before some ulterior system has been sketched; this is the point to which I am desirous that you should call the attention of your Government.

Sir, I replied, your Majesty is so frank with me, that I am sure you will have the goodness to permit me to speak with the same openness. I would then observe, that, deplorable as is the condition of Turkey, it is a country which has long been plunged in difficulties, supposed by many to be insurmountable.

With regard to contingent arrangements, Her Majesty's Government, as your Majesty is well aware, objects, as a general rule, to taking engagements upon possible eventualities, and would, perhaps, be particularly disinclined to doing so in this instance. If I may be allowed to say so, a great disinclination (répugnance) might be expected in England, to disposing by anticipation (d'escompter) of the succession of an old friend and ally.

The rule is a good one, the Emperor replied, good at all times, especially in times of uncertainty and change, like the present; still it is of the greatest importance that we should understand one another, and not allow events to take us by surprise. "*Maintenant je désire vous parler en ami et en gentleman; si nous arrivons à nous entendre sur cette affaire, l'Angleterre et moi, pour le reste, peu m'importe; il m'est indifférent ce que font ou pensent les autres. Usant donc de franchise, je vous dis nettement, que si l'Angleterre songe à s'établir un de ces jours à Constantinople, je ne le permettrai pas; je ne vous prête point ces intentions, mais il vaud mieux dans ces occasions parler clairement; de mon côté, je suis également disposé de prendre l'engagement de ne pas m'y établir, en propriétaire, il s'entend, car en dépositaire je ne dis pas; il pourrait se faire que les circonstances me misent dans le cas d'occuper Constantinople, si rien ne se trouve prévu, si l'on doit tout laisser aller au hasard.*"*

* "Now I desire to speak to you as a friend and as a gentleman; if England and I arrive at an understanding of this matter, as regards the rest, it matters little to me:

I thanked His Majesty for the frankness of his declarations, and for the desire which he had expressed of acting cordially and openly with Her Majesty's Government, observing at the same time, that such an understanding appeared the best security against the sudden danger to which His Majesty had alluded. I added that, although unprepared to give a decided opinion upon questions of such magnitude and delicacy, it appeared to me possible that some such arrangement might be made between Her Majesty's Government and His Majesty, as might guard, if not for, at least against, certain contingencies.

To render my meaning more clear, I said further—I can only repeat, Sir, that, in my opinion, Her Majesty's Government will be indisposed to make certain arrangements connected with the downfall of Turkey, but it is possible that they may be ready to pledge themselves against certain arrangements which might, in that event, be attempted.

His Imperial Majesty then alluded to a conversation which he had held, the last time he was in England, with the Duke of Wellington, and to the motives which had compelled him to open himself to his Grace; then, as now, His Majesty was, he said, eager to provide against events which, in the absence of any concert, might compel him to act in a manner opposed to the views of Her Majesty's Government.

The conversation passed to the events of the day, when the Emperor briefly recapitulated his claims upon the Holy Places; claims recognized by the Firman of last February, and confirmed by a sanction to which His Majesty said he attached much more importance—the word of a Sovereign.

The execution of promises so made, and so ratified, the Emperor said he must insist upon, but was willing to believe that his object would be attained by negotiation, the last advices from Constantinople being rather more satisfactory.

I expressed my belief that negotiation, followed, as I supposed it had been, by the threats of military measures, would be found sufficient to secure a compliance with the just demands of Russia. I added, that I desired to state to His Majesty what I had previously read from a written paper to his Minister, viz., that what I feared for Turkey were not the intentions of His Majesty, but the actual result of the measures which appeared to be in contemplation. That I would repeat, that two consequences might be anticipated from the appearance of an Imperial army on the frontiers of Turkey,—the one the counter-demonstration which might be provoked on the part of France; the other, and the more serious, the rising, on the part of the Christian population, against the Sultan's authority, already so much weakened by revolts, and by a severe financial crisis.

The Emperor assured me that no movement of his forces had yet taken place (*n'ont pas bougé*), and expressed his hope that no advance would be required.

With regard to a French expedition to the Sultan's dominions, His Majesty intimated that such a step would bring affairs to an immediate crisis; that a sense of honour would compel him to send his forces into Turkey without delay or hesitation; that if the result of such an advance should prove to be the overthrow of the Great Turk (*le Grand Turc*), he should regret the event, but should feel that he had acted as he was compelled to do.

To the above report I have only, I think, to add, that the Emperor desired to leave it to my discretion to communicate or not to his Minister the particulars of our conversation; and that before I left the room, His Imperial Majesty said, You will report what has passed between us to the Queen's Government, and you will say

it is indifferent to me what others do or think. Frankly, then, I tell you plainly, that if England thinks of establishing herself one of these days at Constantinople, I will not allow it. I do not attribute this intention to you, but it is better on these occasions to speak plainly; for my part, I am equally disposed to take the engagement not to establish myself there, as proprietor that is to say, for as occupier I do not say: it might happen that circumstances, if no previous provision were made, if everything should be left to chance, might place me in the position of occupying Constantinople."

that I shall be ready to receive any communication which it may be their wish to make to me upon the subject. The other topics touched upon by the Emperor are mentioned in another despatch. With regard to the extremely important overture to which this report relates, I will only observe, that as it is my duty to record impressions, as well as facts and statements, I am bound to say, that if words, tone, and manner, offer any criterion by which intentions are to be judged, the Emperor is prepared to act with perfect fairness and openness towards Her Majesty's Government. His Majesty has, no doubt, his own objects in view; and he is, in my opinion, too strong a believer in the imminence of dangers in Turkey. I am, however, impressed with the belief, that in carrying out those objects, as in guarding against those dangers, His Majesty is sincerely desirous of acting in harmony with Her Majesty's Government. I would now submit to your Lordship that this overture cannot with propriety pass unnoticed by Her Majesty's Government. It has been on a first occasion glanced at, and on a second distinctly made by the Emperor himself to the Queen's Minister at his Court, whilst the conversation held some years ago with the Duke of Wellington proves that the object in view is one which has long occupied the thoughts of His Imperial Majesty. If, then, the proposal were to remain unanswered, a decided advantage would be secured to the Imperial Cabinet, which, in the event of some great catastrophe taking place in Turkey, would be able to point to proposals made to England, and which, not having been responded to, left the Emperor at liberty, or placed him under the necessity, of following his own line of policy in the East.

Again, I would remark that the anxiety expressed by the Emperor, even looking to his own interests, for an extension of the days of "the dying man," appears to me to justify Her Majesty's government in proposing to His Imperial Majesty to unite with England in the adoption of such measures as may lead to prop up the falling authority of the Sultan.

Lastly, I would observe that even if the Emperor should be found disinclined to lend himself to such a course of policy as might arrest the downfall of Turkey, his declarations to me pledge him to be ready to take beforehand, in concert with Her Majesty's Government, such precautions as may possibly prevent the fatal crisis being followed by a scramble for the rich inheritance which would remain to be disposed of.

A noble triumph would be obtained by the civilization of the nineteenth century, if the void left by the extinction of Mahomedan rule in Europe could be filled up without an interruption of the general peace, in consequence of the precautions adopted by the two principal Governments the most interested in the destinies of Turkey.

I have, &c.,
(Signed) G. H. SEYMOUR.

No. 3.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(Received February 6.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

(Extract.) *St. Petersburg, Jan. 22, 1853.*

I HAVE generally found straightforward conduct to be the best policy, and as it is peculiarly called for towards those who have acted by us in a similar manner, upon leaving the palace on the 14th instant I drove to the Foreign Office, and gave Count Nesselrode a correct summary of the conversation I had just had the honour of holding with the Emperor.

No. 4.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO SIR G. H. SEYMOUR.

(Secret and Confidential.)

SIR, *Foreign Office, Feb. 9, 1853.*

I HAVE received, and laid before the Queen, your secret and confidential despatch of the 22nd of January. Her Majesty, upon this as upon former occasions, is happy to acknowledge the moderation, the frankness, and the friendly disposition of His Imperial Majesty. Her Ma-

jesty has directed me to reply in the same spirit of temperate, candid, and amicable discussion.

The question raised by His Imperial Majesty is a very serious one. It is, supposing the contingency of the dissolution of the Turkish Empire to be probable, or even imminent, whether it is not better to be provided beforehand for a contingency than to incur the chaos, confusion, and the certainty of an European war, all of which must attend the catastrophe if it should occur unexpectedly, and before some ulterior system has been sketched; this is the point, said His Imperial Majesty, to which I am desirous that you should call the attention of your Government.

In considering this grave question, the first reflection which occurs to Her Majesty's Government is, that no actual crisis has occurred which renders necessary a solution of this vast European problem. Disputes have arisen respecting the Holy Places, but these are without the sphere of the internal government of Turkey, and concern Russia and France rather than the Sublime Porte. Some disturbance of the relations between Austria and the Porte has been caused by the Turkish attack on Montenegro; but this, again, relates rather to dangers affecting the frontier of Austria than the authority and safety of the Sultan; so that there is no sufficient cause for intimating to the Sultan that he cannot keep peace at home, or preserve friendly relations with his neighbours.

It occurs further to Her Majesty's Government to remark, that the event which is contemplated is not definitely fixed in point of time. When William the Third and Louis the Fourteenth disposed, by treaty, of the succession of Charles the Second of Spain, they were providing for an event which could not be far off: the infirmities of the Sovereign of Spain, and the certain end of any human life, made the contingency in prospect both sure and near. The death of the Spanish King was in no way hastened by the Treaty of Partition. The same thing may be said of the provision, made in the last century, for the disposal of Tuscany upon the decease of the last prince of the house of Medici. But the contingency of the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire is of another kind: it may happen twenty, fifty, or a hundred years hence.

In these circumstances it would hardly be consistent with the friendly feelings towards the Sultan which animate the Emperor of Russia, no less than the Queen of Great Britain, to dispose beforehand of the provinces under his dominion. Besides this consideration, however, it must be observed that an agreement made in such a case tends, very surely, to hasten the contingency for which it is intended to provide. Austria and France could not, in fairness, be kept in ignorance of the transaction, nor would such concealment be consistent with the end of preventing an European war. Indeed, such concealment cannot be intended by His Imperial Majesty. It is to be inferred that, as soon as Great Britain and Russia should have agreed on the course to be pursued, and have determined to enforce it, they should communicate their intentions to the Great Powers of Europe. An agreement thus made, and thus communicated, would not be very long a secret; and while it would alarm and alienate the Sultan, the knowledge of its existence would stimulate all his enemies to increased violence and more obstinate conflict. They would fight with the conviction that they must ultimately triumph; while the Sultan's generals and troops would feel that no immediate success could save their cause from final overthrow. Thus would be produced and strengthened that very anarchy which is now feared, and the foresight of the friends of the patient would prove the cause of his death.

Her Majesty's government need scarcely enlarge on the dangers attendant on the execution of any similar Convention. The example of the Succession War is enough to show how little such agreements are respected when a pressing temptation urges their violation. The position of the Emperor of Russia as depositary, but not proprietor, of Constantinople, would be exposed to numberless hazards, both from the long-cherished ambition of his own nation, and the jealousies of Europe. The ultimate proprietor, whoever he might be, would hardly be satisfied with the inert, supine attitude of the heirs of Mahomet the Second. A great influence on the affairs of Europe seems naturally to belong to the Sovereign of

Constantinople, holding the gates of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. That influence might be used in favour of Russia; it might be used to control and curb her power.

His Imperial Majesty has justly and wisely said: My country is so vast, so happily circumstanced in every way, that it would be unreasonable in me to desire more territory or more power than I possess. On the contrary, he observed, our great, perhaps our only danger, is that which would arise from an extension given to an Empire already too large. A vigorous and ambitious State, replacing the Sublime Porte, might, however, render war on the part of Russia a necessity for the Emperor or his successors. Thus European conflict would arise from the very means taken to prevent it; for neither England, nor France, nor probably Austria, would be content to see Constantinople permanently in the hands of Russia.

On the part of Great Britain, Her Majesty's Government at once declare that they renounce all intention or wish to hold Constantinople. His Imperial Majesty may be quite secure upon this head. They are likewise ready to give an assurance that they will enter into no agreement to provide for the contingency of the fall of Turkey, without previous communication with the Emperor of Russia.

Upon the whole, then, Her Majesty's Government are persuaded that no course of policy can be adopted more wise, more disinterested, more beneficial to Europe, than that which His Imperial Majesty has so long followed, and which will render his name more illustrious than that of the most famous Sovereigns who have sought immortality by unprovoked conquest and ephemeral glory.

With a view to the success of this policy, it is desirable that the utmost forbearance should be manifested towards Turkey; that any demands which the Great Powers of Europe may have to make, should be made matter of friendly negotiation rather than of peremptory demand; that military and naval demonstrations to coerce the Sultan should as much as possible be avoided; that differences with respect to matters affecting Turkey, within the competence of the Sublime Porte, should be decided after mutual concert between the Great Powers, and not be forced upon the weakness of the Turkish Government.

To these cautions Her Majesty's Government wish to add, that in their view it is essential that the Sultan should be advised to treat his Christian subjects in conformity with the principles of equity and religious freedom which prevail generally among the enlightened nations of Europe. The more the Turkish Government adopts the rules of impartial law and equal administration, the less will the Emperor of Russia find it necessary to apply that exceptional protection which His Imperial Majesty has found so burdensome and inconvenient, though no doubt prescribed by duty and sanctioned by Treaty.

You may read this despatch to Count Nesselrode, and, if it is desired, you may yourself place a copy of it in the hands of the Emperor. In that case, you will accompany its presentation with those assurances of friendship and confidence on the part of Her Majesty the Queen, which the conduct of His Imperial Majesty was so sure to inspire.

I am, &c., J. RUSSELL.

No. 5.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(Received March 6.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

(Extract.) St. Petersburg, Feb. 21, 1853.

THE Emperor came up to me last night, at a party of the Grand Duchess Hereditary's, and in the most gracious manner took me apart, saying that he desired to speak to me. After expressing, in flattering terms, the confidence which he has in me, and his readiness to speak to me without reserve upon matters of the greatest moment, as, His Majesty observed, he had proved in a late conversation, he said: And it is well it is so; for what I most desire is, that there should be the greatest intimacy between the two Governments: it never was so necessary

as at present. Well, the Emperor continued, so you have got your answer, and you are to bring it to me to-morrow?

I am to have that honour, Sir, I answered; but your Majesty is aware that the nature of the reply is very exactly what I had led you to expect.

So I was sorry to hear; but I think your Government does not well understand my object. I am not so eager about what shall be done when the sick man dies, as I am to determine with England what shall not be done upon that event taking place.

But, Sir, I replied, allow me to observe, that we have no reason to think that the sick man (to use your Majesty's expression) is dying. We are as much interested as we believe your Majesty to be in his continuing to live; while for myself, I will venture to remark, that experience shows me that countries do not die in such a hurry. Turkey will remain for many a year, unless some unforeseen crisis should occur. It is precisely, Sir, for the avoidance of all circumstances likely to produce such a crisis, that Her Majesty's Government reckons upon your generous assistance.

Then, rejoined the Emperor, I will tell you, that if your Government has been led to believe that Turkey retains any elements of existence, your Government must have received incorrect information. I repeat to you that the sick man is dying; and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding; and this we should do, I am convinced, if I could hold but ten minutes' conversation with your Ministers—with Lord Aberdeen, for instance, who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me, as I have in him. And remember, I do not ask for a Treaty or a Protocol; a general understanding is all I require—that between gentlemen is sufficient; and in this case I am certain that the confidence would be as great on the side of the Queen's Ministers as on mine. So no more for the present; you will come to me to-morrow, and you will remember that, as often as you think your conversing with me will promote a good understanding upon any point, you will send word that you wish to see me.

I thanked His Majesty very cordially, adding that I could assure him that Her Majesty's Government, I was convinced, considered his word, once given, as good as a bond.

It is hardly necessary that I should observe to your Lordship that this short conversation, briefly but correctly reported, offers matter for most anxious reflection. It can hardly be otherwise but that the Sovereign who insists with such pertinacity upon the impending fall of a neighbouring State, must have settled in his own mind that the hour, if not of its dissolution, at all events for its dissolution, must be at hand. Then, as now, I reflected that this assumption would hardly be ventured upon unless some, perhaps general, but at all events intimate, understanding, existed between Russia and Austria.

Supposing my suspicion to be well founded, the Emperor's object is to engage Her Majesty's Government, in conjunction with his own Cabinet, and that of Vienna, in some scheme for the ultimate partition of Turkey, and for the exclusion of France from the arrangement.

No. 6.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(Received March 6.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

(Extract.)

St. Petersburg, Feb. 22, 1853.

I HAD the honour of waiting yesterday upon the Emperor, and of holding with his Majesty one of the most interesting conversations in which I ever found myself engaged. My only regret is my inability to report in full detail a dialogue which lasted an hour and twelve minutes.

The Emperor began by desiring me to read to him aloud your Lordship's secret and confidential despatch of the 9th instant, saying that he should stop me occasionally, either to make an observation, or to call upon me for the translation of a passage.

Upon arriving at the fourth paragraph, the Emperor desired me to pause, and observed, that he was certainly

most desirous that some understanding should be entered into with Her Majesty's Government, for providing against a contingency so probable as that of the downfall of Turkey; that he was, perhaps, even more interested than England could be in preventing a Turkish catastrophe, but that it was constantly impending; that it might be brought about at any moment, either by an external war, or by a feud between the old Turkish party and that of the "new superficial French reforms;" or again, by a rising of the Christians, already known to be very impatient of shaking off the Mussulman yoke (*joug*). As regards the first cause, the Emperor said that he had a good right to advert to it, inasmuch as, if he had not stopped the victorious progress of General Diebitch, in 1829, the Sultan's authority would have been at an end. The Emperor likewise desired me to remember that he, and he only, had hastened to the assistance of the Sultan, when his dominions were threatened by the Pasha of Egypt.

I proceeded to read, and was again stopped at the sentence beginning "In these circumstances it would hardly be consistent with the friendly feelings," when the Emperor observed, that Her Majesty's Government did not appear to be aware that his chief object was to obtain from Her Majesty's Government some declaration or even opinion of what ought not to be permitted in the event of the sudden downfall of Turkey. I said, Perhaps your Majesty would be good enough to explain your own ideas upon this negative policy. This His Majesty for some time declined doing; he ended, however, by saying, Well, there are several things which I never will tolerate: I will begin by ourselves. I will not tolerate the permanent occupation of Constantinople by the Russians; having said this, I will say that it never shall be held by the English, or French, or any other great nation. Again, I never will permit an attempt at the reconstruction of a Byzantine Empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful State; still less will I permit the breaking up of Turkey into little republics, asylums for the Kossuths and Mazzinis, and other revolutionists of Europe; rather than submit to any of these arrangements I would go to war, and as long as I have a man and a musket left would carry it on. These, the Emperor said, are at once some ideas; now give me some in return.

I remarked upon the assurance which would be found respecting the English resolution of never attempting to possess Constantinople, and upon the disinclination of Her Majesty's Government to enter into eventual arrangements; but upon being still pressed by his Imperial Majesty, I said—Well, Sir, the idea may not suit your Majesty, may not suit Her Majesty's Government; but what is good between man and man is often a good system between one State and another;—how would it be if in the event of any catastrophe occurring in Turkey, Russia and England were to declare that no Power should be allowed to take possession of its provinces,—that the property should remain, as it were, under seals until amicable arrangements could be made as to its adjudication?

I will not say, the Emperor observed, that such a course would be impossible, but, at least, it would be very difficult; there are no elements of provincial or communal government in Turkey: you would have Turks attacking Christians, Christians falling upon Turks, Christians of different sects quarrelling with each other; in short, chaos and anarchy.

Sir, I then observed, if your Majesty will allow me to speak plainly, I would say that the great difference between us is this—that you continue to dwell upon the fall of Turkey, and the arrangements requisite before and after the fall; and that we, on the contrary, look to Turkey remaining where she is, and to the precautions which are necessary for preventing her condition from becoming worse. Ah! replied the Emperor, that is what the Chancellor is perpetually telling me; but the catastrophe will occur some day, and will take us all unawares.

His Imperial Majesty spoke of France. God forbid, he said, that I should accuse any one wrongfully, but there are circumstances both at Constantinople and Montenegro which are extremely suspicious; it looks very much as if the French Government were endeavouring to embroil us all in the East, hoping in this way the better to arrive

at their own objects, one of which, no doubt, is the possession of Tunis.

The Emperor proceeded to say, that for his own part he cared very little what line the French might think proper to take in Eastern affairs, and that little more than a month ago he had apprised the Sultan that if his assistance were required for resisting the menaces of the French, it was entirely at the service of the Sultan! In a word, the Emperor went on to observe, as I before told you, all I want is a good understanding with England, and this not as to what shall, but as to what shall not be done: this point arrived at, the English Government and I, I and the English Government, having entire confidence in one another's views, I care nothing about the rest.

I remarked that I felt confident that Her Majesty's Government could be as little disposed as His Imperial Majesty to tolerate the presence of the French at Constantinople; and being desirous, if possible, of ascertaining whether there were any understanding between the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and Vienna, I added, But your Majesty has forgotten Austria; now all these Eastern questions affect her very nearly; she of course would expect to be consulted.

Oh! replied the Emperor, greatly to my surprise, but you must understand that when I speak of Russia, I speak of Austria as well; what suits the one suits the other; our interests, as regards Turkey, are perfectly identical. I should have been glad to have made another inquiry or two upon this subject, but I did not venture to do so.

I ought to have stated that in a preceding part of the conversation, His Majesty, although without any appearance of anger, expressed some surprise at an expression in your Lordship's despatch, "the long-cherished ambition of his (the Emperor's) own nation;" he would ask what that phrase meant? It happened that I was prepared for the surprise expressed, and ready to answer any reflection which it might call forth. Sir, I said, Lord John Russell is not speaking of your ambition, he speaks of that entertained by your people.

The Emperor could not at first admit that the term was applicable to the Russian nation any more than to himself; when I said, Your Majesty will permit me to remark that Lord John Russell only repeats what was said thirty years ago by your brother, of glorious memory. In writing confidentially to Lord Castlereagh in the year 1822, the Emperor Alexander spoke of being the only Russian who resisted the views of his subjects upon Turkey, and of the loss of popularity which he had sustained by this antagonism. This quotation which, by accident, I could make almost in the words of the letter, seemed to change the current of the Emperor's ideas.

You are quite right, he said; I remember the events to which my late brother alluded. Now it is perfectly true that the Empress Catherine indulged in all sorts of visions of ambition, but it is not less so that these ideas are not at all shared by her descendants. You see how I am behaving towards the Sultan. This gentleman (*ce monsieur*) breaks his written word to me, and acts in a manner extremely displeasing to me, and I have contented myself with despatching an ambassador to Constantinople to demand reparation: certainly I could send an army there if I chose, there is nothing to stop them; but I have contented myself with such a show of force as will prove that I have no intention of being trifled with.

And, Sir, I said, you were quite right in refraining from violence, and I hope upon future occasions you will act with the same moderation; for your Majesty must be sensible that any fresh concessions which have been obtained by the Latins are not referable to ill-will towards you, but to the excessive apprehensions of the French entertained by the unfortunate Turks; besides, Sir, I observed, the danger, I will venture to say, of the present moment is not Turkey, but that revolutionary spirit which broke out four years ago, and which, in many countries, still burns underground; there is the danger, and no doubt that a war in Turkey would be the signal for fresh explosions in Italy, Hungary, and elsewhere. We see what is passing at Milan.

His Imperial Majesty spoke of Montenegro, observing that he approved of the attitude taken by the Austrian Cabinet, and that in these days it could not be permitted

that the Turks should ill-treat and even murder a Christian population.

I ventured to remark that upon this point the wrongs were at least divided between the Turks and the Montenegrins, and that I had full reason for believing that the provocation came from the latter. The Emperor, with more impartiality than I had expected, admitted that there had been wrongs on both sides; that certainly the mountaineers were rather addicted to brigandage, and that the taking of Djablak had caused him great indignation. At the same time, His Majesty said, it is impossible not to feel great interest in a population warmly attached to their religion, who have so long kept their ground against the Turks; and the Emperor continued, It may be fair to tell you that if any attempts at exterminating those people should be made by Omar Pasha, and should a general rising of the Christians take place in consequence, the Sultan will in all probability lose his throne; in this case he falls to rise no more. I wish to support his authority, but if he loses it, it is gone for ever. The Turkish Empire is a thing to be tolerated, not to be reconstructed; in such a cause I protest to you I will not allow a pistol to be fired.

The Emperor went on to say that in the event of the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, he thought it might be less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory territorial arrangement than was commonly believed. The Principalities are, he said, in fact an independent State under my protection: this might so continue. Servia might receive the same form of government. So again with Bulgaria: there seems to be no reason why this province should not form an independent State. As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. I can then only say, that if, in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the Empire, you should take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objections to offer. I would say the same thing of Candia: that island might suit you, and I do not know why it should not become an English possession.

As I did not wish that the Emperor should imagine that an English public servant was caught by this sort of overture, I simply answered, that I had always understood that the English views upon Egypt did not go beyond the point of securing a safe and ready communication between British India and the mother country.

The conversation now drawing towards an end, the Emperor expressed his warm attachment to the Queen, our gracious Sovereign, and his respect for Her Majesty's present advisers. The declarations contained in your Lordship's despatch had been, he said, very satisfactory: he could only desire that they should be a little amplified. The terms in which your Lordship had spoken of his conduct were, the Emperor said, very flattering to him.

In dismissing me, His Imperial Majesty said, Well, induce your Government to write again upon these subjects—to write more fully, and to do so without hesitation; I have confidence in the English government. “Ce n'est point un engagement, une Convention, que je leur demande; c'est un libre échange d'idées, et au besoin une parole de gentleman; entre nous cela suffit.”*

I might venture to suggest that some expressions might be used in the despatch to be addressed to me, which might have the effect of putting an end to the further consideration, or, at all events, discussion, of points which it is highly desirable should not be regarded as offering subject for debate.

I may only add, apologetically, that I may possibly have failed in reporting some part of His Majesty's conversation, and that I am conscious of having forgotten the precise terms employed by him with respect to the commercial policy to be observed at Constantinople when no longer held by the Turks. The purport of the observation was, that England and Russia had a common interest in providing for the readiest access to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

A copy of your Lordship's despatch was left in the Emperor's hands.

* “It is not an engagement, a Convention, which I ask of them; it is a free interchange of ideas, and, in case of need, the word of a gentleman, that is enough between us.”

No. 7.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received March 19.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

(Extract.)

St. Petersburg, March 9, 1853.

WHEN I waited upon Count Nesselrode on the 7th instant, his Excellency said that, in pursuance of orders which he had received from the Emperor, he had to place in my hands a very confidential memorandum, which His Imperial Majesty had caused to be drawn up, and which was intended as an answer to, or a comment upon, the communication which I had made to his Imperial Majesty on the 21st ultimo.

At first, Count Nesselrode invited me to read the paper; he subsequently observed that if, instead of reading it at the time, I chose to take it away, I was at liberty to do so; that, in fact, the paper was intended for my use (*sic*.)

Very little conversation upon the subject passed between the Chancellor and me. He observed that I should find in the memorandum indications of the Emperor's wish to be further informed of the feelings of Her Majesty's Government as to what should not be permitted to take place in the event of any great catastrophe in Turkey; and I, on my side, remarked that, as there is danger in handling hot coals, it appeared to me desirable that communications upon a subject so delicate should not be long kept up.

I have the honour of inclosing to your Lordship a copy of what, under the circumstances which have attended its drawing up and delivery, cannot fail of being considered as one of the most remarkable papers which have been issued, I do not say from the Russian “Chancellerie,” but from the Emperor's secret Cabinet. It would not be difficult either to controvert some of the facts which the memorandum advances, or to show that the impression under which it has been framed is an incorrect one; that impression being evidently that, in the disputes carried on between Russia and France, Her Majesty's Government has leant partially to the latter Power.

Three points appear to me to be fully established by the Imperial memorandum: the existence of some distinct understanding between the two Imperial Courts upon the subject of Turkey, and the engagement taken by the Emperor Nicholas neither to possess or establish himself at Constantinople, or to enter into arrangements respecting the measures to be taken in the event of the fall of the Ottoman Empire without previous concert with Her Majesty's Government.

The wording of this engagement, coupled with the conversation which I had the honour of holding with the Emperor, leaves upon my mind the impression that, whilst willing to undertake not to make himself the permanent master of Constantinople, His Majesty is intentionally inexplicit as to its temporary occupation.

Assuming, as a certain and now acknowledged fact, the existence of an understanding or compact between the two Emperors as to Turkish affairs, it becomes of the deepest importance to know the extent of the engagements entered into between them. As to the manner in which it has been concluded, I conjecture that little doubt is to be entertained. Its basis was, no doubt, laid at some of the meetings between the Sovereigns which took place in the autumn; and the scheme has probably been worked out since under the management of Baron Meyendorff, the Russian Envoy at the Austrian Court, who has been passing the winter at St. Petersburg, and is still here.

INCLOSURE IN No. 7.

MEMORANDUM.—[Translation.]

February 21, 1853.

THE Emperor has, with the liveliest interest and real satisfaction, made himself acquainted with the secret and confidential despatch which Sir Hamilton Seymour communicated to him. He duly appreciates the frankness which has dictated it. He has found therein a fresh

proof of the friendly sentiments which Her Majesty the Queen entertains for him.

In conversing familiarly with the British Envoy on the causes which, from one day to another, may bring on the fall of the Ottoman Empire, it had by no means entered into the Emperor's thoughts to propose for this contingency a plan by which Russia and England should dispose beforehand of the provinces ruled by the Sultan—a system altogether arranged; still less a formal agreement to be concluded between the two Cabinets. It was purely and simply the Emperor's notion that each party should confidentially state to the other, less what it wishes than what it does not wish; what would be contrary to English interests, what would be contrary to Russian interests, in order that, the case occurring, they might avoid acting in opposition to each other. There is in this neither plans of partition, nor Convention to be binding on the other Courts. It is merely an interchange of opinions, and the Emperor sees no necessity of talking about it before the time. It is precisely for that reason that he took especial care not to make it the object of an official communication from one Cabinet to another. By confining himself to speaking of it himself, in the shape of familiar conversation, to the Queen's Representative, he selected the most friendly and confidential form of opening himself with frankness to Her Britannic Majesty, being desirous that the result, whatsoever it might be, of these communications should remain, as it ought to be, a secret between the two Sovereigns. Consequently, the objections which Lord John Russell raises to any concealment as regards the other Powers, in the event of a formal agreement being entered into, of which there is at present no question, fall to the ground; and consequently, also, the inconveniences disappear, which he points out as calculated to contribute to hasten the occurrence of the very event which Russia and England are desirous of averting, if the existence of such an agreement should become prematurely known to Europe and to the subjects of the Sultan.

As regards the object of this wholly confidential interchange of opinions—the possible downfall of the Ottoman Empire, doubtless that is but an uncertain and remote contingency. Unquestionably the period of it cannot be fixed, and no real crisis has arisen to render the realization of it imminent. But after all it may happen; happen even unexpectedly. Without mentioning the ever increasing causes of dissolution which are presented by the moral, financial, and administrative condition of the Porte, it may proceed gradually from one, at least, of the two questions mentioned by the English Ministry in its secret despatch. In truth, it perceives in those questions only mere disputes, which would not differ in their bearing from difficulties which form the ordinary business of diplomacy. But that kind of dispute may, nevertheless, bring on war, and with war the consequences which the Emperor apprehends from it; if, for instance, in the affair of the Holy Places, the *amour-propre* and the menaces of France, continuing to press upon the Porte, should compel it to refuse us all satisfaction, and if, on the other hand, the religious sentiments of the orthodox Greeks, offended by the concessions made to the Latins, should raise the immense majority of his subjects against the Sultan. As regards the affair of Montenegro, that, according to the late accounts, may happily be looked upon as settled. But at the time that the Emperor had his interview with Sir Hamilton Seymour, it might be apprehended that the question would take a most serious turn. Neither ourselves nor Austria could have allowed the protracted devastation or forced submission of Montenegro, a country which, up to the present time, has continued actually independent of the Porte, a country over which our protection has been extended for more than a century. The horrors which are committed there, those which, by Ottoman fanaticism, have a short time since been extended over Bulgaria, Bosnia, and the Herzegovine, gave the other Christian provinces of the Porte only too much reason to anticipate that the same fate awaited them. They were calculated to provoke the general rising of the Christians who live under the sceptre of the Turkish Empire, and to hasten its ruin. It is not then, by any means, an idle and imaginary question, a contingency too remote, to which the anxiety of the Emperor has called the attention of the Queen his ally.

In the face of the uncertainty and decay of the existing state of things in Turkey, the English Cabinet expresses the desire that the greatest forbearance should be shown towards the Porte. The Emperor is conscious of never having acted otherwise. The English Cabinet itself admits it. It addresses to the Emperor, with reference to the numerous proofs of moderation which he has given up to the present time, praises which His Majesty will not accept, because in that he has only listened to his own overbearing conviction. But, in order that the Emperor may continue to concur in that system of forbearance, to abstain from any demonstrations—from any peremptory language—it would be necessary that this system should be equally observed by all the powers at once. France has adopted another. By menace she obtained, in opposition to the letter of the Treaties, the admission of a ship of the line into the Dardanelles. At the cannon's mouth she twice presented her claims and her demands for indemnity at Tripoli, and afterwards at Constantinople. Again, in the contest respecting the Holy Places, by menace she effected the abrogation of the firman and that of the solemn promises which the Sultan had given the Emperor. With regard to all these acts of violence England observed a complete silence. She neither offered support to the Porte nor addressed remonstrances to the French Government. The consequence is very evident. The Porte necessarily concluded from this that from France alone it has everything to hope, as well as everything to fear, and that it can evade with impunity the demands of Austria and of Russia. It is thus that Austria and Russia, in order to obtain justice, have seen themselves compelled, in their turn, against their will, to act by intimidation, since they have to do with a Government which only yields to a peremptory attitude; and it is thus that by its own fault, or rather by that of those who have weakened it in the first instance, the Porte is urged on in a course which enfeebles it still more. Let England then employ herself in making it listen to reason. Instead of uniting herself with France against the just demands of Russia, let her avoid supporting, or even appearing to support, the resistance of the Ottoman Government. Let her be the first to invite the latter—as she herself considers it essential—to treat its Christian subjects with more equity and humanity. That will be the surest means of relieving the Emperor from the obligation of availing himself in Turkey of those rights of traditional protection to which he never has recourse but against his will, and of postponing indefinitely the crisis which the Emperor and Her Majesty the Queen are equally anxious to avert.

In short, the Emperor cannot but congratulate himself at having given occasion for this intimate interchange of confidential communications between Her Majesty and himself. He has found therein valuable assurances, of which he takes note with a lively satisfaction. The two Sovereigns have frankly explained to each other what in the extreme case of which they have been treating their respective interests cannot endure. England understands that Russia cannot suffer the establishment at Constantinople of a Christian Power sufficiently strong to control and disquiet her. She declares that for herself she renounces any intention or desire to possess Constantinople. The Emperor equally disclaims any wish or design of establishing himself there. England promises that she will enter into no arrangement for determining the measures to be taken in the event of the fall of the Turkish Empire without a previous understanding with the Emperor. The Emperor on his side, willingly contracts the same engagement. As he is aware that in such a case he can equally reckon upon Austria, who is bound by her promises to concert with him, he regards with less apprehension the catastrophe which he still desires to prevent and avert as much as it shall depend on him to do so.

No less precious to him are the proofs of friendship and personal confidence on the part of Her Majesty the Queen, which Sir Hamilton Seymour has been directed on this occasion to impart to him. He sees in them the surest guarantee against the contingency which his foresight had deemed it right to point out to that of the English Government.

No. 8.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

*(Received March 19.)**(Secret and Confidential.)*

MY LORD,

St. Petersburg, March 9, 1853.

As it appears very evident that the secret memorial which, by a despatch of this day, I have the honour of bringing to your Lordship's knowledge, has been drawn up under a complete misapprehension (real or assumed) of the part taken by Her Majesty's Government in the late Turkish affairs, I have thought it my duty to address to Count Nesselrode the private and confidential letter of which I beg to inclose a copy to your Lordship.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

G. H. SEYMOUR.

INCLOSURE IN No. 8.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO COUNT NESSELRODE.

*(Private and Confidential.)**St. Petersburg, Feb. 24 (March 8), 1853.*

MY DEAR COUNT NESSELRODE,

THERE is an observation respecting the very important memorandum placed yesterday by your Excellency in my hands, which I feel obliged to make.

I am most anxious to observe that this paper must have been drawn up under the impression of English policy at Constantinople having been very different from what in reality it has been.

I can affirm, conscientiously and distinctly, that the object proposed to themselves, as well by the late as by Her Majesty's present Government, has been to act as a common friend in the contests between the allied Governments; and that far from having inclined, as has been stated, to France in the course of the late critical transactions, it has been the desire of the Queen's advisers (to the full extent permitted to a Government compelled to observe a neutral attitude) that ample satisfaction should be given to the demands which His Imperial Majesty's Government were justified in making.

This assertion I should have no difficulty in substantiating by written evidence; and I will add, that in any just demand which England may have to make upon a foreign Cabinet, I only desire that the conduct of a friendly Power towards us may be that which quietly and unostentatiously the English Government has pursued in the complicated question of the Holy Places with regard to the claims of Russia.

I request your Excellency's good offices for causing this, the real state of the case, to be rightly understood; at all events, for preventing a contrary belief from being adopted until it shall be clearly ascertained whether or no my statement is correct.

(Signed)

I have, &c.,

G. H. SEYMOUR.

No. 9.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

*(Received March 19.)**(Secret and Confidential.)*

MY LORD,

St. Petersburg, March 10, 1853.

I HAVE just had a very amicable and satisfactory conversation with the Chancellor, who, under the impression of my letter of the 8th instant having originated in a misconception with regard to the Emperor's memorandum, had desired to see me.

We read over the memorandum together, and Count Nesselrode observed that all that was desired here was, that while appealing to the Emperor's magnanimity and feelings of justice, Her Majesty's Government should employ some efforts towards opening the eyes of the French Ministers as to the false course into which they have been led by M. de Lavalette.

To this I replied that such had been the conduct pursued by Her Majesty's Government, not on one occasion,

but on various occasions; and that as a specimen of the language held by your Lordship's predecessor to the French Government, I would beg to read to him an extract from one of Lord John Russell's despatches.

I read accordingly the five or six lines of Lord John Russell's despatch to Lord Cowley of January 28, beginning, "But Her Majesty's Government cannot avoid perceiving," and concluding with, "the relations of friendly Powers," which passage I had copied out and taken with me.

Count Nesselrode expressed his warm satisfaction at finding that Her Majesty's Government had given such excellent advice to the French Government; and only regretted that he had not been long ago put in possession of evidence so conclusive, as to the part taken upon the question of the Holy Places by Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

In conclusion the Chancellor requested that I would consider the passage in the Imperial memorandum commencing with the words, "Que l'Angleterre s'emploie donc," as expressing a hope, and not as implying a reproach,—as referable to the course which it was desired should be taken by Her Majesty's Government, and not as alluding to that which had been pursued.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

G. H. SEYMOUR.

No. 10.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO SIR G. H. SEYMOUR.

(Secret and Confidential.)

SIR,

Foreign Office, March 23, 1853.

YOUR despatches of the 21st and 22nd ultimo have been laid before the Queen, and I am commanded to express Her Majesty's entire approval of the discretion and judgment displayed by you in the conversations which you had the honour to hold with the Emperor.

I need not assure you that the opinions of His Imperial Majesty have received from Her Majesty's Government the anxious and deliberate consideration that their importance demands; and although Her Majesty's Government feel compelled to adhere to the principles and the policy laid down in Lord John Russell's despatch of the 9th of February, yet they gladly comply with the Emperor's wish that the subject should be further and frankly discussed. The generous confidence exhibited by the Emperor entitles His Imperial Majesty to the most cordial declaration of opinion on the part of Her Majesty's Government, who are fully aware that, in the event of any understanding with reference to future contingencies being expedient, or indeed possible, the word of His Imperial Majesty would be preferable to any Convention that could be framed.

Her Majesty's Government persevere in the belief that Turkey still possesses the elements of existence, and they consider that recent events have proved the correctness of the opinion expressed in the despatch of my predecessor—that there was no sufficient cause for intimating to the Sultan that he cannot keep peace at home, or preserve friendly relations with his neighbours.

Her Majesty's Government have accordingly learnt, with sincere satisfaction, that the Emperor considers himself even more interested than England in preventing a Turkish catastrophe; because they are convinced that upon the policy pursued by His Imperial Majesty towards Turkey will mainly depend the hastening or the indefinite postponement of an event which every Power in Europe is concerned in averting. Her Majesty's Government are convinced that nothing is more calculated to precipitate that event than the constant prediction of its being near at hand; that nothing can be more fatal to the vitality of Turkey than the assumption of its rapid and inevitable decay; and that if the opinion of the Emperor, that the days of the Turkish Empire were numbered, became notorious, its downfall must occur even sooner than His Imperial Majesty now appears to expect.

But on the supposition that, from unavoidable causes, the catastrophe did take place, Her Majesty's Government entirely share the opinion of the Emperor, that the occupation of Constantinople by either of the great Powers would be incompatible with the present balance of power

and the maintenance of peace in Europe, and must at once be regarded as impossible; that there are no elements for the reconstruction of a Byzantine Empire; that the systematic misgovernment of Greece offers no encouragement to extend its territorial dominion; and that as there are no materials for provincial or communal government, anarchy would be the result of leaving the provinces of Turkey to themselves, or permitting them to form separate republics.

The Emperor has announced that sooner than permit a settlement of the question by any one of these methods, he will be prepared for war at every hazard; and however much Her Majesty's Government may be disposed to agree in the soundness of the views taken by His Imperial Majesty, yet they consider that the simple predetermination of what shall not be tolerated, does little towards solving the real difficulties, or settling in what manner it would be practicable, or even desirable, to deal with the heterogeneous materials of which the Turkish Empire is composed.

England desires no territorial aggrandisement, and could be no party to a previous arrangement from which she was to derive any such benefit. England could be no party to any understanding, however general, that was to be kept secret from other Powers; but Her Majesty's Government believe that no arrangements could control events, and that no understanding could be kept secret. They would, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, be the signal for preparation for intrigues of every description, and for revolts among the Christian subjects of the Porte. Each Power and each party would endeavour to secure its future interests, and the dissolution of the Turkish Empire would be preceded by a state of anarchy which must aggravate every difficulty, if it did not render a peaceful solution of the question impossible.

The only mode by which such a solution could be attempted would be that of an European Congress, but that only affords an additional reason for desiring that the present order of things in Turkey should be maintained, as Her Majesty's Government cannot without alarm reflect on the jealousies that would then be evoked, the impossibility of reconciling the different ambitions and the divergent interests that would be called into play, and the certainty that the Treaties of 1815 must then be open to revision, when France might be prepared to risk the chances of an European war to get rid of the obligations which she considers injurious to her national honour, and which, having been imposed by victorious enemies, are a constant source of irritation to her.

The main object of Her Majesty's Government, that to which their efforts have been and always will be directed, is the preservation of peace; and they desire to uphold the Turkish Empire, from their conviction that no great question can be agitated in the East without becoming a source of discord in the West, and that every great question in the West will assume a revolutionary character, and embrace a revision of the entire social system, for which the continental Governments are certainly in no state of preparation.

The Emperor is fully cognisant of the materials that are in constant fermentation beneath the surface of society, and their readiness to burst forth even in times of peace; and His Imperial Majesty will probably, therefore, not dissent from the opinion that the first cannon-shot may be the signal for a state of things more disastrous even than those calamities that war inevitably brings in its train.

But such a war would be the result of the dissolution and dismemberment of the Turkish Empire; and hence the anxiety of Her Majesty's Government to avert the catastrophe. Nor can they admit that the signs of Turkish decay are now either more evident or more rapid than of late years: there is still great energy and great wealth in Turkey; a disposition to improve the system of government is not wanting; corruption, though unfortunately great, is still not of a character, nor carried to an extent, that threatens the existence of the State; the treatment of Christians is not harsh, and the toleration exhibited by the Porte towards this portion of its subjects might serve as an example to some Governments who look with contempt upon Turkey as a barbarous Power.

Her Majesty's Government believe that Turkey only requires forbearance on the part of its allies, and a deter-

mination not to press their claims in a manner humiliating to the dignity and independence of the Sultan,—that friendly support, in short, that, with States as with individuals, the weak are entitled to expect from the strong,—in order not only to prolong its existence, but to remove all cause of alarm respecting its dissolution.

It is in this work of benevolence and sound European policy that Her Majesty's Government are desirous of co-operating with the Emperor; they feel entire confidence in the rectitude of His Imperial Majesty's intentions, and as they have the satisfaction of thinking that the interests of Russia and England in the East are completely identical, they entertain an earnest hope that a similar policy there will prevail, and tend to strengthen the alliance between the two countries, which it is alike the object of Her Majesty and Her Majesty's Government to promote.

You will give a copy of this despatch to the Chancellor, or to the Emperor, in the event of your again having the honour to be received by His Imperial Majesty.

I am, &c.,

(Signed)

CLARENDON.

No. 11.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received March 26.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

MY LORD,

St. Petersburg, March 12, 1855.

THE Chancellor sent for me this morning, when he placed in my hands a copy of the memorandum which was brought to your Lordship's knowledge by my despatch of the 9th instant. Upon this copy the Emperor had written in pencil, that he was sorry to find that Sir Hamilton Seymour had considered a passage in the paper as reflecting upon the conduct of Her Majesty's Government; that no reproach had been intended, and that the Chancellor would do well to see me and to state that if it should be my wish, the paper might be taken back and altered.

After a few moments' reflection it occurred to me that the explanations which I had received were sufficient, so that a record could be obtained of the Emperor's amicable intentions, and that the paper, if taken back, might be altered in more than one of its passages; I therefore stated, that instead of changing the memorandum I would suggest that his excellency should write me a few lines explanatory of the purport of the passage which I had considered objectionable. To this the Chancellor at once acceded, and it only remained for me to request that his Excellency would be kind enough to express to the Emperor how sensibly I felt his gracious solicitude to efface a disagreeable impression.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

G. H. SEYMOUR.

No. 12.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received April 4.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

MY LORD,

St. Petersburg, March 16, 1855.

WITH reference to the despatch marked "secret and confidential," which I had the honour of addressing to your Lordship on the 12th instant, I beg to transmit in original the letter which Count Nesselrode undertook to write to me expressive of the Emperor's willingness to change the passage in his memorandum which I had considered open to some misinterpretation.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

G. H. SEYMOUR.

INCLOSURE IN No. 12.

COUNT NESSELRODE TO SIR G. H. SEYMOUR.

[Translation.]

March 3 (15), 1853.

I HAVE the pleasure, my dear Sir Hamilton, to add to the explanation which I had the honour to offer to you verbally, that having communicated your doubts to the Emperor, His Majesty has authorised me to modify the passage which had caused you to entertain them, at least if you should consider it necessary. The Emperor is, above all things, desirous of removing from a communication altogether personal and friendly with the Government of Her Majesty the Queen, what might give occasion even to an erroneous interpretation, which would be contrary to the intentions by which it was dictated, as also to the object which His Majesty proposes to himself.

Be pleased, &c.,

(Signed)

NESSELRODE.

No. 13.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO SIR G. H. SEYMOUR.

(Secret and Confidential.)

SIR, Foreign Office, April 5, 1853.

YOUR despatches of the 9th, 10th, and 12th ultimo have been laid before the Queen.

My despatch of the 23rd ultimo will have furnished you with answers upon all the principal points alluded to in the memorandum which Count Nesselrode placed in your hands; but it is my duty to inform you that that important and remarkable document was received by Her Majesty's Government with feelings of sincere satisfaction, as a renewed proof of the Emperor's confidence and friendly feelings; and Her Majesty's Government desire to convey their acknowledgments to His Imperial Majesty for having thus placed on record the opinions he expressed at the interview with which you were honoured by His Imperial Majesty.

Her Majesty's Government do not consider that any useful purpose would be served by prolonging a correspondence upon a question with respect to which a complete understanding has been established; and I have only, therefore, further to state, that Her Majesty's Government observe with pleasure that, in the opinion of the Emperor, the fall of the Turkish Empire is looked upon as an uncertain and distant contingency, and that no real crisis has occurred to render its realisation imminent.

Her Majesty's Government have never any wish to disguise their policy, which they trust is honest and straightforward towards all other countries; but on such a question they would particularly regret that any misapprehension existed on the mind of the Emperor, and they accordingly approve of the confidential note which you addressed to Count Nesselrode, for the purpose of rectifying some ideas which reflected upon the course pursued by Her Majesty's Government.

On the subject of the *Charlemagne* coming up to the Bosphorus, a correspondence took place between the English and French Governments; and although the Porte gave its sanction unconditionally, the eventual solution of the question was in conformity with the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, and it was settled that the *Charlemagne* should convey M. de Lavalette to Constantinople, under which circumstances it was stated that the passage of the French ship of war would not be further remonstrated against by Her Majesty's Government, but that it must not be drawn into a precedent.

As regards the Holy Places, you are aware of the instructions given to Colonel Rose for his guidance at the Porte, and of the despatch addressed to Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, which was communicated to the French Government; and I have further to inform you that Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe was instructed to bear in mind that Her Majesty's Government, without professing to give an opinion on the subject, were not insensible to the superior claims of Russia, both as respected the treaty obligations of Turkey, and the loss of moral influence that the Emperor would sustain throughout his dominions, if, in the position occupied by His Imperial

Majesty with reference to the Greek Church, he was to yield any privileges it had hitherto enjoyed to the Latin Church, of which the Emperor of the French claimed to be the protector.

With respect to the advice which the Emperor recommends should be given to the Porte by Her Majesty's Government, you will inform the Chancellor that Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe was directed to return to his post, and a special character was given to his mission by an autograph letter from Her Majesty, under the impression that the Porte would be better disposed to listen to moderate counsels, when offered by one of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe's high position, and great knowledge and experience of Turkish affairs; and he was particularly desired to advise the Porte to treat its Christian subjects with the utmost leniency.

Upon this latter point Her Majesty's Government are inclined to believe that the Turkish Government are at length awakened to a sense of their own true interests. At the beginning of this year we know that orders were sent to Kiamil Pasha to proceed instantly to Bosnia, in order to redress Christian grievances, and to empower the Christian communities to build churches. About the same time also the Porte sent the strongest instructions to Omar Pasha, to act with unvaried moderation and humanity towards his enemies (the Montenegrins); and the English Vice-Consul at Scutari confirmed all the previous statements that the inhabitants of Montenegro committed an unprovoked attack on the troops and subjects of the Porte; while the accounts that have reached Her Majesty's Government respecting the atrocities said to have been committed by the Turks in Bosnia, Herzegovine, and Montenegro, are extracted from Austrian newspapers, and must necessarily, therefore, be received with caution.

I have only in conclusion to add, that as Her Majesty and the Emperor have now mutually renewed the assurances of their intention to uphold the independence and integrity of the Turkish empire, it is the earnest desire of Her Majesty's Government that the Representatives of the two Powers may henceforward co-operate together in carrying out this intention by giving similar advice in the same friendly spirit to the Porte.

You are instructed to read this despatch to the Chancellor, and to furnish him with a copy, should he desire it.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

CLARENDON.

No. 14.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received May 2.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

(Extract.) St. Petersburg, April 20, 1853.

THE Emperor on rising from table, when I had the honour of dining at the Palace on the 18th instant, desired me to follow him into the next room. His Majesty then said that he had wished to state to me the real and sincere satisfaction which he received from your Lordship's despatch marked Secret and Confidential of the 23rd ultimo.

It had been, His Majesty said, most agreeable to him to find that the overtures which he had addressed to Her Majesty's Government had been responded to in the same friendly spirit in which they were made; that, to use a former expression, there was nothing in which he placed so much reliance as "la parole d'un gentilhomme;" that he felt that the relations of the two Courts stood upon a better basis now that a clear understanding had been obtained as to points which, if left in doubt, might have been productive of misintelligence; and, as His Majesty was pleased to add, he felt obliged to me for having contributed towards bringing about this friendly entente.

And His Majesty said, I beg you to understand that what I have pledged myself to will be equally binding upon my successor; there now exist memorandums of my intentions, and whatever I have promised, my son, if the changes alluded to should occur in his time, will be as ready to perform as his father would have been.

The Emperor proceeded to state that he would very frankly offer an observation or two—it might be a criticism—on your Lordship's despatch.

The despatch spoke of the fall of the Turkish Empire as an uncertain and distant event: he would remark that the one term excluded the other; uncertain it was certainly, but for that reason not necessarily remote: he desired it might be, but he was not sure that it might so prove.

His Majesty desired further to observe that he could not doubt that Her Majesty's Government had taken too favourable a view of the state of the Christian population in Turkey; the Sultan might have intended to better their condition, might have given orders in that sense, but he was quite certain that his commands had not been attended to.

Upon my remarking that Her Majesty's Government were understood to receive very accurate reports of what passes in Turkey, the Emperor replied with considerable animation, that he called this fact in question; that he believed, on the contrary, that some of the English Consular agents were incorrect in their reports: he would only refer to Bulgaria; the greatest discontent prevailed there, and His Majesty would affirm that were it not for his continued efforts to repress the manifestation of feelings of the sort, the Bulgarians would some time since have been in insurrection.

His Majesty proceeded to contrast the threatening attitude which had been assumed by Count Leiningen with the peaceable character of Prince Menshikoff's mission; not, however, that he desired to blame the Emperor of Austria, a noble Prince, whom he loved sincerely, and all of whose acts he approved; the difference existed in circumstances, and when Montenegro was threatened with utter devastation, the Emperor of Austria was obliged to act with energy; His Majesty would, he said, have acted in the same manner.

I am desirous of remarking here, that part of the Emperor's observations were, it was obvious, addressed to me personally, and were intended as a reply as well to an allusion which I had made as to religious intolerance in Tuscany, as to my comments to the Chancellor upon the conduct of the Austrian Cabinet with regard to the late confiscatory measures in Lombardy.

His Majesty, after observing that according to the accounts just received (those of the 29th ultimo) little or no progress had been made towards an adjustment of difficulties at Constantinople, said that as yet he had not moved a ship or a battalion; that he had not done so from motives of consideration for the Sultan, and from economical motives; but that he would repeat that he had no intention of being trifled with, and that if the Turks did not yield to reason, they would have to give way to an approach of danger.

I ventured to remark to the Emperor, that it was only by the despatches just arrived that he had received intelligence of the landing at Pera of the French Ambassador, who was understood to be a party to the arrangements about to be concluded; the indirect answer, however, returned to me by His Majesty, and the expressions which he used, lead me to apprehend that this consideration did not receive the attention of which in fairness it appears to me deserving.

No. 15.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received May 2.)

(Secret and Confidential.)

MY LORD,

St. Petersburg, April 21, 1853.

I HAVE had the honour of receiving your Lordship's despatch marked Secret and Confidential of the 6th instant, which, in obedience to your Lordship's orders, I communicated to Count Nesselrode on the 15th instant.

His Excellency, before the arrival of this messenger, had desired to see me for the purpose of communicating to me a paper which had been drawn up by the Emperor's desire, and which was to be considered as an answer to your Lordship's despatch of the 23rd ultimo.

This document, which I beg to transmit in original,

was accordingly placed in my hands by the Chancellor, who observed that he had previously thought that it would close the correspondence, but that it was possible that the fresh despatch which I had brought to his knowledge might, upon being laid before the Emperor, call for some fresh observations on the part of His Majesty.

The only passage in the inclosed paper to which Count Nesselrode was desirous of drawing my attention, was that in which an observation is made respecting the treatment of the Christian population as described by English or by Russian agents.

I remarked, in reply, that the point was the less material, Her Majesty's Government being (as his Excellency has been made aware) as desirous as the Imperial Cabinet could be that no effort should be wanting on the part of the Porte to remove any and every cause of complaint which could be made in justice by the Sultan's Christian subjects.

Your Lordship will perhaps allow me to observe, that supposing the present crisis in Turkish affairs to pass over, an intimation is made in the inclosed paper, which, if taken up and embodied in a joint resolution by all the great Powers, might possibly be the means of long averting a catastrophe which, happen when it may, will probably have disastrous consequences even to those to whom it may be considered the most profitable.

Since the preceding part of this despatch was written, the Chancellor has intimated to me that the Emperor, being of opinion that the paper which I now inclose, followed up by the conversation which I had the honour of holding with His Majesty on the 18th, may be considered as replying to any points touched upon in your Lordship's despatch, does not propose to offer any fresh observation upon the subjects which have been under discussion. His Excellency does not conceal from me his satisfaction at this resolution, these subjects being, as he remarked, of so delicate a nature, that there are always objections to their being brought under discussion.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

G. H. SEYMOUR.

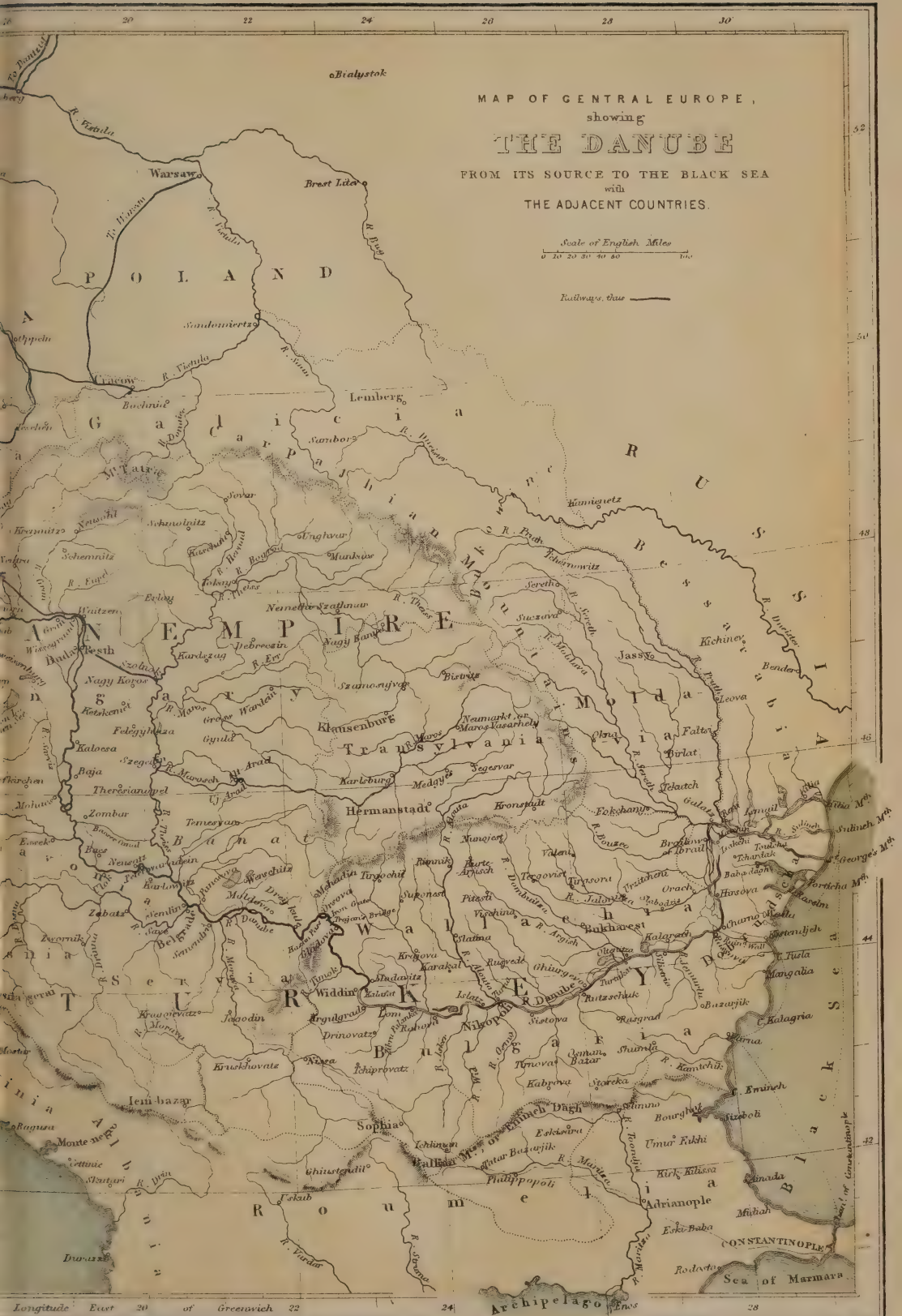
INCLOSURE IN No. 15.

MEMORANDUM.—[Translation.]

THE Emperor has, with lively satisfaction, made himself acquainted with Lord Clarendon's despatch of the 23rd of March. His Majesty congratulates himself on perceiving that his views and those of the English Cabinet entirely coincide on the subject of the political combinations which it would be chiefly necessary to avoid in the extreme case of the contingency occurring in the East which Russia and England have equally at heart to prevent, or, at all events, to delay as long as possible. Sharing generally the opinions expressed by Lord Clarendon on the necessity of the prolonged maintenance of the existing state of things in Turkey, the Emperor, nevertheless, cannot abstain from adverting to a special point which leads him to suppose that the information received by the British Government is not altogether in accordance with ours. It refers to the humanity and the toleration to be shown by Turkey in her manner of treating her Christian subjects.

Putting aside many other examples to the contrary of an old date, it is, for all that, notorious that recently the cruelties committed by the Turks in Bosnia forced hundreds of Christian families to seek refuge in Austria. In other respects, without wishing on this occasion to enter upon a discussion as to the symptoms of decay, more or less evident, presented by the Ottoman Power, or the greater or less degree of vitality which its internal constitution may retain, the Emperor will readily agree that the best means of upholding the duration of the Turkish Government is not to harass it by overbearing demands, supported in a manner humiliating to its independence and its dignity. His Majesty is disposed, as he has ever been, to act upon this system, with the clear understanding, however, that the same rule of conduct shall be observed without distinction, and unanimously, by each of the great Powers, and that none of them shall take advantage of the weakness of the Porte to obtain from it concessions





which might turn to the prejudice of the others. This principle being laid down, the Emperor declares that he is ready to labour, in concert with England, at the common work of prolonging the existence of the Turkish Empire, setting aside all cause of alarm on the subject of its dissolution. He readily accepts the evidence offered by the British Cabinet of entire confidence in the uprightness of his sentiments, and the hope that, on this basis, his alliance with England cannot fail to become stronger.

St. Petersburg, April 3 (15), 1853.

We cannot conclude our chapter upon the secret correspondence more appropriately than in the words of Mr. W. Newman, of Oxford: "The strength of despots is diplomacy, through

which they paralyse the support of right by its only possible guardians. Since the days of Demosthenes and Philip of Macedon, it has been notorious to all educated men that the despot who communicates his counsels to none—who is master of the whole resources of his nation—who pursues his plans undeviatingly and secretly—has infinite advantage over free states, both in negotiation, and in the first outbreak of war. The only means of resisting him is by rallying popular enthusiasm; but this is made difficult or impossible by free states when they are so senseless as to allow any communications with him to be secret."

CHAPTER XII.

SPRING CAMPAIGN ON THE DANUBE.

"And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse, pernicious enemy."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE CZAR made preparations corresponding to those made by the allies. In the Baltic his ships and gun-boats were increased, and Cronstadt was greatly strengthened. New batteries were erected at Helsingfors, as well as on the islands of Sweaborg. Batteries were also erected at St. Petersburg, and on various salient points of the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland; and troops were massed on all positions where they were likely to be available in resisting an attack. On the Euxine, also, careful and laborious preparations were made; the batteries at Odessa were rendered much more formidable; and on the Danubian frontier of Bessarabia immense artillery reinforcements were parked. Even in the Crimea, the coast defences were put in better condition, although there were then no indications that the allies meditated any attack in that direction.

Through Moldavia and Wallachia the forces of Russia were incessantly poured, as soon as the snows of winter departed and the roads were practicable; and it soon became obvious that the Danube was to be the scene of early contest. Famed in story from remote antiquity as washing the shores of many battle-fields, it was destined once more to roll between the camps of opposing hosts, and

"Towers that skirt, and towns that seem to lave
Their battled walls in that majestic wave."

Towards the middle of February the Turkish army, having heard of the departure of the Russian ambassadors from the Western courts, was excited to the utmost enthusiasm, and in various small detachments harassed the Russians before the latter were ready to act upon the offensive. Indeed the Russians, made more cautious by their terrible defeat at Citate even

than they had been after the battles of Oltenitz, began their spring operations by fortifying Fokshani, at the foot of the Carpathians; and so far to the rear of their army, that such a measure could only be dictated by a respect for the Turkish army and its general, acquired during the conflicts of the autumn and winter. In Fokshani great store of warlike munitions was laid up, and troops arrived incessantly as the weather allowed. Finding that the Turks were not in a condition to commence offensive operations, the Russian general took the initiative. It is difficult to say with what forces he commenced the spring campaign, so different are the Russian accounts and those of the pro-Russian press in Germany, and so different is the force of a Russian army upon paper and in fact. Probably 140,000 men had entered the provinces up to the close of 1853, and that force was reduced to less than 90,000 before the arrival of the first spring reinforcements; but so promptly did these arrive, that the Russian general felt confident of the capture of Kalafat, and prepared for a grand system of offensive action upon the whole Danubian frontier.

We have already noticed the importance of the Danube to the Turks as a line of defence, when we described the operations conducted by Omar Pasha in the autumn of 1853 and the winter of 1853-4. It is desirable that our readers should form a more complete conception of it. The topographical and picturesque character of its shores may be studied with interest and pleasure in the *Bosphorus and the Danube*,*

* Eastern Europe, illustrated by a series of 160 Views on the Bosphorus and Danube, from original drawings by W. H. Bartlett and other artists. With topographical

by Miss Pardoe and Dr. Beattie. But, in a military point of view, it is desirable to direct the attention of our readers to its adaptation for defence by an army protecting Bulgaria from invasion. We know of no work where military accuracy and popular simplicity of language are to be found so happily united as in that of Moltke, who, in his book entitled *The Russians in Bulgaria and Roumelia in 1828-9*, thus describes the orographical peculiarities of this great river:—

“Ever since the Turks have been liable to invasion from Russian troops, the Danube has been their first bulwark of defence. It will be necessary for our purpose to give a short description of the lower part of that river. Between Golubraen and Gladova, a distance of about forty miles, the Danube breaks through the limestone rock, which runs from north to south between the Carpathians and the Balkan. At the former point, where there is an old Servian castle, the stream, which is not less than 2000 paces wide, is suddenly narrowed to a width of only a few hundred; and pursues a very winding course between high, and, in many places, precipitous walls of rock, with a very rapid fall. At several points, especially Bebnitz and the Iron Gate (Demir Cassee), its bed is crossed by reefs of rock which, when the water is low, rise above the surface of the river, and when it is high, create prodigious whirlpools, always rendering the navigation of the river difficult, and, at these points, impassable. On this point of the river’s course are the Turkish fortresses of New Orsova (Ada Kalessi, the island fort) and Gladova (Fete-Islam, the triumph of the faith). The width of the stream throughout this tract is, on an average, 600 to 900 paces, and on both sides lies an almost uncultivated, thickly-wooded, and very inaccessible hilly country. Very little below the Iron Gate, however, the stream changes altogether. On the Servian side, it is true, wooded heights still stretch along the right bank as far as the boundary stream of Timoch, but below that the mountains recede far away on either side, and the river flows on through a plain, 100 miles in breadth, down to its mouth.

“Lesser Wallachia as far as the Alouta, and the south of Bulgaria, are indeed traversed by a few chains of hills branching off from the high mountains, and are altogether less flat and low than the vast plains of Greater Wallachia; nevertheless they are, on the whole, level countries. There is, however, a very marked difference between the opposite banks of the river. On the Bulgarian side (all the way below Widdin) they rise steep and high, im-

mediately overhanging the stream; while, on the Wallachian, they are flat and muddy, with extensive meadows intersected by branches of the Danube, and overflowed whenever the water rises. As the river flows on, these low banks become wider and wider, and more and more marshy, and the islands more and more numerous. Below Rustchuk there is only a single spot at the mouth of the Dembowicza, opposite Turtukai, where the shore is firm and dry, though flat, down to the edge of the river, which at that point is not impeded by any islands. Opposite Silistria, too, a road passable at all seasons leads from Kalarash to the Danube.

“In the Dobrudscha, too, the right bank is considerably the highest; the opposite low Wallachian shore is for the most part firm and dry down to the edge of the river, so far as the Bertisa branch; but the islands form a marsh covered with trees and rushes many miles in breadth, which is always flooded when the river is high. Hirsova is the first point at which the valley becomes narrowest, and a passage across the river is practicable. At Brailow the left side of the valley of the Danube first begins to rise from the river in perpendicular terraces of clay, of about eighty or one hundred feet high. From Brailow and Galatz there are roads across the wide marshes, practicable in the fine season to Matschin, which place commands their *débouchés*, and beyond which the fine picturesque tops of the Matschin and Betschepe mountains rise to a height of about 1100 feet.

“Below Isaktchi, the Danube flows through its Delta in three branches, of which only one, the Sulina, is navigable, and this is not above 200 paces wide at the mouth. The whole space, thirty miles in width, between the northern and southern branches (the Kedullet and the Killibogas) is covered by an unbroken waving sea of rushes ten feet high, above which the rigging of the ships is only visible. The Danube, below the Iron Gate, except where it is divided by islands into several arms, is nowhere under 900 paces in breadth, and in many places it is more than double that width. In some places it is as much as seventy or eighty feet deep, but in many parts it is far shallower. Below Pesth, where there is a suspension bridge constructed, the mighty river is only crossed by one bridge of boats,—that at Peterwardein. Of the massive bridge built by Trajan, at Gladova, nothing now remains but the piers, and a sort of tower on the Wallachian shore. The stream at this point is very broad and shallow. At Pulcha the river is diagonally crossed by a sand-bank, which leaves a navigable channel only fourteen or fifteen feet deep. At this point a bridge on piles might be thrown across the main channel, if the approach on the left bank were not rendered impassable by

descriptions of the Bosphorus, by Miss Pardoe; and the Danube, by Dr. Beattie: Virtue and Co., London and New York.

extensive marshes and islands overgrown with reeds. Everywhere else, the passage of the river could only be effected by bridges of boats or pontoons. Although the fall of the Danube is not nearly so great below the Iron Gate, the current on an average does not run less than two miles and a half an hour.

"The natural obstacles offered by this mighty river to the passage of troops across, are increased by the great number of strongholds on its banks. Within a course of 300 miles there are, upon the Lower Danube, Necopolos, Sistova, Rustchuk, Giurgevo, Turtukai, Silistria, Hirsova, Matschin, Brailow, Isaktehi, and Tultscha, all situated at the points where the stream might otherwise most easily be crossed.

"The outworks of Turtukai alone had not been built since the former war; and yet that is the most advantageous place for the passage of an army on the whole of the Lower Danube.

"If Schumla and Varna were to be the points of operation for a Russian army, its march thither from Bessarabia would lie direct through Turtukai. The march across the Dobrudscha, rendered so difficult by the want of water, would thereby be avoided. The obstacle presented by the commanding height of the right bank is, as we have seen, everywhere the same. Moreover, Turtukai stands in the greatest interval between two fortresses, twenty-four miles from Silistria, and twice as far from Rustchuk. The Danube is 995 paces in width; the banks are firm, and always passable; and the Dembowicza, which flows past Bucharest and empties itself into the Danube exactly opposite the town of Turtukai, affords facilities for bringing the means of crossing to the spot.

"It would, however, be utterly impossible, even here, to collect the materials for constructing a bridge 1000 paces long. The navigation of the Danube, properly speaking, does not extend above Brailow and Galatz, where very large supplies of corn are annually shipped for Constantinople."

If our readers will keep in view this brief but very complete sketch of the river line of defence, the proceedings of both armies will be more intelligible in the events that we proceed to record.

The first blow was struck by the Russians on the 13th of February. They collected in very considerable force against Giurgevo, where there had been such fierce contests in the preceding campaign. The Turks were unable to resist such a superior force with any hope of success, yet they prolonged the conflict for several days, and then retired in good order, taking boat to Rustchuk. The Russians, upon taking possession of the place, directed a terrible cannonade against Rustchuk. Considerable ability was shown, and dogged perseverance, in repeated

attempts to cross the river there. The Turkish garrison was kept in a state of painful and unremitting vigilance; and hard although desultory fighting tried the courage and endurance of both armies. At this juncture, the conduct of Omar Pasha was much criticised; his German critics generally animadverted severely upon his strategy, and among them were many officers of note; the American military authorities took up the German criticisms, and gave them currency in the United States; not a few British officers censured, and even derided, the conduct of the Turkish general at that crisis. We believe the "rules of war" were considered by almost all, even his most warm advocates, to demand a different strategical arrangement on his part; but, as a military writer observes, who was no friend to the Turkish chief, "The wisdom of any plan of defence where an extended line of territory is to be guarded is *relative*. What would be utterly absurd in the face of an experienced general, and well-disciplined army, might be the very perfection of wisdom before an ill-conditioned army and incompetent general." It was plain that Omar despised his antagonist, Prince Gortschakoff, as a strategist; and while he knew the deficiencies of his own army, he had reliance upon the courage of his troops. The results of any deviation from the strict rules of war justified his judgment. Omar, perceiving that he had not sufficient force to prevent the Russians from crossing the river, detached his left wing, making it a separate army—no longer having its base upon Schumla, but rather upon Servia and Bosnia. On the 4th of March, before the Russians had yet crossed the river, Omar gave them another lesson, similar to those at Citate and Oltenitza. The corps at Rathova suddenly crossed under his orders, and attacked the Russians at Kalarasch with great impetuosity and success. The Russians fell back with rapidity, suffering great loss. The usual hurrysings to and fro, marches and countermarches on the part of the Russians, showed their surprise; but before they could chastise the aggression, the Turks recrossed the river. In spite of all the valour of the latter, and the skill of their chief, the progress of the Russians became speedily such as to dishearten Europe, and create an impression that, before the allies could intervene, the Russians would be through the passes of the Balkan. This feeling was strengthened by the recollection that "In the late war with the Turks, the power of Russia in the first campaign appeared to be feeble, and many exulted at the ruin of an empire which had been so formidable; but in the second campaign, when it had put forth its real strength, it was evident that the Turkish Empire existed but at the mercy of their opponent." Still every step which the Russians

won to the walls of Silistria was opposed by a stubborn resistance, such as the Turks had not offered in modern times to an invading force. Omar Pasha did everything at this juncture that man could do, to prepare his army for effectual warfare; it is difficult even now to know with what hopes and expectations the general completed his arrangements; but, in spite of the valour of his levies, he must have felt considerable uneasiness. The Constantinople papers give us no real information as to either the plans, movements, or resources, of the Turkish general. The German papers are contradictory, and the correspondents of the London and Paris press not less so. The *Soldaten Freund* professed to have especial sources of information, and was just then more minute than any other publication in Europe in its descriptions of the varying events on either side of the contested flood. According to this authority, Omar's object was to form three army corps, with their head-quarters at Karassu, Sistau, and Widdin; each corps to consist of more than twenty battalions of infantry, thirty squadrons of cavalry, and sixty guns. The force of each corps, 26,000 Nizam (regulars), 18,000 Redifs (militia), and contingent of Bosnians, Albanians, and Herzegovinians; a reserve of well-appointed Egyptian regulars to support each corps. The regulars, militia, and Egyptians, were thoroughly trustworthy; but the Bashi-bazouks were, as we have elsewhere in this History described them, sometimes good and sometimes bad soldiers, and always given to insubordination, plunder, and violence. The Albanians and Herzegovinians were mutinous, from their sympathy with the Greek insurgents, and it was with difficulty the generals could prevent their desertion *en masse*.

It was on the 5th of March Prince Gortschakoff received his orders to cross the Danube, *coûte qui coûte*; on the very same day that the czar proclaimed martial law in seventeen governments of his dominions. Previous, however, to any attempt at effecting the passage of the river, Kalafat was made the object of a *reconnaissance* in force. Strong detachments of Russian irregular cavalry and light artillery were permitted by the Turks repeatedly to come with impunity close to the place. The object of allowing the Russians thus to parade almost under the muzzles of the guns was to conceal their strength. Some good opportunities of cutting off these advanced detachments were lost; and when an attempt on a grand scale, well-planned by the commandant, was made, it was so badly executed that the Russians made good their retreat. It was of the utmost consequence to the Russians to take Kalafat, at this juncture the only strong place held by the Turks on the left bank of the river; it was the key to the great fortified place

called Widdin, on the right bank; it covers Servia, and its occupation by the Turks did much to shut up from the Russians the way that by Sophia leads to the Balkan and to Adrianople. Accordingly, on the 11th of March, a powerful corps of Prince Gortschakoff's army reconnoitred the place, with the view apparently of turning the *reconnaissance* into an attack, if circumstances might be found at all to favour it. The Turks sallied out and attacked this corps with impetuosity; the struggle was fierce and protracted, and ended by a decisive repulse of the Russians.

Meantime General Luders, one of the most skilful and enterprising of the Russian generals, crossed the Danube at Galatz. So conflicting are the accounts of the passage of the Danube by Luders, that no less than five different dates are assigned to it—the 10th, 11th, 22nd, 23rd, and 25th of March. We believe we can unravel this skein. It was on the 10th that Luders made good his landing on the right bank of the river. The passage was effected mainly by rafts, constructed for the purpose, with considerable perseverance and some skill; for he conducted, without any decisive interruption or accident, a large army over a broad river, in the face of a brave army commanded by an able general. The army of Luders consisted of twenty-four battalions of infantry, eight squadrons of regular cavalry, six sotnias of Cossacks, and sixty-four guns. Omar guarded the river effectually, except on the shores of the Dobrudscha, where he knew that a Russian army, if he could contrive to detain it there, would perish from thirst and malaria without the expenditure of much shot or shell on his part. In fact, taciturn as the Turkish general was, he could not dissemble the joy he felt at the direction in which the enemy was compelled to enter that region, by the generalship which prevented their effecting any more advantageous footing in Bulgaria. The indifference with which Omar obviously regarded the advance of this corps of the Russian army, or rather the pleasure he evinced at catching them within the deadly angle of that terrible region, caused reports to be raised in Constantinople that he was bribed; and these reports were amplified in Vienna, and sent rapidly about through Europe. Omar, however, maintained his equanimity, and not only offered no serious obstruction to Luders in crossing, but took no means to prevent his occupation of the entire region, except so far as to maintain a few strong places as long as they could hold out.

On the 15th of March Prince Gortschakoff in person resolved to effect a passage by Turtukai. Our readers will remember that in an early part of this History, the river between Turtukai and Oltenitza was described, and the character of its shores on both sides. In our

accounts of the incursion of the Turks from Turtukai to Oltenitza, we represented them as first seizing and fortifying an island which commanded the banks of the river at Oltenitza, and was itself commanded from the heights of Turtukai. General Gortschakoff determined to take, if possible, that island. This act was one of inconceivable rashness; for not only could the guns of the island command his troops in embarking to reach it, but, if reached and captured, the batteries at Turtukai would make it untenable. Of course, by a terrible expenditure of life, superior forces could ultimately seize the island and cross from it to the opposite side, and storm the batteries there; but the object, when gained, would not by its possession repay the sacrifices made in attaining it. The result of the attempt to capture the island was a terrible defeat, with the loss of 2000 men.

The operations of Prince Gortschakoff against Rustchuk by Giurgevo were as disheartening as his attempts to cross by Turtukai; and while discouraged, doubtful, and almost desperate, because of the stringency of his orders from St. Petersburg to restore the prestige of the Russian name by some feat of arms, he received a despatch from General Luders, announcing what both generals deemed a success; neither suspecting, that as Wellington lured on Napoleon to Waterloo—a field previously chosen by him—so Omar was gradually drawing forces, which he knew were powerful enough to cross the river somewhere, into the trap where they might become the prey of pestilence as well as war. Gortschakoff immediately hurried to the support of Luders, and taking a *detour* in the rear of the place where the latter made his passage, the prince, far to the general's left, passed over a little above Tultscha with fourteen battalions of infantry, sixteen squadrons of regular cavalry, six sotnias of Cossacks, and forty-four guns. He took some guns and prisoners, and drove back upon Tultscha a detachment of Turks who were in observation of his movements. The Russians were now in great force in the Upper Dobrudscha, and they appeared to advance in an alarming career of victory. They stormed and captured one stronghold after another, suffering and inflicting much loss. A detail of these conflicts is unnecessary; what the Russians won they won with difficulty; what the Turks held they held with tenacity; and terrible carnage marked nearly every struggle. At Tultscha the Turks made the most prolonged and desperate resistance, causing heavy losses to the Russians, obstructing their progress, and rendering insecure the advance they were so rapidly making, by maintaining a considerable force in their rear.

Tultscha at last fell, after resisting three desperate attempts to storm it. Matschin,

another of the strong places on the southern side, repulsed as many attempts to storm it, but the garrison at last surrendered at discretion. Isaktchi and Hirsowa, the remaining strongholds on that side of the Danube, surrendered, but not with dishonour. The fortresses on the Danubian shores of the Dobrudscha were dearly paid for with Russian blood. When their keys were received in great pomp and amid great rejoicings at St. Petersburg, it was little understood there what an amount of human life had been expended in winning the trophies. Before the 1st of April the Turks, who had fallen back upon Babadagh by the sea, were forced to evacuate that place, the possession of which was of considerable importance to the invaders. It is here necessary to give our readers some idea of the military value of these conquests.

The Dobrudscha is not properly a part of Bulgaria, although on the Bulgarian side of the river, and is always spoken of by the Turks as a distinct territory. It is a district skirting the Danube on its northern and western bounds, the Black Sea on its eastern bounds, and Bulgaria to the south and south-west. Its extreme measurement is from ninety to one hundred miles by thirty-five. It is perfectly flat, and lower than the Danube; in most places marshy, and the deadly marsh malaria prevailing to a degree more fatal than perhaps anywhere else in Europe. In other places it is dry and sterile, and water cannot be obtained by digging to any depth. There are no roads, and even the paths are dangerous to the solitary traveller. The outlets from this district to Roumelia are commanded by fortifications of great strength, with a fertile country behind them; so that an army hemmed in within this dismal plain is exposed to certain destruction—they will waste away without any attack from a foe. The Russians calculated upon forcing a passage into Bulgaria, as they did in 1828, when Silistria and Varna were captured by them; but at that time they had the command of the Euxine, upon which the allies, at the time we now treat of, kept up a sort of marine patrol. There remained, therefore, nothing for the Russians but to force their way to the Balkan. As the allies occupied Varna later in the spring, the Russians could make no attempt in that direction; or the deeds of Menschikoff and Woronzoff, in 1828, might have been again enacted.

A description of the fortresses which fell into the hands of the Russians by their invasion of the Dobrudscha, will account for the alarm felt in Turkey and throughout Europe.

Isaktchi is thus described by Baron von Moltke:—"It stands near the Danube, upon a hill, surrounded within musket-shot by two valleys, which are not commanded by the for-

tress: no advantage is taken of the lay of the ground, and the correct instinct by which the Turks are usually guided in the choice of their lines seems here to have forsaken them. As usual, there were neither outworks nor covered-way, only a narrow foot-path inside the glacis, which was three feet high. The ramparts were so narrow that there was not room for the guns, except in the bastions, which were tolerably large. The inner escarp of the rampart was supported perpendicularly with wattling; a measure which, in 1810, had so embarrassed the besiegers of Rustchuk. The inner slope of the parapet was partly lined with pallisades, and their outer slopes on the bastions, as well as the embrasures, were lined with gabions. The point of attack upon the fortress comprised the two northern sides of the polygon, which could be enfiladed in their whole length from the heights to the south. The besieging force would not need any entrenchments or other works; they would only have to erect a battery near the bank of the river, at 500 or 600 paces distance from the fortress, to secure themselves from attack by advanced bodies of troops, and to effect breaches in the escarps, which at that point are not defended by any ditch."

The same author describes Matschin, where the Russians incurred such heavy losses, in the following terms:—"It stands upon a ridge which juts out into the Danube, and ends in a precipitous descent into the stream; on the west it is defended by an impassable marsh. The lofty mountains which rise in jagged points on the south-east are too far off to be dangerous, and the intervening ground slopes off gently towards the fortress, and forms a plain on the eastern side. The walls of the town form a heptagon, defended by six small bastions. On the top of the lofty northern precipice stands a citadel upon a granite rock. The citadel commands the town and its walls, the ground in front of it, and the Danube, with all the islands within range of the guns. Although the citadel had no ditch, it presented a very formidable relief, with escarps fifty feet in height, rising twenty-five feet above the enciente of the town, which was so small that it was commanded in every part by the high cavalier, even with musketry. Hence it would have been almost impossible for an attacking party to occupy the town while the citadel remained in the hands of the enemy; and, on the other hand, no attack could be made upon the citadel until the enciente of the town were taken. In fact the citadel, occupied by a resolute garrison, was impregnable by any other means than a well-directed and vigorous bombardment; and even this would by no means ensure the surrender of the place." This description by Baron Moltke was borne out by the facts in March, 1854, for the Russians in vain

attempted the place; they could only conquer it by investment, the garrison having been unprovided for a protracted siege.

"Hirsova, which stands at the point where the Danube may most easily be crossed, is a *tête-de-pont* formed as it were by nature against the Turks. The town is an irregular quadrangle, enclosed on three sides by rocky heights, which slope gently on the inside and abruptly on the out, and on the fourth side by the Danube. At one point, where a perpendicular piece of rock rises eighty or one hundred feet out of the stream, stood an ancient castle, of which the Russians took possession in 1809."

"Tultscha formerly stood upon a broad ridge of hills, with a deep declivity towards the Danube, but separated from it by a marsh 400 paces wide. On the western side the ground sloped gently down towards the fortress. The new town has been built about a mile lower down the Danube, on a spot eminently fitted to command the navigation of the Sulina, which is not 400 paces wide at this point. The town could scarcely be fortified in its whole actual extent; but, if the southern point were sacrificed, the northern—which is surrounded by the Danube, a marsh, a lake, and a commanding height—might be converted into a small fortress, which would require but a slender garrison. But then it would be essential to the safety of the place to erect an outwork upon the further extremity of the island, opposite to the place which, like all the islands in the Danube, was ceded to Russia at the last peace (1829)."

The descriptions by Baron von Moltke were written in reference to the invasion by the Russians, in the war of 1828-9; we have suppressed such portions of his account as were inapplicable to the state of things in 1854. Captain Spencer, writing at the latter end of 1853, says that considerable improvements were made in all these fortresses since he had visited them in 1851. At that time they were in the condition which Von Moltke depicts.

It will be seen that the rejoicings at St. Petersburg, and the apprehensions entertained in other portions of Europe, were not unreasonable. The possession of these river fortresses was of the utmost importance to Russia, although in the actual result she was only emboldened by these successes to commit herself irretrievably to a campaign in the Dobrud-scha, with all its attendant disasters. At the beginning of April, the Russians from Hirsova prepared for a great attempt to pass Trajan's Wall, the line of defence behind which the Turks were necessarily driven; and the Cossacks patrolled to Kustendje-upon-the-Sea, a fortress of considerable strength, and the capture of which would have facilitated an advance upon Varna.

On the 30th day of March, the Turks made a

sally from Kalafat, which served to repair so many disasters. The Russians were posted at Skripetz, and in considerable force. About 10,000 foot and a strong brigade of cavalry from the fortress surprised them, and a battle ensued which lasted several hours, and was most sanguinary. The Muscovites were defeated, losing three men for every one man lost by their victors. Encouraged by this success, the Turks two days after made another sally in the direction of Pojana. The Cossack scouts were in observation, and rode hastily back to alarm the garrison; the Turkish irregulars rode after them, and leaped the ditch of the intrenched camp as the Cossacks entered; being speedily followed by a regular body of horse, the Russians were attacked with fury, and thrown into consternation. A brigade of Russian cavalry was dispersed, some hundreds put *hors de combat*, and many made prisoners. A force of 15,000 men advanced upon Kalafat, to avenge as it was supposed these disgraces, and, if possible, effect something against that strong place; the movement ended in skirmishes, and a partial cannonade, the assailants retiring discomfited.

It is likely that this demonstration against Kalafat was not, however, in any hope of surprising the place, or making any impression there; the forces that defended it were too numerous, and the works too strong for any such hope: it was probably to cover the retreat of the Russian armies from Little Wallachia, as they were withdrawn to carry on the operations organised by Prince Paskiewitch, who arrived on the 8th, and disapproving of Prince Gortschakoff's plan of campaign, new dispositions of the troops were necessary to carry his own projects into execution. The whole right of the Russian army was drawn back; the left was pushed on fiercely through the Dobrudscha, to force an exit thence to Bulgaria; and the troops drawn back, with the reinforcements from Moldavia, were poured upon that portion of the Danube between Oltenitza and Czernavoda. Hirsova was the medium of communication between the corps of Luters in the Dobrudscha and the troops thus massing under Gortschakoff, and which were to be placed under Schilders, while Prince Paskiewitch directed the whole line of operations. Luters was ordered to get between Silistria and Varna, and cut off any chance of help thence by the allies while Silistria was assailed. When the Russian head-quarters were broken up at Krajova, in order to execute the manœuvres we have above detailed, the Turks seized it, and were welcomed by the inhabitants with every token of sincere gratitude and delight: the presence of the Russians had been an intolerable burthen.

At this juncture the Russians sustained a

defeat on the extreme left of their line. As already stated, they were desirous to gain the Wall of Trajan, and drive the Turks from that line of defence. This wall, built by the Roman emperor whose name it bears, for the purpose of repelling the incursions of the barbarians of his days upon the fertile fields and opulent cities of the South, commences at Czernavoda and extends to Kustendje on the Black Sea.* The Turks were in possession of the former place, to dislodge them from which would be necessarily a part of the Russian design upon that line of defence. They attacked the Turks with superior numbers, but with some rashness; for their recent triumphs in the Dobrudscha had filled them with a vain confidence, and they had already begun to suffer from cholera, ague, and fever, so extensively that they were desirous, even at great sacrifices, to conquer their passage onward from this fatal steppe. The Turks received them with unflinching courage, and with great coolness. The Russians were repulsed after a short battle, leaving in slain and prisoners nearly 1000 men. The prisoners were sick and emaciated, and gave terrible evidence of how rapidly the deadly climate of the peninsula of the Danube had wasted their strength. They were also found miserably deficient in apparel, and they reported the Russian army to be but ill provided with supplies and munitions of war. This was probably the result of the catastrophe which happened some time before at Fokshani, where vast stores of military appliances were burnt by an accidental fire, or, as some suppose, by incendiary Wallachs and Moldavians; who, in revenge for the outrages offered to their liberties, and the plunder of their property, so laid the train of the conflagration as to secure the rapid destruction of the vast accumulations of military supplies which the place contained.

We have now approached one of the most eventful periods of the war—the siege of Silistria. We should, however, have to leave too far behind us contemporaneous incidents of great interest, were we here to pursue the contest in the Dobrudscha before the walls of Silistria.

* In a work entitled *Eastern Europe Illustrated*, published by Virtue and Co., London and New York, there is the following description of the present condition of this wall, and the appearance of its neighbourhood:—"In consequence of the steamer halting for a day at Tchernavoda, we took advantage of the delay, and set out to explore the Wall of Trajan. Our walk across the hills was delightful. In every green hollow were thickets of lilac and numerous flowering shrubs. In about an hour's walk, we came to the Roman wall, which once stretched from the Danube to the Black Sea. A camp, the dimensions of which may still be traced, formed its defence towards the river; and its high green vallum and accompanying ditch are seen running over ridge and hollow towards the sea. The whole of the next day, in our descent of the river, these were still visible on our right, till we arrived at our destination on the Euxine Sea."

We shall here take occasion to notice the more prominent incidents of the history of General Luders. He is an aide-de-camp general, a high degree of rank in the Russian service. He did not take any very prominent part in war until the Russian campaign in Transylvania, in the year 1849, but there greatly distinguished himself. A separate *corps-d'armée* of about 40,000 men was placed under his command, with which he defeated Bem, the celebrated Polish general, utterly routing his forces. The principal part in forcing Georgey to surrender, devolved also upon him. That campaign made the military reputation of Luders, and upon the breaking out of the present war it was proposed to place him in command of the army of the principalities.

The claims of Prince Gortschakoff prevailing, Luders was appointed to a high command under him, and as has been already shown in this chapter, he led a separate corps into the Dobrudscha, gaining some temporary *éclat* for the tarnished honour of the Russian arms. He was in the prime of life when conducting these operations. His name will frequently occur in the history of this war, throughout which, up to the grand results in the Crimea, he has been in active command. He is a remarkably handsome man, of noble expression of countenance, and commanding mien; intellectual, and of very superior military talents. General Luders is generally recognised as one of the best officers in the Russian service.

CHAPTER XIII.

DECLARATIONS OF WAR BY THE ALLIES.—COUNTER DECLARATION AND MANIFESTO BY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—RUSSIAN EFFORTS FOR THE STRUGGLE.

"*Pax queritur bello.*"*—*Motto on the coat-of-arms of Oliver Cromwell.*

WE again turn from the events upon the "dark rolling Danube" to those which occurred at home. The declaration of war by the Western powers, and the destinations of their expeditions, must necessarily influence the character assumed by the struggle on that great theatre of contest. The armies there confronting one another, looked with feverish anxiety for every scrap of intelligence from England and France; and as the Tartars and Bashibazouks were like carrier-pigeons for speed, not a regiment arrived at Malta, nor an article of prominent interest was published in the London and Parisian press, nor a speech delivered in the British parliament upon the subject of the war by any great leader, or eloquent member, the tidings of which did not reach the officers of both hosts. The further progress of the campaign it was felt by both the great leaders of the belligerent armies must be regulated by considerations arising out of the certainty of war being proclaimed by the Western powers.

The British government and parliament were intensely solicitous to be assured themselves, and to assure others, that the war was not of their seeking, and was inevitable. To this end two classes of state papers were demanded by the Commons, and produced by the government. One of these was the treaties between Turkey and Russia; the other the despatches connected with the ultimatum directed by the allies to the czar. It was necessary that by the perusal of the former, the country and the world should see that the Western nations were not encouraging Turkey in a breach of treaties, as

the czar had alleged; but that he had encroached upon the letter, and violated the spirit, of his treaties with the Porte. It was as necessary that by the other class of papers it might be equally plain that no just cause of offence was given personally to the czar; but that all the arts of deference and conciliation having been exhausted, the demand for satisfaction was firmly and temperately made, and that the allies were literally compelled to search for peace by a just, necessary, and unavoidable war.

In the third chapter of our history, we gave such an outline of the aggressions of Russia upon Turkey, as included some account of the various treaties wrung from the latter in her seasons of weakness, we shall therefore be excused if we omit the documents themselves, as likely to be tedious in the perusal, as well as necessarily occupying more space than we can spare.

The despatches connected with the ultimatum are part of the narrative, and a very exciting and interesting part; for they reveal to us the tone and spirit of the courts and cabinets immediately interested, and inform us of the actual interviews and transactions between those whose influence alone could secure the blessings of peace, or let loose upon a distracted and appalled world all the horrors of so general a war. The first of these to which we need direct the attention of our readers is that of the Earl of Westmoreland, our ambassador at Vienna, in which he gives to his government the Austrian explanations as to the missions of Count Orloff, which

* "Peace is sought by war."

excited so much speculation throughout Europe. There can be no doubt that the mission of Count Orloff was as the Austrian court represented it, at all events in part; whether the bearing of the Austrian government towards the Count were such as its minister represented to the British ambassador, may well be doubted.

THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received February 4, 1854.)

(Telegraphic.)

Vienna, Feb. 4, 1854.

COUNT BUOL has announced to the French Ambassador and to me, that Count Orloff's proposition to the Emperor of Austria was, that his Majesty should engage himself to a strict neutrality in the event of the war between Turkey and Russia, in which it appeared that England and France were about to take a part. The Emperor of Austria replied to Count Orloff, asking if the Emperor of Russia would confirm his Majesty's engagements not to pass the Danube; to evacuate the Principalities after the war; and not to disturb the general arrangement at present existing of the Turkish provinces? Count Orloff replied, that the Emperor of Russia could take no engagement.

The Emperor of Austria answered, that in that case he could take no engagement, as was proposed to him. He should remain faithful to the principles he had adopted in concert with the other three Powers, and should be guided in his conduct by the interests and the dignity of his empire.

Your Lordship will not be surprised, after learning this termination of Count Orloff's mission, and after having received the Protocol of the Conference signed yesterday, to hear that the Austrian Government have decided immediately to increase the cordon they have upon the frontier of Transylvania to 30,000 men.

Count Buol expected that Count Orloff would have left Vienna to-morrow; but he learns, with surprise, that he intends to prolong his stay for some days.

The next despatch which we deem it necessary to select, is an appropriate sequel to the secret correspondence—a despatch of Sir George Hamilton Seymour—almost his last diplomatic act before leaving St. Petersburg; and it discloses the finale of a long-sustained system of trickery and intrigue on the part of the court and government of Russia.

SIR G. H. SEYMOUR TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received February 24.)

(Extract.)

St. Petersburg, Feb. 15.

IN the Russian *Projet de Protocole*, the Russian Plenipotentiary declares: "Que si divers actes de la Porte, et notamment à l'égard des lieux saints, ayant paru à l'Empereur indiquer des dispositions peu favorables au culte qu'il professe, avaient engagé sa Majesté à demander, en même temps que l'arrangement spécial des dits lieux, une garantie générale des droits, privilèges, et immunités religieuses accordées à l'Eglise Orthodoxe." These few words contain a tardy tribute to veracity.

In the early days of Prince Menschikoff's mission, it was stated to me repeatedly, and most positively, that he had no other object in view than to re-establish and secure the rights of the Greek Church at Jerusalem.

When the real motives which had carried Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople became known, I was next informed that I had no right to consider that I had been misled, inasmuch as what was claimed for the Greek Church was the necessary confirmation of the Greek rights at the Holy Places; and only now it comes to light that the special arrangement regarding the Holy Places is considered by the Russian Cabinet as a question quite

distinct from that of the guarantee to be demanded of the rights, privileges, and immunities of the Greek Church.

I feel grateful to the Imperial Cabinet for having made this admission before my withdrawal from St. Petersburg.

Upon the departure of Count Orloff from Vienna, the Austrian government spared no pains to make the British government believe in its sincerity, and even earnestness, to *force* Russia to reasonable and just terms of peace. It is obvious that the Earl of Westmoreland had implicit faith in all the assurances of Austria; and so plausible were they, that we cannot but admit that they were likely to impose upon honourable men. At all events, our government felt secure of Austrian support in the result of these communications; and believed that, when the moment for action came, Austria would be found as energetic in arms as she had been in protestations of her alliance.

THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received February 13.)

MY LORD,

Vienna, Feb. 8, 1854.

I HAVE just left the Conference to which Count Buol had this morning invited me, in conjunction with my colleagues. Upon our assembling, he stated that he had no proposal to make to us; but, in consideration of the perfect union existing among us upon the Eastern question, he thought he was forwarding our common objects by communicating the despatches he had addressed to Count Esterhazy, for the purpose of being submitted to Count Nesselrode.

Count Buol then read to us these despatches. The first gave an account of the proposal brought forward by Count Orloff, that the Emperor of Austria should, in conjunction with Prussia, take an engagement with the Emperor of Russia for the maintenance of a strict neutrality in the war now existing with the Porte, and in which the Maritime Powers seemed likely to take part. Count Buol, in his despatch, develops in the clearest and most distinct language, the impossibility of the adoption by the Emperor of any such engagement. He states, with all courtesy to the Emperor Nicholas, the obligations by which the Austrian Government is bound to watch over the strict maintenance of the principle of the independence and integrity of Turkey—a principle proclaimed by the Emperor Nicholas himself, but which the passage of the Danube by his troops might, by the encouragement of insurrections in the Turkish provinces, endanger. Count Buol therefore states that he cannot take the engagement proposed to him. The second despatch, to Count Esterhazy, relates to the answer which has been returned to the proposals for negotiations transmitted by Count Buol with the sanction of the Conference on the 13th ultimo.

In this despatch Count Buol states, with considerable force, the disappointment felt by the Emperor at the want of success which had attended his recommendation in favour of the Turkish propositions. He enters very fully into the subject, and renews the expression of the Emperor's most anxious desire that the Emperor Nicholas may still adopt the proposals which had been submitted to him.

The last despatch is one in which Count Buol replies to the reproach which was addressed to the Imperial Government that, by its present conduct, it was abandoning the principles upon which the three Governments of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, had hitherto acted for the maintenance of the established interests and independence of the different States of Europe; and that, by so doing, it was endangering the established order of things in Europe, and the security at present existing.

The answer of Count Buol to this reproach is very firmly and clearly stated.

It is impossible for me to give your lordship a more detailed account, before the departure of the messenger of these despatches; but I must add that they met with the entire approbation of the members of the Conference; that they were looked upon as most ably drawn up; and that, while using every courteous and friendly expression towards the Emperor Nicholas, they most clearly pointed out the present position which the Austrian Government would maintain, with the view of upholding the principles they had proclaimed, and the engagements which they had taken for their support.

After these communications, Count Buol stated that the Emperor, in speaking of the departure of Count Orloff, had inquired whether any suggestion could be made to him, in a confidential manner, by which the negotiations for peace might still be continued. Count Buol had subsequently given this subject his best consideration. He had gone to Count Orloff before his departure, which had taken place this morning, and, as a private suggestion of his own, and only verbally, had stated that if the Emperor Nicholas would accept the Turkish proposals, and, upon their general import, send to Vienna the form of preliminaries for peace which he would agree to, and which might be discussed by the Conference with Baron Meyendorff, who should be instructed to that effect, these preliminaries, if approved by the Conference, might be sent to Constantinople with the recommendation of the Four Powers.

The following telegraphic despatch is a still further apology for the confidence which both the allied governments were disposed to place in Austria. It is obvious that the efforts of Count Buol to stand well with the court of Paris, were as constant and as deceptive as those resorted to with the court of London.

LORD COWLEY TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received February 23.)

(Telegraphic.)

Paris, Feb. 22, 1854.

COUNT BUOL assures M. de Bourqueney, that if England and France will fix a day for the evacuation of the Principalities, the expiration of which shall be the signal for hostilities, the Cabinet of Vienna will support the summons. M. Drouyn de Lhuys is of opinion that this should be done immediately, and that the two governments should write to Count Nesselrode to demand the immediate commencement of that evacuation—the whole to be concluded by a given time, say the end of March. Silence or refusal to be considered a declaration of war on the part of Russia. Whenever a decision is taken, M. Drouyn de Lhuys begs that you will inform me by telegraph.

Our government were not only ready to comply with the moderate request of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, but even to go beyond it, and give the czar a month's longer grace, if he were willing to take it. The object of the Austrian foreign minister was not to force the compliance of the czar, but to gain time for him, and avert, as long as he could, a declaration of war by the Western powers. While, however, he pretended the willingness of his government to unite in enforcing the withdrawal of the Russians from the principalities, he was, in truth, desirous that they should withdraw, in the hope that an Austrian occupation, with the consent of the allies, might supervene. There was no intention, whatever might be the reply of Russia, to proceed to extremities in support of France and England. Subsequent events have proved this; most politicians of eminence then

saw it; but our government was credulous, and were made more credulous by the influence of the French minister for foreign affairs, whose incurable blindness to the designs of Austria at last issued in his escapade at the Vienna conference, and the loss of office.

Upon the receipt of Lord Cowley's telegraphic request, Lord Clarendon, our foreign minister, wrote to the British ambassador at the court of Berlin, enclosing a copy of a despatch to Count Nesselrode, demanding the evacuation of the provinces.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO COUNT NESSELRODE.

M. LE COMTE,

Foreign Office, Feb. 27, 1854.

As the ordinary channels of communication between England and Russia have been closed by the recent interruption of diplomatic relations between the two Courts, I am under the necessity of addressing myself directly to your Excellency on a matter of the deepest importance to our respective Governments and to Europe.

The British Government has for many months anxiously laboured, in conjunction with its allies, to effect a reconciliation of differences between Russia and the Sublime Porte, and it is with the utmost pain that the British Government has come to the conclusion that one last hope alone remains of averting the calamity which has so long impended over Europe.

It rests with the Government of Russia to determine whether that hope shall be realized or extinguished; for the British Government, having exhausted all the efforts of negotiation, is compelled to declare to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, that if Russia should decline to restrict within purely diplomatic limits the discussion in which she has for some time past been engaged with the Sublime Porte, and does not, by return of the messenger who is the bearer of my present letter, announce her intention of causing the Russian troops under the orders of Prince Gortschakoff to commence their march with a view to recross the Pruth, so that the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia shall be completely evacuated on the 30th of April next, the British Government must consider the refusal or the silence of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg as equivalent to a declaration of war, and will take its measures accordingly.

The messenger who is the bearer of this letter to your Excellency is directed not to wait more than six days at St. Petersburg for your reply; and I earnestly trust that he may convey to me an announcement on the part of the Russian Government that by the 30th of April next the Principalities will cease to be occupied by Russian forces.

I have, &c.,

CLARENDON.

The following is the despatch of the British minister to Lord Bloomfield:—

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO LORD BLOOMFIELD.

MY LORD,

Foreign Office, Feb. 27, 1854.

I TRANSMIT to your lordship herewith a copy of a letter which I have addressed to Count Nesselrode, requiring the evacuation of the Principalities; and I have to instruct your lordship to communicate it immediately to Baron Manteuffel, and to state that her Majesty's Government, having anxiously, but in vain, laboured for many months, in conjunction with the Governments of Austria, France, and Prussia, to effect an amicable settlement of the differences between Russia and the Porte, must now consider that negotiation is at an end; that the inadmissible terms upon which the Emperor of Russia will alone negotiate for peace, and the vast scale on which military and naval preparations are proceeding in Russia, leave no doubt as to the disastrous policy which his Imperial Majesty is determined to pursue.

The dignity of the Powers concerned in these recent transactions, and the great interests now suffering from suspense, forbid any further delay, and require that all doubt as to the future should be removed; and, as the forcible occupation of the Principalities was an injury inflicted upon Turkey and an offence offered to Europe by Russia, it has appeared proper to her Majesty's Government, and to that of the Emperor of the French, that the final issue should have reference to that act of aggression, and that the Government of Russia should be required within a given time to evacuate that portion of the Sultan's territory.

Both Governments, however, are animated by the sincerest desire of co-operating with Prussia. They acknowledge the paramount necessity of a cordial understanding between the Four Powers at this critical juncture of the affairs of Europe; and they are convinced that the all-important questions as to whether the war is to become general, or be confined within narrow limits, and whether the contest is to be protracted, or peace speedily restored, must depend on the policy of the Four Powers being decided, vigorous, and united.

They have consequently determined not to send forward the identical letter they have addressed to Count Nesselrode without previous communication to the Government of Prussia, in the conviction that that Government will appreciate the friendly confidence implied by this proceeding; and your lordship will earnestly request Baron Manteuffel to join in the requisition to Russia; or, if he should unfortunately decline to do so, that the Prussian Government will, at least, make known to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg that it has their sanction and support. It is impossible for your lordship to overstate the importance which her Majesty's Government attach to a decision upon which the best interests of Europe may depend.

Your lordship will place the messenger Blackwood at the disposal of Baron Manteuffel, and may for that purpose detain him for a few hours; but it is desirable that he should proceed on his journey to St. Petersburg with the least possible delay.

You will read this despatch to Baron Manteuffel, and you will give his Excellency a copy of it.

I am, &c.,

CLARENDON.

Lord Bloomfield's account of the way he discharged the duty thus imposed upon him, and the result of his efforts, are shown in his despatch in reply to the above.

LORD BLOOMFIELD TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received March 7.)

(Extract.)

Berlin, March 4.

BARON MANTEUFFEL has just informed me that he had not failed to submit to the King the copies of your lordship's despatch of the 27th ult., and of the letter therein enclosed which you have addressed to Count Nesselrode, requiring the evacuation of the Danubian Principalities, and that His Majesty immediately ordered him to address an instruction to General Rochow in the sense desired by Her Majesty's Government.

This instruction, he said, was sent to St. Petersburg last night by the post, and was drawn up in very pressing language. It urged the Russian Government to consider the dangers to which the peace of the world would be exposed by a refusal, and declared that the responsibility of the war, which might be the consequence of that refusal, would rest with the Emperor.

Baron Manteuffel added that the King, in approving the draft of the despatch which had been laid before him, observed that he felt it to be his duty to give all the support in his power to any measure which might still hold out a hope, ever so slight, of the maintenance of peace.

The King of Prussia knew very well that there was but one way of securing peace, and that was the union of the German powers with the allies, in making the refusal of the auto-

crat to withdraw his troops from the provinces a *casus belli*. The czar would have obeyed such a summons. But the King of Prussia held political, as well as personal, relations with his imperial brother-in-law too intimate not to be well aware that the latter would endeavour to hold his vantage-ground in the principalities; and trust to a rupture between France and England, their embroilment with the United States on some questions connected with blockades, the sympathy of the German and Scandinavian governments, the success of a Greek insurrection, or such other unforeseen event as would paralyse the friends of Ottoman independence, and leave him free to act out the long-cherished dreams of his ambition. It would appear that privately the Prussian king was more candid than the despatch of the British ambassador would lead us to believe, for Lord Bloomfield sent a telegraphic communication previous to his despatch, that he had had an interview with Baron Manteuffel, who represented to him the probability of his Prussian majesty using his influence with the Russian emperor to induce him to evacuate the provinces, "but he did not think his majesty would take a part in active hostilities in the event of a refusal." At all events, if the king were not so candid the minister was, and the roundabout proceedings of the English foreign minister only conduced to loss of time, and aided the German governments to carry out their plans in assisting the czar by diplomatic intervention and delay. Still, when these papers were produced to the English House of Commons, they furnished proof to the most obstinately prejudiced of the Anglo-Russian party, that there remained nothing for the security of Turkey, or the honour of England, but war. The mode in which the czar received the ultimatum of the allies is detailed, with interesting and somewhat amusing minuteness, in the last of those papers which it is necessary to lay before our readers, and strengthened the feeling of the House that war was wisdom, however reluctant the country might be to the adoption of its policy:—

CONSUL MICHELE TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received March 25.)

(Extract.)

St. Petersburg, March 19, 1854.

I BEG to acknowledge the receipt of the despatch which your lordship did me the honour to address to me on the 27th of February ult. This despatch, together with its enclosure from your lordship to Count Nesselrode, was delivered to me by the Queen's messenger, Captain Blackwood, at a few minutes after eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 13th inst.; and I lost not a moment in endeavouring to give effect to your lordship's instructions.

Within an hour after the arrival of the messenger, the despatch forwarded to me by his Excellency, Lord Cowley (enclosing a communication from the French Government to their Consul here), was placed by me in the hands of M. de Castillon; and, before the expiration of another hour, M. de Castillon and myself had presented ourselves

at the Imperial Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and solicited the honour of an interview with the Chancellor of the Empire, for the purpose of simultaneously presenting the Notes of the English and French Cabinets. Count Nesselrode, through the Director of his Chancellerie, expressed his inability to see us at that moment, but appointed twelve o'clock on the following day to receive the communications of which we were respectively the bearers. When I parted from M. de Castillon, about two o'clock, it was arranged that I was to call for him the following morning at half-past eleven, in order that we might proceed together to the Chancellor.

By two o'clock on the 13th, I had placed in the hands of his Excellency Count Valentin Esterhazy, the Austrian Minister at this Court, the packet of Despatches brought to me by Captain Blackwood, from his Excellency the Earl of Westmoreland, at Vienna; and by a little after two, I had communicated to his Excellency General Rochow, the Prussian Minister here, the purport of Lord Bloomfield's despatch, dated Berlin, 2nd of March inst.: viz., "that no packet had been received by his lordship from the Ministry for Foreign Affairs for transmission to St. Petersburg, but that despatches from the Prussian Government would be forwarded to the Prussian representative by their own separate courier."

A few minutes before the appointed hour (twelve o'clock on Tuesday, the 14th March inst.) M. de Castillon and I arrived at the Imperial Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and, after waiting a few minutes, it was intimated to me by the Director of the Chancellerie, "that Count Nesselrode would receive the English Consul alone," and I was ushered into his room.

Count Nesselrode received me with his usual courtesy. I handed to his Excellency your lordship's letter, and stated, from a memorandum which I had drawn up, the precise terms of your lordship's instructions with reference to the return to England of the Queen's messenger.

Count Nesselrode requested permission to peruse this memorandum, and I handed it to him. He then informed me that "the Emperor was not at that moment in St. Petersburg; that on His Majesty's return (which would probably be on Friday, the 5th (17th) inst.), your lordship's communication should be laid before His Majesty, and His Majesty's commands taken thereon; when a reply to your lordship's letter should be forwarded to me."

The Chancellor then remarked upon the length of time that had elapsed since the date of your lordship's despatch to me, viz., February 27th, and asked me what had detained the messenger so long on the road?

I explained that the Queen's messenger had not come direct from London to St. Petersburg, but had been the bearer of despatches for the British Ministers at Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, which latter capital Captain Blackwood left only on the 7th inst., and had arrived at St. Petersburg on the morning of the 13th, thus making a rapid journey, considering the very bad state of the roads.

On quitting Count Nesselrode, I was about to take with me the memorandum I had, at his desire, handed to his Excellency for his perusal, when he requested "that I would be kind enough to leave it with him." I said that I had merely transcribed your lordship's instructions for my own guidance, and to prevent any misapprehension of your lordship's intentions, with reference to the time fixed for the return of the Queen's messenger to England; that I had no instructions to make any written communication in presenting your lordship's note, but since his Excellency desired to retain this paper (which was only a transcript of your lordship's instructions to me relative to the precise moment for despatching the messenger to England), I felt that I should not be acting otherwise than in accordance with your lordship's wishes by rendering any misunderstanding on this head impossible; and accordingly I allowed the Chancellor to retain this memorandum, a copy of which I have the honour to send herewith.

The Emperor returned to St. Petersburg early on the morning of the 5th (17th) inst. from Finland, whither he had proceeded on Sunday evening, the 12th inst., in company with three of his sons, the Grand Dukes Alexander, Nicholas, and Michael, to inspect the fortifications at Wiborg, Helsingfors, and Sweaborg; the Grand Duke Constantine having gone to Finland some days previously.

At ten o'clock last night, I received a note from the Chancellor of the Empire inviting me to call upon him at

one o'clock, p.m., this day. I was punctual in my attendance; and on sending up my name to the Chancellor, I was informed that the French Consul was with his Excellency.

After waiting a short time, I was told Count Nesselrode would receive me. On entering the room, his Excellency's greeting was of the most friendly description. He said, "I have taken His Majesty's commands with reference to Lord Clarendon's note, and the Emperor does not think it becoming to make any reply to it." I replied, "M. le Comte, in a matter of so much importance, I am sure I shall be excused for desiring to convey to my Government the exact words employed by your Excellency." The Count at first used the words, "His Majesty does not think it becoming in him to give any reply to Lord Clarendon's letter (ne le croit pas convenable de donner aucune réponse à la lettre de Lord Clarendon)." Upon my repeating this phrase after Count Nesselrode, his Excellency said, "L'Empereur ne juge pas convenable." &c.; and I again repeated after him the entire sentence. After I had done so, the Count said, "Yes, that is the answer I wish you to convey to your Government:— 'L'Empereur ne juge pas convenable de donner aucune réponse à la lettre de Lord Clarendon.'"

Having delivered to me this official message, Count Nesselrode begged me to be seated, and explained to me that he had only waited the return of the Emperor to submit your lordship's letter to His Majesty. His Excellency then asked me, "When I proposed to despatch the Queen's messenger?" I told him, "This afternoon, provided his passport, &c., could be got ready in time." Count Nesselrode informed me he had already sent a courier's pass for Captain Blackwood to the Baron de Plessen, and then asked me, "Whether to-day was not the sixth day?" I said, "From his arrival at St. Petersburg it is; but had I been left without any reply, or without such an intimation as I have to-day received from your Excellency, I should not have despatched the messenger until to-morrow, the 20th inst., at twelve o'clock, when six entire days would have elapsed since I placed Lord Clarendon's despatch in your Excellency's hands."

In the course of our subsequent conversation I asked Count Nesselrode what the intentions of his Government were with reference to the consular arrangements between the two countries, in the event of a declaration of war? His Excellency replied, "That will entirely depend upon the course Her Britannic Majesty's Government may adopt; we shall not declare war."

INCLOSURE 1 IN No. 137.

MEMORANDUM GIVEN BY CONSUL MICHELE TO COUNT NESSELRODE.

IN pursuance of the instructions conveyed to me by my Government, dated the 27th of February ult., I have the honour of placing in your Excellency's hands, a letter from the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, Her Britannic Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In doing so, I am further instructed to acquaint your Excellency, that the Queen's messenger, who was the bearer of this communication, and who reached St. Petersburg only yesterday morning, will be ready to return to England, with your Excellency's reply, as soon as it shall be sent to me; but if, on the expiration of six days from to-day, your Excellency should not have sent me any letter to the Earl of Clarendon's address, or if, previously to the expiration of that period, your Excellency should inform me that the messenger need not remain at St. Petersburg, in either of these cases I am to direct the Queen's messenger to return to England with the utmost speed.

These scenes at St. Petersburg were soon brought to an end; the haughty Czar returned no answer. He treated with contempt menaces and friendly overtures. He desired to realize the representation which the professor of history at St. Petersburg gave of him—no doubt with the imperial sanction—that he needed not

to draw the sword to quell the disquieted in Europe, but, as all the world knew, he always chose the right juncture for interference—he had only to speak, and the nations submitted to his sublime will. He was now about to prove the truth of the oft-quoted aphorism of the great Napoleon, “There is only a step between the sublime and the ridiculous.” From the haughty prince, who would not condescend to notice the just demands of the mightiest states, he was about speedily to descend to the condition of the baffled and beaten tyrant; whose armies were chased from the field by undisciplined levies—whose fleets were obliged to cling for shelter to the moorage and anchorage of fortified harbours—whose most grateful allies feared to acknowledge him openly—whose subjects looked for the approach of his conquerors as their deliverers—and who, at last, was to sink in despair before the strength of the storm his own rage invoked. The czar gave no answer to the requisition of the united powers, and they, at last, goaded by the insult to a promptitude which his injustice ought sooner to have provoked, pronounced the fearful word which involved vast empires in a whirlwind of destruction.

On the 27th of March her majesty sent a message to the Commons House of Parliament. It was known to the public that such would be the case, and the house was crowded with members; the Speaker's, reporters', and strangers' galleries were filled; the lobbies were nearly as much crowded as the galleries, and all around the queen's palace, at Westminster, a vast concourse were assembled, some watching the approach of members to the House, and others collected in groups, discussing the event to which the expectation of the nation, the empire, the world, was directed. On great occasions, the English House of Commons presents an aspect of moral sublimity. The plain, unpretending air of the members, and of the house, as compared with the House of Lords, and as associated with the relative power of the Commons,—holding the supplies, and directly representing the richest, freest, and most intelligent community in Europe,—always impresses foreigners with an idea of British power, beyond what they acquire in our arsenals, or behold even in our fleets. The free-and-easy air which the House ordinarily maintains, always gives way on great occasions to one of deep earnestness and steady purpose. They are, and they appear to be, the representatives of a bold, rough, and manly people, stern in work or war, tenacious of purpose, fearless of dangers, and of a practical genius unequalled in the history of nations. After the usual buzz and bustle preliminary to an event in the Commons, the attention of the members was fixed, and every sound was hushed, when, at five o'clock, Lord John

Russell left the ministerial benches, and walked down to the bar of the House. The Speaker having requested him, in the usual form, to bring up the queen's message, he placed the document in the Speaker's hands, who proceeded at once to read it to the House. It is surprising (if we may be allowed this brief digression) how frequently fortune lays upon Lord John the conduct of great affairs. Of what memorable scenes in that house he has been the most prominent object—of what startling acts he has been the author or mover—of what important national or party conflicts he has been the hero! Lord John never, or at all events seldom, has appeared equal to the great occasions in which he has borne the chief part. His person, although pleasing, is not dignified; his bearing and manner cannot fail to leave an impression of cunning and ambition; and his eloquence is seldom earnest, except with a mere rhetorical earnestness, unless when a party cause is to be debated. The occasion of delivering her majesty's message made no exception to these general characteristics of the great commoner's appearance. He did not seem to transact his part in the great drama heartily.

The message read by the Speaker was as follows:—

VICTORIA REGINA.—Her Majesty thinks it proper to acquaint the House of Commons, that the negotiations in which Her Majesty, in concert with her Allies, has for sometime past been engaged with His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, have terminated, and that Her Majesty feels bound to afford active assistance to her ally the Sultan, against unprovoked aggression.

Her Majesty has given directions for laying before the House of Commons copies of such papers, in addition to those already communicated to Parliament, as will afford the fullest information with regard to the subject of these negotiations. It is a consolation to Her Majesty to reflect that no endeavours have been wanting on her part, to preserve to her subjects the blessings of peace.

Her Majesty's just expectations have been disappointed, and Her Majesty relies with confidence on the zeal and devotion of her faithful Commons, and on the exertions of her brave and loyal subjects, to support her in her determination to employ the power and resources of the nation for protecting the dominions of the Sultan against the encroachments of Russia.

The House deferred its consideration of her majesty's message, as is the custom, but the next day the declaration of war, by her majesty, appeared in the *Gazette*:—

DECLARATION.

It is with deep regret that her Majesty announces the failure of her anxious and protracted endeavours to preserve for her people and for Europe the blessings of peace.

The unprovoked aggression of the Emperor of Russia against the Sublime Porte has been persisted in with such disregard of consequences, that after the rejection by the Emperor of Russia of terms which the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, and the King of Prussia, as well as her Majesty, considered just and equitable, her Majesty is compelled by a sense of what is due to the honour of her Crown, to the interests of her people, and to the independence of the States of Europe, to come forward in defence of an ally whose territory is invaded, and whose dignity and independence are assailed.

Her Majesty, in justification of the course she is about to pursue, refers to the transaction in which her Majesty has been engaged.

The Emperor of Russia had some cause of complaint against the Sultan with reference to the settlement, which his Highness had sanctioned, of the conflicting claims of the Greek and Latin Churches to a portion of the Holy Places of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood. To the complaint of the Emperor of Russia on this head justice was done; and her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople had the satisfaction of promoting an arrangement to which no exception was taken by the Russian Government.

But while the Russian Government repeatedly assured the Government of her Majesty that the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople was exclusively directed to the settlement of the question of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, Prince Menschikoff himself pressed upon the Porte other demands of a far more serious and important character, the nature of which he in the first instance endeavoured, as far as possible, to conceal from her Majesty's Ambassador. And these demands, thus studiously concealed, affected not only the privileges of the Greek Church at Jerusalem, but the position of many millions of Turkish subjects in their relations to their Sovereign the Sultan.

These demands were rejected by the spontaneous decision of the Sublime Porte.

Two assurances had been given to her Majesty; one, that the mission of Prince Menschikoff only regarded the Holy Places; the other, that his mission would be of a conciliatory character.

In both respects her Majesty's just expectations were disappointed.

Demands were made which, in the opinion of the Sultan, extended to the substitution of the Emperor of Russia's authority for his own, over a large portion of his subjects; and those demands were enforced by a threat; and when her Majesty learnt that, on announcing the termination of his mission, Prince Menschikoff declared that the refusal of his demands would impose upon the Imperial Government the necessity of seeking a guarantee by its own power, her Majesty thought proper that her fleet should leave Malta, and, in co-operation with that of his Majesty the Emperor of the French, take up its station in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles.

So long as the negotiations bore an amicable character her Majesty refrained from any demonstration of force. But when, in addition to the assemblage of large military forces on the frontier of Turkey, the Ambassador of Russia intimated that serious consequences would ensue from the refusal of the Sultan to comply with unwarrantable demands, her Majesty deemed it right, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, to give an unquestionable proof of her determination to support the sovereign rights of the Sultan.

The Russian Government has maintained that the determination of the Emperor to occupy the Principalities was taken in consequence of the advance of the fleets of England and France. But the menace of invasion of the Turkish territory was conveyed in Count Nesselrode's note to Redschid Pasha of the 19th (31st) of May, and re-stated in his despatch to Baron Brunow, of the 20th May (1st June), which announced the determination of the Emperor of Russia to order his troops to occupy the Principalities, if the Porte did not within a week comply with the demands of Russia.

The despatch to her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, authorising him in certain specified contingencies to send for the British fleet, was dated the 31st May, and the order sent direct from England to her Majesty's Admiral to proceed to the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles, was dated the 2nd of June.

The determination to occupy the Principalities was therefore taken before the orders for the advance of the combined squadrons were given.

The Sultan's Minister was informed that unless he signed within a week, and without the change of a word, the note proposed to the Porte by Prince Menschikoff, on the eve of his departure from Constantinople, the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia would be occupied by Russian troops. The Sultan could not accede to so insulting a demand; but when the actual occupation of the Principalities took place, the Sultan did not, as he

might have done, in the exercise of his undoubted right, declare war, but addressed a protest to his allies.

Her Majesty, in conjunction with the Sovereigns of Austria, France, and Prussia, has made various attempts to meet any just demands of the Emperor of Russia without affecting the dignity and independence of the Sultan; and had it been the sole object of Russia to obtain security for the enjoyment by the Christian subjects of the Porte of their privileges and immunities, she would have found it in the offers that have been made by the Sultan. But as the security was not offered in the shape of a special and separate stipulation with Russia, it was rejected. Twice has this offer been made by the Sultan, and recommended by the four Powers, once by a note originally prepared at Vienna, and subsequently modified by the Porte, once by the proposal of bases of negotiation agreed upon at Constantinople, on the 31st of December, and approved at Vienna on the 13th of January, as offering to the two parties the means of arriving at an understanding in a becoming and honourable manner.

It is thus manifest, that a right for Russia to interfere in the ordinary relations of Turkish subjects to their sovereign, and not the happiness of Christian communities in Turkey, was the object sought for by the Russian Government; to such a demand the Sultan would not submit, and his Highness, in self-defence, declared war upon Russia; but her Majesty, nevertheless, in conjunction with her allies, has not ceased her endeavours to restore peace between the contending parties.

The time has, however, now arrived, when the advice and remonstrances of the Four Powers, having proved wholly ineffectual, and the military preparations of Russia becoming daily more extended, it is but too obvious that the Emperor of Russia has entered upon a course of policy which, if unchecked, must lead to the destruction of the Ottoman empire.

In this conjuncture, her Majesty feels called upon by regard for an ally the integrity and independence of whose empire have been recognised as essential to the peace of Europe, by the sympathies of her people with right against wrong, by a desire to avert from her dominions most injurious consequences, and to save Europe from the preponderance of a Power which has violated the faith of treaties, and defies the opinion of the civilized world, to take up arms, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, for the defence of the Sultan.

Her Majesty is persuaded that in so acting she will have the cordial support of her people, and that the pretext of zeal for the Christian religion will be used in vain to cover an aggression undertaken in disregard of its holy precepts and of its pure and beneficent spirit.

Her Majesty humbly trusts that her efforts may be successful, and that, by the blessing of Providence, peace may be re-established on safe and solid foundations.

Westminster, March 28, 1854.

DECLARATION.

HER MAJESTY the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, having been compelled to take up arms in support of an ally, is desirous of rendering the war as little onerous as possible to the Powers with whom she remains at peace.

To preserve the commerce of neutrals from all unnecessary obstruction, her Majesty is willing, for the present, to waive a part of the belligerent rights appertaining to her by the law of nations.

It is impossible for her Majesty to forego the exercise of her right of seizing articles contraband of war, and of preventing neutrals from bearing the enemy's despatches, and she must maintain the rights of a belligerent to prevent neutrals from breaking any effective blockade which may be established with an adequate force against the enemy's forts, harbours, or coasts.

But her Majesty will waive the right of seizing enemy's property on board a neutral vessel, unless it be contraband of war.

It is not her Majesty's intention to claim the confiscation of neutral property, not being contraband of war, found on board enemy's ships, and her Majesty further declares that, being anxious to lessen as much as possible the evils

of war, and to restrict its operations to the regularly organised forces of the country, it is not her present intention to issue letters of marque for the commissioning of privateers.

Westminster, March 28, 1854.

In accordance with the last part of the declaration, the Russian merchants resident in England were informed that, so long as they obeyed the laws of the country, and abstained from giving any information to the enemy, they should remain unmolested. A similar concession to modern notions of humanity in war was made by the French emperor. How far the Russian and Greek merchants in England and France entered into the spirit of these concessions it is not easy to determine; but the public impression has been certainly unfavourable to them in this respect. Russia has been well informed of everything which transpired in England, in which she has had any interest.

On the 30th of March, Lord John Russell gave notice of motion for an address to her majesty, in reply to the royal message, and in support of her majesty's declaration of war. This announcement was followed by cheers, such as might be expected from a public meeting of citizens, but which, in the Commons of England, on an occasion of such gravity, proved the strength of feeling by which the country and its representatives were animated. On the 31st, Lord John Russell prefaced his motion by a long speech, in which he replied to the article published in the government journals of St. Petersburg, animadverting upon his warlike speech at the beginning of the session, and which was the occasion of bringing out from its privacy "the secret correspondence." The address, moved by Lord John, was adopted by the House, after a debate into which some warmth was thrown by a very eloquent piece of invective from Mr. Bright, one of the members for Manchester, to which Lord Palmerston delivered a reply, which, for calm dignity, lucid exposition, self-possessed authority, and cutting satire, has seldom been equalled in the Commons of England. The effect of this speech upon the House and the country was decisive, and conduced much to that increased confidence in his lordship's statesmanship, rectitude, and manly British feeling, which has since characterised the feelings of the country towards him.

The address adopted by the House was the following:

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,—We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, beg leave to return to your Majesty our humble thanks for your Majesty's most gracious message, and for the communication of the several papers which have been laid before us, in obedience to your Majesty's command. We assure your Majesty of the just sense we entertain of your Majesty's anxious and uniform

endeavours to preserve to your people the blessings of peace, and of our perfect confidence in your Majesty's disposition to terminate the calamities of war, whenever that object can be accomplished, consistently with the honour of your Majesty's crown and the interests of your people. We have observed, with deep concern, that your Majesty's endeavours have been frustrated by the spirit of aggression displayed by the Emperor of Russia, in his invasion, and continued occupation, of the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia; in the rejection of equitable terms of peace, proposed under the sanction of four of the principal Powers of Europe; and in the preparation of immense forces to support his unjust pretensions. These pretensions appear to us, your faithful Commons, subversive of the independence of the Turkish Empire; and we feel that the trust reposed in us demands, on our part, a firm determination to co-operate with your Majesty in a vigorous resistance to the projects of a sovereign whose further aggrandisement would be dangerous to the independence of Europe.

The same evening that this address was voted in the Commons, it was also moved in the Lords, by the Earl of Clarendon, after a speech which very much surpassed that of Lord John Russell in the Commons; justifying, in forcible and indignant terms, the course pursued by the queen and her government, in at last answering by war the duplicity, injustice, and insults of Russia. Lords Derby and Malmesbury expressed their strong discontent with the management of the Turkish question by the government, and Earl Grey peevishly refused his concurrence with the address. In the speech of the Earl of Derby reference was made to the memorandum of 1844, which was addressed by Count Nesselrode to the British government; and reminded Lord Aberdeen that as he was then foreign minister, and allowed this memorandum to pass without any expression of disapprobation of the designs upon Turkey, which it shadowed forth, it was not unnatural that, upon the noble earl (Aberdeen) assuming office, the czar would expect a conformity of the policy of the British government with his own. To this just critique Lord Aberdeen had the extraordinary temerity to reply, that he regarded the memorandum of 1844 with satisfaction, because it pledged the Russian government to do nothing without the concurrence of Great Britain!

Having already placed this memorandum before our readers, in connection with the secret correspondence, they can judge how little chance there was of the vigorous prosecution of a war against Russia, for its designs upon Turkey, by a minister who could express himself satisfied with a document so transparent in its spirit and intention. Its aim was to engage England, in connivance with Russia—if not participation—in her designs upon the Turkish Empire; and the whole secret correspondence was no more than an effort to bring out more fully the views of a minister, whose approbation of such a document inspired the czar with hope that, so far as the English government was concerned, there was reason to

believe that, for his interests and objects, "the right man was in the right place."

Notwithstanding the murmurs of the opposition against the cabinet, the vote was carried *nem. con.*, and the House of Lords was thus pledged to the war policy of the government.

On the 3rd of April, the House met soon after two o'clock, and a deputation of peers, in full dress, went in procession to the palace, and presented their address to her majesty. The queen returned the following reply:—

"My Lords,—I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address. It is highly gratifying to me to receive the assurances of your co-operation, in giving effect to the measures which I consider necessary for the honour of my crown and the welfare of my people."

Her majesty having intimated that she would receive the address of the House of Commons at three o'clock, the members waited upon her with it at that hour. She returned a similar answer to the one she had sent to the Lords.

The procession of the Commons excited more public attention. The way from the palace at Westminster to Buckingham Palace, was thronged with a multitude whose loyalty and enthusiasm were stimulated to the highest degree. The members were cheered as their carriages passed through the crowds, especially those most noted as approving of the war. The leader of the opposition was the object of much notice, the people paid discriminating compliments to his abilities, creditable to men many of whom apparently moved in the humblest walks of life. Colonel Sibthorp was the only exception to the popularity of the members; his carriage was followed by a low and boisterous mob, whose language was not calculated to add anything to the vanity of the gallant member. When the Speaker's carriage passed the entrance to St. James's Palace, the well-known countenance of Mr. Brotherton, the member for Salford, reminded the crowd of Cobden and Bright, and they inquired for those peace-loving representatives of the great industrial sections of the country, in terms the politeness of which might have been easily exceeded. As several of the members went in military or naval uniforms, they were objects of vigorous applause, whatever their political reputation. These indications of feeling and opinion on the part of the masses can never be overlooked with safety; had the members of her majesty's government been more attentive to these symptoms of the popular convictions and sympathies, they might have been spared a dishonourable retreat from office, their country been spared much suffering, and the loss of some renown. It is not from the highest circles, in a free state, that opinion finds its

way throughout the community; it rather ascends to those circles, supporting their influence, pervading their councils, or sweeping away their ascendancy. When we kindle a fire, we do not place the light at the top of the pile, but beneath it, and it will ascend by every crevice through which air can find an access, and finally envelop the whole. The working intellects of a nation are always nearer the masses than they are to the exclusive circles of high birth and courtly associations; and hence, generally, the popular crowd is affected with progressive opinions and great national sympathies, before the privileged classes are aware that the mind of any considerable section of the community is in motion, or that a public opinion is forming, which has the heart of the nation within it, and will assert itself, although governments and dynasties pass away before its power. The present generation of Englishmen has witnessed some scenes of vast and universal interest in this great metropolis, but never, hitherto, one so replete with momentous meaning, as the procession of their representatives from the queen's palace at Westminster to her palace at Pimlico. We shall never forget the scene, still less our emotions on beholding it, as the *cortège* passed us, when about to enter the palace gates. Metaphysicians tell us that it is a proof of the freshness and genuineness of feeling, when the impression is remembered more strongly than the incidents which occasioned it; and now, as we look back upon that brave pageant, its lines of carriages, its guards, its men of historic note, its popular leaders and men of action, all seem to vanish away from the retrospect into a dim and shadowy outline, while the emotions it awakened are as vivid as when they were formed. We felt that—however the men into whose hands the destinies and honour of the nation were committed, might trifle with the sacred trust—there were tokens in the utterances of that multitude, that they would watch their rulers with a constitutional jealousy, which would be satisfied by no pretences, and quieted with no excuses. The heart of the people was set upon the liberation of Europe from the apprehensions with which it was haunted concerning the gigantic force of an unscrupulous empire, ever prompt to wield that force to break down every safeguard of liberty with which the wisdom and valour of past ages had surrounded nationalities.

On the 29th of March, orders in council were promulgated, and published in the *London Gazette*, concerning reprisals, embargoes, and prizes. Amongst these one is worthy of being singled out, as it showed the desire of the government—a desire which was thoroughly approved of by the people—to make war bear a more humane aspect than it had hitherto borne in past struggles.

At the Court at Buckingham Palace, the 29th day of March, 1854. Present—The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

HER MAJESTY being compelled to declare war against his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, and being desirous to lessen as much as possible the evils thereof, is pleased, by and with the advice of her Privy Council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Russian merchant vessels, in any ports or places within her Majesty's dominions, shall be allowed until the 10th day of May next, six weeks from the date hereof, for loading their cargoes and departing from such ports or places; and that such Russian merchant vessels, if met at sea by any of her Majesty's ships, shall be permitted to continue their voyage, if, on examination of their papers, it shall appear that their cargoes were taken on board before the expiration of the above term. Provided that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be taken to extend, to Russian vessels having on board any officer in the military or naval service of the enemy, or any article prohibited, or contraband of war, or any despatch of or to the Russian Government.

And it is hereby further ordered by her Majesty, by and with the advice of her Privy Council as aforesaid, that any Russian merchant vessel which, prior to the date of this order, shall have sailed from any foreign port bound for any port or place in her Majesty's dominions, shall be permitted to enter such port or place and to discharge her cargo, and afterwards forthwith to depart without molestation; and that any such vessel, if met at sea by any of her Majesty's ships, shall be permitted to continue her voyage to any port not blockaded.

And the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, are to give the necessary directions herein as to them may respectively appertain.

C. C. GREVILLE.

On the 31st of March, the ceremony of proclaiming war at the Royal Exchange was gone through, without any of the pomp which characterised that proceeding in former times. The proper officers, unattended, ascended the steps of the Exchange, and read the declaration. There was of course a crowd—for when is there not a crowd upon that great highway of Europe? The assemblage listened with respectful silence, gave three hearty cheers, and melted away into the common current of the great throng ever flowing by those old haunts of commerce which surround that world-noted spot.

The House of Lords, at the suggestion of the Earl of Roden, voted an address to her Majesty that she would be pleased to set apart some day for national humiliation and prayer. This motion naturally "called up" the Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave the sanction of his great name to the war as a just one, and one upon which the nation might, with clear conscience, invoke the blessing of God. Perhaps there is not an ecclesiastic in any Church, or in any nation, whose high character entitles him more to veneration and esteem than Archbishop Sumner: a man of the meekest and gentlest spirit, a lover and promoter of peace in the Church and in the world, whose liberal and unsectarian spirit has won for him the love of Christians of all sects, as his extensive learning, sound judgment, and elegant tastes, have won for him universal respect. Nothing could in-

duce such a man to pronounce a war just which he believed to be otherwise; and no language could be more clear, explicit, and solemn, than that which he adopted when committing his judgment to its defence. It is a vile slander upon such men, when the advocates of "peace at any price" represent the present contest as supported by those who delight in blood. War is terrible; but, as Lord Palmerston told the House of Commons, in answer to Mr. Bright, "there are calamities which nations may endure still worse than war, and there are things for which peace may be advantageously sacrificed."

It was not until the 26th of April that a day of fasting and humiliation was observed. In the meantime, the country was filled with warlike bustle, and troops were hurrying on by rail and ship to their destination in the land which their valour was expected to save. On the fast-day solemnity characterised the bearing of the population. Prayer ascended from thousands of sanctuaries and millions of worshippers, and their prayers were heard. Chastisements, not unmerited, fell upon the country ere such triumphs were granted as have since moved the old church bells of England to merry music, when the exultations of the people ascended with their peal; but the prayers of that solemn day were not offered to the Lord of Hosts in vain. This was a second proclamation of the war—a proclamation made by the whole people, and made from the thresholds of their temples. It was an occasion to awaken conscience, if the nation had any misgiving as to the justice of its cause; and it was one to revive the deep heart of a thoughtful and church-going people, that the enemy against whom their hosts went forth to battle, sought a universal and ruthless domination, before which, if not checked in his career, their

"Happy homes and altars free"

would be desecrated together. This day of solemnity was a call to the whole people from the churches where they worshipped, and the grave-yards where the dust of their fathers slept, to arm for the preservation of the great principle of national independence; for if this principle be violated with impunity upon the weaker by the more powerful states of Europe, England might herself be assailed by the aggressor in the pride and presumption of his strength.

Collections were made in all the churches on the fast-day, on behalf of the wives and children of those who had gone out for their country in the defence of her ally: these collections showed, by the universal liberality with which they were made, that a humane as well as resolute spirit animated the nation's heart.

Throughout the months of April and May

troops proceeded to the East, and reinforcements to the Baltic fleet were from time to time dispatched, as circumstances seemed to require. It would border on prolixity, after the details given of the embarkation of troops before the declaration of war was made, to recount the regiments afterwards selected for service, or the alacrity of the troops to depart for the field of duty. Our army was literally an army of volunteers. No conscription brought to its depots the unwilling and weeping rustic, torn from his obscure home and the circle of his family, unable to comprehend the causes or objects of such disaster. Nor were there parades of silent and depressed men, whose reluctant battalions went sorrowfully forward to encounter dangers which to them offered no glory. A sense of duty, animated by a gallant nature, made the whole army ready to offer themselves for foreign service. The memory of their great chief, so lately removed by death, and the assurance of victory which his command inspired, filled the imagination of the soldiery, and made them aspire to preserve the great renown his genius and their own valour had shed upon their arms:—

“That star of the field, which so often had poured
Its rays on the battle, was set;
But enough of its glory remained on their swords
To light them to victory yet.”

On the same day upon which the announcement was made by the Queen of England to the representatives of her people that peace was no longer possible, the Emperor of the French made a similar announcement to the *corps législatif*, to which body the minister of state read the message of the Emperor. A similar communication was made to the senate, which body rose, and with repeated cheers and cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, attested their zeal for the honour of France and the dignity of their chief. Thus the two nations buried together the rivalry of the past, and commenced a new rivalry, where success should consist in rendering the greater aid to the arms, and bearing the more generous testimony to the military virtue of each other. Waterloo was avenged, and avenged by the heir of his house whose power, but not greatness, perished on that field; and avenged, not by the vulgar violence of ignoble hatred, but by a competition of magnanimity and justice, subserving the welfare of mankind. Thus perish for ever the feuds of France and England! May they live only in the stories of their fatuity and misfortunes—of the individual and national greatness they called forth—and of the principles and aims which rent the fair bosom of Western Europe, scattered the resources of the most fertile lands, and engaged in mutual warfare two nations destined by Providence to grow great side by side, until the hour for mutual support should

come, and display their greatness together. A new convention between the two governments was signed in London on the 18th of April; the object of the two courts being the re-establishment of peace between the sultan and the czar, so as to guarantee the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. They disclaimed all exclusive advantages, and professed to desire only to protect the public interests of Europe.

To these proceedings the czar could not affect indifference. Every means that his personal cunning and the state-craft of his counsellors could adopt, was resorted to, for the purpose of inflating the pride of race, and intensifying the religious bigotry of the Russian population. The popes, as the Greek priests are called, were, however, his most effectual instruments. Whether the story was originated by the czar himself is uncertain, but there is no doubt that, with his connivance, a strange tale was circulated throughout all Russia by the popes. It was said that the emperor had a vision of St. Nicholas, his patron saint—the patron saint of Russia, and, very odd coincidence, the patron saint of thieves! For three successive nights the apparition of the saint was vouchsafed. He, upon the first appearance, questioned the czar as to his motives in undertaking a religious war against the Turks. The czar replied that he had only one motive—the desire to plant the Cross upon St. Sophia. The saint disappeared with a doubtful expression of countenance, as well he might, but seemed more disposed to push an investigation of the matter on his second apparition. The czar, after many pious asseverations, such as might satisfy any saint dead or living, disclaimed all motives of personal ambition, and professed the war to be a crusade for the orthodox Church. It was not, however, the Earl of Aberdeen, or the Duke of Wellington with whom his imperial majesty had to do this time: the saint was as inquisitive a visitor as Sir George Hamilton Seymour, and would not be put off with mere declarations, even on “the word of a gentleman.” Still, with an expression of dubious reflection upon his countenance, Saint Nicholas vanished, like other ghosts, on the last shadow of the retiring night. The third visit of the saint was marked by great solemnity: in tones of imperious but sacred authority, such as none other could think of using to a czar, he demanded whether, possibly, the grandeur of the enterprise, the richness of the possession, and an impatience of any independence in surrounding nations, had not influenced his imperial *protégé*. Nicholas, the czar, once again assured Nicholas, the saint,—with all that cunning persuasiveness which is said to belong to the family of Romanoff, and which De Cus-tine attributes to the whole Sclavie race,—that he was entirely free from cupidity or aggran-

disement, or any other feeling not approved of where St. Nicholas came from; but that he meditated what all saints, whether living in heaven or in holy Russia, must desire to see accomplished—the glory of the only true and orthodox Church. Wreathed with smiles brighter than the glory which surrounded him, the saintly patron of saintly Russia addressed its chief: “Go, my son! God will prosper you; your arms will be crowned with success; your name shall be associated with the triumph of the orthodox faith; God, who sent me to you, will give you the victory!” He then disappeared, leaving the devout czar still more devout, and resolved, under such a sanction, and with such prognostics of success, to defy the Moslems, the schismatic French, and the infidel English. This story prepared the minds of the devotees, and of the multitude, for the canting and hypocritical manifesto which followed fast upon its circulation.

MANIFESTO.

In the grace of God, we, Nicholas the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, King of Poland, &c., &c., to all our subjects make known:—

Since the commencement of our difference with the Turkish Government, we have solemnly announced to our faithful subjects that a sentiment of justice had alone induced us to re-establish the violated rights of the orthodox Christians, subjects of the Ottoman Porte.

We have not sought, we do not seek, to make conquests, nor to exercise in Turkey any supremacy whatever that might be likely to exceed that influence which belongs to Russia by virtue of existing treaties.

At that period we already encountered distrust; then soon a covert hostility on the part of the Governments of France and England, who endeavoured to lead the Porte astray by misrepresenting our intentions. Lastly, at this moment, England and France throw off the mask, regard our difference with Turkey as a mere secondary question, and no longer dissemble that their joint object is to weaken Russia, to tear from her a part of her possessions, and to bring down our country from the powerful position to which the hand of the Supreme Being has exalted it.

Is it for orthodox Russia to fear such threats?

Ready to confound the audacity of the enemy, shall she swerve from the sacred purpose that has been assigned to her by Divine Providence? No! Russia has not forgotten God! It is not for worldly interests that she has taken up arms. She combats for the Christian faith, for the defence of her co-religionists oppressed by implacable enemies.

Let all Christendom know, then, that the thought of the sovereign of Russia is also the thought that animates and inspires all the great family of the Russian people—this orthodox people, faithful to God and to His only Son, Jesus Christ our Redeemer.

It is for the faith and for Christendom that we combat!

“God with us—who against us?”

Given at St. Petersburg, on the 11th day of the month of April, in the year of grace 1854, and the twenty-ninth of our reign.

NICHOLAS.

A much more important document than the above was also published under the alleged influence of the vision. The manifesto was for Russia; but it was necessary to issue a declaration of war counter to the declaration of the allies.

DECLARATION.

FRANCE and Great Britain have at last openly left the system of disguised hostility which they had adopted towards Russia, especially by the entrance of their fleets into the Black Sea.

The result of the explanations which they have given of that measure was of a nature to lead to a rupture of reciprocal relations between them and the Imperial Cabinet.

This last fact was shortly followed by a communication in which the two Cabinets, through their respective Consuls, invited the Imperial Government to evacuate the Danubian Principalities within a given term, which England fixed at the 30th April, and France, still more peremptorily, at the 15th of the same month.

With what right did the two Powers thus pretend to exact everything from one of the two belligerent parties, without demanding anything from the other? This is what they have not thought fit to explain to the Imperial Cabinet. To evacuate the Principalities, without even the shadow of a fulfilment, by the Ottoman Government, of the conditions to which the Emperor made the cessation of that temporary occupation subordinate—to evacuate them in the brunt of a war which the latter was the first to declare, whilst it is actively carrying on offensive operations, when its own troops occupy a fortified point of Russian territory—was already a condition inadmissible in substance. The two Powers wished that, in form, it should become still more unacceptable. They fixed a term of six days for the adhesion of the Imperial Cabinet, at the expiration of which a refusal, or the absence of any reply whatever, was to be by them regarded as equivalent to a declaration of war.

To a summons so partial in its tenour, as practically inexcusable as it was insulting in its terms, silence was the only reply compatible with the dignity of the Emperor.

Consequently, the two Governments have just publicly made known that Russia, by her refusal to accede to their demand, has constituted herself towards them in a state of war, the entire responsibility of which will rest upon her.

In the presence of such declarations, it only remains for the Emperor to accept the situation which has been made him, reserving to himself to employ all the means which Providence has put into his hands to defend with energy and constancy the honour, independence, and safety of his empire.

Independently of the message by which the Cabinet of London announces its resolution to the two Houses of Parliament, it has, in a supplementary declaration, explained the motives which induce it to take up arms, and has recapitulated the origin and the incidents of the question. The Imperial Government thinks it superfluous to return to a discussion on this subject. All its preceding documents seem to it to have exhausted the polemic. The recent memorandum of the 18th February, published on the occasion of the rupture of diplomatic relations, and which contains up to that point the whole historical exposition of the question, will have sufficed to demonstrate to whom, whether to Russia or the two maritime Powers, belongs the initiative of the provocations, and what disastrous (*funeste*) chain of circumstances the false position in which their first steps placed the two Cabinets, and led them on by degrees to take others still more provoking. Unprejudiced minds will have been able to discover there all the successive concessions made by Russia for the maintenance of peace, before as well as after the Vienna note, whilst the increasing exactions of the two Courts engaged them daily more and more still further in the path of a war with us.

The occupation of the Principalities, which is taken now, *après coup*, as a pretext for this war, did not prevent the opening of negotiations. It would not have any more prevented their continuation, or rather these negotiations would have led to something long since, if the Powers had not suddenly, without any good reason, completely changed the bases which they themselves had laid down in the first note concerted at Vienna. The objections made by the Porte to certain passages of that note were not sufficient either to nullify the rest. The essential substance remained intact, and the Imperial Government had the right to regard all the points which the Ottoman

Porte had not contested as acquired for any ulterior proposition. Such was not done. An attempt was made to impose entirely new conditions upon us; what had hitherto been admitted was declared inadmissible; the complaints of Russia were ignored, as also any claim on its part to an equitable separation, and all its counter-propositions rejected without discussion. At the same time, measures contrary to its rights as a belligerent Power coincident in the Black Sea with the conditions transmitted from Vienna, were adopted, as if to impress a character of compulsion to any adhesion on its part. Finally, all honourable retreat was cleverly cut off from it by an imperious summons, such as Russia never before received within the whole period of its history, even at the time when a conqueror at the head of armed Europe invaded its territory.

Not being able to close their eyes upon the insufficiency of the motives for a disastrous war, and upon the want of proportion which exists between its effects and its cause, the two Powers are obliged to exaggerate its object by bringing the most vague accusations against Russia.

They allege that their honour and material interests have been hurt—projects on our side of aggrandisement and conquest in Turkey—the independence of the Porte, and even that of other States; finally, the balance of power in Europe, which, according to them, is threatened by our excessive preponderance.

All these general imputations rest upon no foundation whatever.

We have never attacked the honour of the two Courts. If that honour has been placed in jeopardy, it has been done by themselves. From the very onset they have adopted a system of intimidation, which naturally would fail. They made it a point of *amour propre* to oblige Russia to bend to them; and because Russia would not consent to her own humiliation, they say that they are hurt in their moral dignity.

Materially, their interests have not been hurt by us either. They can only be so by the war which they wish gratuitously to wage against us. On the contrary, it is they who hurt our interests much more seriously by attacking us in the North and in the South, in our ports, and on different points of our coasts.

The policy of aggrandisement and conquest which they attribute to Russia, has been refuted by all her acts since 1815. Of her neighbours in Germany, and in the North, is there one which during the last forty years have had to complain of an attack, or even of an attempt at an attack, upon the integrity of his possessions?

As regards Turkey, although we have been at war with her, the peace of Adrianople exists to attest the moderate use we have made of our success; and since then, at two intervals, the Ottoman Empire has been saved by us from imminent ruin.

The desire of possessing Constantinople, if that empire should fall—the intention of forming a permanent establishment there—have been too publicly, too solemnly disavowed, for any doubts to be entertained on that subject that do not originate in a distrust which nothing can cure.

Events will shortly show whether the Powers or Russia have struck the most fatal blow, not only against the independence, but against the very existence of Turkey. As a price for the interested services given to her, she has already renounced by treaty the distinguishing privilege of every independent power—that of making peace, or declaring war, at its own free will, at the moment, and on the conditions it may itself deem most advisable. She will be forced to subscribe to an engagement which will give equality of civil and religious rights to all her subjects. Russia will sincerely applaud so important a guarantee, obtained in favour of all the Christians in Turkey, if it succeed in assuring it to them in a really efficacious manner. But in presence of a revolution which would so profoundly alter all the constituent bases of the Ottoman Government, Russia has the right to be surprised that an engagement by which the Sultan confined himself to confirm religious privileges already existing, and emanating from our treaties with him, should have been declared an attempt against his sovereignty and his independence.

It is for Europe—not for the two Powers—to decide if the general equilibrium really runs the risks which are attributed to it from the supposed excessive preponderance of Russia. It is for it to examine which weighs heaviest

to-day upon the freedom of action of states—Russia left to herself, or a formidable alliance, the pressure of which alarms every neutrality, and uses, by turns, caresses or threats to compel them to follow in its wake. Europe will also decide if, during the last years, it is from Russia that have come pretensions the most hostile to the rights of sovereignty, and to the independence of feeble states; if in Greece, in Sicily, in Naples, in Tuscany, it is for or against those rights that she has declared; whether in Germany, between the great Governments, she has sought to sow discord, or to re-establish union; whether, morally in Lombardy, and materially in Hungary, her efforts have not been consecrated to the maintenance of equilibrium; and whether the blows that are preparing against her, the isolation in which it is hoped to place her, by handing over the political world to a far different sort of preponderance, will not rather be the annihilation of that equilibrium.

We thus see to what the vague generalities urged against Russia are reduced. But the last especially of these grounds of accusation suffices to understand the true motive of a war for which, judged by its apparent grounds, there is no reason; and it is so contrary to the moral, industrial, and commercial interests of the entire world, that it will really accelerate the ruin of the very empire which it made the pretext to save from an imaginary peril. The true motive was publicly proclaimed by the English Ministers, when they asserted before Parliament, that the moment had arrived at last when it was necessary to abate the influence of Russia.

It is to defend that influence, not less necessary to the Russian nation than it is essential to the maintenance of the order and the security of other States—it is to sustain the independence and territorial integrity which are the bases of it—that the Emperor, obliged in spite of himself to embark in this contest, is about to devote all the means of resistance which are furnished by the devotion and patriotism of his people. He trusts that God, who has so often protected Russia in the day of trial, will assist him once more in this formidable struggle. He sincerely laments the infinite evils which are about to fall on humanity; but at the same time he feels it to be his duty to protest solemnly against the arbitrary pretensions laid down by the two Powers, which throw upon him alone all the responsibility of them. They are free, without doubt, to adopt against Russia such measures as may be convenient to them; but it does not belong to them to lay the consequences to his charge. The responsibility of the calamities of a war belongs to the Power which declares it, not to that which is bound to accept it.

St. Petersburg, March 30, 1854.

That the czar was not wholly indifferent to the opinion of Europe, was shown by the fact that, in the same issue of the *St. Petersburg Journal*, an elaborate reply was made to the allegations of Sir G. H. Seymour; and an attempt, utterly impotent and futile, to remove the prejudice created throughout Europe by the publication of the secret correspondence, engaged the conductors of that journal in several leading articles.

The declarations and manifesto were not empty boasts—practical efforts for war followed them on a gigantic scale. Never in the history of the world did a nation make such prodigious struggles for the efficient conduct of hostilities as Russia appeared to make, after thus “taking up the glove” which the allies had thrown down. Russia allows too little insight to her proceedings, in either war or peace, to enable us to present to our readers what, doubtless, would prove instructive, and reveal a new chapter in the history of oppression. Forced loans, conscriptions, impressments, and

even the plunder of her own subjects, were adopted to procure the men and material necessary. The most surprising thing about these proceedings was, the acquiescence of the people in their own degradation and suffering. However averse to military service, and anxious, individually, to evade the loans and escape the plunder, yet all seemed to take these things as a matter of course—done on the whole with the most excellent intentions—the only methods open to the czar to recruit at once his ranks and his exhausting exchequer, and essential to the ultimate glory of all Russians, and of their holy and orthodox Church.

The fortresses on the shores and islands of the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, already strong and well garrisoned, were reinforced with men and replenished with munitions of war. Every method that cunning, that *Russian cunning* could devise, was brought into requisition to encourage the men of the Baltic fleet. The emperor himself and his family visited Cronstadt and other fortresses, and his majesty painfully occupied himself with the detail of their defences. He organized means of resistance along the shores of his western frontier, such as he reasonably supposed might defy all the fleets, if not the armies, which the world could send against him. All this was accomplished while already the commerce of Russia was suffering, and heavy failures fell upon the great commercial houses of the two great capitals. St. Petersburg felt the crisis more than Moscow, but the commercial communities of both cities were suffering. Yet will it be believed that the mercantile interests, especially in Moscow, were for war! They not only made no remonstrance, such as they *indirectly* might have made against its ravages, but they of their own accord, where no forced loan fell upon them, supplied the government exchequer. The richer merchants of Moscow were among the most violent fanatics of the empire. A remarkable paper, published in the *Northern Bee*, of St. Petersburg, met with enthusiastic approbation from these classes, as well as from the army, land-owners, and priests:—

“The Emperor of all the Russias had at heart the unhappy fate of ten millions of orthodox Christians groaning under the infamous yoke of Islamism, and our great czar, in his quality of legitimate sovereign and guardian of orthodoxy, demanded from the sultan a guarantee for the welfare of the orthodox Christians subjected to his rule. The rights of our emperor date back several centuries. At the fall of Byzantium under the yoke of Mohammedans, when the reigning dynasty of the empire of the East was extinct, all the Greek authorities confirmed the solemn charter

of the Patriarch of Constantinople, Josaphat, who called to the throne John IV., Grand Duke of Russia, and recognised him as their legitimate and hereditary sovereign. The original of the said charter, which is written in the Greek language, and signed by the Patriarch Josaphat, thirty-four metropolitans, two bishops, and two archbishops, is carefully preserved at Choscou, in the archives of the minister of foreign affairs. It was drawn up in 1451.”

This publication, issued contemporaneously with the declaration and the manifesto, receiving the approbation of the people, and stimulating, as it was intended to do, their enthusiasm, is a curious comment both upon the grievances set forth in the declaration, and the avowals of opposition to an enlarged and independent Greek kingdom made by his majesty to Sir G. H. Seymour.

In the Black Sea, notwithstanding the presence of the allied fleets, the Russian navy was exerting itself contemporaneously with the events above recorded, in a manner characteristic of the energy, enterprise, labour, and vigilance, with which Russia everywhere prepared herself for the great encounter. From the *Invalide Russe*, we extract an article which shows the heartiness and spirit with which the Russian naval authorities in the Black Sea conducted their dangerous enterprises, and the contrast which, in this respect, they presented to the allied naval commanders, who seemed to make only a display of science:—

“After the occupation of the eastern shores of the Black Sea, in the last war against Turkey, the government had directed its attention to the suppression of the infamous traffic in women and children, who form the principal articles of commerce between the mountaineers of the Caucasus and the Turks. With this object, it had erected all along the coast between Ghelendjik and Gagri a series of temporary posts, and had established cruisers by means of galleys of a particular construction, manned by Cossacks from the Sea of Azoff. Thanks to this measure, fearlessly executed by the Cossacks, the object of humanity which the government had proposed to itself had been until now achieved.

“At present, the circumstances under which these posts had been built having changed, it became necessary to consider that in consequence of their position they had no land communication with each other, and that their garrisons, therefore, left completely isolated from the main body of our forces, could not be of any service in the general system of our future operations.

“On these grounds the Aide-de-camp General Prince Menschikoff was ordered to suppress

these posts, after having withdrawn the garrisons. Prince Menschikoff has accomplished this service with the success which accompanies all the operations of the fleet in the Black Sea.

"On the 3rd of March he dispatched from Ghelendjik the steamer *Modolots*, under the flag of Vice-admiral Serebriakoff, towing row-boats; the *Crimea*, under the flag of Rear-admiral Panfiloff, towing the *Mamai* transport ship; the *Odessa*, towing the *Bzyb*; the *Chersonese*, towing the *Gostogai*; the *Boiets*, towing the *Kodos*; the *Mogoutchy*, towing the *Tsemes*; and the *Argonaute*, towing row-boats.

"In coasting along the shores of Circassia, and whenever they arrived opposite a post, they left the vessels necessary for the embarkation of the garrisons; but on approaching Navaghinsk two steamers, the one French, the other English, were signaled. The embarkation was suspended, and measures were taken to prepare for action; however, the enemy's ships remained in the offing, passed before ours, and the embarkation was resumed.

"In the meantime, opposite the post Véliaminoff, these two steamers stopped the hired transport *Bzyb*; two officers hailed her, and addressed to her commander, Lieutenant Tchebyscheff, the following questions:—

"'What steamers have you seen near the post of Navaghinsk?' Answer—'Some Russian steamers of war.'

"'What are they doing at that point?' Answer—'There is an admiral there, and he has not told me his instructions.'

"'Who is burning the posts, you or the Circassians?' Answer—'We.'

"'Why do you burn them?' Answer—'Because such is the order given.'

"'Where is your fleet?' Answer—'I don't know, but I believe it to be at sea, and very near.'

"After having received these answers, the two steamers departed, having described themselves as the *Mogador* and the *Sampson*.

"On the 5th the whole expedition anchored at Novorossisk, where it disembarked the garrisons of the posts of Navaghinsk, Golovine, Lazareff, Véliaminoff, Tenginisk, and Novotroitsk.

"Storms had prevented the squadron of Rear-admiral Voukotitch embarking the garrison of the post of St. Esprit. The removal of this garrison took place between the 9th and 10th by means of the steamer *Gromonosses*, aboard which was sent Colonel Skolkoff, aide-de-camp to the emperor.

"From all these posts, besides the garrisons, which make up an effective force of 5000 men, they embarked all the families of the soldiers, the workmen, and a great part of the stores of the crown. The rest, as well as the build-

ing, were burnt, and the fortifications were blown up.

"Our military resources have thus been augmented by an important body of picked troops, accustomed to war by long service in the centre of an unsubdued country."

While so busy on all his frontiers, the czar found time and means to negotiate with Persia, and to menace and carry fear into the heart of Central Asia.

Anxious to have early intelligence of what passed in London and Paris, the electric telegraph had long been in operation between St. Petersburg and Warsaw, and for some time great numbers of men were employed in completing the line which was to extend from Warsaw to the Prussian frontier. But in order to make every avenue of information available, the czar caused the portion of the line already constructed to be connected with the Prussian telegraph near Mysłowitz, so as to place St. Petersburg at once in communication with the capitals of Western Europe. Before a regiment embarking in England, or a ship of war ordered to reinforce the fleets, could get out of the Channel, the czar's minister of war would be informed of its strength and destination. There was no reciprocity in these advantages, the Russian line was closed and guarded—used only for state purposes.

Let not our readers suppose from all this activity, and multiplication of offensive and defensive agencies, that Russia was as strong as such amazing efforts would indicate. The exertions were wonderful, but they were exhausting. Russia hoped by the energy she evinced, and the activity and vigilance she displayed, to awe the coalition, or at all events intimidate the vacillating courts of Germany. Every conscription told fearfully upon her wealth, as well as upon the numbers available for military service; and every gift, or coerced loan, which found its way to her treasury, embarrassed her commerce, for which her own capital is insufficient. The unworked natural resources of Russia are, like the extent of her territory, vast; but the available resources which she has at command for aggressive purposes are only great because, through successive reigns, her czars have laid up accumulations of naval and military appliances such as no nation ever before husbanded; that when the hour of resistance to her aggression should arrive, which she of course foresaw, she might appal the world by the state of preparation for defence or conquest in which she might be found. De Custine happily describes what Russia really is, as to her resources, when he banteringly says:—"Russia is a book, the table of whose contents is magnificent; but beware of going

further. If you turn over the leaves, you will find no performance answering to the promise; all the chapters are headed, but all have to be filled up. How many of the Russian forests are only marshes, where you will never cut a faggot! How many distant regiments are there without men; and cities and roads which exist only in project! The nation itself is as yet nothing more than a puff placarded upon Europe—dupe of a diplomatic fiction. I have found here no real life, except that of the emperor's; no constitution, except that of the court."

It will be seen by the least observant reader that the motto with which this chapter is headed is nobly applicable to the policy of the allies, but was reversed by Russia. They sought peace by war; Russia only permitted peace so long as she was not ready for war. Their aim was the consolidation of European independence; her aim the subjugation of the territory, and the freedom of all nations. May the allied governments continue the struggle under the glorious motto of the great hero who made it his own, and truly *seek peace by war!*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONDITION OF TURKEY WHEN WAR WAS DECLARED BY THE WESTERN POWERS.—DEPOSITION OF THE SHEIK-UL-ISLAM.—THE TURCO-GREEK INSURRECTION, AND RUPTURE OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN THE SULTAN AND THE KING OF GREECE.—CONVENTION BETWEEN THE ALLIES AND TURKEY.—OPERATIONS OF THE HOSTILE ARMIES ON THE ASIATIC FRONTIER.

"He, without fear, a dangerous war pursues,
Which, without rashness, he began before."—DRYDEN.

WHEN the news of the declaration of war by the Western powers reached Constantinople, all classes, from the vicinity of the sultan's throne to the boatmen who ply their oars upon the silver Bosphorus, were wild with joy. Turkish gravity gave way before the cheering influence of the occasion. The arrival of the tidings was opportune, for discontent with the allies pervaded the capital and the country. It was not believed that they were in earnest. So inexplicable was the conduct of the admirals, and so dilatory the proceedings of the governments, that the Turks lost all confidence in the zeal of their supporters. The demands of the Western powers for religious liberty to the Christians were very unpalatable to the old Turkish party, who resisted the concession as heartily as if they were under the guidance of Mr. Urquhart. Sincerity to the cause of Turkish independence was proved by the Western governments in at last declaring war, and this reconciled the people to those novel ideas, and enabled the sultan to carry into execution measures which it would otherwise have been vain for him to attempt. One of those measures which most excited the dissatisfaction of "the faithful" was a decree concerning mosque property. This decree was to the effect that "from the 27th of March the possessions of the mosques are to be declared the property of the state." The magnitude of this measure may be conceived when it is known that three-fourths of all the "real property" of the sultan's empire had become mosque property. This measure of the sultan's was one of questionable wisdom, and of doubtful justice also. Property in Turkey, but for the protec-

tion of the mosques, would be utterly insecure. The peculation and violence of the pashas have for a great number of years passed all bounds, and no persons could feel themselves beyond the reach of their plunder. But property dedicated to the prophet was sacred, and it became therefore customary even for "the rayahs" to "make over" their wealth to the Church nominally, but really to place it under such sure guardianship. The conditions upon which this guardianship was extended were never abused, and the trust was never violated. There are a thousand times more fraud, abuse of trust, and diversion of funds from their original designation, in the management of endowed charities and school property in England, than in the custody of all the wealth committed to the protection of the mosques. Never was the Church of any nation possessed of such vast treasures, and never were they so little abused, or a public trust so inviolably respected. The people, even the Christians, were the more disposed to place their property in the safe keeping of Mohammed, as the ulemahs, or ministers of the mosques, were not only the expounders of the prophet, but the lawyers of the State. Their counsel was not selfish; it was certainly profitable to themselves, but it was wise for their clients. Of course, "the clergy" were all in a state of revolt against so daring an infringement of the rights of the mosque; and much uneasiness was experienced by the Porte at this juncture, when the declarations by the allies powerfully diverted public attention to the new prospects of the war.

A still more dangerous experiment was made

by the sultan upon the extent to which his people would endure innovation. The chief of the ulemahs, the Sheik-ul-Islam, is the most powerful person in the empire, scarcely excepting the sultan. His veto decides all laws promulgated. He is at once primate and lord chancellor, and a court of legislation in his own person; in fact, one of "the estates" of the realm, or rather, he is the chief and representative of one of the estates of the realm—the ulemahs. The then presiding—we had almost written *reigning*—sheik, positively refused to carry out several of the sultan's decrees. He would never consent, he declared, to place the word of a true believer on a level with the testimony of a Giaour; and if the sultan persisted in doing so, and in subverting the laws of the Koran, he was no longer their padishaw, and ought to be deposed. On the ground of treason he was himself deposed, to the horror and terror of all the faithful. His chief abettor was Refaat Pasha, the president of the council, who was also dismissed, and Aarif Pasha appointed to that office; while the distinguished ulema, Farik Effendi, was nominated successor to the uncourtly sheik.

The astounding intelligence of the resolve of the great Western nations to confront the giant power of the North, rendered it impossible for sheik or ulema to raise an insurrection; and even the popular ferment in their behalf seemed to find its vent in the national purpose and enthusiasm which the decisive step of the mighty allies of Turkey excited.

Another and scarcely inferior source of danger was the Greek insurrection, which at this juncture reached the acme of its fury. On page 71 of this History we suspended our narrative of that outbreak, in order to relate contemporaneous events which transpired elsewhere; this is the proper place to resume our story of that wild and wilful revolt. The Russians were making as much progress by their propagandism among the Greeks, as they were by their feats of arms in the Dobrudscha. Indeed, it is scarcely credible that they would ever have tempted famine and failure there, if they did not hope by their onward movement, timed skilfully with their intrigues at Athens, to raise the Greeks throughout Bulgaria and Roumelia. The flame of revolt spread everywhere, but did not burn steadily; while raging fiercely in one direction, it flickered in another, and sank into a smothered and smouldering fire wherever the Turkish army was in force. We shall not weary our readers with accounts of the desultory and vengeful encounters and treacherous assassinations by which this insurrection was characterised. It was discovered that the government of Greece continued the complicity disclosed in an earlier portion of our History, and that a general massacre of Turks, in the districts where the Greeks greatly out-

numbered them, formed part of the insurrectionary plan, of which the Greek and Russian governments were both cognisant. Prince Menschikoff, the Russian commissary, Baron Oelamer, a certain dragoman in Constantinople, and the Russian minister at Athens, were all proved to have corresponded with the leading Greek ecclesiastics in Turkey and in Greece Proper, as well as with the government of Greece, in reference to the sudden rising of the Greek race, and the cowardly assassination of the Turkish population scattered among them. The Turkish minister of foreign affairs had made urgent representations to the allied representatives that some decisive measures must be adopted towards King Otho and his government; and it will scarcely be credited that the remonstrances and even menaces of the ministers of the allies were without effect, until force was employed and Athens was occupied by their troops. And even after the ships of the allies appeared in Greek waters, as a demonstration in support of the sultan, the King of Greece and his abettors contemplated resistance. An individual sent to the Greek government a plan for making fire-ships, for the purpose of setting fire to the squadron. The government took the proposition into serious consideration, and referred it to a committee of examination. The committee reported that the scheme was impracticable, but that the projector was entitled to a reward for having propounded the idea! While the Greek king, or rather the Bavarian king of the Greek kingdom, was alternately threatening to fight and to run away,—for he seemed to imagine that his departure would be as grave an event to the allies as his resistance,—he had an army of precisely the following magnitude: 4013 infantry, 327 cavalry, 363 artillery, 200 engineers and mechanics; 2412 irregular troops, composed of banditti and of men who only occasionally employed themselves in that profession; and the *gend'armerie* consisted of 1466 individuals—policemen, constables, and spies. Well might an able contemporary writer remark that, "next to Russia, the kingdom of Greece was the most remarkable national humbug in existence, or that ever existed; for nothing in that ill-fated realm appears to be real or productive of result—not even her intrigue, which is as sterile as her pretensions of classic regeneration. The Greeks have been unable to keep their country from becoming a toy in the hands of the cadet of a petty German court. Without a national government, Greece has shown no capacity for fulfilling or even comprehending national responsibilities. Her loan is a gibe; her patriotism is put down by the court, until the invasion of a neighbour reconciles that very court to insurrection; and the fidelity of Greece to her very founders is exhibited towards that one

alone whose patronage had an *arrière pensée* of selfishness and malice. The Greeks are not insensible to internal improvements or foreign commerce, but they cannot keep order at home, or faith abroad; and the national flag of Greece covers the skirmishers and scouts of Russia. This has been long evident, but especially since the arrival of Admiral Kornileff at Athens, when Menschikoff arrived at Constantinople."

In virtue of a protocol annexed to a treaty of alliance between England, France, and Turkey, the three allied powers addressed to King Otho a collective note, demanding the suppression of the outrages by Greek subjects upon the frontier provinces of Turkey; the Greek minister at Constantinople received his passports; Ali Pasha was sent on a special mission to the court of Athens, with a formal demand for redress. This not being given, Greek subjects were ordered to leave Turkey. As many of them were engaged in commerce within the Ottoman dominions great suffering was inflicted by this measure, for the proceeding was sudden and summary. The French ambassador interfered on behalf of Greek subjects of the Latin rite, and only succeeded in saving them from the operation of the decree by a threat of leaving Constantinople. General Baraguay D'Hilliers is a good officer but a bad politician, and his conduct on this occasion was arrogant and unjust; not very much less culpable than that of Prince Menschikoff, or of a former French envoy, M. Lavalette, by whose indiscretions Prince Menschikoff found a pretext. Still, there was ground for interfering on behalf of the Greeks of the Latin communion, for they had taken no part in the insurrection, and had given the sultan no cause of offence, but sympathised with him and his allies against the common aggressor. However severe the edict of the Porte against the Hellenists, it was provoked by the atrocity of the conspiracy, the whole plan of which had been disclosed. Baron Oelamer, the Russian spy, who for that disreputable office was paid 1000 piasters a month, had the folly to make a confidant of a Greek physician, named Oska. Oska, whether from love of reward, or horror at the contemplated butchery, revealed the plot.

The dexterity of the Queen of Greece extricated her husband from one complication after another, and enabled him to avert the impending storm which was gathering around him, until the 22nd of May, when an answer to the demand of the allies must be given. We must, however, again leave the affairs of Greece, with this short notice, until we can return to them in their chronological sequence.

The complicity of Russia in the insurrection of the Greek subjects of the Porte, and in the incursions of King Otho's subjects upon the

Turkish territory, was brought clearly to light by a circular of Count Nesselrode's, signed March 2nd (old style). This document, directed to the foreign agents of the czar, was intended to appeal to the imagination of the Greeks, both of Greece and of the Turkish Empire, and to stimulate those agents to fresh exertions, wherever their influence might be brought to bear upon that revolt. It is as follows:—

SIR,

St. Petersburg, March 2, 1854.

THE memorandum annexed to my despatch of the 18th of last month has enabled you to communicate to the Government to which you are accredited a faithful and circumstantial account of our difference with Turkey, of the negotiations by which we sought to bring the Porte to a more just appreciation of our demands, and of the complications which arise therefrom, in consequence of the passionate intervention of the Cabinets of Paris and London, and of the hostile attitude they assumed towards us at the very moment that they announced themselves as pacific mediators between us and the Ottoman Government. The events having acquired now the gravity which we feared for the tranquillity of Europe, we consider it a duty towards the Courts who have hitherto judged our acts without prejudice or partiality, to continue to provide them with data to enable them to judge with the same justice the situation in which some of the great Powers of Europe are desirous to place Russia in its future relations with Turkey, and the obligations thereby sought to be imposed upon the Emperor.

There is one especially which touches the conscience of the whole of Russia and of its Sovereign, that which relates to the position of the Christian populations subjected to Turkey, and upon whom the Mussulman Government and people, excited by fanaticism, and confiding in the sympathy and aid offered to them with so unjustifiable an eagerness by the Christian Powers, think themselves authorised to exercise the most cruel vexations.

Some of those populations, especially those which border upon independent Greece, driven to extremes, and losing all hope of better fate, have taken up arms to throw off a yoke which has become insupportable.

This rising, already for a long time foreseen and even announced, occupies and moves at the present moment the minds and the press of Europe. By a contradiction, which those who pretend to protect against us the power of the Crescent and the rights of the Sultan can alone explain, these same Powers, who declare war to us for the sole motive that we wished to maintain the religious immunities of the Christians of Turkey, say that they are disposed to obtain in their favour the same civil and political rights as are enjoyed by the Mussulmen.

We do not wish to draw sinister prognostics; but these tardy promises, so little in accordance with the acts of those who proclaim them, will have, we fear, no other result than to exasperate still more the oppressors against the oppressed, to provoke sanguinary reprisals, and to render for the future impossible the submission of those populations to Turkish rule.

For our own part, we never demanded from the Porte in favour of its Christian subjects but what was just, practicable, and confirmed by the acts of the Sultans themselves; but when others than ourselves come and raise up complications and calamities which fall with all their weight on our co-religionists, and drive them to an unequal struggle, we cannot surely refuse them our interest and our assistance.

If the rising we hear of should take greater extension—if it should become a war to the death, and of long duration, like that of the Greeks in 1821—we do not think that any Christian Power could assist in replacing these populations under the Ottoman yoke without offending its conscience. The Emperor will in no case lend his hand to it. During our war, as at the period when peace will be possible, their fate will be the object of the Emperor's care. We also hope that God will not allow that, from an unjust animosity against Russia, Christian Sovereigns shall permit their armies to join in the work of extermination, which the renegades assembled in the

camp of Omar Pasha meditate doubtless at this hour against those who have taken up arms for the defence of their hearths and their Church.

Such, Sir, is the point of view in which we think it right to consider the rising in Epirus, the possible consequences of which we regret, which we have the consciousness not only not to have excited, but which we were unable to prevent, though we desired to do so.

You will make use of the above indications to rectify the false rumours and malicious insinuations which will doubtless be circulated also on this occasion against Russia and her intentions.

(Signed)

NESSELRODE.

In keeping with the above attempt to preserve the agitation in Greece, the czar's agents in Montenegro made vigorous efforts to disturb that country. A proclamation was read in all the villages, appealing to the religious zeal of the people, and promising not to sign any treaty of peace until having obtained for them Herzegovina, the plains of Bosnia, and a part of those of Albania.

Just at this juncture the czar was obliged to forego the services of one of his chosen bands. A body of Wallachian fanatics of the Greek Church had been enrolled, under the designations of "the cross bearers" and "the champions of Christ;" but, in consequence of their unconquerable propensity for stealing, in gratifying which they did not spare even Russian officers, their services were dispensed with.

On the 12th of March a treaty of alliance was concluded by Turkey with France and England, by which the latter powers agreed to support the former by force of arms, until the conclusion of a peace which should secure the integrity of the sultan's rights and dominions. The Porte engaged not to conclude any separate peace with Russia, or any peace without the consent of the allies. The allied powers promised to evacuate the territories of the sultan at his request, and at the conclusion of the war. This treaty was to remain open for the acceptance of the other great powers of Europe; and, lastly, it secured to all the subjects of the Porte, without distinction of religion, a perfect legal equality.

The last clause gave rise to furious discussions, and to official changes, such as we have already described. The general exclamations of the old Turkish party were, "The Muscovites ask us for a part, and we refuse, and go to war with them; the Franks ask us for the whole, and we tamely acquiesce! Better to die, sword in hand, in defence of the faith, or abandon Europe, which our fathers entered as conquerors, than submit to have the Giaours placed on an equality with us." The liberal or modern Turkish party urged the sincerity of the allies, the requirements of the age, and the necessities of the occasion, and eventually triumphed.

There were two separate conventions, one relating to a loan of twenty millions of francs

by England and France to the Porte; the allies undertaking to pay all the expenses of the subsistence of their troops while engaged in defence of Turkey, and all other expenses whatsoever incurred in her defence. The second related to the reforms in favour of the Christians. The old Turkish party had no objection to the allies paying or fighting for their country, but they would not concede the smallest privileges to those professing the religious faith of those allies—thus exhibiting all the selfishness of intolerance in the very hour when they received from Christian nations the most generous aid.

While affairs thus proceeded with the government of Turkey, her Asiatic frontier was the scene of continued interest to herself and to her allies. The conduct of the superior officers of her armies at Kars, Erzerum, and, indeed, everywhere along the line of military operations, was utterly despicable. We can remember no parallel in history, unless it be the conduct of the superior Spanish officers during the struggle against France, when Wellington signalled his name by his exploits in the Peninsula. Cowardice, pride, obstinacy, stupidity, speculation, characterised the conduct of the Turkish generals. General Guyon was the life and soul of the army; everything would have gone to ruin but for him, and the few European officers who seconded his exertions. He was resisted by the Turkish officers, high and low, as he had been in the autumn of 1853. These men had no sympathy with the common soldiery, whom Guyon did all in his power to succour and encourage. From these poor fellows he received gratitude, and had he not been at last so effectually obstructed by the bigoted Turks, in quarters and at Constantinople, he would have made the Asiatic army a superior one, instead of being, as it remained, a rude mob of nominal soldiers.

The operations upon the boundaries of the eastern provinces of the belligerent empires, were, in the early months of spring, a series of razzias on a large scale, which the reports of the generals engaged, magnified into battles. The Russians had a salutary apprehension of the energy, bravery, and military skill of Guyon; but they regarded the Turkish pashas with undisguised contempt, for all their movements were evidently directed under the impression that these men might be safely despised. We must reserve our record of the progress of the war in these regions, until we have related the great events which transpired elsewhere. The Asiatic theatre of war was isolated, and continued so, until, as the struggle became more comprehensive and earnest, it too was comprehended in the common vortex of more fierce and more skilful strife, which involved all the northern and eastern shores of the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff. There was abundant

opportunity for those provinces which Russia had wrenched from her eastern rivals—especially from Persia,—to rise and assert their liberties; but their populations hugged their chains, under the influence of ignorance or priestcraft, and the waves of war ebbed and flowed around their habitations in vain, with regard to any advantage its changes and chances offered them. Russia beyond the Caucasus was, unfortunately, steadfast to its despotism; and there was no genius, valour, or address in the Turkish pashas, to turn to account the circumstances of the Georgian or Armenian populations, or their own military position upon these frontiers. There will probably occur to us no more suitable place than this, to present to our readers a glimpse of certain portions of these regions from the pen of M. Haxthausen.* This gentleman had peculiar opportunities for acquiring information (not unlike those of Captain Spencer, in another direction, elsewhere mentioned in this History), being under the protection of Russian officers of distinction, civil and military. Prince Paul Leiven, nephew of the former ambassador to this country, obtained for him every opportunity for investigating the social and economic condition of these fine regions. He throws considerable light upon the past history, as well as present resources, of Georgia; which, in the days of its historic glory, subjected Leghistan and Daghestan, where Schamyl, the renowned mountain monarch, now holds sway. As Georgia became enfeebled, the mountaineers, in their turn, became invaders and conquerors, and have left the traces of their incursions everywhere. Our author, when he parted with Prince Leiven, proceeded into Russian Armenia and Erivan, a place of some note in its indirect relation to the progress of the present war. The following abstract of his description of the country around Erivan, given by one of the ablest of his reviewers, will be of use to our readers when we conduct them to a future page of our History. His route to Erivan was “by the northern extremity of the Goktschai Degnitz (Blue Water), the highest of the three great Armenian lakes, it being no less than 5500 feet above the level of the Caspian Sea. This enormous piece of water, which is of about the size of the Boden-See, in Switzerland, performs a most important part in the country around Erivan. It is the source from which the canals are supplied with water for the irrigation of the whole district. Ten leagues from Erivan the river Seng (or Zengui) issues from the lake, and, after running past the city, ultimately falls into the Araxes. Canals

branch from it, and from the lake, in all directions, conveying water to the surrounding villages. The centre of the Erivan water-works is at a place called Kanakir, about two leagues off the city. From hence four principal canals take their rise, from which innumerable small channels branch off; and by this means sufficient water is provided for the irrigation of the land every ten days or a fortnight in the spring, and as often again in the summer, at a very small cost, the annual repairs ordinarily amounting to about 300 roubles only. Without these arrangements the whole of this country would be an uninhabitable steppe. The extensive valley stretching northward, between Ararat and the mountains which form the base of the cup containing the Goktschai Degnitz, is of the same nature. It is extremely hot and dry, both from its southern latitude and from its high elevation, the city of Erivan being nearly as high as the summit of Skiddaw. The soil, which everywhere exhibits traces of its volcanic origin,—in the lava and basaltic rocks with fragments of which the ground is covered,—is of extreme fertility when sufficiently watered, but, without regular irrigation, will not produce a single blade of grass. This southern climate, unlike Western Europe, is doomed for months together to continuous drought in the ordinary course of the seasons, and any remark on the fineness of the weather would sound as extraordinary on the banks of the Araxes as one upon the stability of the earth would on those of the Thames. This aridity, indeed, although not in quite so high a degree, is common to the whole of the valleys of the Kour and the Araxes. At Marienfeld, the number of days on which rain falls rarely amounts to forty in the course of the year; while in summer the thermometer stands at 30°, or even 32°, Reaumur (99° to 104° Fahrenheit), in the shade. Artificial irrigation is, under such circumstances, an absolute necessity. The Persians destroyed the canals and sluices in the district below Kakhetia in their invasion of 1797. There was no power to restore these; and the whole population necessarily left the country, which is now a steppe, tenanted only by tigers, leopards, and serpents.”

The unhappy social state of these countries may be gathered from the following passage, in which the Baron, notwithstanding his pro-Russian feeling, is constrained to admit the curse of Russian dominion:—

“It is probable that serfdom did not formerly exist among the peasantry in Georgia and Mingrelia, and was not introduced until the occupation of these countries by Russia; and that not by law, which would never have been sanctioned by the Emperors Paul, Alexander, and Nicholas, but in the ordinary course of administration. The Russian officers were accustomed

* Transcaucasia: Sketches of the Nations and Races between the Black Sea and the Caspian. By Baron von Haxthausen.

to regard the peasants in their own country as serfs, and naturally looked upon those living under the nobles and princes in Georgia in the same light. The crown peasants in Russia have been emancipated since the time of Alexander, and the same class in Georgia are consequently free likewise. The existence in all these countries (the Transcaucasian) of a certain system and constitution in family and communal life, arising out of manners and customs, and even sanctioned by law, however defective,—in Georgia, indeed, by the Vakh-tang code of laws,—was entirely disregarded by the Russian officials. They were far too indolent to study the existing social condition of the people, and followed only the laws and principles of administration to which they were accustomed, and which they brought from Russia; while their rule was not a little marked by arbitrary conduct, with occasional extortion and spoliation, the superintendence and control being naturally much feebler and more ineffectual in the Caucasian provinces than elsewhere. The entire administration was, at the same time, of a military character; and all complaints, even those of a merely civil nature, were referred to the general in command. As a natural result of this state of things, a bitter animosity to the Russians and the Russian government, grew up among all these Caucasian tribes. On occasion of a journey which the Emperor Nicholas made in October, 1837, through these provinces, it is said that the *tchinowniks*, or officials, issued an order that no petitions should be presented to him. At Akhaltzick, the inhabitants of an entire village were seen kneeling on the road in silence as the emperor drove past, and this circumstance recurred several times. The emperor inquired of the people what it meant? They replied, 'That they were forbidden to approach him with petitions.' He told them it was not true, and that they might fearlessly present any petitions. Thereupon the people poured forth to meet the emperor in such numbers, that during his journey only as far as Erivan, about 1400 petitions and complaints were preferred to him."

Such, however, was the hatred of the Christian to the Moslem, that many of the Armenian and Georgian peasants armed against the Turks; while the men of commercial property among the Armenians, and the higher orders of the Georgians, were generally ready to retire before the enemies of Russia, and identify themselves with its destinies. Neither the justice of the Turkish cause, nor the heroism and love of liberty inherited by the brave bands of Schamyl, had any charm for them. Sacerdotal intrigue, pecuniary selfishness, and the habit of submission, kept them true to the standards of their oppressor throughout 1854, as in the fierce campaign of the autumn of 1853.

While Constantinople was moved with deep excitement by the tidings which reached it from such remote countries, and by the news of insurrection almost at its gates—while on the Danube, along the Greek frontier, and in Asia Minor, the empire was at once invaded, and despatch followed despatch in rapid succession from pashas and commanders—the city itself became the theatre of new and strange scenes. From every portion of the sultan's wide dominions, and from countries beyond professing Islamism, volunteers to serve in his army came pouring in. From Central Asia and the frontiers of India—from Kurdistan and the frontiers of Persia—from Syria and the confines of Arabia—from Morocco and Tunis—from Asia Minor and Armenia, strange wild warriors came, undisciplined and diversely armed, to offer their service to the sultan as their prince or padishaw. There were stalwart Albanians, with pistols and yataghan; the old Asiatic Turk, with curved scimitar, highly polished and richly ornamented; the gigantic Affghan, bearing his long matchlock; and from the remotest Asiatic recesses men came with "bended bow and quiver full of arrows." But of all the wild braves that wandered through forest and over steppe, there was none so curious to look upon as Fatima, and none so grotesque as her motley bands. Fatima is queen (or was queen) of a wandering, and, we presume, somewhat predatory tribe, whose home is in the mountains of Cilicia, and who can muster 4000 cavalry for war. She is to them as sacred as Schamyl is to the Caucasians: she is prophetess and princess. Her age seemed to be about sixty, and nothing Amazonian in her appearance or bearing brought any attraction to her standard. Her attire was that of the sterner sex, if the other sex may presume to anything more stern than Fatima. She bestrode her horse like a cavalier; and if ferocious looks appertain to bravery or military efficiency, the followers of Fatima were good soldiers and heroes, or heroines, for it was hard to say to which department of the heroic race they belonged. Some of her troops were undoubtedly of the softer sex, if the term be not offensive, as incompatible with their profession of arms. It would have been a mournful duty had the "gallant Greys," or "far-famed Inniskillens," been ordered to charge this very original array of cavalry; military obligation, and that gallantry for the fair for which our troops claim a reputation, would be oddly at variance in such an event. It would constitute a case of conscience for the ablest casuists—among whom her majesty's dragoons are seldom found—to open up the solution of its intricacies. Fatima had her troops "well in hand," and quartered them in an old barrack in Stamboul, demanding for them "cup and stirrup fees,"

and a trifle of eighty piasters a month from the great padishaw, at whose feet they came to make their own prostrations, and to whose enemies they were to afford instructions to do likewise. Up to the time we write, this lady has performed no exploit which history can record: she may have rendered services agree-

able to both the sultan and the prophet, we cannot say where. Neither Brigadier-general Scarlett nor Earl Cardigan saw anything of her at Balaklava, where cavalry reinforcements were desirable, and where a force so original might have produced some previously unknown and uncalculated effect!

CHAPTER XV.

TREATY OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—CONVENTIONS BETWEEN THE ALLIES, AND AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.—TREATY OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.—PUBLIC OPINION IN BRITAIN.—EMBARKATION OF TROOPS FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.—REMARKABLE SPEECH OF SIR G. H. SEYMOUR.

“Hail to thee, Albion! that meet'st the commotion
Of Europe as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam,
With no bond but the law, and no bound but the ocean,
Hail, Temple of Liberty, thou art my home!”—MOORE.

As soon after the declaration of war as circumstances allowed, a treaty offensive and defensive between England and France was signed, the terms of which were few, brief, and clear; binding each against a separate peace, and pledging them to a united prosecution of the war, sharing all costs and eventualities. The progress of the allies in cementing their own union, and conciliating those powers which sympathised with Russia, became more rapid as their appeal to arms became an accomplished fact. Accordingly, on the 9th of April, the representatives of Austria and Prussia, at Vienna, united with those of France in signing a protocol, which is of too important a nature to be omitted from this History.

At the request of the Plenipotentiaries of France and of Great Britain, the Conference met to hear the documents read which establish that the invitation addressed to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg to evacuate the Moldo-Wallachian provinces within a fixed time having remained unanswered, the state of war already declared between Russia and the Sublime Porte is in actual existence equally between Russia, on the one side, and France and Great Britain, on the other.

This change which has taken place in the attitude of two of the Powers represented at the Conference of Vienna, in consequence of a step taken directly by France and England, supported by Austria and Prussia as being founded in right, has been considered by the representatives of Austria and Prussia as involving the necessity of a fresh declaration of the union of the Four Powers upon the ground of the principles laid down in the protocols of December 5, 1853, and January 13, 1854.

In consequence, the undersigned have at this solemn moment declared that their Governments remain united in the double object of maintaining the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire, of which the fact of the evacuation of the Danubian Principalities is and will remain one of the essential conditions; and of consolidating in an interest so much in conformity with the sentiments of the Sultan, and by every means compatible with his independence and sovereignty, the civil and religious rights of the Christian subjects of the Porte.

The territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire is and remains the *sine qua non* condition of every transaction having for its object the re-establishment of peace between the belligerent Powers; and the Governments represented by the undersigned engage to endeavour in common to

discover the guarantees most likely to attach the existence of that Empire to the general equilibrium of Europe; as they also declare themselves ready to deliberate and to come to an understanding as to the employment of the means calculated to accomplish the object of their agreement.

Whatever event may arise in consequence of this agreement, founded solely upon the general interests of Europe, and of which the object can only be attained by the return of a firm and lasting peace, the Governments represented by the undersigned reciprocally engage not to enter into any definitive arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia, or with any other Power, which would be at variance with the principles above enunciated, without previously deliberating thereon in common.

(Signed)

BUOL-SCHAUENSTEIN.
BOURQUENEY.
WESTMORELAND.
ARNIM.

The sympathy of other continental states was very much promoted about this time by a most eloquent reply on the part of the French government to the Russian declaration. This document was extensively quoted in America, and gave the Russian chancellerie much annoyance, as was evinced by the nibbling and spiteful notices of it which the press of St. Petersburg contained. Seldom did a state paper attract in England more attention; and the ability of our great ally to write, as well as combat, became the subject of universal conversation. As the Russian declaration has been already placed before our readers, they can compare it with this masterly replication.

The Russian Government has just published a declaration, in answer to the summons addressed to it for the last time by France and England, and to which it has not consented to subscribe. We have not the intention to enter once more into an examination of the arguments refuted to satiety; we will limit ourselves to some observations on the new errors which that declaration is endeavouring to get accredited.

In the first place, the Russian Government demands by what title England and France pretend to exact the evacuation of the Principalities of the Danube. There is no one so ignorant as not to be aware how much their summons is founded upon right. The Powers who signed the acts of Vienna have themselves recognised them as such.

The Cabinets of Paris and London acted on this occasion in virtue of treaties, and their conduct had the approbation of other Governments.

How (says the declaration of the Russian Cabinet) could we evacuate the Principalities, without even the shadow of the conditions to which the Emperor had made subordinate the cessation of that occupation being fulfilled by the Ottoman Government? But these conditions which Russia required were manifestly unjust, and the Conference of Vienna had formally confirmed on that point the judgment of Europe.

The declaration adds, that the Russian armies could not evacuate the Principalities in the midst of a war which the Ottoman Government "had been the first to declare." The parts cannot be more strangely interverted. The invasion of the two Provinces of the Turkish Empire was, in the eyes of the whole world, an act of war. If the Porte has been recommended not to make it a case of war, it was because, in spite of the aggressive character of the acts of Russia, it was still hoped that there would be, on the part of that Power, a return to moderation and equity.

Russia has no better foundation for casting back on the two maritime Powers the initiative of the provocations. It is an affair already judged; and since the Cabinet of St. Petersburg brings to our recollection, on this subject, its memorandum of the 18th of last February, we can, in our turn, send it back to the whole of the documents which, in England as in France, have so completely placed the question beyond a doubt, that neither of the two Governments have thought it worth their while to occupy themselves for one moment with this memorandum, which has frequently been refuted beforehand. The initiative of the acts of war, as far as regards the Porte, as well as the provocations in matters touching the maritime Powers, belongs exclusively to the Power which invaded the Principalities of the Danube; and such is the opinion of all Europe.

The declaration of the Russian Cabinet remarks that the occupation had not prevented the negotiations from being opened, and that they would not have stopped their being followed out, if the Powers had not suddenly, and without valid reasons, changed the bases which they had themselves given in the first note drawn up at Vienna. The Powers had, in fact, laid down principles which, loyally admitted, might then have solved the difference; but the commentary which the note in question received from the Count de Nesselrode attested that the Russian Cabinet did not accept them, except by attaching to them a signification very different from the idea of the Conference of Vienna, as was admitted by all the Governments represented in that conference. It is, therefore, Russia herself which changed the bases of the negotiation, and compelled the Great Powers to seek for others. The Russian Government bitterly complains of the demand which the Cabinets of Paris and of London addressed to the Commander-in-chief of its naval forces at Sebastopol, in consequence of the aggression of Sinope. We admit that that demand was unusual, but it was called for by a state of things which was not less so; and it was not until after every means of conciliation which patience, moderation, and a sincere desire can suggest had been exhausted, that France and Great Britain had recourse to that extreme measure. It is true that the Russian Government attempts to lessen the proportion which "exists between the effects and the cause," adding, "that the two Powers are compelled to exaggerate the object of it by putting forth the most vague accusations against Russia." In order to prove the gravity of the cause, it is only necessary for us to call to mind the declarations made at Vienna in the documents of the Conference; and as to the object, the revelations contained in the English documents sufficiently prove that the accusations of France and Great Britain are far from being exaggerated. According to the declaration of the Russian Cabinet, we have less respect for the independence of the Porte than it has; and one of the proofs which it adduces for this is, that the Ottoman Government has renounced, by treaty, the power of making peace without its allies. In entering into that engagement the Porte only contracts a reciprocal obligation, on the footing of a perfect equality, and moreover in strict conformity to constant and general usage and the law of nations, when several unite together to pursue by arms a common object.

"The Porte (adds the Russian Cabinet) is about to be forced to subscribe to an engagement which would extend to all its subjects equality of civil and political rights." That assertion, far from being well founded, gives us an occasion of showing, in a striking manner, what is the difference of acting between Russia and the Western Powers in their relations with the Ottoman Empire. Russia has insisted on stipulating with the Porte, either in a treaty or by means of a note, for the maintenance of the liberties of the Sultan's subjects. The other Powers have not, for a single moment, thought of requiring from the Porte any such engagement, either in the form of a treaty or of a note. They have not, it is true, neglected any occasion to suggest to the Porte such measures as appeared to them best calculated to ameliorate the condition of the Christians in the Turkish Empire; but they never could have thought of restricting the sovereignty of the Sultan, when, on the contrary, they were taking up arms to defend it against the pretensions which were menacing it. "It is for Europe, and not for the two Powers (continues the Russian Government) to decide if the balance of power in Europe really runs any of the dangers which, it is pretended, arise from the excessive preponderance of Russia." On that point the wish of the Russian Cabinet is already realised. It is the great Powers of Europe, and not France and England alone, who have signed the acts of Vienna; and these acts declare loudly that the position taken by Russia on the Danube, places the general equilibrium in danger. According to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, it is, on the contrary, France and England who are exercising at present on Europe a pressure of a nature to disquiet all the neutral Powers. Every one, however, knows that, far from manifesting any disquietude, the neutral Powers, on the contrary, applaud the attitude assumed by the two maritime Powers, and that at the present moment, from every part of the world, they send to thank the two Powers for the recent declaration which has just confirmed the *ensemble* of the principles under which they had in vain endeavoured hitherto to shelter their liberty in time of war. Finally, the Russian Government thinks that the isolation into which it declares it is about to be thrown, will only deliver the world up to a more dangerous preponderance than its own could possibly be. That Government forgets that not one of the Great Powers aims like it at exclusive advantages, or wants to act by itself alone. Far from permitting a preponderance of any kind to be established, a common action exercised by the Four Powers is for all the other States a pledge of security and impartiality. The influences which co-operate for the object in view constitute a just counterpoise of one to the other, and guarantee in advance to Europe that the general interest which has drawn the Four Powers together will not cease a single moment to guide their resolutions, and will be alone listened to to the end. The observations which precede will enable every one to judge of the new document published by the Russian Government.

As the conduct of the German powers will come frequently under discussion as we advance in our narrative, it is here necessary to notice that Austria and Prussia, immediately upon signing the protocol at Vienna, entered into negotiations between themselves for an alliance offensive and defensive; in order that, if the territories of the one were attacked by any of the belligerents, the other should regard it as a German question, and declare war against the power by which such territory might be violated. The ostensible object of this treaty was their mutual protection from Russia, in case the latter, offended by their Western alliance, should attack either; the real object was to afford a mutual support against the Western powers. Austria feared that if, in the complications which were sure to arise in her attempts to preserve neutrality, she should feel disposed

to give any moral support to Russia, France might invade her Italian provinces, and England, always formidable to Austria so long as she makes Malta a great naval station, and preserves a garrison in Corfu, might operate thence in promoting Italian revolt. Prussia regarded France as a most untrustworthy neighbour to her Rhenish provinces, so long as a member of the house of Buonaparte directed her government. Neither power had any real fear of Russia. Their trust was in the sympathy of the absolutism of the Russian government; and the King of Prussia cherished a paternal affection for the Emperor Nicholas, to whom his sister was married—a sister for whom he felt strongly the love of a brother. The following is the treaty between those two governments:—

[*Translation.*]

HIS MAJESTY the Emperor of Austria and His Majesty the King of Prussia, penetrated with deep regret at the fruitlessness of their attempts hitherto to prevent the breaking out of war between Russia, on the one hand, and Turkey, France, and England, on the other;

Mindful of the moral obligations entered into by them by the signing of the last Vienna Protocol;

In the face of the military measures ever gathering on both sides around them, and of the dangers resulting therefrom for the general peace of Europe;

Convinced of the high duty which on the threshold of a future pregnant with evil, is imposed, in the interest of the European welfare, on Germany, so intimately united with the States of the two High Parties;

Have determined to ally themselves in an offensive and defensive alliance for the duration of the war which has broken out between Russia, on the one hand, and Turkey, France, and England, on the other, and have appointed for the conclusion of it the following Plenipotentiaries:—

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, the Baron Henry de Hess, his Actual Privy Councillor, General of Artillery, and Chef d'Etat Major-General of the Army, Commander of the Imperial and Military Order of Marie Thérèse, Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of Leopold of Austria, Chevalier of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, &c.; and the Count Frederic de Thun-Hohenstein, his Chamberlain, Actual Privy Councillor, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to His Majesty the King of Prussia, Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of Leopold of Austria, Chevalier of the Order of Leopold of the Red Eagle of Prussia of the first class, &c.;

And His Majesty the King of Prussia, the Baron Othon Théodore de Manteuffel, his President of the Council of Ministers, and Minister for Foreign Affairs, Chevalier of the Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia of the first class with oak leaves, crown and sceptre, Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of St. Stephen of Austria, &c.

The same having exchanged their full powers found to be in good order, have agreed upon the following points:—

ARTICLE I.

His Imperial Apostolic Majesty and His Majesty the King of Prussia guarantee to each other reciprocally the possession of their German and non-German possessions, so that an attack made on the territory of the one, from whatever quarter, will be regarded by the other as an act of hostility against his own territory.

ARTICLE II.

In the same manner, the High Contracting Parties hold themselves engaged to defend the rights and interests of Germany against all and every injury, and consider themselves bound accordingly for the mutual repulse of every attack on any part whatsoever of their territories; likewise also in the case where one of the two may find himself, in understanding with the other, obliged to advance actively for the defence of German interests. The agreement relating to the latter-named eventuality, as likewise

the extent of the assistances then to be given, will form a special as also integral part of the present Convention.

ARTICLE III.

In order also to give due security and force to the conditions of the offensive and defensive alliance now concluded, the two Great German Powers bind themselves, in case of need, to hold in perfect readiness for war a part of their forces, at periods to be determined between them, and in positions to be fixed. With respect to the time, the extent, and the nature of the placing of those troops, a special stipulation will likewise be determined.

ARTICLE IV.

The High Contracting Parties will invite all the German Governments of the Confederation to accede to this alliance, with the understanding that the federal obligations existing in virtue of Article 47 of the final Act of Vienna will receive the same extension for the States who accede as the present Treaty stipulates.

ARTICLE V.

Neither of the two High Contracting Parties will, during the duration of this alliance, enter into any separate alliance with other Powers which shall not be in entire harmony with the basis of the present Treaty.

ARTICLE VI.

The present Convention shall be ratified as soon as possible by the High Contracting Sovereigns.

Done at Berlin, the 20th of April, 1854.

(Signed) HENRY BON. DE HESS.

F. THUN.

BON. OTH. THEOD. MANTEUFFEL.

ADDITIONAL ARTICLE

To the Offensive and Defensive Alliance between Austria and Prussia of April 20, 1854.

According to the conditions of Article II. of the Treaty concluded this day between His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria and His Majesty the King of Prussia for the establishment of an offensive and defensive alliance, a more intimate understanding with respect to the eventuality when an active advance of one of the High Contracting Parties may impose on the other the obligation of a mutual protection of the territory of both, was to form the subject of a special agreement to be considered as an integral part of the Treaty.

Their Majesties have not been able to divest themselves of the consideration that the indefinite continuance of the occupation of the territories on the Lower Danube, under the sovereignty of the Ottoman Porte, by Imperial Russian troops, would endanger the political, moral, and material interests of the whole German Confederation, as also of their own States, and the more so in proportion as Russia extends her warlike operations on Turkish territory.

The Courts of Austria and Prussia are united in the desire to avoid every participation in the war which has broken out between Russia, on the one hand, and Turkey, France, and Great Britain, on the other, and at the same time to contribute to the restoration of general peace. They more especially consider the declarations lately made at Berlin by the Court of St. Petersburg to be an important element of pacification, the failure of the practical influence of which they would view with regret. According to these declarations, Russia appears to regard the original motive for the occupation of the Principalities as removed by the concessions now granted to the Christian subjects of the Porte, which offer the prospect of realization. They therefore hope that the replies awaited from the Cabinet of Russia to the Prussian propositions transmitted on the 8th, will offer to them the necessary guarantee for an early withdrawal of the Russian troops. In the event that this hope should be illusory, the Plenipotentiaries named, on the part of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, Freiherr Baron von Hess and Count Thun, and on the part of His Majesty the King of Prussia, Baron Manteuffel, have drawn up the following more detailed agreement with respect to the eventuality alluded to in the above-mentioned Article II. of the Treaty of Alliance of this day:—

SINGLE ARTICLE.

The Imperial Austrian Government will also on their side address a communication to the Imperial Russian Court, with the object of obtaining from the Emperor of Russia the necessary orders that an immediate stop should be put to the further advance of his armies upon the Turkish territory, as also to request of His Imperial Majesty sufficient guarantees for the prompt evacuation of the Danubian Principalities; and the Prussian Government will again, in the most emphatic manner, support these communications with reference to their proposals already sent to St. Petersburg. Should the answer of the Russian Court to these steps of the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin—contrary to expectation—not be of a nature to give them entire satisfaction upon the two points aforementioned, the measures to be taken by one of the Contracting parties for their attainment, according to the terms of Article II. of the Offensive and Defensive Alliance signed on this day, will be on the understanding that every hostile attack on the territory of one of the Contracting Parties is to be repelled with all the military forces at the disposal of the other.

But a mutual offensive advance is stipulated for only in the event of the incorporation of the Principalities, or in the event of an attack on or passage of the Balkan by Russia.

The present Convention shall be submitted for the ratification of the High Sovereigns simultaneously with the above-mentioned Treaty.

Done at Berlin, the 20th of April, 1854.

(Signed)

HESS.
THUN.
MANTEUFFEL.

This private treaty between the two great German powers rendered explanations necessary to the Western allies: they were not very satisfactory, and raised grave doubts as to the ultimate intentions of all the German governments, great and small. Austria and Prussia found it desirable to pacify France and England; and, consequently, on the 23rd of May, a conference was held at Vienna, by the representatives of the four great nations; and from this conference a protocol was issued, which was intended to reassure the governments of France and England of the loyalty of Austria and Prussia in the conventions into which they had mutually entered. The following is a copy of the protocol:—

[TRANSLATION.]

Present—The Representatives of Austria, France, Great Britain, and Prussia.

THE undersigned Plenipotentiaries have deemed it conformable to the arrangements contained in the Protocol of the 9th of April, to meet in conference in order to communicate reciprocally and record in one common Act the Conventions concluded between France and England, on the one hand, and between Austria and Prussia, on the other, upon the 10th and 20th of April of the present year.

After a careful examination of the aforesaid Conventions, the undersigned have unanimously agreed:

1. That the Convention concluded between France and England, as well as that signed on the 20th of April between Austria and Prussia, bind both of them, in the relative situations to which they apply, to secure the maintenance of the principle established by the series of Protocols of the Conference of Vienna.

2. That the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the evacuation of that portion of its territory which is occupied by the Russian army, are and will continue to be the constant and invariable object of the union of the four Powers.

3. That, consequently, the Acts communicated and an-

nexed to the present Protocol correspond to the engagement which the Plenipotentiaries had mutually contracted on the 9th of April, to deliberate and agree upon the means most fit to accomplish the object of their union, and thus give a fresh sanction to the firm intention of the four Powers represented at the Conference of Vienna, to combine all their efforts and resolutions to realise the object which forms the basis of their union.

(Signed)

BUOL-SCHAUENSTEIN.
BOURQUENEY.
WESTMORELAND.
ARNIM.

A considerable portion of the British public were very unwilling that any confidence should be placed in the German governments; but, at that time, the power or weakness of Russia, in a military point of view, was not sufficiently developed for the Western governments to be indifferent to any alliances which it might be possible to form; and if, by skilful negotiation and address, the great German powers could even be preserved from aiding Russia, it would be a point gained of great value. In fact, at that period of the war, the Western allies dare not risk any measure which would throw Austria, especially, into the arms of the foe. The geographical position of Austria to the two empires originally at war, gave her a preponderating voice in the councils and conferences to which all were so ready to resort, with aims so widely different. The position which the armies of Austria could at any time assume in reference to Turkey, was also of the utmost importance in weighing her claims to consideration in the stipulations she proposed for even her carefully qualified alliance; for while an invasion of the Turkish territory by Russia must be always strategically difficult, an invasion from the Austrian frontier is strategically easy; and Austria, although with an indifferently replenished exchequer, possessed at this period a splendidly equipped and numerous soldiery.

A private letter from Vienna, in *Spencer's Journal*, contained the following statistics of the troops which Austria had under arms, in readiness to act on the Servian and Wallachian frontiers:—

“At the beginning of February, the 9th *corps d'armée*, under Lieutenant-general Count Schaffgotsch, part of which garrisoned the capital, was pushed to the south frontier of the Banat. These were followed ere long by a second army corps, formed from the troops of the first army, quartered in Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria (Proper). Each of these corps formed a total of 25,000 or 50,000 in all. At the beginning of March, the third army, cantoned in Hungary and Transylvania, was mobilised. It consists of the 10th and 11th army corps, under command of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand and Lieutenant-general Count Wengersky, in Hungary, and of the 12th army corps in Transylvania, commanded by Prince Schwarzenberg.

The amount of these three corps may be taken at 80,000 men, the half of which, with 20,000 *Grenz* troops, and 12,000 cavalry, are added to the south frontier army. So that of the remainder of the *Grenz* battalions, dislocated along the Croatian frontier upon the right flank of the grand army, the total will amount to more than 160,000 combatants, ready to advance at a moment's notice. But the preparations for eastern eventualities do not terminate here. Dalmatia, a point of great importance, is occupied by 20,000 men. Provision has also been made for an efficient reserve. This consists of half the 10th, 11th, and 12th army corps, about 40,000, and of the 6th army corps quartered in the Venetian territory. So that the south corps (*Schaffgotsch*), including the reserve, and the corps in Dalmatia under Lieutenant-general Mamula, present an effective force of 260,000 men ready for action in the East, and this independent of all other corps eschelonned in divers parts of the monarchy.

"As the words 'armies' and 'army corps,' employed in these details may give rise to confusion, it may not be irrelevant to observe that the Austrian military establishment is divided into four armies, subdivided into thirteen army corps, thus:—

"1st ARMY.—1st army corps, head-quarters at Prague; 2nd ditto, head-quarters at Brunn; 3rd ditto, head-quarters at Grätz; 4th ditto, head-quarters at Vienna.

"2nd ARMY.—5th army corps, head-quarters at Milan; 6th ditto, head-quarters at Treviso; 7th ditto, head-quarters at Verona; 8th ditto, head-quarters at Bologna.

"3rd ARMY.—9th army corps, head-quarters at Pesth; 10th ditto, head-quarters in West Hungary; 11th ditto, head-quarters in Transylvania; 12th ditto, head-quarters in South Hungary.

"4th ARMY.—13th army corps, head-quarters in Galicia and Bukowina.

"A 14th *corps d'armée*, then named the 4th, was made up of detachments for service in Holstein, but was broken up on the return of that special corps to Austria."

It would be a discussion as yet scarcely pertinent to our pages to enter upon the question of what the final results would be, if the German diet were to support any modification of the Russian pretensions, so as to unite their armies against the Western powers. We believe that eventually that coalition would be beaten, but not until Europe had been deluged in blood, from the shores of the Rhine to the defiles of the Balkan—from the banks of the Po and the Tiber to the shores of the Vistula, and the forests of Hungary. The war would, in such case, assume terrible proportions, and a struggle fierce and protracted would ravage the fertile fields, the commercial marts, and

the gay capitals of many kingdoms, until it would be mournfully told in all of them—

"Friend and foe the land hath harried,
And the surge swept o'er us, and destroyed us."

While the allied governments were thus cautiously guarding against all misalliance or extension of their quarrel with Russia to the states which most sympathised with her, the enthusiasm of the people at home rose to the highest fervour. All sects and all political parties supported the government, with the exception of the Society of Friends and the Peace Society. It was impossible to peruse the forms of prayer, or listen to the extempore effusions of the various religious denominations—not only on the day of fast and humiliation, but on the Sabbaths—in their different sanctuaries, without being struck with the high tone of religious feeling which pervaded them all. The most beautiful of all these devotional exercises, to which the perils and prospects of war gave rise, was undoubtedly that used in the Jewish synagogue. It is so peculiar and striking, as a composition, that we cannot refrain from presenting it to our readers.

The Chief Rabbi (Dr. Adler) issued and commanded the order of service and forms of prayer to be used in all the synagogues of the United Congregations of the British Empire. The original is in the Hebrew language. The following is a correct translation of the prayers and order of service:—

"The afternoon service having been read, the reader says—

"We approach Thee with supplication, for mercy and truth precede Thy presence. We beseech Thee grant us pardon, and send us salvation and mercy from Thy celestial residence. We come to implore forgiveness from Thee, O Thou most awful and tremendous Being! O Thou who art our Refuge in time of trouble, grant us life, and be gracious unto us, that we may invoke Thy name. O pardon us, and send us forgiveness and mercy from Thy celestial residence."

"Here the reader and congregation or choir shall read or sing the 27th Psalm of David:—
'The Lord is my light and my salvation.'

"At the conclusion of the Psalm, on the opening of the Ark, the following prayer to be said:—

"Almighty God! abundant in mercy and great in power, it is Thou who guidest by Thy strength the heavenly host. The numberless stars, in obedience to Thy command, pass not beyond their assigned course. But man hast Thou created in Thine own image, granted him freedom of will, so that there is no restraint to hinder him from choosing good or evil, life or death. How deep are Thy thoughts! The ignorant know not that Thou makest even the

folly of man an instrument to produce ultimate good.

“Thou hast chosen this land and its inhabitants. Thy providential care hath always watched over it, so that it occupies a high position, and has become the admiration of the world. It is this land, wherein mercy and truth meet, righteousness and kindness kiss each other, which enlightens the darkness of the earth, and teaches understanding to the wrong-doers.

“We humbly approach Thee, O Lord! this day, when our souls are overwhelmed. Thou knowest that our most gracious Sovereign, with great reluctance, has taken up arms in order to uphold the rights and independence of nations, which form the foundation of peace, to maintain justice and tranquillity in the dominions of her ally, which had been endangered through unprovoked aggression.

“Judge of all the earth! we bow down before Thy holy abode, and most humbly beseech Thee to turn the hearts of the aggressors, that they may forsake their designs. Renew a right spirit within them; dispose their hearts to justice; that they may know that the world was not created for destruction, but for the friendly intercourse of nations, so that the earth might be filled with the knowledge to exalt and magnify Thy glorious name. However, if Thou hast not so decided; if, in Thy fathomless wisdom, it is decreed that the earth's iniquities shall not be forgiven without bloodshed, encourage and strengthen the armies of our Queen, on the day of battle, by Thy might and Thy strength. Grant them victory when they fight on behalf of truth and righteousness; though hosts encamp against them, let them not fear; may they scorn danger, and prosper in all their ways and in all their doings.

“Thou who rulest the raging seas, be with the leaders and mariners of our fleets; inspire them with a spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and courage, of meekness and compassion; be unto them a rock of strength, a refuge from the fury of the assailants, that they may maintain their ancient fame, and uphold their old glory. May they speedily return to their native shores with success and triumph; may then the sword return to its scabbard, and a permanent peace be established, and all mankind joyfully shout together: Let the Lord be magnified!

“Trust of Israel, and their Redeemer! we cast ourselves on Thy great mercy; grant us a heart to perceive Thy way in the sanctuary, that we may know the benefits we derive even from the calamities which befall our brethren, by returning unto Thee in humility and sincerity, and purifying our hearts from all our sins and iniquities. Grant that the remnant of Israel may henceforth rely on Thee alone in truth and uprightness, that the scattered flock

may repose in the shadow of peace, and never more be harassed.

“Open our eyes, that we may comprehend the good which the days of peril and perplexity bring forth in Thy beloved land and in Thy holy mountain; grant that it may no more be injured or destroyed, that many nations may flock thereto, saying: Come, let us go up to the house of the Lord, for from Zion shall come forth the law, and the word of God from Jerusalem. Amen.”

“At the conclusion of the prayer, Psalms exx. and exxi. are to be read or sung. Then the usual prayer for the Queen and the Royal Family, followed by Psalms xlvii. and lxvii., the service concluding with the prayer, ‘It is peculiarly our duty, &c.’”

The pulpit and the platform were occupied by the clergy of almost every creed in advocacy of the war as just and righteous, although in some cases “the peace principle” was advocated, and all war denounced as indefensible and wicked. A zealous member of the Peace Society, a distinguished dissenting minister in London, a man of well-established eloquence and great public ability, argued, in an address to his congregation, against the policy and righteousness of the war on the very original ground—at all events, for a member of the Peace Society—“that all nations should be allowed freely to develop themselves.”

But by far the most remarkable of all the religious addresses of the time, and we suppose also the most extensively potential, was that of Archbishop Cullen of Dublin, to the clergy and laity of his diocese, and read on the Sunday from the altars of all the Roman Catholic chapels in and around that city. The following is its principal and most peculiar passage:—

“For nearly forty years we have enjoyed the blessings of a profound peace, but now this empire is involved in a war of which no one can foresee the vicissitudes and final issue. It is a war against a most powerful monarch, who has been always a most dangerous enemy to our holy religion. In the countries subject to his sway he has renewed the scenes of persecution and confiscation against Catholics, of which our poor country was the theatre under Elizabeth and succeeding sovereigns. Acting on the same principles, and imbued with the same spirit with which the fanatics of this kingdom are animated, he, too, has persecuted nuns, destroyed convents, confiscated their property, and, in many other ways, afflicted the Church of Christ. The recent encroachments of this monarch on a neighbouring state have compelled our gracious sovereign and her ally, the Emperor of the French, to declare war against him in defence of the state which has been invaded. In the contest thus provoked, how many countries will be laid waste, how many cities pillaged and

destroyed, and how many thousands of human beings hurried unprepared to the bar of divine judgment! During the course of this momentous struggle it will be our duty to beg sincerely of God, to bring the war to a speedy and successful issue, and to restore the blessings of peace; nor should we forget to offer up a special petition for our own brave Catholic countrymen who have gone forth to fight the battles of the empire. Placed in the midst of danger, and exposed to great spiritual destitution, they stand in need of all the charitable assistance of the faithful. To render our prayers for them, and for the success of our arms, more efficacious, we enjoin on all the clergy of the diocese to recite, every Sunday, from the present date until further orders, after the other prescribed collects, the prayers taken from the mass, *In Tempore Belli*, as laid down in the Roman Missal. We may add, that it must appear to the children of Mary a good omen of the prosperous issue of the war, that the fleets of our ally have been placed under the protection of the mother of God, and that her image, sent by the Emperor of the French, has been inaugurated with great religious pomp on board the admiral's vessel. This solemn profession of Catholic faith, this act of tender devotion to the mother of God, cannot fail to be the source of inestimable blessings to the Church; they will also contribute, in some measure, to make reparation to the offended dignity of the Queen of Heaven for the outrages and insults that have been offered, within the last few years, to her name and images elsewhere."

When it is remembered how impressive the Irish are as a people, and how much under the influence of their clergy, especially of the episcopate, it will excite no astonishment, after the perusal of the above extraordinary pastoral, that the Irish Roman Catholics flocked to the standard of the queen in great numbers, that the recruiting depots were soon crowded, and that amongst those who perished before the gloomy bastions of Sebastopol, stiffened with cold or drenched in blood, so large a proportion were from the sister-land. Even that which in the above address of Archbishop Cullen is so little acceptable to Protestant associations, was all the more calculated to tell upon the people addressed, who felt that in serving against Russia, they were assisting the subjugation of a power by which their co-religionists in Poland had been persecuted.

Some of the most eloquent addresses ever delivered on public occasions from the pulpit, were at this time made in the churches and chapels both of London and the provinces. Those of the Rev. Dr. Cumming of London, the Rev. Dr. McNeil of Liverpool, the Rev. Archdeacon Sinclair of Kensington, and the Rev. Canon Stowell of Manchester, were well-calcu-

lated to direct and guide the national enthusiasm, and inspire the loyalty of the people with a spirit of piety, and a devout acknowledgment of the presiding hand of God in peace or war. It would not be a faithful history that omitted to notice these springs of thought and feeling among the people, which fed the exuberant valour, the dauntless endurance, and the steady loyalty, of those who served, and haply died, in the ranks of battle, or in the stormy bivouac.

During the month of April, troops poured forth to the great rendezvous in the East, from the shores of France and of the British Isles; and many scenes, similar to those which we have already described, took place as the various regiments embarked.

It can be no matter of surprise that the troops designated for the expedition went forth with cheerfulness and ardour, when we peruse such addresses as were delivered to them by the generals of the districts in which they had been quartered. No regiment which went abroad was more jealous of its renown than the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. They embarked from Southampton, and were previously thus addressed by General D'Aigular:—

"ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS,—I am anxious to say a few words to you. I have great satisfaction in seeing you under arms on this interesting occasion, and in assuring you that I feel both pride and pleasure in being the colonel of so fine a regiment.

"You are about to proceed upon a service that has awakened, not only the interest of England, but of Europe. You are embarking in the cause of justice and humanity, as well as in defence of a people oppressed.

"Soldiers! the eyes of the world are upon you. The gallant exploits performed by you on former occasions, from the days of 'Minden,' down to those of 'Waterloo,' are the best security for your acquiring fresh trophies, and adding fresh honour to your renown. But remember, that to accomplish this you must persevere in the same steady course of discipline that has always distinguished you.

"It was an observation of our great Duke (not a passing observation, or casual remark, but an observation repeated so often, as to prove his desire to impress it as a principle), 'that no permanent success in war was ever achieved without discipline in peace, as well as in the field.'

"I charge you, therefore, in *his* name, and by *his* memory, which you all alike revere, to obey your officers and non-commissioned officers; to be orderly, temperate, and vigilant, in the performance of your duties; exercising the utmost consideration and kindness towards the inhabitants of the country in which you are employed—mindful that even an enemy ceases

to be an enemy when his sword is no longer drawn against you; but, above all, extending a hand of hearty co-operation and good fellowship to the gallant comrades with whom you are about to serve. Let it be a glorious and animating sight for you to see the flags of England and France united in the cause of justice and of the rights of nations; and let the only rivalry that exists between you be that of a generous and friendly competition in the path that leads to victory and honour. Soldiers! I must not detain you longer, for your time is short; but I cannot conclude without praying that 'God may defend the right, and bless your cause,' and bring you back with fresh devices on your colours, and with rejoicing, to the hearts of your friends, your wives, your children, and your country."

A Lancashire correspondent describes one of these demonstrations of public sympathy upon the embarkation of troops in the following graphic manner:—

"The departure yesterday of the celebrated Connaught Rangers (the 88th Foot) appears to have been marked by more than even the usual amount of enthusiasm. They left Preston about ten o'clock yesterday forenoon. They were accompanied to the station by thousands of the inhabitants of Preston, who most enthusiastically cheered them on their departure. The regiment, 850 in number, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Shirley, arrived at the Tithebarn Street Station, Liverpool, about eleven a.m., by special train, and were received with the most vociferous cheers by thousands of spectators. Having formed into marching order, the band struck up 'Patrick's Day,' which was the signal of a tremendous cheer by the entire regiment; they then marched to the Exchange, a portion of which was kept apart for them. The entire of the windows of the Town-Hall, Exchange, and Underwriters' rooms, Stock Exchange, Police Office, and the various offices in the buildings, were crowded with spectators, of whom a large number were ladies, who added their quota of enthusiasm by the constant waving of handkerchiefs. Having formed into a circle round Nelson's monument, the band played with splendid effect the National Anthem, the spectators during the performance remaining uncovered, and at the close joined the gallant soldiers in three deafening cheers. The march was then resumed to the landing stage, where the Cunard steam-tenders, *Jackal* and *Satellite*, with two huge barges in tow, were in attendance to convey them to the *Niagara*, lying at her moorings in the Sloyne. About half-past twelve, all being on board, the tenders moved off, and the troops were all comfortably disposed of on board the *Niagara*. Judging from the enthusiastic and sinewy appearance of the 88th, it is most un-

likely that the fame so gloriously acquired by the Connaught Rangers, in the Peninsula, will be otherwise than bravely sustained in the East."

It was amusing to read, in the public papers of the day, the generous martial rivalry between the three kingdoms. What a gratification to the people of England—who are so much the more powerful members of the "*Tris juncta in uno*"—to perceive the sister-countries emulating them in a brave ambition to be great! Thus a paragraph from the *Scotsman*, in April, tells us:—

"It is well known that Admiral Sir Charles Napier is a native of Falkirk. The distinguished admiral of the fleet in the Black Sea is, in a sense, a native of Falkirk likewise. His father was Dr. Deans, who was for some time a medical practitioner in Falkirk, and who married Janet, daughter of Thomas Dundas, Esq., of Fingask and Carron Hall. The gallant admiral was born at Calcutta; his father having received a government appointment in India shortly after his marriage. Admiral Dundas married his cousin, the only daughter of Lord Aylesbury, a younger son of the Dundas family of Carron Hall, and after his marriage he obtained the king's permission to assume the name and arms of Whitley and Dundas, in addition to those of Deans."

And in the *Civil Service Gazette*, about the same date, there appeared the following amusing paragraph as to the birthplaces of the chief officers of the British expeditionary army:—

"A gentleman curious in such matters has made out the following statement:—Of the five who are to command divisions, all are of different birth: a Scotchman, a Hanoverian, an Irishman, a Canadian, and an Englishman. Thus, Sir George Brown is a native of Linkwood, near Elgin; the Duke of Cambridge was born at Herenhausen, in Hanover; Sir De Lacy Evans is a native of Moig, in Ireland; Sir Richard England, a native of Detroit, in Upper Canada; and the Earl of Lucan is the only Englishman of that rank; he is to command the cavalry, and is a Londoner by birth, though of course an Irishman by descent. So also it is remarkable, with respect to the fleets, how the two highest in command are not Englishmen. Sir Charles Napier was born near New Falkirk, in Scotland; and Admiral Dundas at Calcutta, though he also is a Scotchman by descent. Amongst the eleven Brigadier-generals it is interesting to observe: H. J. Bentinck (English?) of Dutch origin (on both sides—his mother having been a De Reede de Ginkle); Sir Colin and Sir John Campbell, of Scotch blood; Colonel Pennefather, a "Tipperary boy;" Colonel Yorke Scarlett, of Jamaican descent; while J. B. Estcourt is a Londoner, born near Portman Square; and Lord Cardigan, a native of

Hambledon; leaving only four unaccounted for, and of these H. W. Adams is probably a native of Warwickshire, since he is head of an old family in that county. William Eyre is probably of Nottinghamshire birth, and George Buller a Cornishman. Amongst the six assistant adjutant-generals, we notice the two Irish names of Doyle and Sullivan; and two Scotch, Maule and Gordon. The mixed nature of our population is here shadowed forth."

Amongst the home events to which the declaration of war gave rise, there was one which, commonplace enough in itself, was the occasion of bringing out some statements from Sir George Hamilton Seymour, the late ambassador to Russia, which were peculiarly interesting to the public. The occasion which called for these statements of Sir George was a dinner at the Mansion House, where, amongst the other notables of the day, Sir George figured. The secret correspondence had made him a very considerable man in public estimation, and, indeed, he appeared to advantage, intellectually and morally, in those transactions, which have now for ever associated themselves with his name. The Lord Mayor, of course, toasted the diplomatic service of the country, which "brought up" Sir George in acknowledgment of the honour. He delivered the following speech, which gives a better character of the spirit and genius of British diplomacy than it generally obtained; and he gave also a sketch of the spirit of Russian diplomacy, of the Russian chancellerie, and of the czar himself, which should be read and remembered by every Englishman, and by every man who would guard the freedom of his kind from the encroachments of a barbarous power.

"After returning thanks for the honour which they had done him in drinking his health, he said he could have been well content to sit down at once, as he was altogether unaccustomed to address large assemblies, but that he had a long story to tell. He might begin by remarking that the confidence which they were pleased to place in him, and the confidence they reposed in him, were due in great measure to the system of diplomacy adopted by the English government. That system was remarkably simple. It consisted in a man keeping his eyes as wide open as he could, and in writing home observations—not such as were most likely to please the English government, but such as they appeared to be to the man himself. That was the system universally adopted by English diplomatists; but, unfortunately, it was not followed abroad. In particular, it was not adopted by the Russian government, and the consequences were what they had all seen. Had the Russian government followed the same practice, he believed that none of the present evils would have come to pass. But, unfor-

tunately, a contrary course was adopted; for nothing could be more inexact, nothing more false, than the notions with regard to Europe in general that were circulated through Russia. What did they write with regard to the provinces of Turkey? They wrote that nothing but the greatest horrors prevailed—that the priests were murdered at the altar—that the Christian temples were burned—that the grossest sacrileges were everywhere committed—things that made his hair stand on end, till he found that he could not trace a single word of truth in the whole relation. What did they write from Constantinople? They wrote that that interesting invalid, the sultan, got worse and worse; that his flesh and his appetite were quite gone; and that his obstinacy was such that he refused to take the prescriptions which the imperial physician was good enough to send him. What did they write from London? They wrote that John Bull was a very material fellow; that he was immersed in the Three per Cents.; that he was very fond of the creature-comforts; and that he was most unwilling to interrupt his present flow of prosperity by meddling with affairs with which he had no direct concern. So much for England. He must say here that he was not alluding to mere diplomatic correspondence—to the despatches of Prince this, or of Count that—but to general reports sent from the country. What did they write from France? Why, they represented that country as having hardly escaped from one revolution, or political change, and as being only bent upon avoiding another; that the men of commerce were intent upon realising large fortunes; that the government was imperial in its sympathies; and, above all, the idea of a close connection between England and France was treated as a myth—as a thing to be talked of, but never to be realised (*hear, hear*). But it might be asked, what was the English minister about all this time? The English minister, he might tell them, was a very small man. He did what he could, but his voice was small; for it was not what was said to the Emperor of Russia in the English language that availed anything, but what was said to him in the Russian language; and he was persuaded that, if there had been any one among his advisers of courage or of character sufficient to tell his majesty the exact truth, his majesty would never have followed his present unfortunate course. The result was, that England was now plunged into a war with a country with which we had long been on the most friendly relations; a country that had many sympathies with this country—as might be expected when it was considered that half of its produce was not only purchased by England, but paid for beforehand;—and with a very

kindly people, for, he could not conceal it, that he had found there many kind hearts among the people (*cheers*); and when the present mists of prejudice had been dispelled, there were many friendly hands there which it would give him great pleasure again to shake (*cheers*). But if they had lost an ancient ally on the one side, the circumstances of the case had had the extraordinary effect, with regard to another country, of wiping away the results of centuries of jealousy and hostility, and of producing a state of friendly feeling which, he trusted, would be equally durable. He need not say that he alluded to their ally the French nation (*cheers*). In every language there were words of peculiar significance and importance. Thus, when they said in England that a man behaved himself like a gentleman, they bestowed upon him the highest compliment, and they meant that such a man would not only fulfil, but go beyond, his engagements. Now, in the French language, the words *loyal* and *loyauté* had the same significant meaning. And, in speaking of the French cabinet, he must say that, as far as his own powers of observation had gone, those terms were peculiarly applicable to the acts of the French government (*cheers*). As far as he had been able to observe, nothing had been more *loyal*—nothing more marked by *loyauté*—than the proceedings of the French government. He did not wish to go into any personal affairs; but there was one slight circumstance which occurred to himself, and which he thought, as regarded the conduct of the French government, had not attracted the attention it deserved. Among the arts that were used—dodges, he believed, was the modern word (*laughter*)—to separate the English and the French governments, the Russian cabinet meted out a very different treatment to the English minister from what was awarded to the French minister. For instance, he received one fine winter's morning the agreeable intimation that

his back was more agreeable to the government than his face—that his passports were ready—and that it was desirable he should set out from St. Petersburg as soon as possible. Nothing of the sort was done to the French minister. But it happened that this little act was foreseen and discountenanced at Paris; and it so happened that when the French minister heard of this, acting upon his instructions, he wrote to the Russian cabinet, requesting that a similar passport might be made out for him—and so, off he went (*cheers*). It was therefore possible, and he hoped it was probable, that the long centuries of hostility that have existed between France and England may now be succeeded by as many centuries of peace. Before sitting down, let him endeavour to point out the difference between the first and the second empires. The one appeared to him to rest upon war and upon a disregard of national rights; the other rested upon an extreme desire for peace, as long as peace could be preserved upon honourable terms, and upon the greatest respect for the rights and privileges of other nations. There had lately resounded through the streets of Paris the cries of '*Vive la Reine Victoria!*' '*Vivent les Anglais!*' He believed he was speaking the universal sentiments of his countrymen when he said that Englishmen would respond to those cries with the shout of '*Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! Vive le défenseur des droits de l'Europe!*' (*cheers*). He would not detain them longer. If any observation had appeared in his speech tinged with asperity, he hoped they would excuse it. He dared to say that many of them, in travelling, had experienced the discomfort, when arriving at a station, of finding that they had left an umbrella or carpet-bag behind them; and they would therefore excuse any annoyance felt by a poor traveller like himself, who had left behind him the whole of his luggage, and who therefore naturally felt a little excitement on the subject."

CHAPTER XVI.

OPERATIONS OF THE ALLIED FLEETS IN THE EUXINE IN THE SPRING OF 1854.—BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA, AND THE BATTERIES AT THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE.—APPEARANCE OF THE FLEETS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—GALLANT CONDUCT OF HER MAJESTY'S STEAMER "FURIOUS."

"Scathed and mournful, like a blasted pine-tree
Left alone when fire the land hath ravaged,
Now appeared the late so prosperous homestead."—*Songs of Finland*.

THE month of April opened with fair and genial weather on the Euxine, and the allied fleets, receiving intelligence, about the 9th, that war was proclaimed, prepared to do something more than merely cruise about as a sort of maritime police. They did not protect our

merchant vessels in the Danube, which one might have supposed within the scope of their commission, even while yet war was not proclaimed; before that ceremony was performed, the Russians repeatedly fired upon the trading ships in the Danube. The *Bedlington*

merchantman received no less than seventeen shots, and sunk in eight minutes; the *Crescent* received seven, and the *Annie* three shots. The two latter were boarded, and the crews taken prisoners, but were released again the following day. The master and crew of the *Annie* retook possession of their vessel, and arrived safely at Constantinople. The *Crescent* could not be brought into port; she was completely disabled, and was left stranded within three miles of the batteries.

An interesting combat between sailors and Russian cavalry, unusual antagonists, occurred at Kustangi. The steamers *Sidon* and *Magellan* were both anchored in that port, and the captain of the latter vessel, with some of his men, set out on a shooting excursion. Some Russian troopers were concealed in a wood, at some distance from the town, but were just discovered in time by the French commander and his men to place themselves on the defensive. They fired, and three of the troopers fell. The sailors steadily retired, showing face to the enemy whenever the latter pressed upon them. They would, however, have soon been overpowered by numbers, had not the affair been descried from the *Magellan*, from which a shell was directed, at the imminent risk of falling among their own little party, instead of the enemy. It fortunately fell in the right place, killing three more of the troopers, and creating such confusion among them as greatly to facilitate the escape of the ship's people. The cavalry recovered from their surprise, and were about to charge, when a shot from one of the long guns of the ship swept through them, disconcerting their movements; this shot was followed up by several others, all telling with admirable precision among the cavalry, who galloped off, leaving the captain and his handful of men a clear passage to their ship. The Russians however again took courage, and presented themselves within range, when another shot from a long gun strewed the ground with men and horses, and the rest dispersed pellmell.

On the 6th of April, an event occurred at Odessa which constrained the allies to inflict a severe punishment upon that city. We shall give it in the words of one who was, from his position and abilities, amongst those best qualified to describe it.

The following is an extract from a report sent in to the minister of marine and colonies by Vice-admiral Hamelin, commanding the French squadron in the Black Sea:—

On board the 'Ville de Paris,' at the anchorage of Batshi, April 10, 1854.

" The English steam-frigate the *Furious* had gone on the 6th instant to Odessa, in order to claim and take on board (*réclamer*) the consuls, and such of our fellow-subjects that

might wish to quit that city at the approach of hostilities with Russia. The *Furious* arrived here yesterday, and, in casting your eyes over the report of her captain, your excellency will see that, in spite of the flag of truce which she had hoisted, and which her boat for landing also bore, the batteries of Odessa—the numbers of which have been much increased since these recent events—fired traitorously seven cannon-shots upon this very boat a few moments after it had left the quay and the naval authorities. This is an unexampled proceeding in the history of the wars of civilised nations; we must go back to 1829, the period when the Dey of Algiers did the same to the *Provence* (and here also it was a ship), in order to find an analogous fact; that is to say, we must borrow the precedent from a war of barbarians. Admiral Dundas and myself are going to deliberate on the severe measures that such a proceeding requires."

As Admiral Hamelin intimates in the above despatch, the admirals consulted, and resolved to attack Odessa. Before we relate the circumstances of the event, it is necessary to give some description of the place.* According to Captain Spencer, it is fifty-four hours' steaming from Constantinople; but he must have had a tedious voyage, as it may be reached in a much shorter time. He describes it as having 100,000 inhabitants. Oliphant doubts whether its population reaches any such number; and other writers, with more probability as to correctness, compute it at 70,000. It is frequently said to resemble Brighton in its topographical aspect and position. A much more striking resemblance would perhaps be found, except as to size, in the small town of Youghall, in Ireland. In 1792, it was a poor Tartar village, called Hadji-bey. The Czarina Catherine II., that most talented and ambitious of princesses, saw at once the advantage of Odessa when she secured her Black Sea conquests, and founded there a city, which has risen to opulence and grandeur. Captain Spencer says, that few towns have risen in prosperity more rapidly than Odessa; but, both in Great Britain and the United States, the instances are not few in which a prosperity has been attained as yet beyond the reach of this town. The port of Odessa is free, and the result is that a concourse, gathered from almost all nations, may be seen crowding its streets, and its well-stocked and oriental-looking bazaars. The port, notwithstanding its prosperity, is a bad one. It is ice-bound two months in the year, and has nearly the worst anchorage ground in

* Our readers, who wish to have more extensive information about its history and progress, can consult Oliphant's *Russian Shores of the Black Sea* in 1852; or Kohl, the well-known German traveller.

Europe, but there is deep water. The harbour is much exposed to a keen east wind, which penetrates everything that can be devised as a protection against it. The climate is bad—in summer there is burning heat, in winter piercing cold. The neighbourhood of Odessa is unhealthy; the diseases of the Crimea prevail—the same fatal dysentery, and the same deadly ague. The impediments to commerce are innumerable, from quarantine, port regulations, dues, spies, and passports. Odessa is the great depot for the grain of Southern Russia, previous to exportation. To promote the commerce of this place, as the outlet for that grain, Russia has persisted, in spite of treaties, to block up the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and thereby check the rival commerce of Turkey and Austria. Odessa is ornamented by the mansions of wealthy merchants, Russian officials, and even nobles. Prince Woronzoff built a palace, the fame of which burthens the stories of most voyagers on the Black Sea and travellers upon its shores. The vicinity is not pleasing: the city is built on the shores of a great steppe, which stretches away from the sea far inland, and the prospect from the town (inland) is one of unmitigated gloom. This accounts for what, from a similar cause, is so unpleasant in the Crimea—the dust covering everything in dry weather, and in the rainy season the streets being literally knee-deep in mud. The town is wretchedly lighted, and the paving and cleansing neglected. The exaggerated accounts given of everything connected with this place, have probably arisen from the fashion of late years to laud everything Russian—a fashion which Russian agents have been assiduous to promote.

When the allied squadrons prepared to attack it, they found it well protected with heavy batteries scientifically placed. At the south-east of the town is a long mole, at the end of which is the light-house. This mole is regularly defended by a parapet, with embrasures for cannon. It is called the Quarantine. At the northern side of the cliffs stands the Imperial Mole. The Quarantine Mole encloses the ships of all nations; the Imperial Mole encircled the Russian ships, military and mercantile. There were here large barracks and military and naval stores; the allied squadron was ordered to spare, as far as possible, the Quarantine Mole, and the property it sheltered, which was British, French, or neutral. The barracks, stores, and shipping, at the opposite side, it was their object to destroy. Between the two moles there was a battery at the foot of the cliff. The citadel on the west side of the town dominates the port, which is formed by the moles above described. The number of batteries by which the place was defended was seven; four of which guard the entrance to the port. Of

these four No. 1 was on the Quarantine Mole, and was of twelve guns, this defended the entrance of the great roadstead; No. 2, of six guns, below the boulevard—this battery divides the entrance to the Quarantine; No. 3, of eight guns, is to the left of the steps, and is so erected as to cross fire with No. 2; No. 4, also of eight guns, on the quay of the “Port de Pratique,” below the palace of Prince Woronzoff. The other three batteries were thus situated:—one on the other side of the gulf of Odessa, at the village of Dohinafta, opposite, or nearly so, to the Quarantine Port; the second, to the south of the port; and the third in the same direction, near the cape of the Great Fountain.

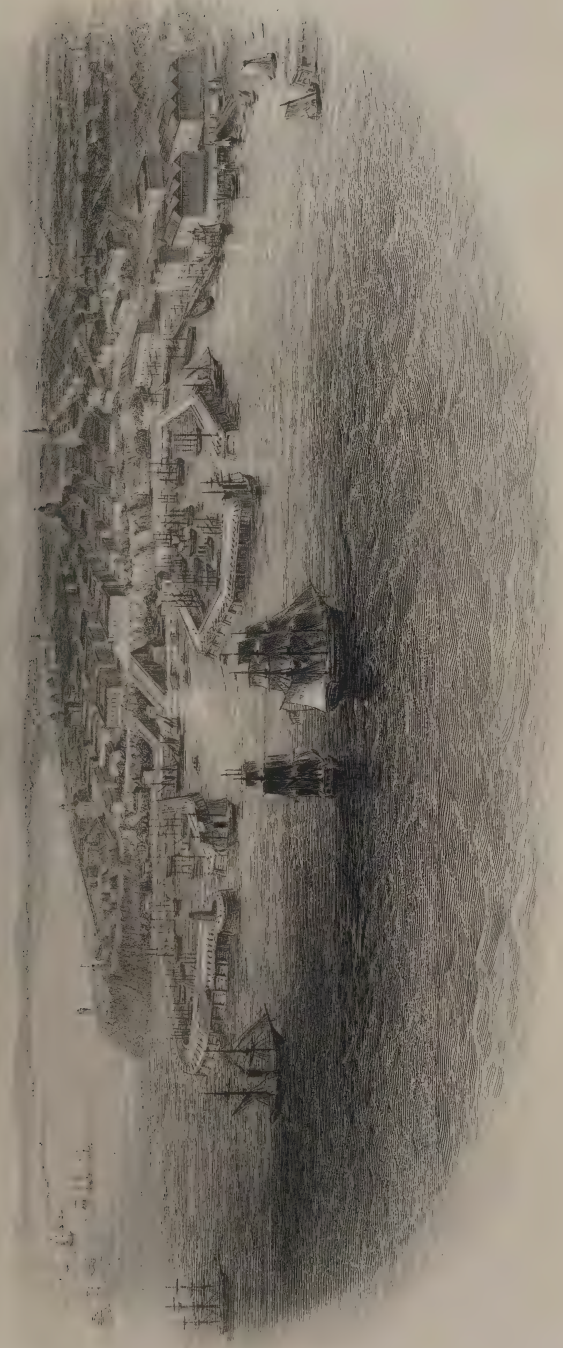
Such was Odessa when, in consequence of the outrage named in the despatch of Admiral Hamelin to the French minister of marine, above given, three war-steamers, two English and one French, were sent to demand from General Baron Osten-Sacken, the military governor, an apology. An evasive answer having been given, a reply in writing was demanded, and the baron vouchsafed it in the following terms:—

“Aide-de-camp General Baron Osten-Sacken thinks it right to express to Admiral Dundas his surprise at hearing that shots were fired from the port of Odessa upon the frigate *Furious*, bearing a flag of truce.

“At the arrival of the *Furious* two guns were fired without ball, in consequence of which the vessel hoisted its national flag, and stopped her course beyond the reach of cannon-shot. Immediately a boat was sent out with a white flag in the direction of the mole, and the officer on duty, in answer to the question of the English officer, said that the English consul had already left Odessa. Without further question, the boat took the direction of the ship, when the frigate, without waiting for it, advanced towards the mole, leaving the boat at its left, and approached the batteries within cannon-shot. It was then that the commander of the battery of the mole, faithful to his order to prevent any vessel from coming within reach of the guns, thought it his duty to fire, not upon the flag of truce, which had been respected to the end of its mission, but upon a vessel of the enemy which had approached the land too nearly after having been twice fired upon without ball—the signal to stop.

“This simple explanation of facts, as they have been related to the emperor, ought of itself to destroy the supposition, otherwise inadmissible, that in the ports of Russia there is no respect paid to the flag of truce, the inviolability of which is guaranteed by the laws common to all civilised nations.

“BARON OSTEN-SACKEN,
“Aide-de-camp General to his Majesty the Emperor.”



ODESSA.

The letter of the governor being an artful evasion, the admirals wrote demanding "that all the British, French, and Russian vessels, now at anchor near the citadel or the batteries, must forthwith be delivered up to the combined squadron.

To this summons no answer was returned. After the manner of Russian officials, the demands of the admirals were treated with contempt. The baron knew that the allies could not effect a landing with the troops at their disposal, and, therefore, whatever the damage inflicted upon the place, the squadron would of course draw off, and his despatches would fill Russia with the tidings of a victory. Besides, he expected that the property most likely to be injured would be that of the allies and of neutral states. It is probable, also, that he regarded the demand of the admirals for reparation for the outrage offered to the British flag as a pretext, and that whatever course he might adopt, Odessa would be ultimately bombarded. He never could have supposed that a fortified city, sheltering ships of war, and a large mercantile navy, which had been used to convey provisions to the Russian armies, would be left unmolested, had no especial difference arisen about a flag of truce. As a great depot of supplies for the Russian forces, he had common sense enough to expect that it would have been treated, as our squadrons have since served similar places on the Sea of Azoff. But our government at home had no intention to carry on an earnest war with Russia, with the monarch and government of which they at heart sympathised; and, therefore, instead of destroying Odessa, as an act properly consequent upon the war, and as politic from its importance as a place of supply, both to the Russian forces in the Dobrudscha, and possibly to the garrisons of the Crimea, our admirals, not daring to exceed their orders, merely inflicted a chastisement by silencing the batteries and destroying the Russian ships; contrary to their intention, the city also suffered.

On the 22nd of April, the combined fleet neared Odessa, and a detachment of twelve steamers, six from the fleet of each nation, attended by a number of rocket-boats, commenced the bombardment. The rocket-boats stood well in, as they were smaller marks for the land artillery, which, besides, dare scarcely waste its fire short of the covering vessels. Thus the rockets, which were 24-pounders, were enabled, with impunity, to cast in a stream of destruction upon the Imperial Mole and the Russian shipping. The plan of attack was one of the most beautifully conceived in the annals of maritime war. The steamers moved in file, each tracking upon the wake of that which preceded it, in an ever-repeated circle, and each delivering her fire from that

place in her orbit which was nearest to the enemy, she passed on, making way for her successor in the revolving circle, until she again wheeled round in the precise period for another delivery of her fire. This movement was most happily described by one who witnessed it as a wild waltz of vengeance. Another as happily described it as the wheeling flight of some beautiful birds of prey, swooping at intervals each in turn upon the quarry.

The Russian guns from the Imperial Mole answered with some effect and great steadiness, and even rapidity of fire; but the *Terrible* stood in nearer to the town, using red-hot shot and rockets, some of which, falling through a shed behind one of the batteries, it caught fire, the flames spread, and after a short interval a terrific explosion sent volumes of smoke and broken and burning fragments high into the air—the imperial magazine had been fired, and the Imperial Mole on which it rested was rent and shattered with the shock. Three loud cheers from the squadron hailed this token of success. The battery on the Imperial Mole being silenced, signals were made for the ships to stand in closer. This was done, and the fire directed upon the Russian shipping. A Russian frigate was the first victim—a shell penetrated to its magazine, and it was blown instantly to atoms. Two new frigates, not yet removed from the stocks, and several other ships in progress of building were burnt. A brig, a sloop of war, and a heavily armed schooner, were riddled with shot and sunk. The attack upon the stores and dockyard was conducted by the rocket-boats. The troops in the garrison opened fire from their horse-artillery with spirit, but the artillerymen were literally swept from their guns, and several of the pieces dismounted. It was impossible to defend stores or dockyard—the shells and rockets flew like fiends conscious of their mission and eager for destruction; the dockyard was ignited, and the conflagration spread everywhere; explosion followed explosion as detached portions of ammunition were touched, and the flames burst up, in fierce and fitful gusts, above the exploding and burning masses which sunk with loud crashes within them. The town itself caught the spreading fire, which pursued its career, leaping from house to house, until nearly half the city was reduced to a pile of charred and scattered rubbish. The punishment was signal, and might have been complete. As it was, the fleet drew off, leaving a heap of ruins to rebuke the pride of the imperial representative. About fifty Russian sailors were captured, who were ultimately put on shore (very unnecessarily and very unwisely, for those men afterwards defended Sebastopol), thirteen vessels, laden with munitions of war, were cut out and captured, and about 1000 Russian sailors and soldiers,

the latter principally artillerymen, were killed and wounded. The loss of the allies was extremely light; only one man was killed and ten men wounded of the English, the French suffered but little more. Several of the ships incurred damage, especially the British steamer *Retribution*, and the French steamer *Vauban*. The latter was on fire, and had to steer out of action until her magazine was secured, when she returned to her part in the curious gyrations of these angry swallows of the deep.

Russian despatches, manifestoes, and circulars, are always "curiosities of literature"—and curiosities of lying. The ingenuity with which a defeated general, or admiral, will turn a defeat into a victory, or a terrible disaster into a matter for unmixed congratulation, is to be admired, if we can only divest ourselves of any idea of the morality of such conduct. Accordingly, "all the Russias" heard of the "repulse" of the allies, who could not silence the batteries of Odessa, but exercised their powers of destruction upon a peaceful city. The czar addressed an imperial rescript to the people of the battered town in these terms:—

To the Inhabitants of our well-beloved and loyal town of Odessa.

The Anglo-French fleets, entering the Black Sea, attacked some days back the peaceful city of Odessa, open to the commerce of Europe. General Baron Osten-Sacken, in speaking of the brilliant courage with which the attempts of the enemy have been repulsed by the military forces, has likewise informed us that, in the midst of the danger which menaced the inhabitants, public tranquillity was not disturbed a single moment; and that the people executed with exemplary zeal all the orders of the local authorities. Strict obedience to duty, as prescribed by our holy religion, and devotedness to the throne, animate all our well-beloved and faithful subjects. At Odessa, that sentiment, so worthy of praise, has been manifested to its full extent under the thunder of the enemy's cannon. The firmness and self-denial of the inhabitants of that town could not fail to attract our attention, and we feel pleasure in expressing, on this occasion, to all classes of the population our special kind feelings.

NICHOLAS.

St. Petersburg, May 8th.

The emperor also directed a decree to the commandant, in honour of the triumph gained by his troops, which he is represented as "leading" to victory. We imagine, as the St. Petersburgers read this decree in the columns of the *Invalide Russe*, they were persuaded that holy Russia had driven the infidels from her sacred soil.

"On the day when the inhabitants of Odessa, united in their orthodox temples, were celebrating the death of the Son of God, crucified for the redemption of mankind, the allies of the enemy of His holy name attempted a crime against that city of peace and commerce—against that city where all Europe, in her years of dearth, have always found open granaries. The fleets of France and England bombarded for twelve hours our batteries, and the

habitations of our peaceful citizens, as well as the merchant shipping in the harbour. But our brave troops, led by you in person, and penetrated by a profound faith in the Supreme Protector of justice, gloriously repelled the attack of the enemy against the soil which, in apostolic times, received the precursor of the Christian religion in our holy country. The heroic firmness and devotion of our troops, inspired by your example, have been crowned with complete success; the city has been saved from destruction, and the enemy's fleets have disappeared. As a worthy recompence of so grand an action, we grant you the order of St. Andrew.

'NICHOLAS.'

"The Russian government then decreed:—'The military stores, batteries, and all the other works of defence destroyed by a division of the combined squadron, shall be reconstructed at the expense of the city of Odessa.' It is added that the czar, in taking that decision, had merely acceded to the patriotic demands of the inhabitants."

This latter decree accounts for the previous flattery of the bravery, obedience, and sanctity of the citizens.

The combined squadron succeeded, in its progress to Odessa and subsequently, in taking a number of prizes, some of them of considerable value.

There was yet another exploit performed by the allied squadron, during the early spring, upon the shores of the Euxine. By the treaty of Adrianople, Russia was allowed to become the custodian of the mouths of the Danube. She acted especially as trustee, as it were, for the freedom of the Sulina mouth—the navigable mouth of that great outlet of the productions of many lands. Russia violated the engagements which this guardianship imposed upon her, as she always has violated engagements when she dare. Under the pretence of quarantine, to keep out cholera or plague from Bessarabia, she threw impediments in the way of the commerce of the river. Persons and ships not going to Bessarabia, were subjected to the same inconveniences as if about to touch Russian territory. In fact, Russia seized the mouth of the Danube, almost stopped up—or, contrary to treaty, permitted to be almost stopped up—its navigable mouth, and acted as if the czar were lord paramount of its shores and waters. This course of conduct was, as we have briefly intimated already, for the purpose of diverting the stream of commerce to Odessa. Turkey produces the same commodities as Southern Russia: corn, flax, hemp, and all the products of the soil of which Odessa is the outlet, can be cultivated in the Danubian provinces of Turkey, of which the Danube is the outlet. To stop up that highway

of waters is to check Turkish commerce and cultivation; to impoverish the exchequer and the soil of vast and rich provinces of the sultan's empire; and thus, by force, to divert all the commercial advantages which nature has so lavishly bestowed on these territories, to the czar's own provinces of Bessarabia and Podolia. The English government many times remonstrated against this violation of treaty, in which it was interested. The czar and his minister made the fairest promises, and with all that seductive persuasiveness for which the Selave race has credit; but there was no change; and England quietly submitted, when a spirited check to the pretension and power of her insidious enemy might have saved her millions of the treasure and much of the blood which have, in this war, been already expended. The batteries erected by Russia to control the navigation of the river were bombarded by a portion of the allied ships. This opened to the allies the command of the river in a military point of view, and constrained the Russian armies to retreat from the provinces, when they were driven, baffled and defeated, from the battered earthworks and broken walls of Silistria.

After the bombardment of Odessa, the allied fleets proceeded to Sebastopol, where the *Furious*, which took part in the destruction of the moles and batteries of the former place, signalised itself again and repeatedly. On one of these occasions she narrowly escaped capture, when her captain performed a feat of daring and dexterity, characteristic of the brave old times of the British navy. A letter from a naval officer thus describes the achievement:—

"Captain Tatham, of her Majesty's steamer *Fury*, has had the honour of opening the ball in the Euxine. He was sent by Admiral Dundas to reconnoitre Sebastopol, and on Tuesday night (the 11th) he anchored near Cape Loukoul, some fifteen miles north of Sebastopol, so

as to be able to run in towards the fortress just before daylight. Cossacks were seen riding towards the city to give information of his presence. At daylight, when about a mile and a half from the forts, he observed two man-of-war brigs standing out, followed by two merchant schooners. Being anxious to get information, he thought it desirable to make a prize of one of these schooners. He therefore hoisted Austrian colours, and stood right in for the harbour, passing these vessels. Having got inside of them, he put on full speed, turned round, chased one of the schooners, and ran alongside of her, with the intention of making her fast to the *Fury* without the delay of lowering a boat. In this he failed, and subsequently lowered a boat and sent his first lieutenant with the end of a hawser, made her fast and brought the crew out of her, and took her in tow. On running alongside the schooner, he changed the Austrian for the British flag. While so employed, two frigates and a steamer were observed to leave the harbour in chase, with a strong favourable breeze. Observing that they were fast gaining upon him, he found it necessary to cast off the schooner. For nearly three hours he was very hard pressed, and several shots were exchanged, but, by dint of good seamanship and misleading the enemy by signals, they eventually gave up the chase. He has brought in the master and crew of the schooner, from whom some valuable information has been obtained. Thus the enterprising little *Fury*, mounting but six guns, was honoured by a chasing force of some 120 guns, and has now safely rejoined the fleet."

All attempts to coax out the skulking navy of the enemy proved in vain, although "all odds" were offered to them. We must now leave our ships as sentinels before the entrance of the great arsenal, while we return to other scenes and another arm of the service.

CHAPTER XVII.

RECEPTION OF BRITISH GENERALS IN FRANCE ON THEIR WAY TO THE EAST.—FRENCH AND ENGLISH TROOPS AT MALTA.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE ARMIES AT GALLIPOLI.

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night!"—BYRON.

In an earlier chapter, we gave a somewhat detailed account of the embarkation of the first troops dispatched for the East, on board the

Ripon, *Orinoco*, and *Manilla*; and of the various regiments by which the first detachments were speedily followed during the latter end

of February and the whole of March. The destination of those troops was Malta,* from whence they were, after a short stay, withdrawn for Turkey, and landed at Gallipoli. The first French detachments for the eastern expedition were also landed at Malta.

Many of the superior officers of the British army went by way of France, either to Malta or Gallipoli direct: the hospitalities shown to them in Paris and other cities of France, were of the most courteous and loyal kind. The Duke of Cambridge, who was appointed to the command of the first division of infantry, was amongst the last of the officers who arrived in the East, he having certain especial diplomatic functions to perform in Paris and Vienna. While in Paris, he was greeted by the people with enthusiasm, and received with the most marked respect by the emperor, and the heads of the army and the ministry. Lord Raglan, upon whom the command of the British army devolved, was a sharer with the Duke in these cordial manifestations. The following is probably the most exact account which appeared at the time, of the great military spectacle which the visit of the English chiefs occasioned. Paris was crowded with British officers of distinction, whose superior rank or age rendered their appointment to divisional commands unsuitable. Their critiques upon the appearance and discipline of the French troops, were such as to give our countrymen every prospect of sharing the glory of a great campaign with the finest army that ever left the shores of France:—

“The review given by the emperor in honour of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Raglan, and the other high English officers now in Paris, was a most splendid spectacle. Since the great military display of delivering the eagles to the troops on May the 10th, 1852, nothing of so imposing a character as the present assemblage of troops has been seen in Paris. The weather, too, was on the whole favourable, for although

some rain fell for a short time after the proceedings had commenced, still the dust was laid, and the Champ de Mars rendered in good order for military exercises. By a quarter to one o'clock the whole army was in review order. The infantry formed a line extending nearly along the whole northern side of the Champ de Mars. The cavalry was ranged opposite the grand race-stand, being in the centre of the line, and the artillery was in the centre, with the Ecole Militaire in its rear. Almost as soon as the empress had taken her seat in the state compartment of the grand stand, the emperor and the Duke of Cambridge, followed by a brilliant and numerous staff, were seen galloping across the bridge of Jena towards the field. On arriving on the ground, however, the emperor immediately checked the pace, and, although it was raining hard, proceeded in a most business-like way to review the front of the infantry line at a walk. The Duke of Cambridge rode about half a neck behind him, and the mathematical precision with which this exact distance was kept throughout the day, showed the two royal equestrians to be perfect masters of their noble horses. The two uniforms formed a very pleasing contrast. The duke's scarlet uniform and white plume was an unerring guide to the position of the emperor, who, in the less conspicuous attire of a French general of division, would not otherwise have been always distinguishable from the crowd of officers about him. When the emperor had reached the upper end of the infantry line, he turned, and at the same slow pace proceeded along the rear of the front rank, to the surprise of many of the spectators, who were not prepared for this minute inspection. But, not content with this, and determined to give the English officers the fullest opportunity for criticism, he again turned, rode along the front of the rear rank, and then descended again by their rear, thus traversing the infantry line four times. Instead of a review, it was a searching inspection, such as a colonel would make of his own regiment on its private parade. The cavalry was afterwards inspected with nearly equal minuteness. One of the cavalry regiments played ‘God save the Queen,’ as the reviewing party passed by. The inspection over, the emperor led the way to the front of the grand stand, where he and the Duke of Cambridge saluted the empress. In a few minutes the filing past commenced. All the regiments marched exceedingly well, and being stimulated by the presence of the English officers, with greater precision than usual. When the filing past was finished, it was thought that the review was over, and a momentary disappointment was felt because no manœuvres had been executed. This disappointment was of short duration, for although the *defile* is

* Malta is so well known as an island in the Mediterranean, strongly fortified and garrisoned by England, that it is only necessary to notice, *en passant*, its situation or history. It is about twenty miles in length and twelve in greatest breadth. In ancient times it was little more than a barren rock; but has been made productive by the vast quantities of soil brought from Africa and Sicily, between which it lies. The number of inhabitants is about 100,000. Since the commencement of the present war, the population has increased very rapidly. The languages spoken are a very corrupt Arabic in the country, and nearly as barbarous Italian in the towns. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem were here long established, the island having been given to them by Charles V., after the taking of Rhodes. It was attacked by the Turks in 1565, who made many dreadful assaults, from the 18th of May to the 13th of September, and were unsuccessful after having lost near 30,000 men. The Christians lost near 5000. Buonaparte took possession of it on his way to Egypt, in 1798; on which occasion an old officer of artillery remarked, “It was well there was some one inside to surrender it, or we could never have got in.” The reader may consult with advantage the Rev. Sheridan Wilson's work on Malta.

usually the conclusion of a review, it was not so to-day. Whether by a preconcerted arrangement, or in consequence of a request from the Duke of Cambridge, or a sudden thought of the emperor, I cannot say—a brilliant charge of cavalry was reserved for a *bonne bouche*. A few minutes after the filing past was concluded, the entire force of cavalry in the field appeared, as if by magic, in a single line at the furthest extremity. The word was given to charge, and they rushed forward along the whole length of the Champ de Mars, towards the opposite side, of which the grand stand is the centre. As the formidable line came rushing on to within a few yards of the Emperor, the staff, and the spectators, people rapidly reviewed in their minds a question much debated of late, whether cavalry would stop of themselves rather than go through a material obstruction. I, for one, confess that I was not easy about the theory at all; it seemed to me as if nothing could stop the impetuosity of their charge, and that in a few seconds Napoleon III., his marshals, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Raglan, and the crowd of curious beholders immediately behind them, must inevitably be trampled upon under the hoofs of the advancing cohorts. However, at the word ‘halt!’ enforced, it is true, with great and apparently anxious energy by officers commanding squadrons, the imposing line drew up, still in line, within a few feet of the emperor’s horse. This brilliant conclusion of the day was the signal for deafening cheers from the tribunes. Lord Raglan, during the day, rode among the French general officers, a good way behind the emperor. Marshal St. Arnaud, and Marshal Vaillant, the minister at war, were immediately next to the emperor and the Duke of Cambridge.”

It was impossible to peruse the French papers of the time, without being struck with the high tone of admiration and respect for everything English. Strong as the favourable feeling of the English people to France and the French emperor then undoubtedly was, it was far surpassed in warmth and appropriateness of expression by the French, towards the army, government, and people of Britain. The *Pays*, then a very great authority, thus writes concerning the events above recorded:—

“The review at which the Duke of Cambridge was present yesterday was more than a brilliant military manœuvre: it had a political importance, which did not escape the notice of any of the numerous spectators who thronged the Champs de Mars. English uniforms, mingling with French uniforms, were for every eye the visible sign of that strict alliance which the same feeling of dignity and civilization, and the same interest, has cemented between France and England—an alliance so much the more serious and durable that it does not result

from those personal considerations, nor from those dynastic affinities which the slightest incident compromises and overturns, but rests on mutual sympathy and on a truly national policy. The presence of the English officers has besides been the occasion of manifestations altogether spontaneous, which attest at the same time the progress and the justice of public opinion. The acclamations which broke out on their passage have demonstrated in an undeniable manner that the union of the two nations is not less cordial than that of the governments. There remains at present nothing of the ancient prejudices which aroused such lively and such deplorable passions between England and France. All the classes of society in each of these two countries are well aware that France and England are, in the whole world, the most worthy and the most disinterested representatives of right, justice, and moral and material progress; that they have the same interests to carry out, and the same interests to defend; that in fine, as their contests have shaken all states, so their alliance confirms the general equilibrium, and guarantees the security of modern nations. The first effort of this new and generous alliance has for object to promote the right of Europe against the ambition of Russia, to maintain respect for treaties, to arrest in their invading march the heirs of Attila and of the Huns, and to oppose to the barbarism of the races of the north the impassable barrier of civilisation. The armies which march for the support of this noble cause may be proud of their mission; they will obtain not merely that glory of a military character which is sought for on the battle-field—they will also have that still more useful glory which great services merit, rendered to humanity by the triumph of principles which ensure universal peace. Such were the sentiments and impressions which yesterday filled every mind in seeing a Prince of England by the side of the Emperor of the French, and the superior officers of Great Britain and France confounded in the same ranks, at the same moment when they are about to undertake the supreme struggle of right against iniquity, and of the interest of all against the ambition of a single one.”

The only English paper published in Paris, *Galignani’s Messenger*, if less philosophical, was more graphic in describing what took place.

“The most remarkable part of this splendid pageant was not the appearance of the troops, however magnificent, but their bearing and that of the multitude of spectators towards the English. That our countrymen would be received with courtesy, no one could doubt, from the exquisite politeness and hospitality of the French. It was not, however, with mere politeness that they were greeted, but with marked and even affectionate cordiality. As the Duke

of Cambridge passed along the lines, loud and constant cries of '*Vive l'Angleterre! Vive le Prince Anglais!*' were raised both by soldiers and people, in conjunction with the shouts of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' and during the filing off, these cries were again repeated with marked enthusiasm by both. The bands, too, of most of the regiments frequently played 'God Save the Queen.' Amongst the pedestrians, that is to say the lower and most numerous part of the spectators, the friendly feeling towards the English was in fact so great as to occasion surprise. 'Which is the Prince?' 'Which is Lord Raglan?' were the universal inquiries, whenever the imperial *cortège* passed near; and whenever any good-natured fellow said—(with, by the way, as regarded the duke, a greater desire to oblige than, perhaps, his knowledge of English social distinctions warranted)—'*Voilà, Lord Cambridge, le Prince Anglais—celui-là à côté de l'Empereur!*' or, '*Voilà, Milord Raglan—celui qui n'a qu'un bras!*'—whenever such a reply was returned, up rose a shout of '*Vive le Prince! Vivent les Anglais!*' One would have said, really, that 'perfidious Albion' had never existed in the imagination of the French, and that French and English had been fast friends for ages!"

When leaving France, the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Raglan were received by the municipalities, and the people everywhere, as if on a triumphal progress. Whatever is animated in spirit, gay in mode, and artistic in taste—characteristic of the French people—was put forth upon these occasions. All France was eager to prove the *entente cordial*, and to show that, as in the days of Cromwell, the warrior and dictator, so, in the days of Victoria the peaceful, French and British, notwithstanding all their diversities of policy and taste, could fight side by side for the cause of European independence.

The arrival of the British expeditionary forces at Malta excited the utmost delight among the soldiers of the garrison, who thronged the formidable-looking battlements, awaking the echoes with their cheers, as the transports glided into the harbour. The first detachment of the brigade of Guards landed upon the 4th of March, and at an hour which allowed to the inhabitants and the garrison an opportunity for assembling to give them a hearty welcome. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when they arrived; but so wretchedly wet and dismal was the weather, that comparatively few were there to greet them, beyond the troops in the vicinity. Four companies of the Guards were immediately quartered in Fort Manuel, three others in the Lazaretto, and one in Fort Tighe, at the entrance of the quarantine harbour of Marsamuscetta. The 28th landed a little later in the afternoon, when the weather was, if

possible, more gloomy. Three companies were placed in quarters in the Naval Hospital Store, in Beghi Bay, at the entrance of the grand harbour of La Valetta; two companies in St. Salvador, nearly adjoining; the head-quarters and two companies in the new works at Fort Verdela, within the Cattonera lines; and one company at Zabbar Gate. The next day, the remaining portions of the Guards landed at an earlier hour, and under a clear blue sky, such as the people of Malta often look upon, and always delight to behold. The day was clear and bright, and the searching spring light revealed every peculiarity in the uniform, mien, and bearing of these gigantic messengers of England's strength and valour. The soldiers looked as hale and fresh as before they embarked, and their gay uniforms, contrasted with the frowning walls of the place, presented a picturesque effect. Not an accident occurred to mar the beauty of the scene, or to afford the superstitious an evil omen in reference to the cause for which the force was sent forth. The soldiers, although more at home on shore, were profuse in their acknowledgments of Jack's hospitality, many of whose songs and "yarns" they had contrived to "stow away" in their memory during their brief sojourn upon blue water. Immediately upon the troops taking up quarters, the general issued an order that all officers should appear in uniform; and regulations were made of the most judicious nature, to secure the troops against coming into any collision with the inhabitants, whose hatred to the English government and nation is deep, rancorous, and unreasoning. Mingled hostility, of a political and religious nature, thus inflames the minds of the Maltese. There was, however, no manifestation of it to the expeditionary forces. On the contrary, the people seemed to catch the infection of loyalty by which the soldiers were inspired, and there were no available marks of kindness which they did not confer. The common people treated the common soldiers in the coffee-shops and divans, while the clubs were opened to the officers, and balls and parties became the order of the day. The men of "the force" showed a laudable curiosity, and lionized *con amore*: they were very ready to receive all the hospitalities offered, and gave promises in return—which the Maltese did not seem much to value—that they would thrash "them there barbarians," and "make master Nicholas let the poor devils of Turks alone."

As the *Manilla*, and other ships and troops arrived, it became very soon manifest that there was a great want of organisation, both on ship-board and on shore. The commissariat department even then gave way; and timely warning was afforded, that if it were not placed at once upon a better basis, the expeditionary army would

be the most inefficient, *as an army*, whatever the efficiency of individual corps or men, which ever left the ports of England. Various men and things were soon discovered to be wanting, that ought to have been brought from home; and there was such advertising in Malta as was never known in its history. Every person required was referred to Commissary Filder, or the assistant, Commissary-general Strickland. All sorts of tradesmen, from a tinker to a borer of rifles, was in request. Clerks, store-keepers, servants, interpreters, saddlers, harness-makers, tailors, musicians, smiths, wheelwrights, farriers, armourers, packers, shoemakers, were all wanted; while at home all these could be found in superabundant numbers, and at the cheapest rate. There was a great deal too much of very many things of indifferent utility; there was nothing to be had when many requisites of essential concern were sought.

The soldiers were daily made more perfect, during their stay at Malta, in the use of their weapons, especially in the practice of the Minié musket. The men of the British Isles, in all ages, have been renowned as marksmen. Neither Swiss nor Tyrolese possess the qualities calculated to make good riflemen in a greater degree than the soldiers of "the three kingdoms." From the days of Cressy to the wars of the Cape, the soldiers of England could take a deadly aim. A certain German military writer calls the British army, an army of grenadiers;—it seemed, at this juncture, to be the object of its chiefs to make it an army of riflemen. It was well that these exercises were insisted upon, as they tended to give a healthy tone to the men; who soon became addicted to the use of bad brandy and worse wine, and various execrable viands, sold in the cook or coffee-shops, which were injurious to their health. In March and April, notwithstanding the splendid spring days, and a sun hot as in Midsummer with us, the nights are cold and unhealthy, and especially to those not accustomed to the climate. The season, too, was unusually sickly; and there were indications in the English camp that colds and carousings were both doing their work: catarrh, alcohol, and a new climate, at a trying season, had spread the germ of sickness among the troops, which afterwards so fatally developed itself elsewhere. The island became a very busy and a very gay place while the army remained; trade was brisk, money circulated freely, every one was speculating in his line, and the Jews reaped a plentiful harvest amongst the spendthrifts. Moses did not, however, always succeed in fleecing his supposed victims—he was often fleeced himself; and we have had more than one amusing description, by an eye and ear-witness, of a Jew in his office, long after the departure of his debtors to other scenes, comparing the lists of casualties from the Crimea

with the names on his books, and denouncing as a disgrace to his country, in all the varieties of passion impelled by avarice, the fallen heroes who were in his debt; while those who escaped the rage of shot and shell, or were only slightly wounded, remained in his estimation true heroes, as they survived to honour his drafts.

The continued arrival of French troops, while the British expeditionary force remained at Malta, was the occasion of *scenes* which amused the Maltese a good deal. The soldiers of both nations were fired with an irresistible curiosity to see one another; and whether engaged at some little distance, or exchanging civilities, seemed never tired of mutual gazing. There was no end to their fraternisation. The little Zouave nestled under the arm of the big British grenadier, or strutted out before him, as if the latter was a big pet of his, and just then under his protection. Their abortive attempts to become intelligible to one another, were not the least amusing feature of the fraternisation of the soldiers of the two nations, to the observant Maltese. There, yonder, are a pair just now acting out the Western alliance in their own proper persons; one is a chasseur, well equipped, slight in figure, and nimble as a rat, or a roe, if it be a more complimentary comparison. He places his hand on his heart, his gesture is eager, and varied beyond all imitation; that burly guardsman smiles, and positively blushes! he raises his hand to his shako, as if he were saluting one of his own officers. The little chasseur rushes at him, embraces him, and rings the changes on all the customary phrases of compliment and satisfaction which his language supplies; the guardsman still blushes, and assures him he is glad to see him, and asks him, in approved cockney, if he will have a glass of porter, which he gratefully and somewhat boastfully informs him has been sent out to the troops. The Frenchman shakes his head, and repeats his phrases and gesticulations; but most expressively shrugs his shoulders, and declares that he does not speak English. An English sailor, who has been quietly surveying the interview with his hands in his pocket, and a quid going leisurely its rounds in his cheek, "can't stand this any longer," and goes up to the Frenchman, claps him on the back with a blow that seems a shock to the Frenchman's whole frame, seizes his hand and shakes it, as if he wanted to wrench it off, and tells him "that them ere sogers are very much like marines," to which the shaken French friend politely assents by a beatifying grin, which Jack takes for a compliment in turn, and seizing the Frenchman under his brawny arm, walks off with him to a brandy-shop, leaving the "non-plussed" grenadier in stately admiration and astonishment, mixed

in any proportions the reader pleases; while the chasseur, turning round, kisses his hand to his quondam friend, and reconciles himself to his new acquaintance, who seems to regard him with a sort of pity, as too little entirely for the profession of arms. A greater number of the English soldiers—especially among the non-commissioned officers—knew French than might have been supposed, or has been generally represented, and the admiration which the French entertained for these was boundless. In fact, these men were of great use, not only to their fellow-soldiers, but to their regiments, in transacting business, for which then a knowledge of the French language was so necessary. When the first meetings of considerable bodies of the two armies occurred, their cheers were vociferous, and their demonstrations of alliance animated by the warmest conceivable cordiality. If making Malta the first rendezvous for both answered no other end, it answered this—of giving the soldiers of both nations time to know something of one another, and form an acquaintance with those peculiarities to which they would afterwards to some extent be obliged mutually to adapt themselves. Yet there were circumstances which tried this newborn friendship. Upon the British regimental colours there are many inscriptions to perpetuate the memory of the battles won over their allies when they were enemies, but the British covered these ensigns with a good taste which the French appreciated.

Prince Napoleon, it was alleged, was so inveterately prejudiced against the English that he could never be engaged to countenance the policy of a united action; and although burning to revive the military prestige of his name and race, would not take a command in an army which was appointed to co-operate with an English army in the field. It was even alleged, that during the then recent visits of the English generals in France, *en route* to Malta, he left Paris in order not to meet them at the reviews given by his cousin the emperor for their entertainment. Happily, however, he belied all these evil allegations, for when he arrived at Malta, no French officer was more complaisant to the British than was the prince; thereby removing a source of uneasiness from both cabinets, if there were any truth in these reports concerning him; and, at all events, relieving the English people, and the officers of the army, from any apprehensions entertained about the interruption of good feeling between the troops of the two nations.

Such were the scenes in Malta during the short period that the troops were there, before proceeding to Gallipoli. A lady, who seems quite at home amidst military stir and occupation, thus sketches the picture:—"The Strada Reale was crowded. The pavement, occupied

by riflemen and red jackets of all sorts, looked like a double row of poppies, relieved here and there by the green leaves. The entrances of the hotels—the Imperial, Dumford's, and Baker's—were assailed by weary, gasping people, earnestly desiring shelter, and generally repulsed by the answer, 'No room.' Then private lodgings were tried; some of them of the most extraordinary kind, and in the most objectionable neighbourhoods. A swarthy householder would usher one into the newly-swept charcoal closet, with laudatory remarks on its security from noise and cold—he might have called it light and air. The *auberges* of the knights were filled; the forts of St. Elmo, St. Angelo, Fort Manuel, the new Lazaretto, were bursting with troops; so was it also with the new barracks at Valetta; in fact, it was only wonderful that the caverns of the rocks, the sheltering places of the milch goats of the island, had not been also thought of, and secured for the troops. Then the gossip! Every half-hour brought its news; the clubs, of course the nucleus. Greek mischief-makers, Russian spies, Turkish alarmists, were all busily engaged. The waiting-rooms of Muir and Goodenough, the two librarians of the Strada, were filled with inquirers all day long. Wonderful monster vessels, that had ploughed the Atlantic, and were never before heard of among us, came proudly into the stirring harbour of Valetta, and were away again ere morning light. Old, creaky, crazy steamers, patched for the time, were towed slowly out, laden with women, horses, and stores,—the spectators doubting whether any of them would reach their destination, and the destination itself involved in much obscurity. Then all Malta would be excited by the thunderings of a salute by the fort, which, reverberating among the rocks, was re-echoed by the men-of-war in harbour. Anon we all raced up to a *baracco*—an elevated sort of colonnade overhanging the Mediterranean, while beneath us rushed in a little steamer, carrying English or French colours, on which we at once ran down again to the Custom-house landing, to arrive with the guard of honour and the governor's carriage, and witness the disembarkation of a number of cocked hats and white feathers, belonging to the great men and staff of the allied armies. By this time the square in front of Government House was covered with Maltese, in their hanging capes and sleeve-depending coats; and people happy enough to squeeze into projecting windows, or out into the narrowest of all balconies, in time, might see a carriage filled with Algerine or other heroes, Marshal St. Arnaud with his beautiful wife, honest-looking Canrobert, or Prince Napoleon, the living image of his uncle. One soon sees all that Malta has to show:—St. Paul's Bay, Citta Vecchia, the gar-

den of St. Antonio, St. John's Church, and the Capuchin Morgue. After this people declare themselves tired; and I dare say they are, for one must naturally grow tired of standing on the steps of a club, to hear constantly contradicted news—of eating ices from the *Café del Commercio*, rather thawed by their transit—of going to the post-office, to find letters are not sorted yet—and of taking refuge in listening to a badly-performed opera, of which one cannot understand a word. All this monotonous becomes the more unendurable because of the panting anxiety there is to go forward and mingle in great events—in new scenes, to win shining honours or glorious memories."

Such wishes were soon to be gratified: and meanwhile Malta became a vast military depot—great at all times in this respect, it now became a wonder. Stores of every imaginable description were accumulated; resources were piled up, the destructive energies of which were appalling to contemplate, and yet all were soon to be consumed in the wild waste of war. Again and again were these vast stacks of balls and shells to be re-piled, as the exigencies of the contest diminished them. The magazines were filled with powder, which would soon prove to be but a small portion of the masses to be exploded in the cannon or in the mine; and when countless weapons, such as were ranged in these arsenals, should be scattered in fragments, still more formidable ranges must replace them.

After the arrival of the allied expeditionary forces, great pains were taken to strengthen the fortifications. It was resolved to place them in a condition to resist, with more certainty, the new naval armaments. So formidable were these arrangements, that the fine old 24-pounders, and finer 32-pounders, of St. Elmo and St. Angelo, were displaced by long fifty-sixes, and guns of still heavier metal. The fortified aspect of the place, during the stay of the allied troops, was graphically described by a popular writer, in these terms:—"To an inexperienced eye, those long lines of white stone curtains—those tiers of bastions, with their huge iron guardians peering above them—those serrated walls, all armed with grinning embrasures, which stretch all around the harbours and town of Valetta, and command the sea in every direction—appear calculated to defy the greatest navy that could be brought against them; but modern science has found them vulnerable, and the strong is made to replace the weak. Wherever you go outside the town, the eye of a cannon is gravely and steadily fixed upon you. Take a walk down that tempting slab of rock down by the sea-side—an 8-inch howitzer is investigating your proceedings from that embrasure and if you turn round, you will face his bro-

ther, looking at you out of another window directly opposite."

Mrs. Young thus describes the Maltese streets, people, and occupations:—"How pretty the Malta market is, with its wonderfully coloured fish, its marvellously-sized vegetables, tropical as well as European—its piles of purple figs, rich grapes, loquats, medlars, melons, oranges, peaches—a massing of rich colour, delightful to the painter's eye! So with the street stalls. I know nothing prettier, as the sun falls on it, than a street fruit-stall at Malta, resting against some portion of richly-carved stonework, with its gay awning, brown and yellow baskets, throwing east shadows on each other, and the white-teethed, bright-eyed, smiling, picturesquely-attired vendor. Altogether, the early mornings of Malta are charming. The fresh delicious air; the blue waters, with their many coloured passage-boats plying about the harbours, from Valetta to Sliema, Sliema to Pietà; the goats in large flocks, with red necklaces and silver bells, strolling from door to door, waiting to be milked; the Maltese ladies, kind-looking and soft-eyed, passing along in their black *pal-dettes* to the morning mass; the curious picturesque old green *calesses*, on two wheels, with sorry-nags, quite overpowered with heavy and antique harness—the drivers smoking, laughing, singing along, as they go jolting on the shafts to a neighbouring *casal* (village); the little carts passing in, laden with rich and monster clover; the large, handsome, gaily-caparisoned mules; the stealthy, handsome, sandaled Capuchin, on his way to St. John's; the merry children, each a study for Murillo;—each and all are pleasant items, and form a whole most agreeable to the eye of that too rare seeker for healthy enjoyment, the early stroller about Malta.

"One of the pleasantest modes of passing a warm morning at Malta, I found was to lounge in a comfortable chair, in the quiet library of kind Mr. Quintana, in the shaded Strada Straetta, and turn over books on Turkey. From Quintana's library I often hired a boat, at the especially disagreeable landing-stairs of the Marsamuscetta, and glided away across the quarantine harbour to Missida, where my friend Mr. Quintana had lately built a house, from the angle of whose flat roof floated the Spanish flag, in compliment to his nation. Here I was able to observe the process of making gardens out of hard rock; a matter, as I pondered over the aspect of our ocean barrack, as wonderful to me as any performance of Herr Döbler, Robin, or Anderson. Yet here and there the marvel is seen of a beautiful, luxuriant, and well-kept garden in the rocky fastnesses of Malta; while about Missida and the *casals*, generally, the wild flowers are beau-

tiful and abundant, springing in masses about the pretty rock, like a dream of the Trosachs, and reminding one of Richardson's Highland pictures of the New Water-colour."

At last the order came for the first division to embark for the shores of Turkey, while other bodies of troops from home were to take up their quarters, and some were dispatched from the ports of France and England directly to Gallipoli. In Malta, the scenes which were presented upon the departure of the troops for Turkey were more exciting, and inspired more emotion, than those which had occurred on their landing.

Account for it how we may, there was a very general foreboding on the part of the wives, and officers, and soldiers, when the troops were ordered to Gallipoli. It was not merely the sad feelings of parting, such as, under any circumstances, the families of soldiers would feel, as those they loved went forth to the campaign—there was an ominous gloom over almost every heart. Neither superstition, nor an over-formidable estimate of the foe to be encountered, caused this gloom; for it rested on the minds of those who were strangers to superstition; and no confidence could exceed that which was felt in the extent of our resources, the sufficiency of our armies, and the justice of our cause. Such was the complexion of mind with the sojourners at Malta, when, as the interesting little work, *Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to it*, presents the debarkation to us:—"Malta must be left, and heavy were the hearts as the day approached; the troopship is declared in readiness; and poor women, whether wives of officers or soldiers, were left with streaming eyes on the *baracco*, while the fine ship glided on towards her eastern point, and those whom God joined were put asunder—when again to meet?"

"I remember coming in from a country ride in a *calesse*, when the *Himalaya* was going out laden with troops; the sun was shedding its golden light over the blue water, and that deep purple tone was rising in the horizon peculiar, I think, to Malta in early spring. A crowd was scattered about the rocky hillocks at Florian, watching and wishing well to the noble ship. Among them was a pretty young Englishwoman, a soldier's wife, with two little smiling rosy children at her feet, gathering daisies. 'Get up, children,' said the mother, 'and kiss your hands to father.' 'I don't want to, mother,' said the elder, intent upon its little pastime. 'Oh, you naughty child!' answered the woman, snatching it in her arms, and hurrying to the wall under which the ship lay; 'you'll likely never see him again!' I turned away,—the truth was so sorrowful, so full of pathos! How few of the brave hearts now beating with hopes of glory on the deck of

that fine ship, would ever feel again the loving pressure of wife or child! But such is war! 'Tis well it has its bands and colours, flags and music, to hide the tears in manly eyes, and drown the sobs of woman's voice!"

Upon the arrival at Malta of the declaration of war, the dispatch of troops for Gallipoli was continued with redoubled energy.

The first portion of the expeditionary force left Malta in the *Golden Fleece*, on the 31st of March, and entered the Dardanelles on the 5th of April. As the first detachment of our troops, on their way out, landed at Valetta amidst gloom and showers, so did they re-embark for their onward course in similarly depressing weather. There was consequently none of that boisterous cheering from fort to fort by the soldiery, nor waving of hats and handkerchiefs by the population, which marked the sailing away of the subsequent detachments. But there were tearful eyes which watched them in that sullen mist, and bleeding hearts that yearned over their departure, and loving lips that blessed them, until the good ship left the harbour, and was lost to sight in the dim atmosphere. The vessel made its way through drenching rain, and foaming waves, and pelting storm, until night closed tranquilly around it; and upon the clear heavens the soldiers, and more superstitious tars, were surprised to see the well-known portent of war from all antiquity—a comet. Although something of the nature and history of such celestial phenomena are now known, even by our poor soldiery, yet this only modified the superstitious feeling which the bright wanderer, so unexpectedly appearing to them on such an occasion, was calculated to excite. They knew that its mysterious revolutions were fixed by definite and unerring laws; but they know also that the hand which moved it in its eccentric course, directed also the revolutions and changes of the earth beneath, and of its multitudinous peoples; and they could not therefore divest themselves of the association between the fiery sign and the fierce enterprise upon which they were intent. Still it was observable, even amongst the Irish soldiers in the rifle-brigade, who, in their dark uniform, stood discussing the nature of the phenomenon, that amongst the most superstitious portion of our troops the portent was favourably regarded—

"Saw ye yon blazing star?"—

The heavens look down on Freedom's war,
And light her torch on high."

When the Morea was desecrated, the terrestrial prospect was as much a matter of interest to the officers, as the heavenly apparition had been to the men. The classic associations of the land past which the vessel steamed, could not fail to awaken, in educated minds, associa-



THE DARDANELLES.

tions of taste and genius, beauty and glory. The days when Greece was young would start up from the pages of classic story, and live again in the imagination of the beholders. The scenes where gods and men held strange counsels, and lived, or waned, in the long vista of bright and fadeless memories, were too much identified with the classical education of British gentlemen not to thrill upon the heart, as they beheld the rocks, the shores, the isles, the capes, the headlands, storied in the beautiful annals of a remote and glorious antiquity. However busy our younger officers, especially, may have been with what they learned of Greece at Eton or at Harrow, they gave no heed to the Grecian counsel, for "him who doubled Cape Malea to forget his home;" for while the *Golden Fleece* battled fearlessly with the winds and waves, which, in olden time, sent so many adventurous mariners beyond the reach of all future storms, "Home, sweet home," was the theme with those who sought glory as eagerly as they remembered home tenderly. There is a peculiar disposition of the mind, in the stillness which, in night or calm, so frequently occurs at sea, to indulge in retrospection the scenes of childhood; and even if bent upon some proud enterprise, engrossing our ambition, and stirring up our whole courage and purpose, we feel ourselves again and again softly murmuring—

"My native land, good night!"

During this voyage it was a banquet to the pride of the warlike and educated Englishmen, that the old Morea echoed, for the first time, the music of the patriotic and loyal strains of England, as the bands of the ship and troops played "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." An eye-witness trippingly describes a portion of this voyage thus:—"The ship, having run safely through all the terrors of the *Ægean* and its islands, dashed away right for the entrance of the Dardanelles.* Smooth seas accompanied the ship as she steamed past Mitylene. On the left lay the entrance to the Gulf of Athens—Eubœa was on our left hand—Tenedos was before us—on our right rose the sunny heights of Mount Ida, and the Troad (atrociously and unforgivably like the Bog of Allen) lay stretching its flat brown folds from the sea to the mountain side, for miles away. Athos (said to be ninety miles

distant) stood between us and the setting sun—a pyramid of purple cloud bathed in golden light; and, as if to complete the utter confusion of ideas, and the dislocation of all association, the *Leander* frigate showed her number, and went right away down from the very waters that lay between Sestos and Abydos, past the shadow of the great mountain, stretching away on our port beam until lost to sight."

We have before us, as we write, the experience and observation of several voyagers with the expedition, who, being on board different ships, and entering the Dardanelles at different hours, viewed sea and shore under various aspects, and arrived at their destination at a time when Gallipoli was being so rapidly transformed, as to give each of these accounts a rich novelty when read after any of the others. The correspondent of the *Times* arrived in the Dardanelles at night, with the *Golden Fleece*. "She was not fired at, as of yore; but, as she ran up higher, the sentinels on the European side screeched horribly and showed lights, and seemed to execute a convulsive *pas* of fright or valour on the rocks. Our only reply was the calm sounding of the tattoo on our bugles—the first time the blast of British light infantry bugles broke the silence of these antique shores. After midnight we arrived at Gallipoli, and anchored for the night."

The description given of the passage through the Dardanelles to Gallipoli, by the lady of an officer, is more graphic, daylight favouring her voyage. It was five weeks later than the arrival of the *Golden Fleece* :—

"We came on the entrance of the Dardanelles. How pretty it was! under that lovely sunlight, with the curious forts of Seddul Bahr on our left, the fine four-masted steamer across our bows, and a fleet of beautiful vessels, crowded with canvas, entering the straits like a flock of sea-birds! The town at the entrance of the Dardanelles is interesting. The houses we see have overhanging eaves, which give them a very chalet-like appearance; and being covered with tiles of a very pure bright red, and surrounded by cypress foliage, the power of contrasting colour in this clear atmosphere adds materially to the sunny effect. Within the straits, under some very beautifully-coloured hills, we saw a succession of singular erections of white stone: their graduated size and form negatived the idea of their being old windmills. The straits were crowded with boats and transports, with the French and English colours flying: during the morning we counted some sixty sail, all bound for the East. One or two barques only were beating down; and from time to time a Turkish boat, with the crimson flag of the sultan, would cross our stern, with all sail set, and a speed that was

* Lieutenant O'Reilly, of her Majesty's ship *Retribution*, describes the great guns of the Dardanelles at Chanek Kalesi, the residence of the governor, thus:—"In the works of the castle on the Asiatic side of the Straits, there are 171 embrasures, and 102 guns mounted. The size of the guns are enormous; six British midshipmen crawled into one of them: the diameter is twenty-eight inches. This gun unscrews at the centre, and traverses on a fixed raised platform: it is shotted with granite shot, which in loading are placed in slings, and then raised to the muzzle by a tackle and crane. The weight of the shot is 800 lbs.; that of a charge of powder 110 lbs.

the admiration of our blue jackets. Beautiful, too, were the smaller Greek craft, flying along on a side-wind, lying fearfully over, and the white foam dashing from the bows. It was a lively sight, the Hellespont, that sunny day! and one scarcely knew which most to admire—the various, numerous and beautiful craft on the smooth waters, or the picturesque beauty of the shore, with its bold rugged masses of grey rock, interspersed with beautiful plains of intensely brilliant verdure, studded with patches of dark underwood. Some little openings of this sort were peculiarly lovely, and came on the eye so unexpectedly, surprising one with a sense of sweet repose, that the effect on the feelings was as agreeable as turning to the melodious voice of Scott, after the rugged force of Carlyle—or floating into a calm, sunlit harbour, after near escape from oceans' turbulence. We had just passed some gigantic boulders of dark rock—over which, at times, pent in this narrow channel, the angry sea beats furiously—and came on a lovely lawn, as it were of green sward, dotted with trees, resembling delicate young ash; some half way up the gorge stood one of the pretty chalet-like houses the Turks so much admire; and, running up on either side, woods of bright oak, whose rounded form and bright colour were admirably relieved by the presence of tall dark cypresses, not too numerous, but breaking simply the monotony of the general foliage. There was little appearance of animal life: here and there were a few shepherds tending their flocks, usually with a small tent, attesting the nomad habits of the people; but altogether the habits of the villagers and the inhabitants were, I thought, remarkable. About mid-day on the 9th of May, our attention was attracted by a large steamer (large at least in proportion to ours), rapidly gaining on us; and, despite the volumes of smoke from the funnel, we soon distinguished the royal flag, and hurried to drop ours in all courtesy. We were near the shore, but the *Caradoc* passed inside, having the Duke of Cambridge and staff on board; and his royal highness, on the paddle-box, acknowledged the prolonged cheering of our crew with his usual urbanity. Soon after this pleasant little excitement had passed, we arrived at the entrance of the straits, which is five miles broad, and opens into the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, guarded by the castle Chanuli Kalessi (or Asia) on one side, and Castle Europe on the other. The date of these celebrated castles is 1659. They are extremely strong, and very picturesque. A few small tents were pitched on the slope below the fortifications of Castle Europe, on a bright bit of sward; and a few English soldiers, from the Gallipoli force, were employed in throwing up an embankment. In the afternoon we came in sight of the French

camp at Gallipoli, spread out on one of the sloping hills of the classic land—the ancient Chersonesus. From our bows Gallipoli itself soon appeared, having the effect of two promontories, with a range of low purple hills in the background,—the harbour crowded with shipping, steamers of all nations, huge, dirty transports, and magnificent three-deckers, with all colours flying, in honour of the *Caradoc*, which, having beaten us, was lying at anchor under the odd, staring, yellow house of the French consul. Gallipoli, which crowns the first of the two promontories, looked of some size from the shore; and on the hills inland the camps were visible, studding the slopes. The great red sun sank beneath the low line of deep blue hills; the great four-masted ship, the *Victoria*, towing a lesser steamer, took a great sweep round the harbour, and glided forth for Stamboul; the men of the three-deckers burst patriotically forth with the national anthem as the *Caradoc* went out; the moon rose—the little boats passed less frequently—the cold was distressing, and I, left alone on the deck, with the goat, the water-cask, and the caffar, humbly went down to tea. There was not much to do that evening, unless to listen to the Frenchman's chaunt—'*Vive l'amour, et le bon vin!*' that sounded until a late hour through the open ports; and, in the meanwhile, the Turks had returned, carefully attended by some ten other Turks, in remarkably dingy sheepskin jackets; who, having set our Turks quite up again with radishes and onions, departed.

"About midnight our friends came on board, with a dismal account of having rowed along every ship in the harbour in search of us, and having been nearly fired into by every Turkish crew in consequence—*would* have been, indeed, but for shouting 'God save the Queen!' to show themselves English, a watchword the Turk now knows right well. However, midnight is an admirable time for gossip, and so, pleasantly enough, we heard all about it. All agreed that Gallipoli was a most filthy place—filthy beyond the usual filth that we consider characteristic of towns Turkish; that the English were more popular than the French, because we committed oppressive acts more politely; that our poor women suffered dreadfully on landing, lying about in ditches, with a soldier's blanket over them, houseless, starving; that the greatest unanimity existed between the services—French soldiers wearing the caps of the English, and a Highlander being occasionally brought in a state of inebriation before his commanding officer, attired as a Zouave. So lasted the pleasant chat till morning, when our friends left us, and the little *Army and Navy* steamed out into the beautiful sea of the Marble Isles, bright, smooth, as the calmest

lake. The impression those lovely waters made on me I shall never forget, as we glided over their silvery blue and most tranquil surface, with the great dolphins, so revered by the Turks, rolling in playful mood on every side. To describe the sea as being smooth as a mirror, was no longer a phrase of hyperbole, as descriptive of this rippleless surface. Not a vapour floated on the sky, and a peculiar atmosphere softened the scene—just as one might view bright colours shaded by the most transparent gauze;—a woman's comparison, but it best expresses the tone, certainly not a haze, that was so exquisitely lovely there. The island of Marmora, with all its forms, shades, and cast shadows, was perfectly reflected from base to summit; and the only effect I ever remember to have seen of a similar kind, though for atmospheric effect far inferior in beauty, was the inverted portrait of Mont Blanc in the Lake of Geneva, on a still, warm, summer evening. I have passed over the Sea of Marmora under other circumstances, and at other seasons; but were I a poet, and desirous of feeling all the exquisite beauty of which an Eastern sea is capable, I could desire no more than the power to recall at will, with the full force of the original impression, the aspect of that most lovely sea, when, in its placid hour, I passed over its surface on my first visit to the 'City of the Sultan.' At midnight the charm was broken; the moon, which had so gloriously risen, was obscured by dense vapour; and when at early dawn I hurried on deck, to catch the first long-wished-for view of the glories of Stamboul, I saw but the tips of minars above the rolling mists, the heights of Scutari in deep shadow, and the Maiden Tower lying like a dark blot before us upon the waters."

Our allies had reached Gallipoli before the first detachment of British troops arrived, and they quartered themselves as advantageously as possible, showing the national tact and adroitness in such matters. Their debarkation at Gallipoli was admirable—the regularity which marked every movement—the rapidity with which they executed the most intricate arrangements—the ease with which everything was found when wanting, were in striking contrast to the deficiencies which showed themselves in the debarkation and on-shore movements of the British. The latter were quartered in the upper and healthier portion of the town, but amongst a hostile population, who regarded them as enemies, the supporters of a despotism from which Russia was warring to deliver them. The French placed themselves amongst the Turkish population, who regarded them as allies, and treated them accordingly. Nothing was left to chance, all their arrangements were preconcerted. They sent out efficient officers, who organized all requi-

sites for the landing and billeting of a large force. They did not stand upon much ceremony with corrupt pashas or cheating dealers, Jew, Greek, or Armenian; they plainly, although politely, intimated that they came to fight for the sultan, not to starve for him—they would pay for what they received, but would punish all attempts at extortion, with or without the consent of bey or pasha. They were accordingly well treated. The Oriental understood men who adopted such a line of conduct—it was intelligible in itself. The British neither knew how to land a large body of troops, nor to provide for them when landed. All was disorder and confusion. Scarcely were the soldiers put in quarters, when scarcity of food, absence of medical care and of medicine, extortionate prices by the market people, in consequence of the neglect of regulations for the mode of supply, and speculation in every form, afflicted the men. Lieutenant-general Brown, who was in command before Lord Raglan's arrival, was opposed to all new notions. He paid great attention to the shaving department, but the feeding department belonged to Commissary Filder, or somebody else—it was beneath the notice of a British general to attend to groceries and butcher's meat. Never were troops kept in better drill, but when sick it was no business of the general's to look after the like. Lieutenant-general Brown was as humane and generous as he was brave, but he was there as the representative of a system—the clean chin and tight stock system—the system of hard fighting and hard fare—and it was not to be expected that a British general would be so sacrilegious as to break through forms consecrated by the sanction of generals, colonels, and clerks of the ordnance. Besides, why should a lieutenant-general be confounded with a surgeon-general, or a commander-in-chief be turned into a chief apothecary? It is true the men must die if their food were bad in quality or insufficient in quantity, or if the physicians were few, careless, and unskilful; but that was not his fault;—better to lose men, than that *the system* should lose its high and long-established *prestige*. Commissaries, chirurgeons, and correspondents of newspapers, were the proper persons to fidget about camps, and talk of "the condition" of troops. So long as their chins were clean, their stocks stiff, their heads erect, their shakos of orthodox weight and dimensions, and their hearts and hands ready for the fray, the general in command, being British, and an officer of rank who knew his own place and the system, had no further concern.

Let us just contrast the account given by the Paris *Moniteur* and the London *Times* of the conditions of the two armies, in the matters so essential to their efficiency, and our readers can form a clear notion how, at the very outset of

the Eastern campaign, their respective military systems worked. The *Moniteur* says:—

"The government has received reports from General Canrobert, on the arrival of the French troops at Gallipoli, and on their installation in the environs of that town. These first accounts are very satisfactory. A Turkish commission, presided over by Ibrahim Pasha, had preceded at Gallipoli the arrival of our first detachments, in order to make itself acquainted with our necessities, and to satisfy them as far as possible. The general has had much cause to be satisfied with this intervention. The pasha of Adrianople had come at the same time to Gallipoli to support with his authority the execution of the measures to be taken; thus all the resources were turned to use, and our soldiers at their disembarkation received all that was necessary for them. A proportional part of the resources of the town had been reserved for the English army. This division has been effected between them with the most cordial understanding. General Canrobert has reconnoitred all the Peninsula; he has fixed upon the spots where the different corps will encamp, and will form themselves into brigades as they disembark. The troops will be there in good condition, at the smallest distance possible from Gallipoli, and in localities abounding with water and wood. The country is very healthy, and the necessities of the sick have been provided for by the installation of a temporary hospital at Gallipoli. Localities have also been prepared in the town to serve as magazines, and to receive provisions of all kinds sent from France for the army. Our installation has therefore commenced on the best conditions, and, in a short time, the first three divisions will be united in the camp of Gallipoli, with all the *matériel* of artillery, engineers, provisions, hospitals, and encampment, destined for the expeditionary corps. All those immense stores have been embarked from the shores of France and Algeria, and, without doubt, the greater portion has by this time arrived at its destination."

The *Times* correspondent describes matters thus:—

"The French came first, and like all first-comers they are the best served. When the *Golden Fleece* came in on Thursday night there was no pilot to show her where to anchor, and it was nearly an hour ere she ran out her cable in nineteen fathoms water. No one came off to her, for it was after midnight, and there was something depressing in this silent reception of the first British army that ever landed on the shores of these Straits. As we entered the portals of the Dardanelles, and rushed swiftly up between its dark banks, crowned with mountain ridges looming through the darkness, we tried to catch their form, and discern the out-

line of the villages on its shores. The sentinels on the forts and along the ridges challenged loudly, shouting to each other to be on the alert—the band of the Rifles all the while playing the latest fashionable polkas, or making the rocks acquainted with 'Rule Britannia,' and 'God save the Queen.' But all these things ceased at Gallipoli, and when morning came we only felt sorry that nature had made it a desirable place for us to land at. The tricolour was floating right and left, and the blue coats of the French were well marked on shore, the long lines of bullock-carts stealing along the strand towards their camp making it evident that they were taking care of themselves. As it happened, our active, intelligent, and able consul, had gone to the tower of the Dardanelles to look for us, but we had escaped him in the dark. The first thing that happened after the visit of the commissaries was characteristic. The general desired to send for the consul, but the only way of doing so was by water, and the only vessel available for the purpose was a small Turkish imperial steamer near us. The consul's dragoman, a grand-looking Israelite, prepared to go on the expedition, but the engineer on board had just managed to break his leg. He therefore requested the loan of our engineer, as no one could be found to undertake the care of the steamer's engines, and after a successful cruise, he returned in the evening with the consul, Mr. Calvert, on board. Mr. Calvert went to the Turkish council, reminded them that there were British troops yet to come, and succeeded in having half of the quarters in the town reserved to him for their use. Next day he visited and marked off the houses; but on his return the French authorities said they had made a mistake as to the portions of the town they had handed over to him, and he of course had to yield and give them up. They have the Turkish part of the town, close to the water, with an honest and favourable population; the English have got the Greek quarter, further up the hill, and perhaps the healthier, with 'dextrous' tradesmen, and a population which hates them bitterly, and regards them as foes quartered on them by force of arms.

"Sir George Brown, commanding first division British expeditionary army, Colonel Sullivan, assistant-adjutant-general, Dr. Alexander, first class staff-surgeon, Captain Whitmore, aide-de-camp, &c., the rifle-brigade, and two companies of Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant-colonel Victor, arrived, as we have seen, on Wednesday night (Thursday morning), but it was mid-day on Saturday ere the troops were landed and sent to their quarters. Why was this? Because nothing was ready for them! The force consisted of only some thousand and odd men; and, small as it was, owing to the fault

of 'somebody or other,' it had to lie idle for two days and a half, watching the sea-gulls, or with half-averted eye regarding the ceaseless activity of the French, the daily arrival of their steamers, the rapid transmission of their men by the paddle-box boats of their vessels to shore, and the admirable completeness of all their arrangements in every detail; hospitals for the sick, bread and biscuit bakeries, waggon trains for carrying stores and baggage, every necessary and every comfort indeed to be had the moment their ships came in—not a British pendant was afloat in the harbour! Our great naval state was represented by a single steamer belonging to a private company. Well might a Turkish boatman ask—'Oh, why is this? Oh, why is this, young man? By the beard of the prophet, for the sake of your father's father, tell me, oh, English lord, how is it? The French infidels have got one, two, three, four, five, six, seven ships, with fierce little soldiers; the English infidels, who say they can defile the graves of these French (may Heaven avert it!), and who are big as the giants of Asli, have only one big ship. Do they tell lies?' (Such was the translation given to me of my interesting waterman's address).

"On Thursday there was a general hunt for quarters through the town. Mr. Calvert, the consul, attended by dragoman and interpreter, and a train of lodging-seekers, went from house to house, but it was not till the eye had got accustomed to the general style of the buildings and fittings that any of them seemed willing to accept the places offered them. The general got a very fine place in a *beau quartier*, with a view of an old Turk on a counter looking at his toes in perpetual perspective. Colonel Sullivan and staff were equally successful. From one learn all. The hall door, which is an antiquated concern—not affording any particular resistance to the air to speak of—opens on an apartment with clay walls of about ten feet high, and of the length and breadth of the whole house. It is garnished with the odds and ends of the domestic deity—with empty barrels, with casks of home-made wine, buckets, baskets, &c. At one side a rough staircase, creaking at every step, conducts one to a saloon on the first floor. This is of the plainest possible appearance. On the sides are stuck prints of the *Nicolaus ho basilens*, and of the Virgin and Child (after the Greek school), with wonderful engravings from Jerusalem. There is no other furniture. It may be observed, that as the schism between the Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic churches arose out of the discussion of an intricate question on the subtlest point of theology, they fight bitterly on matters of very fine distinction yet. Thus the Greeks are iconoclasts, and hate images, but they adore pictures. A yellow Jonah, in a crimson

whale with fiery entrails, is a favourite subject for these artists, and doubtless bears some allegorical meaning. From this saloon open the two or three rooms of the house—the kitchen, the divan, and the principal bedroom. The floors are covered with matting, but with the exception of the cushions on the raised platform round the wall of the room (about eighteen inches from the floor), there is nothing else in the rooms offered for general competition to the public. Above are dark attics—*voilà tout!* My apartment would form a study for Dr. Reid or Mr. Gurney. If they want to understand the true principle of keeping up a current of fresh air everywhere, let them at once come out to Gallipoli, and become my successors in the possession of this remarkable chamber. True, the walls are of mud and straw, and the staircase has been devised expressly for the purpose of entrapping the first heavy Turk who may happen to stride up. It is the thinnest wood-work possible. Water is some way off, and the philosophers, if not provided with servants who can speak the language, and an allowance of rations from her majesty's stores, may be seen soon after their arrival stalking up the street with as much dignity as is compatible with the circumstance of their carrying a sheep's liver on a stick in one hand, some lard in the other, and a loaf of black bread under their arms—at least your correspondent had to adopt that course or die of hunger the other day. There is not such a thing as a pound of butter in the whole country, meat is very scarce, fowls impossible, but the country wine is fair enough; eggs are not so rare as might be imagined from the want of poultry."

The result of all this was the very early development of disease and depression of spirits among the British, and although ultimately the more hardy sons of our stern isles suffered less in proportion than the French from disease and death, that proportion would, from that very hardihood of constitution which characterised them, have been much smaller, had the soldiers not been deprived of just and generous care. An authority in all such matters, Colonel Leach, of the Old 95th, one of the regiments of the celebrated light division in the Peninsula War, has said concerning the losses by disease attendant upon defective commissary arrangement, and the actual stroke of battle—"40,000 were killed or died of wounds; 120,000 of disease; and 120,000 more were by disease unfitted for service." Sir Charles Shaw, whose experience in outpost duty in the wars of Don Pedro, in Portugal, and of Don Carlos, in Spain,—a kind of service exposing men to both disease and conflict,—made these remarks in consequence of having his attention called to the want of proper physical care of the troops in Turkey:—

"During the first years the French were in

Algiers, their annual loss averaged about 5000 by shot, and 15,000 by disease; but when they brought into use the '*tentes à l'abri*,' or sack tents, the loss by disease was much diminished. The British authorities might have adopted these 'sack tents,' and our brave fellows, in coming to a bivouac, might have found themselves as well cared for as their French allies. But no change has taken place. There can be no objection as to weight, as the French soldiers, as heavily weighted as ours, carry them with the greatest pleasure; and consider them their greatest comfort. If a pair of flannel drawers and waistcoat were to be carried in the square bag, there would be no additional weight and more comfort. The sack tents weigh 2 lbs., and cost 2s. 6d. The price of the soldier is, say £130; this 2s. 6d. being no great extravagance to preserve his health, as it is a hot sun on a halt by day, and the dews by night, which fill the hospitals."

These words were written at a later period of the mismanagement of the British authorities, and the sufferings of the soldiers; but they were applicable upon the very first experiences by the troops of the mal-arrangements of those to whose incompetent care and blind officialism they were entrusted.

Much discussion was excited at the time as to the fitness of Gallipoli and its neighbourhood for the encampment. Of course, this discussion could only be conducted in a clear light, with a full knowledge of the true aims and plans of the allied governments. If they had well-grounded hopes of peace, the selection of Gallipoli, all sanitary considerations apart, was prudent. That they did suppose themselves justified in entertaining such hopes, the world learned only when unparalleled misery to our troops had resulted from such delusion. The faith of the French minister for foreign affairs rested upon the fidelity of Austria, and the terror which he supposed the junction of the Austrian armies with those of the Western allies would inspire. The faith of Lord Aberdeen, and the section of his colleagues most intimately associated with him in politics, was in the moderation of the Emperor Nicholas, his esteem for England, his friendship for Lord Aberdeen himself, his sympathy with the Conservative section of the British cabinet, and the impression to be produced at St. Petersburg by a *demonstration* of the allied forces. All these grounds were baseless, and can only be explained upon the theory that the Conservative sympathy of the Aberdeen part of the ministry, and perhaps of the whole ministry, blinded them utterly to the character of the Emperor Nicholas, and the prevailing policy of his court, and feelings of his people. It is difficult to believe that Lord Palmerston shared with his colleagues the confidence in

czarism and the czar; but he held at this time an office in the ministry which gave him less influence in the conduct of the war than any other minister; and it is now well known that he but coldly supported the half-measures and empty demonstrations, which proved the strength of the enemy, and the destruction of so many of the noblest soldiers that ever crowded round the standard of England. It has also been alleged, that not foreseeing the gallant resistance of the Turks at Silistria, and not believing that Turkey possessed so much military virtue, it was deemed expedient that the expeditionary forces should first secure the capital, and await the chances of war and the progress of events for the next enterprise. The government undoubtedly wished the British public to believe that this was their policy. We are certain that it was the policy of the French Emperor, who never partook in the confidence which his able foreign minister placed in Austria. The Palmerston and Russell section of the English ministers regarded the matter in the French Emperor's point of view; but their colleagues believed that no real war would ensue; that the Russians would never stay to hear the beat of an English drum; that Gallipoli, or anywhere else on the shores of the Bosphorus, would do for *the purpose* of the expedition; and that even the government of their ally would have proof of their sagacity, originality, intimate knowledge of the czar's character, and personal influence with him, in the speedy return of the armies, without firing at anything more formidable than a refractory Bashi-bazouk, a sea-gull, or an insurrectionary Greek. They made war on a principle and with prospects which rendered Gallipoli far enough out of the way, and, therefore, a suitable place for the troops to imitate the manoeuvre so celebrated in satire—

"Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

Indeed, there was no knowing that the fire-eating autocrat might not eat ship biscuit with Admiral Napier, and the redoubtable Menschikoff see the troops home from the East, and dine in company with Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambridge at the hospitable board of the French Emperor, and that of the greatest dinner-giving official of this realm, the Lord Mayor of London. Even that Othello of the host, Sir George Brown, might, in such case, own without a sigh his "occupation gone."

Supposing it even necessary to defend Constantinople, what were the advantages of Gallipoli, or of the camp which was formed some seven miles from the port of supply—an inconvenience so disastrous subsequently in the Crimea? It was alleged that Marshal Vaillant chose the neighbourhood, and Sir John Burgoyne the site; the former in his office in Paris, the latter



after ten minutes' inspection of the ground chosen to pitch our tents upon. A world of controversy on these points, never very satisfactorily adjusted, and various conflicting opinions among military men, still leave them vexed questions for the general public. The opinion given by Mr. Russell, whose sagacity deserves as much commendation as has ever been lavished upon the qualities of his style, is thus expressed:—"The geographical accidents at Gallipoli would lead one to think the army placed there is intended for occupation and defence. It would be within such a distance of Constantinople that, if the capital were in the smallest danger, the troops could be sent there in a few days, artillery, baggage, and all, while it effectually commands the Dardanelles and the entrance to the Sea of Marmora, and makes it a *mare clausum* as it lists. But there are other considerations not to be overlooked, and which become significant enough when it is recollected that a small town, on a spit of land opposite the mouth of the Maritza, on the coast of Turkey, to the north-east of Samothrace, was surveyed and examined for an encampment by French and English engineers. I mean the town of Enos. It is obvious that if some daring Muscovite general, forcing a passage across the Danube, beat the Turks and crossed the western ridges of the Balkan, he might advance southwards with very little hindrance to the very Ægean; and a dashing march to the south-east would bring his troops to the western shores of the Dardanelles. An army at Gallipoli could check such a movement, if it ever entered into the head of any one but the person who is now writing of it. Gallipoli is in effect situated on almost the narrowest portion of the tongue of land or peninsula which, running between the Gulf of Saros on the west and the Dardanelles on the east, forms the western side of the Strait. An army encamped here commands the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora, and can be marched northwards to the Balkan, or sent across to Asia or up to Constantinople with equal facility."

The selection of Gallipoli and neighbourhood was much against the opinion, both of the Turkish authorities and people, and greatly contributed to the distrust which the Turks felt towards the allies.

On the arrival of the *Himalaya* with troops on the 13th of April, General Brown, unable to make any arrangements for their accommodation, sent the vessel on to Constantinople; the troops it carried were quartered at Scutari. The immense size of the *Himalaya* attracted the attention of soldiers and people, both at Gallipoli and at Constantinople, and impressed Turks, Greeks, and even French, with the naval superiority of England.

Ultimately, the authorities considered it

judicious to direct the great body of the English troops, as they arrived, at once to Scutari. The arrival of the allied generals soon increased the stir and bustle of camp and city. Lord Raglan arrived on the 28th of April at Constantinople; on the 30th Prince Napoleon arrived at Gallipoli; on the 7th of May Marshal St. Arnaud landed at the former place; the Duke of Cambridge, as we have already seen, in our notice of the arrival of the *Caradoc*, landed at Gallipoli on the 9th of May, but remained only a short time, re-embarking for Constantinople.

The immense barracks at Scutari were given up to the possession of the English, but so horribly was the place infested with vermin, that the troops could not occupy them, but were obliged to pitch their tents behind, at some distance. Scutari is situated on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, opposite Constantinople. The "Green Palace," at Keuatscheschme, was appropriated to the superior officers. The view of Scutari from Constantinople is very fine, and seldom has it been more happily described than in the following passage, from the pen of one who has witnessed the best and brightest scenery of many lands:—

"It is impossible for the eye to fall upon a more perfectly lovely picture than that commanded by the upper rooms of the Hôtel d'Europe. Immediately below are clusters of the Pera houses, interspersed with foliage, and rich with every variety of warm colouring—in some cases the effect of age, in others of the pink and orange tints of the original stucco. On the right are the beautiful mosques of Stamboul, rising among the dark cypress trees, and seeming to form a shining barrier between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, whose islands stretch away, far as the eye can reach, in a mystery of soft blue haze; while immediately opposite the eye, is the great barracks of Scutari, backed by the hills of Asia."

From the same pen we give a description of Scutari, and the neighbourhood of the camp there:—

"At the time of which I write, there were twelve regiments encamped here, in addition to three battalions of the Guards and some horse artillery. At one of the even hours destined for the departure of the little military steamer, we made our way to the Tophana bridge, and took our places for Scutari. A wonderful matter is that Tophana bridge! Uniting Galata to Stamboul, it is constantly traversed by the population of the old and new city; while, on the side next Scutari, all the steamers for Buyukdere, Therapia, and all points of the Bosphorus, receive and leave their passengers. To arrive at the camp we passed the general hospital, a large, well-built brick building, said to be one of the finest in Europe; but I imagine that when completed, l'Hôpital des Français,

at Pera, will alone deserve to hold that rank. On the grass-plot in front of the hospital were pitched the tents of Lady Errol, with one or two others, occupied by the staff-surgeons; and passing on, we came upon one of the finest scenes Turkey has ever boasted—the great encampment of the British forces. The Highlanders happened to be on parade, and made the scene more effective. Its great charm, however, apart from patriotic feeling, arose from the extreme beauty of the position which had been chosen for this great array of the national power and purpose. Before us lay the beautiful Bosphorus, with the shining city of the Osmanli; to the rear, the fine mountains of Asia, and the dark cypress woods of the Champs des Morts; around, on the undulating plain, stretched lines of the British tents—the promise of freedom to the darkened people of this most lovely land. Parties of men in varied uniforms, under process of drill, were gazed at by Greeks and Turks with intense interest; horsemen galloped about in the picturesque costumes of oriental cavalry; and even Turkish ladies in their *arabas*—ostensibly on their way to some tomb sacred to the memories of their friends in the neighbouring cemetery—could not resist the temptation of stopping for a time to see the ‘*Englese*.’

“A very pretty *maison de campagne*, belonging to the sultan, was to be seen among rich foliage at the rear of the encampment of the Guards. We were told that it had been offered for the occupation of the duke, who declined it; and when it was suggested that the same offer should be made to Lord Raglan, the sultan’s reply had been to the effect, that none but one of England’s royal blood should sit in the saloons of the Brother of the Sun.

“Passing round the walls of the Scutari barracks, we came upon the most wretched mud-huts imaginable, which had been erected for the soldiers’ wives. These edifices, more resembling the plasterings of mason-wasps than anything intended for habitation, were so low as to prevent the possibility of any one standing in them; and were simply patched against the wall, with a bit of matting over the doorway, and a small hole to admit air and light. It was of course impossible that women could wash in such places as these; consequently, the poor creatures, with blistered arms and faces, and often bare-headed, were standing exposed to the burning sun outside the tents of the men.

“I know nothing, whether at home or abroad—whether in the lanes and alleys that spread infection, moral and physical, over London, or in the distant heathen lands where slavery prevails, and of which religious philanthropists consider it their duty to preach—that so loudly and so justly appeals to the sympathies of the men and women of England, as the condition of the soldier’s wife.”

While the camps were increasing in the East, and the depots were gathering strength at home, two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns, were added to each battalion of infantry; and the cavalry regiments were proportionably strengthened by an increase of officers.

Several officers of engineers and artillery visited by command the head-quarters of Omar Pasha, and reconnoitred the Russian Danubian army. These duties were performed with great skill and daring, and conspicuous amongst those endowed with genius and heroism was Lieutenant Butler, doomed so soon and so nobly to fall.

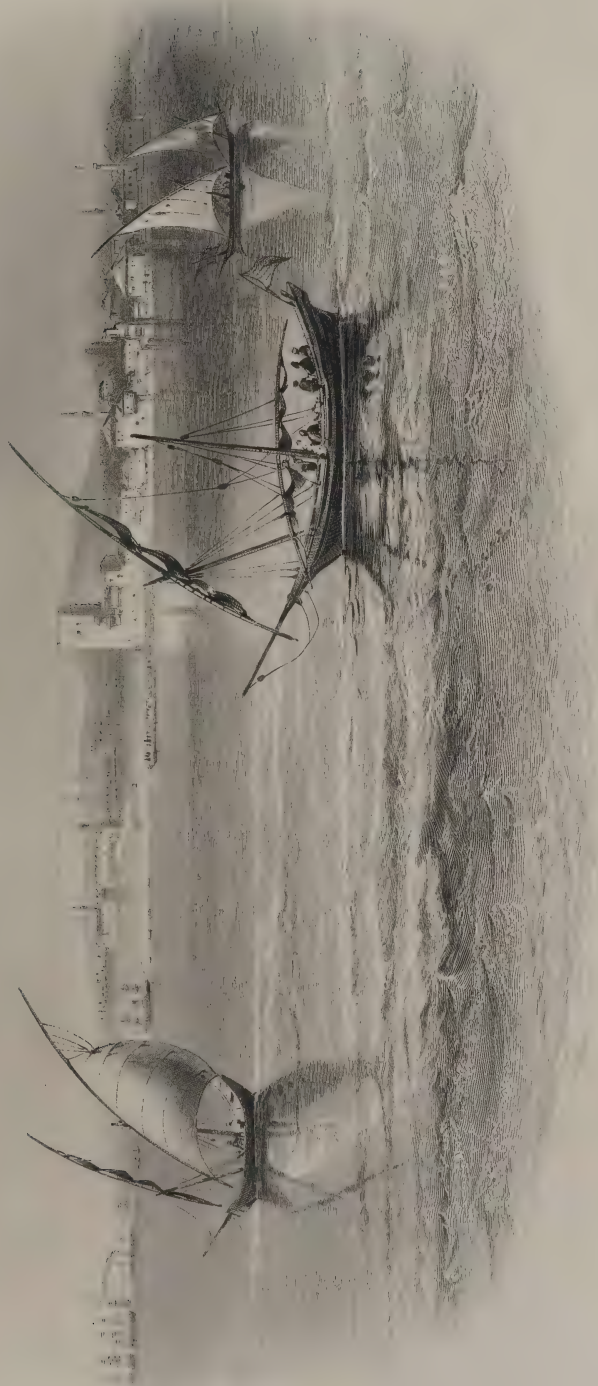
CHAPTER XVIII.

GALLIPOLI AND CONSTANTINOPLE DURING THE OCCUPATION OF THE ALLIES.

“The European with the Asian shore
Sparkled with palaces; the ocean stream
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
Sophia’s cupola with golden gleam;
The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar.”—BYRON.

It was with pleasure the troops at Gallipoli were gradually moved forward to Constantinople; and those regiments which were sent directly to the latter from Malta, or from home, congratulated themselves on escaping the uncomfortable quarters of either town or camp. Gallipoli has been, perhaps, more frequently described than any other place equally tumble-down—if such a place there be in Europe out of Turkey. Above them all, unquestionably, stood that of the *Times* correspondent for accuracy and graphic effect:—

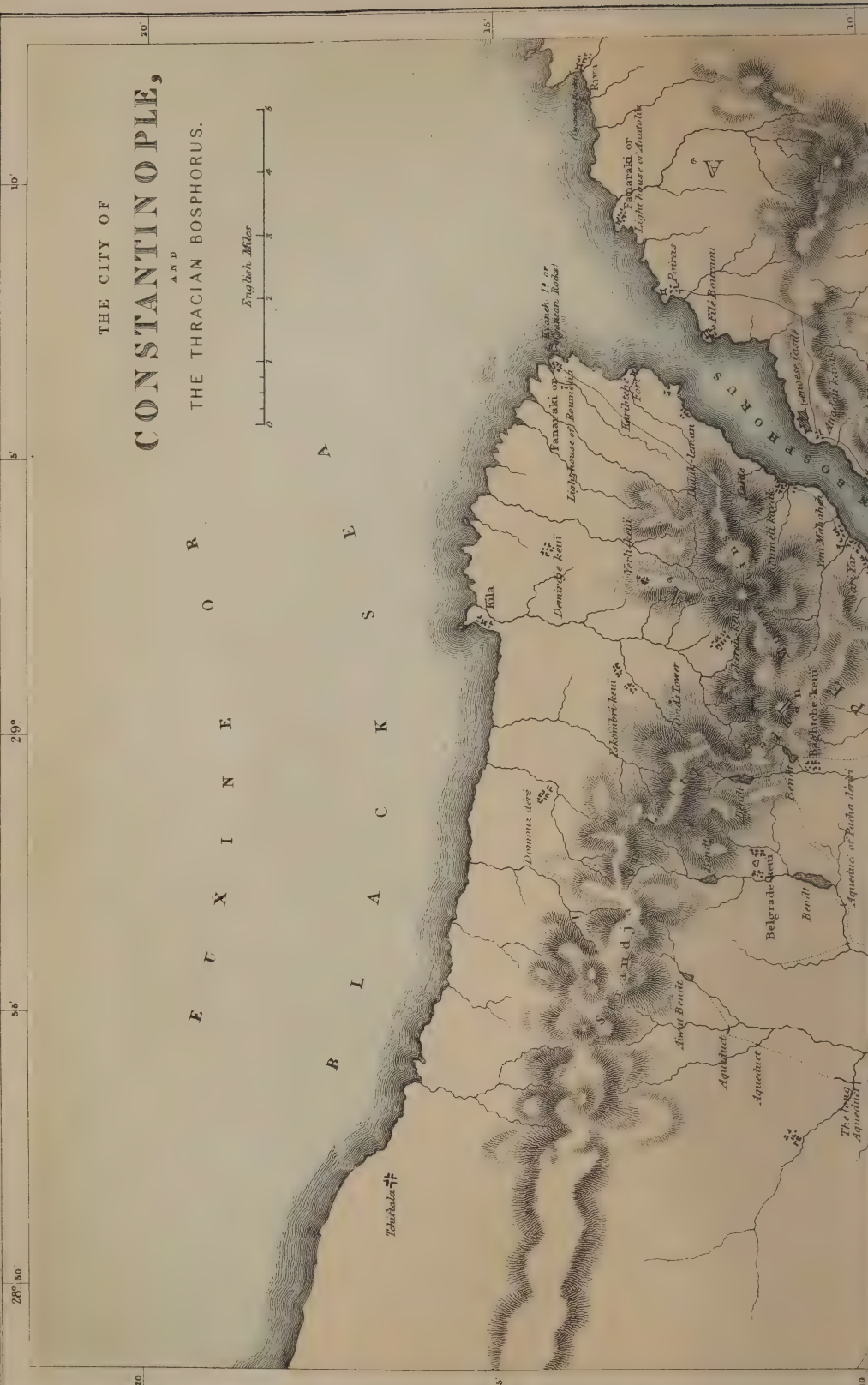
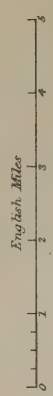
“Take dilapidated out-houses of the farmers’ yards in England, remove rickety old wooden tenements of Holywell Street, Wych Street, and the Borough—catch up, wherever you can, any seedy, cracked, shutterless structure of planks and tiles that have escaped the ravages of time in our cathedral towns—carry off sheds and stalls from Billingsgate, and add to them the huts along the shores of the Thames between London Bridge and Greenwich, bring them all to the European side of the Straits of the Dardanelles, and having pitched on the most



C. H. P. 1871.

THE CITY OF

THE THRACIAN BOSPHORUS.





exposed portion of the coast, on a bare round hill, sloping away to the water's edge, with scarcely tree or shrub—tumble them 'higgledy piggledy' on its declivity, in such wise that the streets may resemble, on a large scale, the devious traces of a bookworm through some old tome—let the roadway be very narrow, of irregularly varying breadth, according to the bulgings and projections of the houses, and filled with large round slippery stones, painful and hazardous to walk upon—here and there borrow a dirty gutter from a back street in Boulogne—let the houses in parts lean across to each other so that the tiles meet, or that a few planks thrown across from over the doorways unite and form a sort of 'passage' or arcade—steal some of our popular monuments, the shafts of various national testimonials or Irish round towers, surround them with a light gallery about twelve feet from the top, put on a large extinguisher-shaped roof, paint them all white, and having thus made them into minarets, clap them down into the maze of buildings—then let fall big stones all over the place—plant little windmills with odd-looking sails on the crests of the hill over the town—transport the ruins of a feudal fortress from northern Italy, and put it in the centre of the town, with a flanking tower extending to the water's edge—erect a few buildings of wood by the waterside to serve as *café*, custom-house, and government stores—and when you have done this, you have to all appearance imitated the process by which the town of Gallipoli was created. The receipt, if tried, will be found to answer beyond belief. To fill it up you must, however, catch a number of the biggest breeched, longest bearded, dirtiest, and stateliest old Turks (to be had at any price in the Ottoman Empire); provide them with pipes, and keep them smoking all day on little wooden stages or platforms about two feet from the ground, by the water's edge or up the main streets, as well as in the shops of the bazaar (one of the 'passages' or arcades already described); see that they have no slippers on, nothing but stout woollen hose, their feet gear being left on the ground below; shawl turbans (one or two being green, for the real descendant of the prophet), fur-lined flowing coats, and bright-hued sashes round the waist, in which are to be stuck silver-sheathed yataghans and ornamented Damascus pistols—don't let them move more than their eyes, or express any emotion at the sight of anything except an English lady; then gather a noisy, picturesque, and active crowd of fez-capped Greeks in baggy blue breeches, smart jackets, sashes, and rich vests—of soberly dressed Armenians—of intellectual-looking Jews, with keen flashing eyes; Chasseurs de Vincennes, Zouaves, British Riflemen, Vivandières, Sappers and

Miners, Nubian slaves, camel-drivers, commissaries, officers, and sailors, and direct them in streams through the streets round the little islets in which the smoking Turks are harboured, and you will do much to populate the place. It will be observed there are no women mentioned, but children are not by any means wanting, on the contrary, there is a glut of them, in the Greek quarter particularly, and now and then a bundle of clothes, in yellow leather boots, and covered at the top with a piece of white linen, may be seen moving about, which you will do well to believe contains a woman neither young nor pretty. Dogs—so large, savage, tailless, hairy, and curiously-shaped that Wombwell could make a fortune out of them, if aided by any clever nomenclator—prowling along the shore and walking through the shallow water, in which stands a herd of bullocks and buffaloes waiting till the *araba* or cart is ready for them; six French steamers, and three French transports, with the tricolour flying, and the paddle-box boats full of troops on their way to land, a solitary English steamer, with the red ensign, at anchor in the bay, and some Greek *polaccas*, with their beautiful white sails and trim rig, flying down the Straits, which are here about three and a half miles broad, so that the villages on the rich swelling hills of the Asia-Minor side are plainly visible; all these must be added, and then the picture is tolerably complete. In truth, it is a wretched place—picturesque to a degree, but like all picturesque things or places, horribly uncomfortable."

The desire of the army to reach the city of the Golden Horn was intense; the men expected to find there realities corresponding to the scenes depicted in oriental fable. The officers spent a good deal of time in "reading up." Turkish histories and Turkish travels were almost the only books in vogue among the readers. The bright visions of those whose day-dreams were tintured by the *Arabian Nights*, and kindred productions, were painfully dissipated by the realities of the place. There were many things which to their occidental habits were irreconcilable with comfort, convenience, or good taste: there was no disposition evinced among the troops of either of the Western nations to adopt the faith of Islam, from any of its advantages exemplified in the manners and customs of its professors. Still, so great a city as Constantinople could not fail to interest men of enterprise and inquisitiveness, such as composed the two fine armies quartered in its vicinage. The city possesses about 650,000 inhabitants. Of these, a moiety are Turks and Mohammedans of various nations. The Christian population is composed of Franks, Copts, Armenians, Nestorians, a few

Protestants, besides Greeks, who vastly outnumber all these together. The government and social institutions have already been glanced at by us in our sketch of Turkish history.

The city is miserably lighted, if it may be said to be lighted at all. There is no attention paid to sewerage, drainage, or cleansing; the dogs, which are innumerable and common property, being the only scavengers. No city could be better situated for sanitary advantages, none was ever more neglected in respect to many of them. Yet there are things in which even the metropolis of England might take example from the City of the Sultan. Great care is taken in the decent burial of the dead. The place of graves is one of the most interesting objects to the visitors of Constantinople. A vast area of turbaned tombs is cared for with the tenderest feelings; a deep reverence for the place of the dead pervades the Turkish mind. It would be impossible to find a man amongst all the ulemahs, softis, dervishes, or reverends of any degree of dignity, who, like Archdeacon Hare, would think of advocating the maintenance of churchyards in populous places, as in the great cities of England, desecrating all the associations which love and reverence connect with the departed. Even the London Necropolis Company, with all its praiseworthy exertions to ensure a place of beautiful and sacred sepulture, can scarcely elevate our public to the ideas of Turkish veneration and respect for the dead. The great burial-place of Constantinople is truly beautiful, and after the seraglio, bazaars, mosques, and great thoroughfares, have ceased to occupy the eager interest of the traveller, he may love to linger—

“Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms,
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,
Like early unrequited love.”

While the Turks are to be commended for their care of the dead, and for the beautiful taste which characterises that care, and much as they excel us in these particulars, there is one unhappy circumstance connected with their burials in which they perform a part too closely resembling our own conduct. Church-yard intolerance is gradually growing odious among us, although our cemeteries and burial-grounds still exhibit distinctions repugnant to piety, tolerance, and common sense. Sectarian sections in places of burial are not confined to us—the Mohammedan can be as bigoted as the Christian in the “city of the dead.”

“The Turks carry their contempt of the Christian even beyond the grave. The funeral cypress, so singularly beautiful in its native East, is permitted to throw its dark shadows

only upon turbaned tombstones. The Armenian *rayah*, the oppressed Greek, and the more hated Jew, slumber in their unprotected graves on the open heath. It almost reconciles one to the haughtiness and cruelty of the Turkish character, however, to stand on one of the ‘seven hills’ of Stamboul, and look around upon their own beautiful cemeteries. On every sloping hill-side, in every rural nook, in the court of the splendid mosque, stands a dark necropolis—a small city of the dead—shadowed thickly by the close-growing cypresses, that the light of heaven penetrates but dimly. You can have no conception of the beauty it adds to the landscape. And then, from the bosom of each, a slender minaret shoots into the sky as if pointing out the flight of the departed spirit; and if you enter within its religious darkness, you find a taste and elegance unknown in more civilized countries—the humblest headstone lettered with gold, and the more costly sculptured into forms the most sumptuous, and fenced and planted with flowers never neglected.

“In the East, the graveyard is not, as with us, a place abandoned to its dead. Occupying a spot of chosen loveliness, it is resorted to by women and children, and on holidays by men, whose indolent natures find happiness enough in sitting on the green bank around the resting-place of their relatives and friends. Here, while their children are playing around them they smoke in motionless silence, watching the gay Bosphorus or the busier curve of the Golden Horn, one of which is visible from every cemetery in Stamboul. Occasionally you see large parties of twenty or thirty, sitting together, their slight feast of sweetmeats and sherbet spread in some grassy nook, and the surrounding headstones serving as leaning-places for the women, or bounds for the infant gambols of the gaily-dressed little Mussulmans.

“Whatever else we may deny the Turk, we must allow him to possess a genuine love for rural beauty. The cemeteries we have described, the choice of his dwelling on the Bosphorus, and his habit of resorting, whenever he has leisure, to some lovely scene, to sit the live-long day in the sunshine, are proof enough. And then all over the hills, both in Anatolia and Roumelia, wherever there is a finer view or greener spot than elsewhere, you find the small *sairgah*—the grassy platform on which he spreads his carpet, and you may look in vain for a spot better selected for his purpose.”

The water supply of a great city is an important feature of its civilization. In this respect London is far behind the metropolis of Islamism. The *Builder*, a scientific and yet popular periodical, thus describes the advantages of Constantinople in this particular:—

“The Turkish capital offers the peculiarity that good and salutary regulations exist where



سلطان عبدالعزیز خان

SULTAN ABUL MEJID KHAN.

a mere chaos was hitherto supposed to occupy their place. According to late calculations, based on correct observations and tables, the fifteen systems of sources and water wells which surround Constantinople, and from which numerous aqueducts and cisterns are alimented, yield a daily supply of 249 *lulehs* of water, which is equivalent to 12,267,532 kilogrammes; and as the population of the Turkish capital is calculated at 600,000, a daily supply of 2044 kilogrammes for every person indiscriminately is resulting therefrom. The administration and service of this water supply is confided to an especial class or order of men, the corps of the *Su-Jaldshi*, or well-masters. This regularly organised corps exercises a licensed art, and if they possess no theoretical knowledge, still they practise their art according to some traditional rules and principles. To this corps all works relating to the searching after water, its conducting and distribution, as far as want and even comfort are concerned, are confided. The corporation of the *Su-Jaldshi* now consists of about 300 Turks and 100 Albanese Greeks, who are exclusively selected from some families of the district of Drinopolis, in the Epirus. The inhabitants of five or six villages emigrate for the sake of occupying the situations of well-masters in Constantinople and other Turkish cities."

"*Detur dignissimo*," to the sultan personally, the city and its inhabitants are especially indebted for the maintenance of what is valuable, and the preservation of whatever meliorates the condition of the people, and improves their great city. Although without genius, and in almost every respect destitute of the energetic qualities of his immediate predecessor, his amiable and benevolent disposition impels him in the course of improvement, and he is not destitute of the courage requisite to enter or persist in the path of innovation where his whole people are benefited, however much he may thereby offend the bigotry, political or religious, of the Turkish party *par excellence*. Perhaps the most precise, although attractively-coloured description of him, is given by Lamartine, in the introductory chapter of his *History of Turkey*.

The sultan had appointed a meeting with the poet at "a small pavilion or retreat, wherein he loved to meditate, remote from the noise and pomp of his palaces at Stamboul." Lamartine was then on his travels, and he copies this description, made at the time, from his note-book. The interview took place several years after Abdul-Medjid succeeded his father, who died in 1839:—

"On entering the kiosk, I looked around for the sultan. He was standing almost invisible in the shade between the door and window, at the corner the least lighted in the room. The sultan Abdul-Medjid is a young man from

twenty-six to twenty-seven years old, of an appearance rather more mature than his age. His figure is tall, elegant, and slim. He bears his head with that gracefulness at once supple and noble, which the length of neck gives to the bust of Alexander in his early youth. The features are regular, the forehead high, the eyes blue, the eyebrows arched as in the Caucasian races, the nose straight, the lips well cut and parted; the chin, that foundation of character in the human countenance, is firm and well set; the aggregate leaves an impression rather attractive than imposing; you see a man who wishes to be loved rather than to be feared; he has the timidity of modesty in his general air, melancholy on his lips, and a precocious lassitude in the attitude; you perceive that this young man has thought and suffered before his time. But the feature that predominates is grave and meditative sensibility. You say to yourself:—'This man carries something weighty and holy in his thoughts, like the interests of a people, and he feels the weight and sanctity of the burden.' Nothing of levity, nothing of youth in the expression. It is the statue of a young pontiff, rather than a young sovereign. The countenance inspires a certain tenderness of heart. You are haunted with the thought, despite of yourself, that here is a man sacrificed to supreme power, who is young, handsome, all-powerful, who will be doubtless great, but who will be never free; never without care, never happy. You pity—you love him, for amid his greatness he feels vividly his responsibility. Every man in his empire may be happy except himself. The throne has taken him in his cradle. His apparel was simple, uniform, almost a mourning suit. A tunic of dark drab reaching down to the knees, the neck bare, loose linen pantaloons over dark-coloured half-boots, a sabre without ornament on the hilt. His countenance alone could have discovered him to the crowd. I felt moved, attracted, affected, by the melancholy of his majesty. While I was speaking to him, he turned several times the pommel of his sword, upon which he was leaning, in his hand. He blushed, and looked down as if he had the bashfulness of his virtue. We attended him to the examination that he went to make in person of the military youth in an adjoining institution."

An American traveller gives the following description of the sultan's father, whose career exercised so important an influence upon the destinies of Turkey, and to whom Constantinople is indebted for much of what is valuable in its present condition:—

"I had slept on shore, and it was rather late before I remembered that it was Friday (the Moslem Sunday), and that Sultan Mahmoud was to go in state to mosque at twelve. I hur-

ried down the precipitous street of Pera, and, as usual, escaping barely with my life from the Christian-hating dogs of Tophana, embarked in a caique, and made all speed up the Bosphorus. There is no word in Turkish for faster, but I was urging on my *caikjees*, by a wave of the hand and the sight of a *bishlik* (about the value of a quarter of a dollar), when suddenly a broadside was fired from the three-decker, *Mahmoudier*, the largest ship in the world, and to the rigging of every man-of-war in the fleet through which I was passing, mounted, simultaneously, hundreds of blood-red flags, filling the air about us like a shower of tulips and roses. Imagine twenty ships of war, with yards manned, and scarce a line in their rigging to be seen for the flaunting of colours! The jar of the guns, thundering in every direction close over us, almost lifted our light boat out of the water, and the smoke rendered our pilotage between the ships, and among their extending cables, rather doubtful. The white cloud lifted after a few minutes, and, with the last gun, down went the flags altogether, announcing that the Brother of the Sun had left his palace.

"He had but crossed to the mosque of a small village on the opposite side of the Bosphorus, and was already at his prayers when I arrived. His body-guard was drawn up before the door, in their villanous European dress, and, as their arms were stacked, I presumed it would be some time before the sultan reappeared, and I improved the interval in examining the *handja-bashes*, or state-caiques, lying at the landing. I have arrived at my present notions of equipage by three degrees:—the pope's carriages at Rome rather astonished me; the Emperor of Austria's sleighs diminished the pope in my admiration; and the sultan's caiques, in their turn, 'pale the fires' of the Emperor of Austria. The *handja-bash* is built something like the ancient galley, very high at the prow and stern, carries some fifty oars, and has a roof over her poop, supported by four columns, and loaded with the most sumptuous ornaments, the whole gilt brilliantly. The prow is curved over, and wreathed into every possible device that would not affect the necessary lines of the model; her crew are dressed in the beautiful costume of the country, rich and flowing, and with the costly and bright-coloured carpets hanging over her side, and the flashing of the sun on her ornaments of gold, she is really the most splendid object of state equipage (if I may be allowed the misnomer) in the world.

"I was still examining the principal barge, when the troops stood to their arms, and preparation was made for the passing out of the sultan. Thirty or forty of his highest military officers formed themselves into two lines from the door of the mosque to the landing, and be-

hind them were drawn up single files of soldiers. I took advantage of the respect paid to the rank of Commodore Patterson, and obtained an excellent position, with him, at the side of the caique. First issued from the door two Georgian slaves, bearing censers, from which they waved the smoke on either side, and the sultan immediately followed, supported by the capitan-pasha, the seraskier, and Haleil Pasha (who is to marry the Sultana Esmeh). He walked slowly down to the landing, smiling and talking gaily with the seraskier, and, bowing to the commodore in passing, stepped into his barge, seated himself on a raised sofa, while his attendants coiled their legs on the carpet below, and turned his prow across the Bosphorus.

"I have perhaps never set my eyes on a handsomer man than Sultan Mahmoud. His figure is tall, straight, and manly, his air unembarrassed and dignified, and his step indicative of the well-known firmness of his character. A superb beard of jetty blackness, with a curling moustache, conceals all the lower part of his face; the decided and bold lines of his mouth just marking themselves when he speaks. It is said he both paints and dyes his beard, but a manlier brown upon a cheek, or a richer gloss upon a beard, I never saw. His eye is described by writers as having a *doomed darkness* of expression, and it is certainly one that would well become a chief of bandits—large, steady, and overhung with an eyebrow like a thunder-cloud. He looks the monarch. The child of a seraglio (where mothers are chosen for beauty alone) could scarce escape being handsome. The blood of Circassian upon Circassian is in his veins, and the wonder is, not that he is the handsomest man in his empire, but that he is not the greatest slave. Our 'mother's humour,' they say, predominates in our mixtures. Sultan Mahmoud, however, was marked by nature for a throne."

Miss Pardoe, in a brief paragraph, has expressed what must have been the impression of the officers of the allied forces, as they rambled through the streets and environs of the queenly city:—

"The great charm of Constantinople to a European eye exists in the extreme novelty, which is in itself a spell; for not only the whole locality, but all its accessories, are so unlike what the traveller has left behind him in the West, that every group is a study, and every incident a lesson; and he feels at once the necessity of flinging from him a thousand factitious wants and narrow conventional prejudices, and of looking calmly and dispassionately upon men and scenes wholly dissimilar to those with which he had been previously acquainted."*

* Eastern Europe Illustrated.

Constantinople is not 'only interesting for its natural beauties, singular associations, past history, and present relation to the politics of Europe and the "balance of power;" its position must always make it important in a commercial point of view, and the key of Eastern influence.

Sir A. Alison says that it "is the only capital in the world which can never decline as long as the human race endures, or the present wants of mankind continue." This is the opinion which a great historian formed of its importance and prospects; but whatever may have been the elements of this conviction with him, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it possible that Constantinople might become as silent as the sepulchres of Scutari, if held by a people whose moral condition—and whose government, consequently—unfitted them to make use of its great natural capabilities. Except so far as the reforms of the present sultan and of his predecessor tend to avert the downward tendency, the decline of Turkey has been so rapid during the present century, that could the Ottoman power only maintain possession of the fine countries which its crescent has blighted, even this place, so well suited by situation to become the emporium of nations, might sink rapidly into silence and ruin, ere some new conqueror carried his arms over the classic realms which surround it, and again gave to it the gay and busy life its beauty and its site are so adapted to maintain.

It is natural that Britain should regard with great political interest this famous seat of empire. It was, as its name implies, the city of Constantine, who was proclaimed emperor in Britain, and as some affirm was of British descent; his mother being daughter of a king who reigned over Essex, so we are informed at all events by Gibbon, whose authority is not impaired even by grave errors of fact, and graver errors of opinion.

The Ottoman race have always entertained a partiality for the English, arising from an impression of their tolerance for the Mohammedan religion, and from a tradition that Mohammed was prevented by death from converting the English to the faith. It is certain that no other nation possesses so completely the confidence and respect of the Turks as the English.

To the English interests in India it must always be a vital consideration by what power Constantinople is held. If by an aggressive and great naval and military power, England may tremble for her dominions in "the land of the sun." The question of who is to possess Constantinople can never be separated from the speculations of English politics. It is impossible that the British government can

look with indifference, or with any feeling short of apprehension, upon the approaches of such a power as Russia to the possession of this city, which, not only since the days of Peter the Great, as we are often told, but since the Scandinavian descent upon Novogorod, has been insatiably coveted. When the possibility of fixing their standards within its walls would have appeared to other nations the wildest dream the barbarous Russ could cherish, it *was* the dream which filled their ambition: and, as if urged on by some mighty instinct thitherward, their savage chiefs conducted their hordes—scarcely less savage than themselves—across the "silvery Danaw," beyond the mazy forests of Bulgaria, through the forbidding passes of the Balkan, and more than once their wild war-shout was echoed from the walls of the imperial city.

The feasibility of a rapid and sudden conquest of Constantinople by Russia has been much discussed of late. With the possession of the Crimea, such an arsenal there as Sebastopol became, a large fleet of war steamers and steam transports, and with such a point of support as Odessa, it is astonishing how any one could doubt that a blow might be hurled against Turkey in some season of civil confusion, Greek revolt, foreign war, or national apathy, which would bring down seraglio and mosque together, and enable Russia to have in her own keeping what her Emperor Alexander I. so naively told Napoleon I., was the "key of his house." Captain Spencer, who, as an engineer officer as well as an experienced traveller gave this subject his earnest consideration, represents in strong terms the practicability of a well equipped Russian navy so co-operating with an army upon the Bulgarian frontier, as to make it possible in a single campaign to overthrow the empire of the Osmanli. It would be easy to quote naval and engineer officers of the highest authority, both French and English, in confirmation of this opinion.

To write anything original of Constantinople is next to impossible: everything there—castle and caïque, camp and café—has been described over and over again by travellers. We redeem the promise made in an early chapter of this History, by selecting a few of the more graphic pictures presented on the page of travel.

"The Golden Horn" is an arm of the sea, curved so that the broadest extremity meets the Bosphorus, and forms the harbour of Constantinople; the other extremity tapers away, until it is lost in the Valley of Sweet Waters: "It curls through the midst of the city, and you cross it whenever you have an errand in old Stamboul. Its hundreds of shooting

caiques, its forests of merchantmen and men-of-war, its noise and its confusion, are exchanged in scarce ten minutes of swift pulling for the breathless and Eden-like solitude of a valley that has not its parallel, I am inclined to think, between the Mississippi and the Caspian. It is called in Turkish *khyat-khana*. Opening with a gentle curve from the Golden Horn, it winds away into the hills toward Belgrade, its long and even hollow thrived by a lively stream, and carpeted by a broad belt of unbroken green sward swelling up to the enclosing hills, with a grass so verdant and silken that it seems the very floor of faery. In the midst of its longest stretch to the eye (perhaps two miles of level meadow) stands a beautiful *serai* of the sultan's, unfenced and open, as if it had sprung from the lap of the green meadow like a lily. The stream runs by its door, and over a mimic fall, whose lip is of scalloped marble, is built an oriental kiosk, all carving and gold, that is only too delicate and fantastical for reality.

"Here, with the first grass of spring, the sultan sends his fine-footed Arabians to pasture; and here come the ladies of his harem, and in the long summer afternoon, with mounted eunuchs on the hills around, forbidding on pain of death all approach to the sacred retreat, they venture to drop their jealous veils, and ramble about in their unsunned beauty.

"After a gallop of three or four miles over the broad waste table plains in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, we checked our horses suddenly on the brow of a precipitous descent, with this scene of beauty spread out before us. I had not yet approached it by water, and it seemed to me as if the earth had burst open at my feet, and revealed some realm of enchantment. Behind me, and away beyond the valley to the very horizon, I could see only a trackless heath, brown and treeless, while a hundred feet below lay a strip of very Paradise, blooming in all the verdure and heavenly freshness of spring. We descended slowly, and crossing a bridge half hidden by willows, rode in upon the elastic green sward (for myself) with half a feeling of profanation. There were no eunuchs upon the hills, however, and our spirited Turkish horses threw their wild heads into the air, and we flew over the verdant turf like a troop of Delhis, the sound of the hoofs on the yielding carpet scarcely audible. The fair palace in the centre of this domain of loveliness was closed, and it was only after we had walked around it that we observed a small tent of the prophet's green couched in a small dell on the hill-side, and containing probably the guard of its imperial master.

"We mounted again, and rode up the valley for two or three miles, following the same level

and verdant curve, the soft carpet broken only by the silver thread of the Barbyses, loitering through it on its way to the sea. A herd of buffaloes, tended by a Bulgarian boy, stretched on his back in the sunshine, and a small caravan of camels bringing wood from the hills, and keeping to the soft valley as a relief to their spongy feet, were the only animated portions of the landscape. I think I shall never form to my mind another picture of romantic rural beauty that will not resemble the *khyat-khana* of Constantinople."

The minarets, and the general aspect they give to the city, especially from an elevation, have been thus described:—

"I think the most beautiful spire that rises into the sky is the Turkish minaret. If I may illustrate an object of such magnitude by so trifling a comparison, it is exactly the shape and proportion of an ever-pointed pencil-case—the silver bands answering to the encircling galleries, one above another, from which the muezzin calls out the hour of prayer. The minaret is painted white, the galleries are fantastically carved, and rising to the height of the highest steeples in our country (four and sometimes six to a single mosque), these slender and pointed fingers of devotion seem to enter the very sky. Remembering, dear reader, that there are two hundred and twenty mosques and three hundred chapels in Constantinople, raising, perhaps, in all, a thousand minarets to heaven, you may get some idea of the magnificence of this seven-hilled capital of the East."

The mosques are amongst the beauties of the city of Constantine, especially that of Sophia; and the visitor cannot fail to be interested in the forms and manners of Turkish devotees, amongst whom the dancing dervishes are the most remarkable. Their chief devotional exercises, as they may with great propriety be called, consist in fantastic leaps and genuflections, and tramps in a circle—a sort of dance, certainly without any poetry of motion, and which increases in rapidity and wildness as devotion is inflamed, when it becomes a furious round of contortions of face and form, continued until the exhausted performers lose strength to pursue any longer a work of piety involving such requirements.

The bazaars are among the beauties and wonders of the place. There Jews and Turks, Armenians and Greeks, sit cross-legged and smoking in front of their stalls all day. Every calling has a separate street, so that the visitor may pass from arcade to arcade of shops, under cover of the fantastic roofs beneath which they are arranged.

It is very inconvenient, that while purchasing a shawl, a turban, or a pair of slippers, your merchant may suddenly retire to his dormitory,

perform his ablutions, and return only to spread out his carpet in the direction of Mecca, and proceed with his devotions. This he does five times a day, no matter how business may be interrupted. A traveller observes:—

“The Frank purchaser attracts a great deal of curiosity. As he points to an embroidered handkerchief, or a rich shawl, or a pair of gold worked slippers, Turkish ladies of the first rank, gathering their *yashmaks* securely over their faces, stop close to his side, not minding if they push him a little to get nearer the desired article. Feeling not the least timidity, except for their faces, these true children of Eve examine the goods in barter, watch the stranger's countenance, and if he takes off his glove, or pulls out his purse, take it up and look at it, without even saying ‘by your leave.’ Their curiosity often extends to your dress, and they put out their little henna-stained fingers and pass them over the sleeve of your coat with a gurgling expression of admiration at its fineness, or if you have rings or a watch-guard, they lift your hand or pull out your watch with no kind of scruple. I have met with several instances of this in the course of my rambles. But a day or two ago I found myself rather more than usual a subject of curiosity. I was alone in the street of embroidered handkerchiefs (every minute article has its peculiar bazaar), and wishing to look at some of uncommon beauty, I called one of the many Jews always near a stranger to turn a penny by interpreting for him, and was soon up to the elbows in goods that would tempt a female angel out of Paradise. As I was selecting one for a purchase, a woman plumped down on the seat beside me, and fixed her great, black, unwinking eyes upon my face, while an Abyssinian slave and another white woman, both apparently her dependents, stood respectfully at her back. A small turquoise ring (the favourite colour in Turkey) first attracted her attention. She took up my hand in her soft fat fingers, and dropped it again without saying a word. I looked at my interpreter, but he seemed to think it nothing extraordinary, and I went on with my bargain. Presently my fine-eyed friend pulled me by the sleeve, and as I leaned toward her, rubbed her fore-finger very quickly over my cheek, looking at me intently all the while. I was a little disturbed with the lady's familiarity, and asked my Jew what she wanted. I found that my rubicund complexion was something uncommon among these dark-skinned orientals, and she wished to satisfy herself that I was not painted! I concluded my purchase, and putting the parcel into my pocket, did my prettiest at an oriental salaam, but to my mortification, the lady only gathered up her *yashmack*, and looked surprised out of her great eyes at my freedom. My Constanti-

nople friends inform me that I am to lay no ‘unction to my soul’ from her notice, such liberties being not at all particular. The husband exacts from his half-dozen wives only the concealment of their faces, and they have no other idea of impropriety in public.”

The lunatic asylum, the churches, the cafés and restaurants, the divans over-hanging the waters of the Bosphorus, are all objects of deep interest to the wanderer within this charmed place. There are many objects of attraction for the antiquary, such as the remains of the ancient wall, the ruins of Greek churches, of baths and theatres, and the relicts of a civilization which has crumbled to decay beneath the haughty power of the Osmanli.

The student of ethnology would find much to engage him: no city in the world has such a motley population. Turks, Egyptians, Copts, Syrians, Albanians, Greeks, Kurds, Nestorians, Arabs, Armenians, Georgians, Tartars, and men of every oriental and European nation in lesser numbers.

Our space will not permit us to linger longer in descriptions of the city which, with the exceptions of Jerusalem, London, Rome, and Pekin, is more interesting than any other in the world. As we proceed in our History, however, we shall frequently have to refer to events in Constantinople, and we shall then take occasion to depict scenes and peculiarities upon which we must not now tarry.

When our troops landed at Gallipoli, while they were encamped, and when quartered at Scutari, they suffered much from cold, and from deficiency of food, even when there was abundance to supply them. These sufferings were caused by the imperfect management of the commissariat, which, however, was frequently mitigated by the intelligence and exertions of the officers of engineers—a department of the service more neglected by the Horse Guards and the government than any other. In peace or war no arm of the service has been so well conducted and so efficient, in all respects, and in none is promotion so slow. Few of the very highly-born enter the engineer service or the artillery; and therefore, while men without military knowledge or experience rapidly rise in the cavalry and infantry, in those branches promotion is a forlorn hope. Frequently by the officers in these departments of the army—as at Tariffa, Cabul, and Moultan—have disasters been averted or mitigated; and, as in these instances, so in almost all others, have staff-officers, little entitled to it, borne away the honours. But the heaviest censures that popular indignation could express, and the severest punishments that legislative justice could inflict, ought to be visited upon the heads of these in the direction of the medical department, whether at home

or in Turkey. There were literally no arrangements deserving the name for the sick soldiery during the stay of the army in Turkey. Men landed sick from Malta were obliged to lie in camp beneath a tent, with a single blanket for covering, although the nights of April are always, or nearly always, cold in that climate, from the causes which we explained when treating of Turkey in our second chapter. The authorities of Malta sent on great numbers of women whose sufferings were horrible; many of these were sick when they left Malta, and many too delicate when in their best health to enter upon the fatigues of campaigning. How far Sir William Read, the governor of Malta, was responsible for this it is impossible for any but the authorities in Whitehall to say; he certainly displayed more capacity for elegant hospitalities, although a colonel of cavalry, than for aiding or counselling the conduct of the expedition. As the troops arrived, the Turkish pashas received the superior officers with every mark of distinction; but it could scarcely fail to be observed that while the British ambassador and British civil and naval functionaries were treated with more respect than those of the French, the French military authorities received more marked tokens of deference than did those of England. The common Turkish soldiery regarded the soldiers of both armies with looks of stupid astonishment, and invariably treated them with great courtesy, and a sort of cautious goodwill.

By the end of April a very considerable body of troops of both nations were quartered in Turkey; not less than 30,000 French had by that time landed. There was then, both at Gallipoli and Constantinople, a large proportion of the British contingent. At the former place, the rifle brigade, and the 4th, 28th, 44th, 50th, and 93rd, constituted a force of about 5500 infantry. The 18th, 49th, 77th, 88th, and other regiments at Scutari, exceeded that number, while nearly an equal force was quartered at Unkier Skelessi. During April and part of May the French and British were engaged in raising defences, which might enable them to keep possession of the Chersonesus, in case of any sudden successes by the Russians. These defences were formed at Bulari, and were about seven miles in extent; a third portion of the work being assigned to the English, who, although less at home in such operations than their allies, made up for their ignorance by their vigour, and excited the admiration of French and Turks by their brawny appearance and physical powers.

With rare exceptions, the Turkish officials were incompetent for any business whatever, and the extravagance of the Turkish court kept pace with its poverty. Instead of providing food

and other necessities for the troops of its allies, or even for its own, the Porte lavished an indefinite number of piastres in entertaining the allied officers, and in all sorts of pompous receptions of the civil functionaries of the allied nations. General Canrobert, with that indignant and fearless honesty which characterises his noble nature, is said to have rebuked this selfish extravagance, when upon one occasion he observed jewelled pipes and gemmed cups in most costly profusion at the reception given him. The language of the French general is represented to have been—"I am much obliged by your attentions, but you will forgive me for saying I should be much better pleased if all these diamonds and all this gold were turned into money to pay your troops; and if you sent away all these servants of yours, except two or three, to fight against your enemy."

Frequent reviews, both at the camp near Gallipoli and at Scutari, made the armies better acquainted with each other, as to their mode of directing movements on a great scale, and no doubt contributed much to that facility of co-operation in actual battle, which, in the Crimean campaigns, became so noticeable in armies so differently constituted.

Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, in his letter, dated May the 11th, 1854, gives a graphic description of the scenes presented at such reviews in the neighbourhood of Gallipoli. We give the description at length, as any attempt to curtail it would destroy its picturesque character:—

"On the previous Sunday, Prince Napoleon, with General Canrobert and the whole of the French *état major*, reviewed all the disposable French troops quartered in this district, and the English general and staff attended on the occasion. For two or three hours in the morning long black columns of men might be seen marching through the corn-fields, and filing along the narrow lanes that intersect them, or toiling up the hilly ridges of land in apparent confusion, or at least without much visible order. The spectator who selects a high point of land on the undulating country round Brighton, and looks across the valley below, can form a tolerable idea of the terrain around Gallipoli. Crossing the hills around in all directions, and piercing the ravines between them, he must remember the dark masses of French infantry advancing from their numerous encampments, formed for miles around on every sloping plateau. Presently the shrill trumpets of the Zouaves are heard sounding a wild and eccentric march, and these fierce-looking soldiers of Africa, burnt brown by constant exposure to the sun, with beards which easily distinguish them from the native Arabs, come rushing past, for their pace is so quick

that it fully justifies the term. The open collars of their coats allow free play to the lungs; the easy jacket, the loose trouser, and the well-supported ankle, constitute the *beau idéal* of a soldier's dress; their firelocks and the brasses of their swords and bayonets are polished to a nicety. Each man is fully equipped for the field, with greatcoat strapped over his knapsack, canteen by his side, a bill-hook, hatchet, or cooking-tin fastened over all. In the rear, mounted on a packhorse, follows the *vivandière*, in the uniform of the regiment, with natty little panniers and neatly-polished barrels of diminutive size dangling over the saddle; and then comes a sumpter-mule, with two wooden boxes fastened to the pack, which contains small creature comforts for the officers. The word is given to halt—stand at ease—pile arms. In a moment the whole regiment seems disorganized. The men scatter far and wide over the fields collecting sticks and brushwood, and it seems incredible that they have gathered all those piles of brambles and dried wood and leaves which they deposit in the rear of the lines in such quantity from the country that looked so bare. The officers gather in groups, light cigars, chat and laugh, or sit on the ground while their coffee is being boiled. From the moment the halt takes place, off come the boxes from the mule—a little portable table is set up—knives, forks, glasses, and cups, are laid out—a capacious coffee tin is set upon three stones over a heap of bramble, and in three minutes (I timed the whole operation) each officer could take a cup of this refreshing drink after his hot march, with a biscuit and morsel of cheese, and a *chasse* of brandy afterwards. The men were equally alert in providing themselves with their favourite beverage. In a very short space of time two or three hundred little camp fires are lighted, and send up tiny columns of smoke, and coffee tins are boiling, and the busy brisk *vivandière*, with a smile for every one, and a joke or box on the ear for a favourite *vieux moustache*, passes along through the haze, and fills out tiny cups of cognac to the thirsty soldiers. Pipes of every conceivable variety of shape are lighted, and a hum and bustle rise up from the animated scene, so rich in ever-shifting combinations of form and colour that Madise might look on it with wonder and despair. Regiment after regiment comes up on the flanks of the Zouaves, halts, and repeats the process, the only remarkable corps being the Indigènes, or native Zouaves, who are dressed exactly the same as the French, except that jackets, trousers, and vest, are of a bright powder blue, trimmed with leather, and their turbans or the fold of linen round the fez are of pure white. In an hour or so the crest of the hill on which

we stand, and which extends in undulating folds for two or three miles, is covered by battalions of infantry, and they may be seen toiling up the opposite ridge, till before us there is nothing visible from its one extremity to the other but the broken lines of these stalwart battalions. There was a ready, dashing, serviceable look about the men that justified the remark of one of the captains—'We are ready as we stand to go on to St. Petersburg this instant.' There was a vivacity, so to speak, about the appearance of the troops which caught the eye at once. The air of reality about this review distinguished it from sham fights and field-days, and all holiday demonstrations of the kind. Ere twelve o'clock, there were about 22,000 troops on the opposing ridges of hills—an excellently appointed train of artillery of nine-pounder guns, with appointments complete, being stationed in the valley below. The columns taken lineally extended upwards of eight miles. Shortly before twelve o'clock a brilliant staff—it did indeed literally blaze in gold and silver, brass and polished steel, as the hot sun played on rich uniforms and accoutrements—was visible coming up the valley from the direction of the town. They were preceded by four videttes, French Dragoons with brazen helmets and leopard-skin mountings; the various staff officers in advance; then Prince Napoleon in the uniform of a lieutenant-general, and General Canrobert, in full dress and covered with orders, on one side, and Sir George Brown on the other, both somewhat in the rear. The effect of the *cortège* as it swept past, the vision of prancing horses and gorgeous caparisons, of dancing plumes, of gold and silver lace, of Hussar, Dragoon, Artillery, Rifle, Zouave, Spahi, Lancer, of officers of all arms, dressed with that eye to effect which in France is very just as long as men are on horseback, was wonderful. It flashed by like some grand procession of the stage, if one can so degrade its power and reality by the comparison. As the videttes came in view, the drums of each regiment rolled, the trumpets and bugles sounded, and all the men who had been scattered all over the ground in disorderly multitudes came running in from all sides, and dressed up, unpiled arms, and with great celerity fell into lines three deep, with bands, *vivandières*, mules, and smoking fires hastily extinguished, in the rear. As General Canrobert came up to the first regiment he raised his cocked hat, and shouted lustily, '*Vive l'Empereur.*' The officers repeated the cry, and three times it ran along the line of the regiment. The band struck up, the men presented arms, and the prince rode past bowing and raising his hat in acknowledgment, and again the band, out of compliment to the English general, played

'God Save the Queen.' Then there was profound silence as the prince approached the next regiment, till coming in front of its leading files the salutes were repeated. In this way the staff passed along the ridge of one hill till they came to the extremity of the lines, then descending, they passed the artillery in the valley, spurred up the opposite hill, and in like manner passed in front of the columns which crowned it. The inspection lasted two hours."

Having presented our readers with a French review, we shall, by the same able pen, place also in review before them, the troops of Britain:—

"On Saturday, the 7th, Sir George Brown had a similar inspection of the regiments under his command before his departure for Scutari. Soon after daybreak the tents of the rifle brigade, of the 50th regiment, and of the 93rd regiment, forming the working brigade at the camp of Bulari, were struck, and the whole encampment was broken up. At the same time the 4th, 28th, and 44th regiments struck their tents at the Soulari encampment, about two miles from the town of Gallipoli, and proceeded on their march towards Bulari, there to take up the quarters vacated by the other brigade. Let us climb up one of the hills, near the scene of the French review, and watch the march of our regiments. They came on solid and compact as blocks of marble, the sun dancing on their polished bayonets and scarlet coats with congenial fierceness. The gallant '—th' halt close by—all the men are as red in the face as turkeycocks—they seem gasping for breath—they are indeed sorely distressed, for a rigid band of leather, rendered quite relentless by fibres and buckles of brass, is fixed tightly round their throats, and their knapsacks are filled to the pitch of mortal endurance, so that it requires the aid of a comrade for each man to get his on his back; while the Frenchman, unassisted, puts his knapsack on in an instant. The coat is buttoned tightly up also to aid the work of suffocation, and belts and buckles compress the unhappy soldier where most he requires ease and the unrestricted play of the muscle. Regiment after regiment reaches the parade-ground, and falls into its place with admirable precision. The lines of these red and blue blocks seem regulated by plummet, and scarce a bayonet wavers in the long streaks of light above the shakos. The Rifles, too, stand compact and steady as a piece of iron. Thus they stand under the rays of the morning sun, till at nine o'clock Sir George Brown and staff, accompanied by the French general, and a number of officers, Mr. Calvert, our consul, &c., ride along the lines, and, after a brief inspection, dismiss them. The Rifles and 93rd regiment continue their march to the shore, where

they are to embark for Scutari. The 50th follow to their new camp at Soulari, and if one follows them, he will see how men drop out, exhausted and half-smothered, and at what a vast amount of physical inconvenience all this solidity and rigidity of aspect are acquired. Take one fact:—In a single company which left Bulari forty-five file strong—ninety men—so many men fell out on the march to Soulari, a distance of six miles or thereabouts, that the captain reached the camping-ground with only twenty men—the rest straggled in during the forenoon. The halts were frequent for so short a march, and the rush to every well and fountain showed how the men suffered from thirst. On arriving at the beach they found all their troubles cease, for the French admiral had, with the greatest promptitude, sent the launches and boats of the fleet to the piers, and in about one hour the whole of the two regiments, consisting of about 2000 men were embarked."

The following, from the same pen, presents the British army in its loyalty and discipline, after its arrival at Scutari:—

"The queen's birthday was kept yesterday with all honour, and was celebrated by a splendid military spectacle. At a quarter to eleven o'clock all the regiments in barrack and camp were paraded separately, and afterwards marched to the ridge which bounds one side of the shallow but broad ravine of which I have already spoken, as separating the camp of the brigade of Guards from the camp of the other brigades. The total force on the ground consisted of about 15,000 men, and for weight, stature, and strength, could not be matched probably by a like number of any troops in Europe. As they marched from camps and barracks in dense columns, converging on the ridge, the eye refused to believe that they could be condensed into so small a space as that they were ordered to occupy.

"The continued apathy of the Turks, which becomes absolutely disgusting to any more excitable race, was astonishing on this occasion. There were present some three or four gentlemen on horseback, with their pipe-bearers, and two or three native carriages full of veiled women; but though Scutari, with its population of 100,000 souls, was within a mile and a half, it did not appear that half a dozen people had been added to the usual crowd of camp-followers who attend on such occasions. The Greeks were more numerous, and Pera sent over a fair share of foreigners all dressed in the newest Paris fashions; so that one might fancy himself at a fashionable field-day in England, but for the cypress groves, and the tall minarets glancing above in the distance. At twelve o'clock, Lord Raglan, attended by Sir George Brown, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir De Lacy

Evans, the Earl of Lucan, the Generals of Brigade—Bentineck, Sir C. Campbell, Pennefether, Airey, Adams, Buller, their aides-de-camp and majors of brigade, and Lieutenant-colonel de Lagondie and Chef d'Escadron Vico, to the number of thirty or forty, appeared on the ground in a perfect blaze of gold lace and scarlet and white plumes. They were received by the bands of all the regiments striking up 'God save the Queen,' but not with that unanimity which would be desirable in order to give a perfect effect to the noble strains of our national anthem. Lord Raglan having ridden slowly along a portion of the lines, wheeled round and took his post in front of the centre regiment. After a short pause, just as the guns of the *Niger* were heard thundering out a royal salute from the Bosphorus, the bands struck up the national air again, and down at once fell the colours of every regiment drooping to the ground. The thing was well done, and the effect of these thirty-two masses of richly-dyed silk, encrusted with the names of great victories, falling so suddenly to the earth as if struck down by one blow, was strange and inexpressible. In another minute a shout of 'God save the Queen,' ran from the Rifles on the left to the Guards on the right, and three tremendous cheers, gathering force as they rolled on with the accumulated strength of a thousand throats from regiment after regiment, made the very air ring, the ears tingle, and the heart throb. Some of the regiments pulled off their shakos, and waved them in the air in accompaniment to the shouts; others remained motionless, but made not less noise than their fellows. After the cheering had died away, leaving, however, a strange sensation in many an English bosom, as we thought how soon their voice might be silenced for ever, the march past began in quick time. The Guards, who were in great good humour, possibly because their necks were free and all prisoners had been let out as an act of grace, marched magnificently. The Highlanders were scarcely a whit inferior, and their pipes and dress created a sensation among the Greeks, who are fond of calling them Scotch Albanians, and compare them to the Klephtic tribes, among whom pipes and kilts still flourish. Some of the other regiments did well, others not so well, and on leaving the ground all marched off to their respective camps, and the proceedings of the day were brought to a close, so far as the authorities were concerned. The Guards, however, had their games—racing in sacks, leaping, running, &c., in the afternoon, and the regiments played cricket, and indulged in other manly sports, in spite of the heat of the day. In the evening, a handsome obelisk, erected in the Guards' camp, was crowned with laurel, and surrounded with fireworks."

The complaints of neglect, especially where the sick were concerned, which reached England by the correspondents of the London daily press, and from officers and soldiers in their private letters, agitated the public mind, and led to repeated discussions in both Houses of Parliament. The defence offered by the government was, that nearly all these representations were false, and such as were not wholly so were exaggerated. The Duke of Newcastle, in the House of Peers, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, in the Commons, adopted an indignant and injured tone of reply to the interrogatives addressed to them. Mr. Herbert betrayed great bitterness, and by both the plausible duke and the tart commoner, warm denunciations were uttered against all who put such complaints into circulation. Subsequent events proved that neither of these directors of the war department adopted proper precautions in the arrangements they professed to superintend; and that, with the exception of the duke himself, but little industry was exercised by any one connected with any branch of the war office, whether superior or subordinate. The complaints were reiterated, and, for a time, stores of all kinds arrived in great abundance in the East, although the management of distribution there continued disorderly and inefficient. In fact, however censurable the neglect of the government, they were imposed upon by the officials in whom they confided. The reports were "cooked" as effectively as railway accounts when dishonest managers have had to encounter meetings of shareholders. There was little honesty on the part of many entrusted with the charge of most responsible affairs. As was said long afterwards by Mr. Layard, in reference to this fraternity, "what we want is *more truth* in every department."

During the encampments on the Bosphorus the officers did not always possess unobjectionable quarters. Even the chiefs of the allied armies, although in so great a capital, were not lodged in palaces. The habitation of the British commander-in-chief was very homely. It was of wood, situated on the beach, about three-quarters of a mile from the barracks. In front of it was a pretty wooded knoll, covered with rich grass, above which might be seen the tops of grave-stones. Before this knoll, and nearer to the sea, was a group of pine trees, surrounding a Turkish fountain. It did not appear to be a healthy situation, as the waters on the shore, nearly stagnant, were loaded with dead dogs and offal, and the stench that ascended thence, and filled the neighbourhood, was such as must injure the health of any who might frequently be brought within its influence. Near the beach, also, were slaughter-houses, which sent out their reeking abominations, tainting the atmosphere to a great distance

Before the troops left the shores of the Bosphorus for Varna, the commanders-in-chief, and several ministers of the Porte, visited Omar Pasha at Shumla, and held a consultation with him, which lasted three days.

It must not be supposed that the whole time of the army was spent in camp and barracks, or that a monotonous resort to mosques and minarets, bazaars and baths, consumed their leisure. Pleasant excursions to the surrounding country, and delightful boating parties on the Bosphorus, had all the enjoyments which such trips possess at home, and all the additional interest belonging to places consecrated by the genius of history, and having the indescribable charm of scenes amidst which great enterprises had commenced. The Valley of the Sweet Waters, already described by us, was the frequent resort of the officers of every rank, and often under the bright moonlight, or during the soft and fading light of evening, parties of officers and civilians, with their ladies, wives, and daughters, would row about in the gliding caiques, enjoying the balmy air, and the ever-changing scenery. The lady of an officer, already quoted by us, thus recalls her impressions of such seasons of pleasure, the zest for which not even the reports of battle from the Danube, nor the incessant preparations for participating in the strife, could repress in our people:—

“On the evening of the 11th the minarets of the mosques were illuminated; and the effect of these rings of light, rising above the dark cypress trees of Seraglio Point, was excessively beautiful. The Turkish vessels in harbour had also each a lamp at the mast-head; a three-decker had wreathed all her masts with lamps; and the result told so well in the darkness of night on the broad waters, that it was proposed to row about among the Turkish craft, fully to enjoy the illumination. But the men on watch challenged so angrily, and it was so very troublesome to be constantly repeating verses of the national anthem, to persuade the Moslems that we were ‘*Englese*,’ that we gave up our marine stroll by mutual consent; and were content to observe from our own deck, how beautifully these lines and circles of light marked all the leading features of the Moslem city. On the following morning (Friday), the sultan went to the mosque in his gilded caique with the crimson awning, three other caiques following; but this is a religious pageant which has been described so often, that I feel it would be mere impertinence to say another word about it. The reader may be disposed, however, to accompany me to the ‘Sweet Waters of Europe,’ which has ever been a favourite resort of the Turks on this their holiday; and though also often described, will now be seen under a different aspect. Objecting very much to mingling with a crowd, to be jostled about on

the waters of the Golden Horn in these canoe-like caiques,—which draw only about two inches of water, and that little more than in the centre,—we consented to the bathos of the washerman’s boat—a broad, slow, ugly tub of an affair, promising great safety and immense delay. We had sofa-cushions and coverlet laid in the bottom of it; and hanging a few shawls over the stern, to look as festal as we could, reposed ourselves therein after the Turkish fashion. Having passed the two bridges over the Golden Horn, we soon found ourselves among a fleet of gay caiques, and were continually passing little garden *cafés*, where on high stools were seated lines of solemn, smoking Turks, apart from the ladies, who, clustered together, with their children, were—Turkish, Armenian, Greek, and Jewish—all laughing and gossiping gaily, under the shade of innumerable blue and pink parasols.

“Our friend the washerman seemed desirous of persuading us that one of these was the spot we were in search of; but seeing caiques, not only with fezzes and parasols still passing us, but with the shakos of field officers, we insisted on proceeding, and were eventually floated through a swampy creek, and landed at a cool, shaded nook, which we, with much simplicity, believed to be the celebrated ‘Sweet Waters.’ Under a fine group of trees were a few gilded arabas—the large white bullocks, in all their glory of crimson housings and innumerable tassels, quietly chewing the cud by the side of them, and looking, with their wise eyes, as if they thought the rural pleasure of the scene by no means increased by that party of noisy fiddlers, or by the shrieking *sacki* (water-carrier), who appeared to consider it everybody’s duty to be thirsty. We strolled up a stony, winding road, not very unlike the high-street of Pera, as affected its convenience for traffic, and met several very fine gilded arabas, bumping and jolting over the stones, to the intense amusement and refreshment, as it seemed, of the veiled ladies within, who, half-smothered in piles of soft cushions, shrieked with laughter at every new jolt. Our presence appeared not by any means to be a restraint to the ladies, for they clambered in and out of their carriages, with their slippers in their hands, displayed their yellow boots, chatted with their slaves, played with their children, and were in no way disconcerted by our presence in their suburban retreat. It was quite evident, however, that this was not the spot we were in search of: and, walking round the creek, we were soon repaid, by the most beautiful and attractive scene imaginable. It was like a dream from Boccaccio, and one that Finden would have gloried to depict. How then can I describe it? The reader must be good enough to assist me: and, with the full force of poetic fancy, fill up

the very cold, bald outline that I am capable of tracing.

"The sun was shining most brilliantly; and the air, soft and delicious, was fragrant with sweet odours, and vocal with the notes of larks innumerable. The narrow waters of the Golden Horn, here a mere streamlet, flowing gently between flowery meadows, were covered with caiques, filled with festive groups, mummers, and musicians. On the banks, under fine trees, were spread carpets and cushions of every hue, on which reposed groups of Turkish ladies, surrounded by their slaves and children; while beyond them passed trains of splendid arabas, and parties of Turkish nobles, their spirited steeds trapped with the most gorgeous Mameluke array.

"It will readily be supposed, that to the officers of the allied force this was a scene full of attraction, and I fancy there were few who were not present. The Duke of Cambridge, with Lady Errol and his staff, passed on in the Austrian ambassador's boat; and then, taking horse, rode back to Stamboul. White plumes were gleaming, staff uniforms flashing, in all directions; and knots of young officers waited impatiently for a glimpse of the sultan's harem. Many soon had that gratification. I was standing on a little grassy knoll by the wayside, when the araba containing the sister and two of the wives of his Imperial Majesty Sultan Medjid, followed by five carriages filled with the ladies of the harem, stopped for their fair occupants to admire the varied scene. Some of the ladies wore the *yashmack* of material so slight that it only served to give additional delicacy to their semi-Circassian complexions. Evidently, the Stamboul ladies have great recourse to art for the supposed improvement of the charms by which they seek to retain position. The eyebrows, carefully arched, were sometimes united in the centre, and a slight dark line pencilled within them; the large almond-shaped eyes owed an expression of additional softness to the darkening of the lashes with *soormai*; and the rouge of the cheek, sometimes rather too strong, gave to many complexions the effect of what has been described as like a bunch of fresh roses dipped in cream.

"The general impression, however, I believe was, that the beauty of the Turkish women has been exaggerated very much, and that the mystery of their position has tended to give them an undue interest. The lack of exercise and fresh air, the abundant use of sweetmeats, and the habit of perpetual smoking, must tend to injure beauty, even the mere beauty of form and colour; and where intellect is dormant, and the feelings rendered passive by the influences of Moslem tyranny, fine as the almond-shaped eyes of the fair daughters of the prophet usually are, they would be found deficient in

attraction, I think, if compared with those of an educated, kind-hearted sensitive Englishwoman, whose blush mounts from her heart, and whose eyes sparkle with the love of purity, and the hope of conferring happiness on all around her.

"It was remarkable, in this scene, to observe how completely Mohammedan etiquette had power to prevent any vulgar expression of natural curiosity or surprise on the part of these fair dames. They sat like veiled statues, these ladies of high degree; and even when the duke with his brilliant *cortège* passed their carriages, the eyes of the ladies remained fixed on the perspective of the distance. Their horses walked or stopped; red coats or white plumes dashed by; English ladies in strange Parisian fashions pressed near, yet the ladies of the sultan and the pashas noted nothing of all this, but preserved the same unchanging aspect, which I had always considered a sort of trick peculiar to Indian fakirs, to aid in the persuasion of a crowd of noisy worshippers that their power of religious abstraction was complete. Such, however, is the result of Turkish etiquette; and I have heard it said of the sultan, that were a pistol fired at his ear, this 'cousin of the sun and moon' would not appear conscious of the sound.

"I am sorry however to say, that this self-restraint was not effectually imitated by ourselves. We all certainly suffered curiosity to overcome courtesy, and gazed upon the ladies and their attendants with much ill-bred pertinacity. One officer, indeed, after looking long into the carriage of the sultan's sister, at length took off his cap, next bowed, then smiled, and gradually commenced a respectful advance, still smiling and bowing; on which a particularly unprepossessing-looking African gentleman opened the carriage-door, took a jewelled knife from beneath the seat, flourished it in the face of our somewhat alarmed courtier, directed the coachman to proceed, and, with a most terrific scowl, adding clouds to his anything but sunny countenance, took his place in front of the araba."

During the occupation of camp and quarters during April, May, and June, by the allied armies in the neighbourhood of Scutari and Gallipoli, their conduct was such as to merit the highest commendations. It is true that both French and British committed some excesses. Some Zouaves actually forced their way into certain harems, and paid a terrible penalty. The British soldiers did not always respect the sacred things of the Turks, and perhaps oftener committed offences than the French; this may be explained by the fact that, generally, our army is recruited from a less respectable class; but the unnecessarily severe punishment had a tendency to deter

riorate the moral as well as physical condition of the men. Flogging in the army had been greatly mitigated, in consequence of a strong public opinion in England, and much against the will of the officers, who cling generally to all old customs, until the ridicule or the anger of civilians, or the power of parliament, forces an alteration. As soon as this spirit pervading the officers as a class had full scope, flogging was resorted to and practised with fierce pertinacity. Some of the men were hardened by it; some felt degraded; and all were discontented with the debasing instrumentality of punishment. It was administered upon occasions when the offence was so trivial, that were the like to occur at home there would have been "agitation" from one end of the country to the other. Sir De Lacy Evans so directed the discipline of his division, all through its service under his command, as to exclude flogging except in cases where any civilian would have inflicted it.

A very excellent proclamation by Lord Raglan, soon after he landed in Turkey, had a very good effect upon the conduct of the soldiery, especially as at that time the commander-in-chief was exceedingly popular:—

"The queen having been graciously pleased to appoint General Lord Raglan, G.C.B., general commander of the forces to be employed in Turkey in support of her ally his imperial majesty the sultan, all reports are to be made to him, through the channels prescribed by her majesty's regulations.

"The commander of the forces avails himself of the earliest opportunity to impress upon the army the necessity of maintaining the strictest discipline; of respecting persons and property, and the laws and usages of the

country they have been sent to aid and defend, particularly avoiding to enter mosques, churches, and the private dwellings of a people whose habits are peculiar and unlike those of other nations of Europe. Lord Raglan fully relies on the generals and other officers of the army to afford him their support in suppression of disorders; and he confidently hopes that the troops themselves, anxious to support the character they have acquired elsewhere, will endeavour to become the examples of obedience to order and of attention to discipline, without which success is impossible, and there would be evil instead of advantage to those whose cause their sovereign has deemed it proper to espouse. The army will, for the first time, be associated with an ally to whom it has been the lot of the British nation to be opposed in the field for many centuries. The gallantry and high military qualities of the French army are matters of history; and the alliance which has now been formed will, the commander of the forces trusts, be of long duration, as well as productive of the most important and the happiest results. Lord Raglan is aware, from personal communication with the distinguished general who is appointed to command the French army, Marshal St. Arnaud, and many of the superior officers, that every disposition exists through their ranks to cultivate the best understanding with the British army, and to co-operate most warmly with it. He entertains no doubt that her majesty's troops are animated with the same spirit, and that the just ambition of each army will be to acquire the confidence and good opinion of each other."

The date of this order was the 30th of April, 1854.

CHAPTER XIX.

EMBARKATION OF THE ALLIED ARMIES, AND LANDING AT VARNA.—OCCUPATION OF VARNA.—INACTION OF THE ALLIED GENERALS.—PESTILENCE IN THE CAMP.—GREAT CONFLAGRATION, SUPPOSED TO BE CREATED BY GREEK PARTIZANS OF RUSSIA.

"Where'er we gaze—around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountains, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole."—BYRON.

Much discussion has been maintained as to the origin of the movement to Varna. The *Moniteur* of Paris contended in several elaborate articles that the landing of the expedition at Varna was part of the general plan of the Emperor Napoleon, contained in the instructions given to Marshal St. Arnaud on assuming the command of the French expeditionary army. The *United Service Gazette* attributes to Major-general MacIntosh the ideas

of first landing at Gallipoli, afterwards at Varna, and finally in the Crimea, south of Sebastopol. It is probable that the emperor, upon perusing the work to which the *United Service* calls attention, formed his plans to a certain extent in conformity with its suggestions. In his instructions to the marshal, dated 12th April, 1854, the emperor indicated Gallipoli as the best point at which, in the first instance, to disembark, and as suitable

for a grand depot for the army. He also recommended what was carried into effect promptly by the generals—the occupation of the large barracks near the water at Constantinople, but that he would prefer acting towards Adrianople from Gallipoli to making Constantinople his base. He, however, notices that it is by the Black Sea that infantry and *matériel* must be conveyed to the neighbourhood of the Balkans. Proceeding in his directions upon the principle that the Turkish capital and the Dardanelles were to be defended against a powerful Russian invasion, he points out that if the French army was obliged to retreat from the Balkans upon Adrianople, it might, if that place were untenable, divide into two forces, one retreating upon Gallipoli, the other upon Constantinople. Twenty thousand men the emperor considered sufficient to hold the entrenched camp at Gallipoli, and the remaining 40,000 (estimating the French auxiliary army at 60,000) might join in defending the line of the Carassou, in front of Constantinople, and which he had proposed to be left in possession of the Turkish troops, the French force operating more actively to secure the position. His majesty finally recommended the marshal to confer with Omar Pasha and Lord Raglan, whether to march through the Balkans and confront the Russians in Bulgaria, or to conquer Odessa, making it a basis of operation in the Russian rear; or if they fell back across the Danube and the Pruth, a basis of operation against the left wing of their army; or to proceed as soon as the defence of Constantinople was thought secure to the Crimea.

The enterprising but prudent marshal did not fail to submit these recommendations or instructions to the British and Turkish chiefs, and, as we noticed in our last chapter, while the latter was defending the Dobrudscha, or rather keeping the Russians shut up in its morasses, Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, with the Turkish ministers visited Shumla, the head-quarters of the Turkish general, who accompanied them to Varna, and urged upon them the occupation of that place. His desire was that the allied armies should occupy the whole country between Varna and Shumla, and to advance gradually as they were reinforced, menacing the Russians from Cherraveda to Kustendje; in this way to co-operate with him in pushing the Russians back upon Wallachia, and to act upon the offensive along the whole line of the Danube. It was Omar's opinion that aided by the fleets, and with Varna as a basis of operation, the allied troops would prove invincible, provided a cautious, vigilant, and yet vigorous course of action were maintained.

Accordingly, the allied troops were embarked

early in June for that destination. The voyage from Constantinople to Varna is one of deep interest to the lover of the picturesque. The passage into the Black Sea through the Bosphorus is, in times of peace, one of tranquil and soothing loveliness; but the first detachments of the British army were not destined to see much of its beauty. The light division was first moved, and struck their tents with order, ease, and rapidity. Their embarkation was effected with admirable care and skill. Amidst fog, mist, and darkness, they sailed into the Black Sea, and without encountering accidents or Russians, reached the bay of Varna in safety. The division was landed with the same skill with which it had been embarked, and thanks to the admirable foresight and tact of Omar Pasha, arabas drawn by bullocks, and sometimes by horses, were ready, in considerable if not sufficient numbers, to aid the first movements of the troops. The Turkish general had dispatched detachments of cavalry from Shumla, who prepared the country people along their line of route to send provisions to the new camp, which in consequence soon became well stocked, and good food was abundant, and consequently moderate in price. Such of the troops as remained on board the first day, were delighted with the band on board the ship of Lord G. Paulet, which, in compliment to General Brown, who was his lordship's guest, performed national melodies and pieces from our best composers. Amongst no class is the influence of music more beneficial than amongst soldiers. The strains of military music fire their patriotism, and their national and professional pride, and inspire them with eagerness to meet the enemies of their country on the field. The privations of camp life are forgotten, and the gloomy bivouac, the dreary and fatiguing march, leave no unpleasant memories of their inconveniences and pain, when the sweet melodies which call up the images of home and country, joyously yet softly, are wafted over the plain or the waters where their tents are pitched, or their barks repose.

An impression very unfavourable to the loyalty of their Turkish allies was produced among the British soldiery in this part of the expedition. As they embarked, there were no kind farewells, no blessing from Allah, pronounced upon them. The smokers smoked, the children played heedlessly, the boatmen leaned listlessly on their oars, no cheers rang upon their ears, except such as were raised by their own brethren in arms, so soon to become sharers in their dangers and their sufferings. When about to land at Varna, as they reared the shore, they hailed the Turkish troops with warm British cheers, but met with no response; the Turkish soldiers watched them—if the glances they occasionally directed towards them

could be so described—with quiet indifference. Some of these troops were Egyptians, but they might as well have been Egyptian mummies, for any sympathy with their newly-arrived allies which they appeared to feel. Perhaps the long delay of the arrival of these troops might account for this. The Turkish armies had fallen back from the Danube upon the Wall of Trajan, Silistria was beleaguered and sorely pressed, and yet the allies lingered on the verdant shores of the Bosphorus, or of the Sea of Marmora. This caused probably much of the coolness evinced towards the troops by even Turks of distinction throughout the whole month of May. One Turkish gentleman, having been present at a review of the British at the lines of Gallipoli, after witnessing their celebrity and precision of movement, quietly asked, “Do they like this?”—“Yes, certainly,” it was replied, “they like it.”—“Ah,” said the dignitary, with quiet sarcasm, “I suppose they do, for the Turks are fighting the Russians.” The unaccountable inaction of the army filled it with shame in presence of the men whose cause they came to defend. It was not then understood by the troops that the war was directed by a ministry whose sympathies were with the enemy, against whom they made a reluctant declaration of war, which war they carried on as if the defeat and destruction of the army they sent forth to wage it, would be the surest element of good policy and success.

The cool reception which the light division met with at Varna did not slake their thirst for glory, nor repress their ardour in the cause. Never was an army animated by a finer spirit, never did soldiers confide more in their officers, never did officers lead men more prepared to follow them wherever they might lead.

Immediately after the landing of the light division, General Canrobert and his staff arrived, and were followed by small detachments of the French army. His arrival was the signal for every cordial demonstration which the British officers and soldiers could present of respect, esteem, and confidence. This officer was from the first peculiarly popular with the British; his open, frank, manly, honest appearance, language, and bearing, won him, at all events so far as the British were concerned, “golden opinions from all sorts of men.”

Detachments of British cavalry, the 8th and 17th Light Dragoons, and some guns, were landed with the light division, or immediately after. Before we notice the further proceedings of the troops, we require to give some notice of the place selected as their base of operations.

Varna is one of the largest towns on the European shores of the Black Sea; it stands where the Dwina and its lakes empty themselves into the sea in a broad open valley gently

undulating, and covered with orchards and vineyards; it contains about four thousand houses, and the population is variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty-five thousand persons. The Greeks have here a bishop, and the Turks a pasha. In the Russian invasion of 1820, desperate efforts were made for its conquest under the direction of Prince Menschikoff, the same whose haughty demands at Constantinople produced the present war. He was wounded, and resigned the command to Prince Woronzoff, who succeeded in bribing the Turkish pasha in command of the garrison. Until treason constrained surrender, the defence was most obstinate, and is memorable in this respect in the annals of sieges.

Colonel Chesney, a British officer of distinction, thus describes it as a fortified place:—“The circumference of the city is about three miles, and before the removal of the guns from the sea-face for the defence of Silistria, there were 162 pieces of mounted cannon of various calibres. Inside the works the ground rises to some height, both at the western and eastern quarters of the town. The hills thus form a slope towards the sea, near which stands a Byzantine castle, defended by high square turrets. The castle serves as a magazine, as well as a kind of keep or citadel. Since the siege of 1828 these works have been increased, and the whole has, in 1854, received the advantage of the skill of European engineers.” Baron Moltke gives a more full and detailed account of this celebrated place. He describes the northern side of the valley, in which the town is situated, as rising above 1000°, and having exactly the same formation as the mountains of Shumla. It falls suddenly with a rocky precipice from the flat Bulgarian plane, and then gradually slopes down to the level ground. The distance of these hills from Varna is about three miles; the southern edge of the valley is nearer, rises more abruptly, and displays the pointed hill-tops and fine forests of the real Balkan. The heights nearest to the fortress, and overlooking it, are above 3000 paces distant. The place therefore is not commanded on any side within some distance, but neither does it fully command the surrounding ground within range. From the above descriptions by Colonel Chesney and Baron von Moltke, it is plain that the eloquent correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Russell, errs in saying, “the hills at the back completely command the place, and make it a poor military position.”

The light division under the command of its general, Sir George Brown, proceeded from Varna to the neighbourhood of a village called Alwyn, about nine and a half miles distant, where they encamped on a plain close to a fresh-water lake. The cavalry, which con-



sisted of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars and the 17th Lancers, continued their march nearly nine miles further still from Varna, where they pitched their tents by the village of Devno. The line of march from Varna to the latter place was marked by rich and diversified scenery, but the whole district, except at the villages mentioned, was utterly deserted. This arose partly from the paucity of population, and partly from the fear and hatred which the Bulgarians bear to the Turks: they almost to a man sympathise with Russia, and regard the czar as their only deliverer from the execrated tyranny of the Moslem.

The Guards and Highlanders arrived at Varna on the 13th of June, under the command of the Duke of Cambridge, who was extremely popular with his division, and indeed throughout the army. The 5th Dragoon Guards, direct from Cork, had previously arrived in excellent condition, both men and horses. On the 14th, the Guards and Highlanders landed, and the discipline of this fine division was exemplified in the order and celerity with which all orders were executed, and the debarkation made. It was from no relaxation of discipline that their commander attained his popularity; but the duke eschewed the character of a martinet, while he spared no pains to ensure the efficiency of his men. Here, as at Gallipoli, and indeed everywhere else throughout the war, from Malta to Sebastopol, the contrast between the French and British commissariats was painful to the national pride of Englishmen. The organization of the French at Varna was perfect; that of the British was not only bad, but so desperate that a gentleman writing thence declared there was no way of bringing a sick man from the camp to Varna that would not endanger his life, and no means in the camp at all adapted to his treatment. General Canrobert superintended everything with personal vigilance and activity. Lord Raglan was ill at Scutari. General Brown was as active as General Canrobert, and looked well to the attire and discipline of the troops—stocks, moustaches, and ill-regulated or improperly-covered caps and shakos, were detected by him as quickly as the hawk spies its quarry. The two generals were equally on the alert, but the scope which their alertness took was as different as possible. The common soldiers of both armies entered keenly into these things, and discussed them in groups, and with an earnestness heightened by the embarrassments and wants the British so soon began to feel.

Lord George Paulet continued to do good service to the allied cause by entertaining the officers most hospitably, and bringing the leading men of both nations frequently and pleasantly together. The conduct of the

French common soldiers to the British was generous; they most effectively assisted the first division in their debarkation, and showed an alacrity to serve and oblige whenever an opportunity presented itself. The men acted voluntarily in the assistance they rendered, their officers not interfering with them in the matter. There were of course occasional differences between the English and their benefactors, but as the falling out of friends is vulgarly thought to increase esteem, so it proved in these cases; the disputants, or combatants, were speedily the objects of renewed cordiality, which was all the sweeter for any little interruption it had experienced.

The first division had been scarcely landed a week, when both in it and the light division, and also among the cavalry and artillery, cases of diarrhœa became extremely common. In fact, the men had only coarse and indifferently baked dark bread and water for breakfast, ration beef and the same sort of bread again for dinner; and no other food was served out to them the remainder of the day. As long as the men were well fed they did not suffer from disease; but the bad water of the country, and the coarse and insufficient food, soon told upon them, and their health gradually gave way. The porter sent out from England was not impartially distributed, but when it could be had the men were most grateful for it, and its use was beneficial. By June the 21st, nearly the whole British army was in Bulgaria. The country all around Varna was one vast camp; British, French, Turks, and Egyptians, formed a host of nearly 60,000 men. Lord Raglan, Sir De Lacy Evans, and the other superior officers of the British force, were quartered in the town.

French troops continued to pour forth from Burgas,* where many of them were landed, and also from Adrianople. When the French

* Captain Spencer, in his *Narrative of a Voyage from the Danube to Constantinople*, thus notices Burgas and the neighbouring coasts:—

“On leaving Varna, the coast of the Black Sea became highly interesting. The great ridge of the Balkan mountains was already distinctly developed on the distant horizon; and the shelving hills, diversified by valleys, forests, bays, and promontories, formed a variety of the most beautiful landscapes. We next passed Burgas and Sizopoli, the ancient Apollonia. This town has a most commodious harbour, and being the only one that really offers a safe and convenient anchorage on the whole line of coast from the mouth of the Danube to the Bosphorus, any other people than the Turks would have rendered it long ago a rendezvous for their naval force in this part of the Black Sea. It is situated on a small peninsula, and, judging from the ruins of a wall, was at one time fortified. Varna, it is true, from being built at the confluence of several small rivers, or rather an extensive marsh, has decidedly an advantageous position, and, if properly fortified and well defended, might prove a strong bulwark against an invasion of the Russians; but the bay does not offer a safe anchorage for large vessels. At Sizopoli we became distinctly sensible of the current of the Bosphorus, which is computed to run at the rate of four miles an hour; and as its course is from the north to the

landed at Gallipoli, they detached a portion of the force to Adrianople,* and at the juncture of which we write, the troops quartered there were ordered to Varna. It was now midsummer, when the climate of Bulgaria, so cold in winter, is intensely hot, and the midsummer of 1854 was especially so: the troops of both armies found this heat intolerable, diarrhœa increased, and many cases of dysentery appeared. However much the tact and organization of the French deserved praise, yet their army was not in a suitable condition to take the field any more than our own. The French infantry suffered from want of shoes, an article with which the British were well supplied. British officers from Scutari and Varna were hunting the

south, it materially facilitates an invasion of Constantinople by Russia, should she at any time choose to take advantage of wind and current; the temptation is still greater when we remember that its whole length does not exceed twenty English miles, and might be traversed in little more than an hour by a fleet of steam-boats. The current continued to increase in force on passing Ignada, and at length we entered this far-famed strait. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion on viewing this breach in the Thracian mountains, than that it was formed by some dreadful convulsion of nature."

* "Adrianople, the second city in European Turkey, called *Edreneh* by the Turks themselves, is in the province of Roumelia, on the river Maritza—known anciently as the Hebrus, which here unites with the Toonja and the Ada. The town is named after the Roman emperor, Adrian, who restored and greatly embellished it, and it stands 135 miles N.W. of Constantinople. Adrianople rises gently on the side of a small hill from the banks of the Hebrus and the Toonja, and is about five miles in circumference. Its streets are narrow and irregular, but it is well provided with baths, and contains forty mosques. One of these, that of Sultan Murad I., was once a church of Christ; another is built principally of porphyry; and a third, the mosque of Selim II., and the great attraction of the town, chiefly of materials brought from the ruins of Famagosta, in Cyprus. It consists of one great apartment, like a theatre, terminating in a cupola, surrounded by four large minarets, to the highest balcony of which there is an ascent by 380 steps. A large aqueduct supplies the baths, mosques, and fountains with water. The bazaar of Ali Pasha, near the mosque of Sultan Selim, is one of the constructions most interesting to a traveller. It has two long well-built porticoes, walled with brick or stone on each side, and securely arched overhead, so as to resist fire or rain. The shorter of these porticoes is allotted to the shoemakers, and adjoins the mosque; the other, being about 400 paces long, and six broad, contains shops of every description. In 1701 it also contained a mad-house, which Chiswell tells us was kept scrupulously neat and clean; and its inmates, for the prevention of mischief, were all fastened by an iron chain encircling their necks, and keeping them fast to the ground! Adrianople contains many traces of Roman building. The trunk of a colossal statue, about twelve feet high, and several inscriptions, have been lately discovered. It contains manufactures for silk, woollen, and cotton stuffs, establishments for dyeing—which excel particularly in their well-known red dye—tanning leather, and distilling rose-water, and other perfumes, much esteemed and used by the people. Among its chief exports are fine wool, leather, and wax; and the river Maritza being navigable for small craft up to the city itself, contributes greatly to the facilities of its commerce. The population is 130,000, of whom 30,000 are Greeks. Mr. Alexander, a recent traveller, computes it at only 100,000. In the campaign of 1829, when the Russians invaded Turkey and crossed the Danube and the Balkan, they advanced under General Diebitch as far as Adrianople, where peace was concluded in September of that year."

shores of the Black Sea, and the towns and populous districts of Roumelia, for bullocks, mules, and draft-horses, to enable the army to advance—but it was too late; these exertions should have been made long before, and means of land transport sent from home, if it ever were intended by the home authorities that the army was to march to the relief of Silistria; which resisted all the fierce assaults directed against it until hope of resistance had nearly perished, while a vast army of allies remained idly and ingloriously within two days' march of the besieged, for whose succour they had landed on these shores.

At the end of June, the British army advanced from its former position in the direction of the Danube. The Earl of Cardigan with his light cavalry reached the confines of the Dobrudscha. He had under his command a squadron of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, two squadrons of the 11th Prince Albert's Hussars, and two squadrons of the 13th Light Dragoons. Within an easy march of the advanced position occupied by these light troops, a troop of the 17th Lancers, and detachments of the 1st Royal Dragoon Guards and the 5th Dragoon Guards, remained in support. The Earl of Cardigan scoured the country through a considerable district, losing many horses from overwork, heat, and inadequate food. The light infantry division broke up its camp at Aladyn, and proceeded to Devno; and the first division advancing encamped upon the site quitted by the light division, and the second division and that of Sir Richard England gradually followed the first. The troops in all these movements continued to suffer extremely from the heat, but the order to march was nevertheless always welcome, as they murmured at the inactivity to which they were consigned, and the ever varying beauty of the scenery cheered their way. It is to be regretted that the fame of the British soldiery was sullied by acts of violence upon the people, which rivalled the outrages of the Bashi-bazouks and the Cossacks. The result was that the hostility of the Bulgarian peasantry to the cause of the allies was much inflamed, and the difficulty of procuring food and fodder in the country increased, as the people fled in every direction from the route of the British army, who speedily fell nearly to the level of the Turk in their estimation. The generals of division and brigadiers used every exertion by moral suasion to check these excesses, but it is painful to narrate that the provost-marshal and his sergeants were found to be the most useful in repressing them. In proportion as the people, Turks and Bulgarians, found that acts of plunder or intimidation were visited with penalties by the authorities, they returned to their homes, and be-



GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN, G.C.B.

From a Photograph by F. Virtue

came more willing to hire themselves and their arabas, for reasonable remuneration, in the service of the commissary and transport departments.

A useful and pleasing incident occurred while the divisions of the Duke of Cambridge, Lieutenant-general Evans, and Lieutenant-general England were at Aladyn. Mr. Strickland, the Assistant Commissary-general, obtained the boats of the *Simoon* and of some other ships, and, freighting them with provisions and stores, sent them to the camp up the lake by the sides of which the army marched to the camp; and along which route, over wretched roads, and with inadequate vehicles, stores had been previously conveyed. It was a curious and pleasant sight to see these English craft impelled by sails upon the inland waters of Bulgaria, where a British keel had probably never before ploughed, and over which the British flag had never before floated.

In consequence of the bad faith of contractors, and the want of proper assistants to the commissaries, the men were obliged to eat salt provisions, although encamped in a country that might have afforded both milk and fresh meat.

We have offered in the foregoing pages some strictures upon the martinet tendencies of Sir George Brown, it is but justice to state that no officer, whatever his rank, manifested a more untiring vigilance and zeal for the service. Sir De Lacy Evans and the Duke of Cambridge handled their divisions more scientifically in reviews and in quarters, or on the march showed more skill in studying the soldier's character, caring for his health, husbanding his strength, and yet securing discipline while conceding a large share of liberty; but neither of these gallant and skilful generals possessed the indomitable energy which characterized Sir George. He seemed as if he possessed ubiquity. To ride twenty, and not unfrequently twice twenty miles in the day, unattended by his staff, under a burning sun, on the most important and anxious business, was a work which seemed to suit the health, and display the vigour of the sturdy stern old general. On more than one occasion he rode sixty miles during the day, giving orders, seeing to their execution, reconnoitring roads and camp-grounds, looking after commissaries, contractors, foragers, stragglers, arabadriers, doctors, and every conceivable thing and person. It is not implied that there was any peculiar sagacity in his arrangements, nor any very thoughtful concern for the sick, and the due provisioning of the troops: Sir George, as we have elsewhere shown, would not interfere with the heads of the commissary or hospital departments, except so far as he thought immediately within his province. If, however,

he gave directions, he would see that they were attended to, at whatever personal inconvenience or risk,—if, indeed, toil and vigilant attention could ever be said to inconvenience the severe and stirring veteran.

During the first week of July, there were several of those inspections which tire the soldier on active service, and which are of doubtful efficacy. There occurred also some of those events which enliven camp life, and divert the soldier from its monotony. Omar Pasha had been to Silistria after the retreat of the Russians, in connection with those exciting events which we have reserved for another chapter, because occurring on another field of operations, and requiring a separate and detailed narrative. He intimated his intention of visiting Varna, and would pass the encampments thither and on his return. There existed the greatest curiosity among officers and men to see the glorious old Turkish general who had foiled the plans and defeated the armies of the invader. The appearance of his equipages, far off in the dusky plains beneath the encampment, was the signal for a general turn out and a grand review. The pasha, attended by the British generals, surveyed with deep interest the red lines of the British infantry. The Guards, those "Anakims" of the British army, were in fine condition, and the general quietly looked upon them with a steady and admiring gaze. The Highland brigade excited a smile, and their simple evolutions evidently delighted his highness. The cavalry, however, most interested him. The general has a peculiar *penchant* for this arm of the military service, as he plainly showed upon the occasions of his visits. Again and again did the light cavalry parade before him; he appeared as if he could not tire in beholding them. The heavy cavalry were watering their horses when the general arrived, at his first review, and he had no opportunity then of beholding that fine body of men, which, with the divisions of Guards and Highlanders, he inspected on his return. His compliments were few, and not at all in oriental style; but he expressed himself with much strength and energy in the eulogies he passed upon the splendid appearance of the whole of the British army, but more especially the small bodies of cavalry passed in review before him. The visits of the renowned pasha produced great excitement among the soldiers; the weather being splendid, and the scenery varied and beautiful, the general effect was gorgeous. The whole manner and appearance of the Turkish captain was unassuming and unostentatious, and he left behind him among the troops a feeling of confidence in his talents and admiration of his achievements. It was upon his second visit, as before intimated, that he saw the heavy cavalry, under the honourable Bri-

gadier-general Scarlett. He wore upon that occasion no other ornament than a star upon his left breast. When the heavy cavalry charged past him, he exclaimed, "With one such regiment I would grind to dust four regiments of Russians at least,"—a proportion which, at the celebrated heavy cavalry charge at Balaklava, was subsequently sustained by the same men. The pasha was especially pleased on this occasion with the British Horse Artillery, who, having been pretty well accustomed to grand reviews at home, performed to admiration, receiving and deserving the general's best commendations. It was observable that he paid close attention to the cloths, weapons, horses, horse caparisons, and in fact to the minutiae of military apparel and arms. He left, not for Silistria, whence he came, but for his headquarters at Shumla; and, as a field-officer of cavalry remarked as he retired, he appeared "every inch a general."

Near to the British encampments, a force of 3000 militia and Bashi-bazouks pitched their tents: the conduct of the whole of this legion of Asiatic ruffians was as bad as that of the exceptional criminals in the British army, who, upon the arrival of the troops, behaved so badly. General Beatson, of the Turkish service, aided by several other British officers, especially by Captain Green, who organised the famous Scinde horse, in connection with our East Indian army, made his appearance in camp, and remained a short time, *en route* to Shumla, where he undertook to organise a very disorganised body of 4000 Bashi-bazouks, more given to plunder and murder the Bulgarians than to do battle with the Russian foe. Many of these unworthies were dismounted by Omar Pasha, and sent to serve, *volens volens*, in the regular infantry. Many deserted, and scattered themselves in groups along the road from Shumla to the camp, as common highwaymen, bringing the revolvers of our officers into frequent requisition, and sometimes robbing our commissariat and killing its servants. The British dealt too leniently with these gentry, from respect to the Turkish authorities; but the French, *per fas et nefas*, seized them upon proof of any damage done, and shot or hanged them, according to their notions of the crime perpetrated, or the convenience of those who inflicted the penalty.

During the early part of July, the French continued quartered in the town of Varna, and in tents in the vicinity; while the English gradually pushed on to more and more advanced positions. Lord Cardigan returned about the 10th from his reconnaissance in the Dobrudscha, during which he and his men suffered from exposure to the climate and inadequate supplies. They were repeatedly within view of the Russians under General Luders, who regarded

them through his telescope with great interest, but never opened fire upon them, although more than once within range of his guns. For nearly three weeks, his lordship and his brave followers bivouacked upon the open plain, having no tents, and seldom finding any shelter.

The camps received some strange visits, which relieved the *ennui* of tent-life not a little. Either the Fatima noticed by us in a former chapter, or some minor chieftainess, imitating the military ardour of the former, at the head of a troop of ragged, robber-like Bashi-bazouks, encamped at a little distance from the British lines. A deputation to invite her highness (if such she were) to pay a visit, was received with no favour. She contemptuously dismissed the "Giaours," and proceeded on her way to Shumla, to the head-quarters of Omar Pasha.

An English officer, a Mr. Walpole, formerly of the navy, at the head of a troop of picturesquely-attired orientals from some far off land of the sun, made his appearance soon after Madam, or Princess Fatima, so scornfully passed by. Mr. Walpole's troop were Mohammedan natives of some western province of India, who, being on their pilgrimage to Mecca, heard of the war of the great padishaw and the czar, and came to offer their swords in the service of the former, and were placed under Mr. Walpole's command. They proceeded to Shumla, and became General Beatson's body-guard. They were elegantly attired and accoutred, well mounted, and presented a military and dashing appearance.

About the middle of July, a French division struck its tents at Varna, and moved towards the Dobrudscha, with what object it was difficult to determine, unless the generals desired to put some stop to the murmurs in the French camp by an appearance of a movement in the direction of the enemy. About this time there was great hurrying to and fro of officers between Varna and the British encampments, as if some general movement was contemplated. A council of war was held at Varna, at which all the officers of distinction eligible to participate in such a matter were present: the admirals were also there. In the result of this council, Sir George Brown, attended by Captain Pearson, Colonel Lake, of the Royal Artillery, Captain Lloyd, of the Royal Engineers, and other officers, proceeded to the fleet at Baltschick. General Canrobert, and a numerous French staff, proceeded to the same destination. These generals went on board the flagships of the fleets of their respective nations, and soon afterwards the whole of the united fleet stood out to sea, and directed its course to the Crimea.

At this juncture it was discovered that the tools sent out for the engineers, and sappers and

miners, were utterly worthless. One of the great hindrances of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula War, was the defective quality of the tools supplied to his army. The men, in fact, fought fiercely to make captures of the enemies' tools, because they could not work with their own. The jobbing which disgraced the home government, the Horse Guards, and the Ordnance, during the struggle which the Duke maintained in the Peninsula, would have been repeated while the British were quartered in Bulgaria, were it not that the press agitated the subject, and that the public voice was then more potential than in the days of the Duke's campaigns. Even under the improved popular feeling in England, and notwithstanding the sense of greater responsibility felt by modern officials, it was not until much discussion, and a considerable amount of murmuring at home, alarmed the Board of Ordnance, the Commander-in-chief, and the War-office, that any effectual means were taken to remedy so great an evil.

At the end of July and beginning of August there were repeated flittings of the officers second in command in both armies between Varna and the fleet at Baltschick, and between Varna and the Bosphorus. By these movements it was obvious to all observers that some expedition of great interest was planning, or had been resolved upon, and the means of accomplishing which were under discussion. Various were the comments made by the officers upon every indication, however trifling, of a general movement; some believed that there would be an advance upon the Danube; others thought that Odessa would be the point of assault, as forming an important basis for an army intended to expel the Russians from Bessarabia, and aid Omar Pasha, and perhaps the Austrians, in crossing the whole line of the Pruth, and invading Russia; the Crimea was with others the point upon which the thunders of war would be launched. Opinions were very nearly equally divided between Odessa and the Crimea; and these discussions penetrated from the officers through all grades of the rank and file, until the youngest drum-boy had something to say concerning the intended expedition. To move upon the Danube, and by that route attack Russian territory was impracticable; neither army possessed the means of land transport essential to such an undertaking.

It is here our painful duty to notice the appearance and progress of pestilence in the camps. The first victim was a British rifleman, early in June, and, as is usual where Asiatic cholera makes its appearance, a few cases at intervals of several days followed. About the middle of July diarrhoea was very prevalent in the British camp, with many cases of dysentery. In the French, the type of the disease

called *cholérine* by them, was extensively prevalent; dysentery, also, and numerous cases of Asiatic cholera, which rapidly increased. The disease then fell, as it were, upon the camps and the country from Shumla to Varna, from Varna to Silistria; along the sea-shore; along the river's banks; by the skirts of the marshy lakes from Varna to Aladyn, and Aladyn to Devno; throughout the arid and pestilential Dobrudscha;—and, in fact, all over Bulgaria.

Around Varna it seemed to concentrate itself with intensity. The inhabitants of town and country, soldiers in camp, soldiers in quarters, French and British, men and officers, all ranks and classes fell fast under the fearful infliction. The writer of this History has seen much of this disease, and can write with confidence, that all the ingenuity expended in accounting for its appearance at Varna was thrown away. The laws which regulate the advent, prevalence, and disappearance of the malady elsewhere, were in action in Bulgaria and other parts of Turkey: the disease was epidemic, extending over all Turkey, European and Asiatic,—except, as is usual in its capricious progress, in certain cities, places, and districts, which it seemed to shun, although every reason that could be adduced for its probable appearance anywhere might be as certainly affirmed of them. It raged in Scutari and Gallipoli; it followed the troops subsequently to the Crimea; it was felt at the foot of the Balkans, where no troops were congregated, and swept with havoc to the shores of the Arctic Sea. If the theory which has lately obtained credence, that the infection, whatever its source, is bred in the waters of rivers and marshes, and thence spreads through the low lands and valleys, and to a *certain* height above them, be sound, Varna and its neighbourhood were well adapted to produce and nourish it. The sea, whether by the shore or at a distance from land, is favourable to the production of this pestilence, and along the sea-shore by Varna it prevailed with great virulence. The ships also were visited with it, nor did much good result to the crews by putting to sea. *Pro rata*, the French lost more men than the English, and the civilians in Varna and neighbourhood more than either. The Turkish and Egyptian troops suffered terribly, and the disease seemed to have a peculiar passion for the Bashi-bazouks, amongst whom it ran with appalling mortality. Many of the men of all these forces sank rapidly and languidly away, as if the heart were at once chilled by the cold finger of the invisible avenger. It was remarkable that this class of victims seemed in death as if in slumber, and bore an expression of repose upon their countenance, in striking contrast to the anxious expression

during collapse, reminding one of the language of Leigh Hunt—"A corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence." There was much discussion provoked in England as to the choice of Varna for the site of a camp. As a basis of military operation, to relieve Silistria and operate against the Russians on the Danube, we have already shown that it was well chosen; the situation of the camps was as picturesque as could be desired, justifying the application of the motto chosen for our chapter; but the vicinage of Varna is, as already described, marshy, and subject to marsh fever. Lieutenant-general Brown, in a speech made at Elgin, in September, 1855, denies that there was any marsh near the camp. This was true as to Devno, but Aladyn was so situated as to expose the troops to such evils as generally arise in certain seasons in that climate from lakes and bodies of comparatively still waters. The French camps, in which the disease first appeared with any severity, were not healthily situated; and one division, that of General Canrobert, when it advanced from the vicinity of Varna to Bazardzhik, passed through a marsh where a number of Russian horses and even men lay in decomposition, and that night cholera broke out among the troops. During the occupation of Kustendje the division was reduced from ten to six thousand men by cholera, dysentery, and fever.

Throughout the months of July and August the pestilence brooded over city and country, but the rage of its influence continued for about three weeks, ending on the 10th of August, the night of the great conflagration. As when, in individual cases, recovery from cholera is generally attended by a dangerous and very often fatal reactionary fever, so, where the disease was most severe in a district, its removal was attended by the appearance of a low fever, which assumed an epidemic character, and caused many deaths. There were some affecting instances where it proved fatal to individuals, officers and men. Many of the latter charged the chaplains and orderlies to communicate with their families in terms the most touching; the love of home was strong in them, and, falling victims to disease so far away, their last words were of fond remembrance to the beloved whom they should never more behold in this world. It was singular to behold this tenderness and sentiment with men who, in their reckless hardihood, could not be induced to use any precaution against the malady. Amongst the officers, some of the best and bravest perished. A lady, whose son was an officer in the artillery, and whom, with a mother's love, she persisted in following amidst the dangers of a campaign, hoping to administer to his comforts,

was laid by him beneath the turf of the Greek burying-ground in Varna.

On the 8th of August there was a very general buzz of satisfaction among the troops at the prospect of embarking for the Crimea, a report to which effect having run through both armies. Nearly 400 sail crowded the harbour, and indications of a speedy embarkation were everywhere apparent. At Constantinople and at Baltschick vigorous arrangements were proceeding for transporting the army to their destination. Their hopes of embarking were, however, speedily repressed by increase of cholera in the fleet. When the disease had passed the turning point of its power on shore, it burst forth with redoubled fury in the naval squadrons, and the flagship of Admiral Dundas so suffered, that in the crisis of the disease 150 men were ill, after 100 had perished. It was impossible—however forward the expeditionary arrangements may have been, and however eager the spirit of enterprise—to embark the troops on board ships which were floating charnel-houses. Delay was thus necessitated by events over which neither admirals, generals, nor ministers at home, could have exercised any control. Much discussion has been maintained as to the blameworthiness of the generals in selecting the site of the camps at Varna. Since the author commenced writing this chapter, General Sir George Brown and the *Times'* correspondent have exchanged fire about the matter; a sort of logomachical duel has been fought by these very remarkable persons, notwithstanding the distance between Elgin and Sebastopol, where they were respectively "placed." The *Times'* correspondent affirmed while on the spot, that "notwithstanding the exquisite beauty of the country about Aladyn, it is a hotbed of fever and dysentery. The same is true of Devno, which is called by the Turks, the Valley of Death; and had we consulted the natives ere we pitched our camps, we assuredly should never have gone either to Aladyn or Devno, notwithstanding the charms of their position, and the temptations offered by the abundant supply of water, and by the adjacent woods. No blame is perhaps to be attributed to any one for neglecting to ascertain the sanitary peculiarities which counterbalanced these great advantages. Whoever gazed on these rich meadows for long miles away, and bordered by heights upon which the dense forest struggled in vain to pierce the masses of wild vine, clematis, dwarf acacia, and many-coloured brushwoods,—on the verdant hill-sides, and on the dancing waters of lake and stream below, lighted up by the golden rays of a Bulgarian summer's sun,—might well think that no English glade or hill-top could well be healthier or better suited for the residence of man. But these meadows

nurture the fever, the ague, dysentery, and pestilence, in their bosom; the lake and the stream exhale death, and at night fat unctuous vapours rise up, fold after fold, from the valleys, and creep up in the dark, and steal into the tent of the sleeper, and fold him in their deadly embrace. So completely exhausted on last Thursday* was the brigade of Guards—these 3000 of the flower of England—that they had to make two marches in order to get over the distance from Aladyn to Varna, which is not more than ten miles. But that is not all: their packs were carried for them. The Highland Brigade is in better condition; but even these fine regiments are far from being in the health and spirits in which they set out from Varna. The French have their cholera camp about two miles from the town; it is only too extensive and too well filled. Horrors occur here every day which are shocking to think of. Walking by the beach one sees some straw sticking up through the sand, and scraping it away with his stick, he is horrified at bringing to light the face of a corpse, which has been deposited there with a wisp of straw around it, a prey to dogs and vultures. Dead bodies rise up from the bottom in the harbour, and bob grimly around in the water, or drive in from sea, and drift by the sickened gazers on board the ships, buoyant, upright, and hideous, in the sun. A boat's crew go on shore to put a few stones together to form a sort of landing-place on the sand; they move a stone, and underneath is a festering corpse."

Sir George Brown, evidently with this and similar letters in view, although not naming the particular person, discharged an oratorical shot at the calumniators of beautiful Varna, and of the sanitary excellences of the camp. These comments reaching the "correspondent" amidst the ruins of Sebastopol, he showed that he still remembered both Varna and Sir George, and made a retort which we think puts the general *hors de combat*. The correspondent gives a true picture, in his replication, of the topographical and sanitary peculiarities of the neighbourhood, and places Sir George in the light of one who grows no wiser by experience, and will not be taught. He is borne out in his testimony by another credible witness, who says, "I at last passed the general hospital, and made my way through the sally-port. Here I began to get a better notion of Varna. It is situated on a dead flat; and between the lake and the sea the ground is all marsh, giving out the most deadly effluvia."

To us there appears little difficulty in settling this vexed question. Both French and English were too arrogant in opinion to consult the natives, although the French generals and medical staff showed much skill and experience.

* Letter dated August 19, 1854.

Our "besworded medicals" spurned all advice from civilians of their own profession; and neither generals nor doctors had given attention to the sanitary conditions essential to a healthy encampment. We differ from the *Times'* correspondent in acquitting the authorities of blame. How to choose an encampment in a sanitary point of view ought to be a matter of earnest study with generals, doctors, and engineers. The great Napoleon, and latterly the great Duke, paid much attention to such matters. In India, the neglect of such considerations formerly sacrificed large numbers of our troops; and the history of the British army abounds with warnings to which it was Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown's especial duty to have attended, while second in command at Varna; for so little did Lord Raglan interfere with anything, that the command virtually devolved upon his more active and energetic lieutenant. The French, although from other causes they suffered more eventually, certainly did choose more healthy sites, and eagerly remonstrated with the English upon the bad judgment they evinced in pitching their encampments in situations of sanitary peril, assuring them that suddenly pestilence would arise and smite their troops with sickness and death. It was in vain, however, that the older French officers appealed to their experience in Africa; the *vis inertiae* of our nation was not to be overcome by the gesticulations or vehement assurances of our sincere and scientific allies; and generally, with the concurrence of our medical officers, the generals distributed the men in situations exposed necessarily to the marsh fever. The consequences were seen even after the cholera abated, for men and officers in great numbers, who escaped that scourge and the attendant diarrhoea and dysentery, were so exhausted by this particular disease as to be unable to accompany the expedition to the Crimea, and had to return home, or to linger through weary months of weakness at Therapia, Scutari, or Malta.

Not only upon the sites chosen for encampments have we had revived discussions by men of great public merit since these pages went to press, but also in connection with the hospital arrangements, and the food of the men. Dr. Smith, upon whom so much responsibility rested in these matters, and other medical men of inferior note, have, by letters, published through the media of the daily journals, justified everything done by the officials, and arraigned by the public. On these questions we shall give evidence of a nature beyond all suspicion—the testimony of an eye-witness, the wife of a colonel, who commanded a regiment of British infantry during the whole time the allied army remained in Bulgaria:—

"We had the toughest mutton, the most stringy beef, the hardest pork. Vegetables were as traditions, and the bread was a mixture of half-baked dirt and corn, about the colour of gingerbread. At first the hospital was altogether deficient in sick comforts; there was neither sago, arrowroot, nor any material for making gruel; neither a bottle even of port wine. The deputy-inspector at length sent six of these; but if a man was not able to eat his rations of elderly mutton, caoutchouc-like beef, and supersaline pork, the alternative was obvious. The water, too, was always questionable. Rice was sometimes procurable; but the sick were unfortunate in not having a cook that could improve upon his materials. The medicine chest was well supplied; the lack was of comforts—those things which often do more for the recovery of the sick than the skill of the physician. Our hospital wanted wine, good bread, pure water, &c.; it wanted good cooks to make some of them, and good nurses to administer all. Our nurses were untaught regimental orderlies, one to each ten patients; and the cook, I am sure, could not have made an eatable bread-pudding, if his life had paid the forfeit of a failure. It may be asked, Where were the women of the regiment all this time? Why did *they* not act as nurses? Several of these women had been cooks as well as nurses in the families of officers at home; but *it is not the system* to allow them to be useful in an hospital. The soldier, as he did here, lies upon a bed of cut grass, and takes his tenth share of the attendance of an ignorant, unpractised soldier like himself; and the women are working in the sun, or drinking to drown misery, or quarrelling about the right to some wretched shelter, or doing some bad thing or other, to which their previous bad training and present suffering urge them. How much wiser it would have been to form such women as were allowed to accompany the men into a band of "administration," as the French call it? To have given specific duties to them—such as those of cooks, nurses, needlewomen, washers; to give them encouragement, and the reputation of having a character to support; to have provided proper shelter for them in the exercise of their duties, proper protection against the evils prominent in their stations; and so, by adding to their comfort, and making them responsible for the performance of womanly duties, have originated an idea in these women's minds of the true value of character, and of their real importance. If every regiment had taken this view, and judiciously acted upon it when they left England, what immense good might have been done, what enormous sums saved! We, in Turkey, should not have witnessed vice going hand in hand with misery; we should not have seen the

rays of a burning sun beating down on the heads of our unhappy women, and driving them half-frenzied to intoxication for relief. Our ears would not have been assailed with the language of blasphemous despair, and utter recklessness as its result. Nor should you in England have had your feelings harrowed by accounts of the want of woman's hand to raise and succour."

At a later period of her Varna experiences, the same talented lady observes:—"How the tough old fowl or the morsel of mutton *was ever boiled in the dirty water*, or brought to us in the smutty pan, day by day, remains quite an open question. Of course the bread had still more of Turkish soil, and still less of Turkish corn, in it than of old. And as water seemed to clear itself by percolating through all the solids it came in contact with, of whatever nature, the bread so dulled the fires that were intended to bake it, that our ration loaf resembled rather a block of soil from a Lincolnshire fen, than any portion of the staff of life—in fact, it became uneatable."

As our sick men so generally died from want of suitable food, care, and nursing,—as their illnesses were greatly promoted by the want of a sufficient commissariat, and the deficiency in skill of the superior officers in managing large bodies of men in camp,—so the horses of our army also suffered from unskilfulness, and the want of provident preparation for the sustenance and care of so important an appendage to an army in the field. On subjects of this kind the historian must of course depend upon the testimony of others; facts cannot be dressed up as original speculations may be, for the entertainment of the reader. We have preferred quoting from persons not correspondents of the London or Paris press, and not identified with politics, unless where they alone have related the incidents which it is our duty to record; we therefore give, as our authority in this matter, the truthful and eloquent writer of *Our Camp in Turkey*:—

"The camp (of Prince Napoleon's division) was very large. We arrived first among the cavalry. The lines were formed of 'bowers;' each horse was picketed in a bower; and these long double avenues of green stables were the prettiest things I had ever seen of the kind. The French lost fewer horses than we did in proportion. Our chargers had no stables of any kind, and suffered terribly at Gallipoli and Varna, both from the sun, the dews, and the flies, who drew blood with the least bite; our horses were nearly maddened from this cause. The best we could do, was to dig square pits for them to stand in, with some little protection of rugs and mats. But almost all the horses we brought from England failed; and the officers replaced them with Turkish horses, which were

strong, cheap, and capable of enduring the climate. General Eyre lost a splendid charger at Varna after a few minutes' illness only; and a horse of one of our officers died at length, after intense suffering, from universal swelling of the head, as if from the bite of a snake, though there was no appearance of anything of the sort. These strange accidents were common with us, but the French appeared safe; whether this arose from the superior hardiness of their animals, the greater care observed, or the better management, is not evident."

On the whole, life and health were wonderfully preserved among the chief officers during the pestilence; but it was noticeable that when it subsided, many of them became ill from the other prevalent diseases, and a considerable proportion died. Thus the Duke of Cambridge was attacked with erysipelas, but bravely kept to his post; Lord De Ros left ill for Therapia; and the army expressed considerable discontent that, while soldiers and officers of inferior birth were sick and dying, a doctor should have been removed for his especial benefit. What a noble contrast to this is presented by the conduct of Lord Beresford in the Spanish Peninsula, who, when dangerously wounded, refused to have his wounds dressed until the common soldiers near him were first attended! General Cater was also removed to Constantinople as an invalid; Colonel Doyle, an officer of skill and activity, was invalided; General Tylden was unable to attend to his duties; Colonels Elliot and Ferguson fell victims to the malarious influences of the neighbourhood. Others, whom it is needless to enumerate, sunk beneath the general influence of the climate and the place, and the nervous exhaustion caused by the terrible scenes through which they had passed.

It was salutary to the moral feelings of both armies that they had been brought together through so much suffering, and it also tended to cement the kindly feelings of the men. Companions in a time so trying to the calm fortitude of all, they were the more likely to feel a friendship for one another when upon the field of war. Even the Turks, with all their apathy, were moved to a warmer sympathy with their allies by those scenes of suffering and sorrow. There is no avenue to the Turkish mind more easy of access than that of sympathy with those who lose by death those dear to them, so that even they put aside their reserve, and often attended as mourners at the grave-side of our English brave. When the pestilence was at its height, and the French and Tunisians were suffering more than we did, it was common for both to attend the burials of British officers and soldiers with tokens of kindly sympathy and manly regret. Indeed, this feeling showed

itself at the very beginning of the allied occupation. The first British officer who died was followed to his grave by many of our allies. The account of this first funeral of a British officer, as given by a clergyman to the writer from whom we have last quoted, is touching in the extreme:—

"Captain Wallis, who died from a fall from his horse soon after the arrival of the allied forces at Varna, was to be buried in a little sort of cemetery near the sea, where one or two Christians were already laid. Before the funeral party started, a Turkish band was observed hurrying across the plain in the direction of the cemetery; and when the troops arrived, they heard a wild, pathetic sort of melody, which the Turkish musicians were playing in honour of the dead. It was said to be strangely touching, that low wail of sorrow; and as the ceremony continued, the Turkish musicians from time to time played airs so sweet and sad, that our chaplain, who spoke of it, said that he had never been more strangely affected than with the deep solemnity of this Moslem compliment.

"Soon—attracted as they always are by any bustle or excitement—a party of Zouaves arrived, followed by groups of Bashi-bazouks and Algerines: many hundred soldiers of the line, belonging to the French camps, were of course assembled; and all the members of this large and motley crowd stood reverently and silently around, hushed into the deepest stillness.

"The ceremony commenced, and every eye was fixed upon the chaplain. As they observed him bow his head in reverent homage to the name of the Christian's Saviour, the Turks, Zouaves, and even the Algerines, followed the obeisance. To the Turks the word was familiar, as the name of a great prophet, whom they hold in respect only second to their leader Mohammed; but with the Algerines the matter was different perhaps. The mercenary troops of Africa, and yet less the Bashi-bazouks, make religion but little their study; and the action with them, as an imitative one, was simply the result of the influences of the moment originating a feeling of propriety, respect, and sympathy.

"Captain Wallis was the first English officer of the force who had died at Varna. He was beloved and regarded by all who knew him personally; and those who were acquainted with him only by report loved him for his reputation. He was a good man and a brave officer; and even in his brief sojourn in the place where accident, as it seemed, had struck him low, he had earned golden opinions from even men formed of such moral material as those in the mixed crowd who sought to honour him in his grave. Moreover, order and

gentleness pervaded the entire mass. Common sympathy with the universal and inevitable, excited the best feelings of men ordinarily indifferent in peace or ferocious in war, and drew the Turk, the Arab, the Syrian, and the Englishman together, sympathizing with and respecting each other."

On the 10th of August, a conflagration occurred in the town of Varna of great extent, by which vast stores were consumed, and not less than two hundred houses. The accounts given of its origin are conflicting. The *Times'* correspondent was then at Constantinople, and could only relate what he had subsequently heard, when many false stories were put into circulation by the Greeks, to disguise the truth, whatever it might be, and to embarrass the allies. Miss Pardoe, assuming as probable that the fire had its origin with incendiary Greeks, thinks the object was to prevent the expedition from sailing to the Crimea until too late in the season, so that it might be exposed to the boisterous weather which, late in the autumn, prevails in the Euxine. Others do not describe the probable actors as so far-seeing, but as prompted only by the hatred they bore to the allies as the coadjutors of Turkey, and desirous, therefore, to injure their property, and by blowing up the magazines inflict loss of life upon the troops. That the Greeks were the incendiaries there can be little doubt; although they were aided by others, to whom one might address the words so often quoted, "Thou Greek in soul, though not in creed." That class of the population at Varna were capable of any act of revenge or assassination for which there was a tolerable prospect of impunity. The Greeks in England zealously exculpated their co-religionists; but several of the Bulgarian Greeks, and speculators or spies from Roumelia and Greece proper, were shot down by the French soldiery while attempting to extend the fire, and one who succeeded in igniting a large quantity of spirits was cut down by a sabre-blow from a French officer into the flames he had enkindled. All the efforts of the soldiers to check the progress of the fire were fruitless, until a considerable portion of the town was destroyed, and immense stores of valuable material for both armies. The English lost 19,000 pairs of boots, some clothing, and medical stores. The French lost large quantities of flour and biscuit; it was in the baking department of the French commissariat that the fire broke out. The progress of the conflagration was appalling; the wooden houses feeding it as it rapidly flew from one row to another, overleaping the Varna streets, and sending up streams as if from fountains of inexhaustible flame. When the destructive element approached the powder magazine, the joy of the Greeks mastered their prudence; they forgot their danger, and, with loud cries of

satisfaction, endeavoured to impede the efforts of the soldiery to extinguish the torrent of fire which rushed with fierce impetuosity in the direction of the dreaded spot. Some of the Greeks, aiding the extension of the conflagration, were pushed by the bayonets of the French back into the burning houses. The French engineers displayed their usual skill, and were obeyed by the working parties with an intelligent alacrity: trenches were dug round the magazine, and the further progress of the devastation in that direction was arrested. Far inland, the Bulgarian peasantry beheld the sky lurid with the reflection of these fierce fires, and many were the rumours which spread through the country, even to Shumla and Silistria, before the truth arrived. The general impression was, that the fleets were consumed by fire-ships sent amongst them by Greek emissaries of Russia; and although the Bulgarian people were not unfriendly to the allies, such were their sufferings beneath the relentless yoke of the Ottoman, that they even wished it so. In some directions the report was spread that the allies, quarrelling, set fire to the city in their contest. Far out at sea, the scene was also discerned, and as the flames were flung up from the bursting stores of spirits and other combustible material, the sudden flashes of light across the sky appeared to the mariner to proceed from some volcanic eruption, which had suddenly gushed forth near the Bulgarian shores. Until the retreat of the Russian armies, long afterwards, from southern to northern Sebastopol, the allied troops witnessed nothing—amidst all the fitful scenes of war—so grandly terrible as the conflagration at Varna.

Soon after the decadence of the cholera, and a more healthy state of the troops was generally indicated, Varna became again lively. Gay merchantmen crowded the harbour, and the town assumed a business air; the hum of commerce was heard in its streets, strangely blended with the din of arms. The soldiers found it easier to make their purchases, having collected scraps of Turkish; and some of the officers, but more especially the non-commissioned officers, regularly studied the language. A private soldier, named O'Flaherty, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, so far mastered Turkish, Greek, and the Bulgarian *patois* of the province, that he passed examination for a third-class interpreter.

Many of the traders who attended the troops at Gallipoli, followed them to Varna, where rather motley bazaars were set up, and where the oddest associations of commodities were sold in the same shop: saddles and pickled ham, French brandy and woollen stockings, soups and mud-boots, were to be found in the most inappropriate juxtaposition. The costumes of the frequenters of this curious

commercial mart were as odd as the arrangements of the trading establishments. Officers riding queer flat-shod ponies, with enormous straw hats like those worn by American planters, haversacks over their shoulder, boots reaching to the thighs, and uniforms and mufti villainously commingled, so as to give the wearers the air of "*Messieurs les Bashi-bazouks*," might be seen toiling in daily to make purchases,—or toiling out again, winding their intricate and careful way round long lines of arabas and oxen—a goose swinging to the saddle, or a small sack of vegetables thrown before them across the animals they bestrode. The Highlanders presented the queerest *tout ensemble* of all the queer comers to Varna market. Under the best aspects, their appearance on horseback was very singular, but sometimes the figure they cut was droll beyond all description. Take as a sample, a stalwart Celt, his naked knees clutching the sides of a restive mule, a large green wide-awake on his head, and the dress jacket of a French Hussar on his back; a huge loaf under the bridle-arm, and a bundle of rusty-looking vegetables—most precious commodities—tenderly guarded by the other! After him comes a little Egyptian, mounted on a Turkish pony, a Mameluke head-gear, the dress jacket of an English artilleryman, and a Highland kilt over his own trews! These are really *samples*, not exaggerations, of what might be called the crowd at the Varna fair.

It would be difficult to say whether the miseries of camp or town were the worse during the whole period of the occupation. The state of the town or city of Varna may be judged by the following piece of domestic experience:—

"The reader can have no idea of what our sufferings were at Varna. The ceiling of the rooms was of new wood, like the doors and press, and the walls fresh whitewashed. Nothing could be purer-looking than they were; and after what we had heard of the barracks at Scutari, and of Turkish houses, we congratulated ourselves on our mansion in Belgrave Square, Varna, as *that* at least was *clean*.

"Sorely wearied, I went to bed. Patter, patter, patter! What could it be? Surely it rained, and the leaky roof allowed the drops to fall on my face and coverlet. To ascertain the fact, the lucifers and candle came into requisition; and then a scene appeared which I thought even a Turkish house could not have produced. The walls were covered thickly with vermin of the most objectionable class; the white coverlet showed hundreds, the planks of the floor seemed to pour them out in streams; and when morning came, and I described what seemed a horrible sort of phantasmagoria, my friend laughed a wild sort of half-frantic laugh, and said, 'Oh! you must sprinkle Italian powder over the floor and bed, and suspend a

tarpaulin over-head.' Neither tarpaulin nor powder had any effect; and at last I tried placing lighted candles round, till I could have fancied myself one of the royal family lying in state."

Take, from the same pen, an ordinary interruption of camp quiet:—

"One morning we were much agitated by the dashing in of a Bashi-bazouk, who, with his short stirrups, sharp bit, and fiery little Koor-dish horse, made a great spatter among the tents. He had come to complain to somebody—he did not know who—of an outrage; and was so excited that the hair was nearly shaken from his head; the pendulous sleeves of his posteen fluttered wildly behind him, and the rags which formed his costume threatened to separate from one another every moment.

"Some one, whose tent-ropes he had especially outraged, came forth to inquire and remonstrate; on which the Bashi-bazouk sprang from his horse, and commenced a series of gesticulations perfectly terrific to a nervous person. Yet, as the explanation was given in a Maronite, or an Urmean, or a Dara-en, or some tongue or other, of which provincial dialect we were profoundly ignorant, the injured man rushed on his horse again, and dashed over the plain, bounding from side to side, seeking a safety-valve for his rage, till he looked in the distance like the forked lightning of the drama.

"We hoped he had gone. Certainly he had, but only to return in a worse form. He brought an interpreter with him, who spoke the remarkable language of that land, for which our friend was probably too good; and it then appeared that the Bashi-bazouk charged one of our men with robbing him of five francs; and he seemed desirous of not only having that sum rendered him again, but the offender—soul, body, and uniform—given up to his views of immediate vengeance.

"Here was a difficulty; and the complainant, appearing to believe it originated in the interpreter, expressed his opinion of him in that decided and pithy way common to this fiery class of auxiliaries. It was therefore necessary to restore him to his own people as promptly as possible; and the interpreter was told that proper investigation should take place, and restitution and punishment follow, as circumstances might warrant.

"A court of inquiry was ordered for the following morning, and the presence of a French officer, in command of some portion of our gallant friends the Bashi-bazouks, requested, with such witnesses as he might consider proper. The officer, however, came without these worthies. He was a peculiarly agreeable man, full of intelligence, and acute in observation, as French officers, I think, usually are; and he ended proceedings at once, by saying that the

charge was absurd,—that it was most unlikely that any robbery had been committed,—and if it had, that the Bashi-bazouk must certainly have stolen the five francs ten minutes before from somebody else.”

The dress of the allies was a constant source of amusement to each other. The British would gaze quietly at the wide red trousers of the French, and take off their little red *casquettes*, and place them on their own broad heads, and try to make them sit jauntily. The French soldier would take the Englishman by his stock, and pretend to choke him, and then, taking off his own blue scarf, whisk it over his head in triumph, occasioned by its superiority to the “choker” of his British comrade. It was also common for the Zouaves to challenge the British to imitate them in the freedom of movement which their loose and easy-sitting apparel allowed. The Turks would stand in stupid wonder at these antics; but when any thing similar was performed upon themselves, their look of bewildered amazement, as they slowly shook their heads and uttered, “No, *buono* Johnny,” was utterly ludicrous.

The love of music greatly prevailed in both armies, but it was encouraged only in the French. Prince Napoleon particularly fostered it. Vocal as well as instrumental bands were established in his division, and they proved a source of much delight to the performers and to the whole of the soldiery. The British were pleased exceedingly, whenever opportunity allowed their enjoyment of these French bands; and their regrets, we had almost said murmurs, were frequently expressed that their own regiments were deficient in this particular.

It is impossible to praise too highly the honesty of the French. However unwilling to present any portion of our own troops in a light unworthy of their glorious courage, historical integrity demands the admission that, while the French soldier rarely—we might, perhaps, write never—robbed his English ally, the British soldiers frequently perpetrated this offence against the French, and upon one another. They often committed theft in their own camp, dressed in the garb of the French. A French soldier, *apparently*, having committed some thefts in the camp of the second division, he was pursued by the servants of a superior officer. Some other French soldiers stopped him, and brought him back to the persons who sent out the pursuit. The culprit, however, to the surprise of the person plundered, exclaimed in broad Scotch, “I’d been drinking with a comrade, and didn’t know a bit what I was at.” The cutting remarks of the French soldiers were, “*C’est un Anglais!*” “*Un vrai Anglais!*” And one of them muttered in English as they withdrew, “A soldier begins ill by being a thief—he will live to be shot!”

During the last week of August, the men were rapidly moved from the camps in the interior to the shore. They were delighted with the change, and with the prospect of glory in some great and brilliant enterprise. The line of march resounded with their songs; and it was curious to mark the different character of these effusions, according to the varied nationalities of the regiments: “Dumble dum dary,” and “li tol de rol,” were ever more heard during the march of the English regiments; while “Rory O’More,” “Nora Creena,” and “Tatter Jack Walsh,” were in high request with the Irish. It is hardly to be accounted for that the Highlanders were more silent, both as to song and talk, than their comrades of the sister nationalities; they marched along with a silent, steady, but cheerful air, while the ranks of the 88th were resonant with loud laughter and song. The bagpipes of the Highlanders were brought into very useful requisition, for the men intensely enjoyed them.

Horrible scenes were occasionally presented to some of the troops in the neighbourhood of Devno. Where the cholera victims had in great numbers been buried, it was observed that they had been torn up by the Bulgarian peasantry for the purposes of plunder; and the ill-will to the allies of the Moslem was so great that, to the detriment of their own health, the plunderers left the corpses exposed to the dogs and vultures. The stench from the bodies of dead men, and from dead horses, was unsupportable, and for miles around tainted the atmosphere. Perhaps such scenes had some influence upon the fact that a number of officers of great promise died of cholera when most of the troops had embarked for the Crimea. The popular surgeon of the 88th; one of the most effective captains of the 8th Hussars, who had given Earl Cardigan great satisfaction during the reconnaissance by the troops of the latter towards the Danube; and Colonel Boyle, so well known as a generally popular member of the House of Commons, were cut off by the destroyer within a few hours after being attacked. It was sad to see the check put upon the buoyant courage of the troops by the sudden death of so many brave and popular officers. When the graves of these officers were near, rudely marked with rough stone or broad board, the wooden crosses more tastefully erected by the French soldiery upon the beach, the men looked on with evident depression. This was still more observable when the body of Colonel Boyle, by direction of his relative, Admiral Dundas, was taken out in a little boat to sea, and consigned to the deep. Yet one of his poor soldiers took this consolation from his burial-place—“The dogs, the vultures, or the Bulgarians, will not tear

him up, at all events!" This was, however, a poor solace; for the bodies of men and officers of the fleet, which had been cast overboard, rose to the surface of the water, and appeared, with contorted faces, to look out from their ghastly eyes. The corpse of a French soldier, who had been a man of gigantic stature, floated about day after day, notwithstanding various efforts to sink it, and presented an appearance so grim and terrible as made many a brave man sicken with disgust and shudder with horror.

Amidst scenes and circumstances such as these, the commander of the cavalry division, the Earl of Lucan, complained in a formal order of the day of the dirty appearance of the division, ordering that ochre and pipe-clay should be plentifully used in dressing up belts, leathers, and facings, so as to give a clean and smart appearance to the men. The soldiers could procure neither pipe-clay nor ochre in Varna, and even General Brown failed to bring out sufficient quantities, if the matter did not escape him altogether; so that his lordship's men could not borrow or beg from the light division, any more than from any other. This order of Lord Lucan's was very much of a piece with his orders generally while his division was in Bulgaria, and he did not improve during his command in the Crimea. If the strictures published by General Bacon upon Lord Lucan's cavalry management, discipline, and orders, be just, it would appear that his claims for so important a command were not considered when he was appointed, but that rather his influence with the Horse Guards and the government secured him that honour. Alas! that so many brave men, officers and soldiers, should so often perish needlessly in the service of the British army, in consequence of the appointments to high command being more frequently made to depend upon family connexion than upon competency! It is of no use for the people of England to protest against this by public meetings, and through the press; they must organise opposition to such appointments, and to the officials who promote them. This is due by the public to its own honour, to the reputation of our free constitution, and to that justice which ought to characterise the nation's conduct to an army so loyal, so enduring, and so brave.

After the army had mainly withdrawn from the camps, an intelligent military traveller, one who knows Turkey and her provinces well, thus describes the country where our troops had been:—

"We met long trains of waggons on the road, carrying provisions for the army; they were all drawn by bullocks, and looked weird and barbarous, creeping along in the morning twilight, and the still solemn lake* sleeping

* The lake between Varna and Devno.

beside them. Now and then we passed a French or British officer, coming down from Bucharest, and more or less knocked up. There seemed to be a good deal doing to strengthen the sinews of war in these parts, and certainly there appeared no want of activity. What was done was, however, said not to be very well done. It was painful to notice, as we rode on, the bare and deserted state of the country, even by the highroad side. We went for miles and miles without seeing a sign of cultivation, or of a human habitation; the solitary little village we descried at rare intervals, seemed lost in the wilderness around. If the curse of God hung over the land, it could scarcely seem more desolate. The footprints of the rude soldiery of bygone days, who have swept like stormy torrents one after the other over these fertile plains, have left their deep marks everywhere; the exactions of pashas, the insecurity of property, melancholy misgovernment, have done the rest. Hope and energy have been palsied from men's hearts; for who would care to sow, knowing that he would never reap a harvest?

"From Devno to Pravida is a gentle ride of about three hours; but the only persons we met on the way, though the day was fine, were a company of tall staunch Bulgarian women, going out to labour in the marshy fields near Pravida. They were dressed in bright red jackets, and looked at a distance like a detachment of British grenadiers. We were expecting a shout of welcome, therefore, from some old acquaintances; but these Bulgarian beauties only showed a white line of teeth, stretching across their bronzed and rich-complexioned faces. Pravida is a dirty little straggling Turkish village, and the few houses I entered were miserable one-roomed huts, though the ample hearths and bright fires told of the inhabitants of a cold country, who had long learned a salutary respect for their national weather. The villages were agricultural barns, with no apparent individuality among them. We had intended to get on to Shumla by a sort of forced march; but there was no moon, and night overtook us at Jeni Bazaar (New Market), a place which had been recently occupied by Lord Cardigan, and the gay jackets of the 11th Hussars."

From the time the troops were concentrated about Varna, the men were practised in the work of quickly embarking and debarking cannon and stores, and to this discipline very much of the perfection evinced in landing in the Crimea is to be attributed.

We must now leave the armies at Varna, preparing for the great campaign, while we turn our thoughts to other portions of the vast theatre of action, where contemporaneous events occurred.

CHAPTER XX.

OPERATIONS ON THE DANUBE.—OMAR PASHA AT SHUMLA.—SIEGE OF SILISTRIA.

“ And there the volleying thunders pour,
Till waves grow smother to the roar.
The trench is dug, the cannon’s breath
Wings the far-hissing globe of death;
Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
Which crumbles with the ponderous ball;
And from that wall the foe replies,
O’er dusky plain and smoky skies,
With fires that answer fast and well
The summons of the Infidel.”

BYRON.

As early as the 14th of April, the erection of batteries on the north side of the Danube, opposite Silistria, and the opening of a heavy bombardment, announced the siege of that fortress. Three weeks elapsed before the Russians completed the investment, their troops gradually converging upon the place. The right wing of their army had been greatly weakened by the withdrawal of troops to support the incursion made by their left upon the Dobrudscha, and the Turkish left followed, actively and energetically, every movement of the foe. Nor was the left wing of the invader left unassailed while his troops were gradually enclosing Silistria; for on the 19th of April, Omar Pasha encountered it, and by an ingenious stratagem inflicted a disastrous blow. Omar, during the action, detached a body of Turks beyond his right, and the day being misty, the Russians, hearing troops advancing upon their extreme left, naturally supposed that they had come from the sea, and believed them to be the allies. It was alleged that Omar, to aid such a misapprehension, upon which he calculated, made use of the British flag; it is certain that the Russians, conceiving the outflanking Turks to be British, were seized with panic, broke away from their ranks, and fled in disorder, pursued by the Turkish irregular cavalry, who made great havoc. A loss of several hundred prisoners, and a thousand killed and wounded, was admitted by the Russians.

While the two armies thus confronted one another along the whole line of operations, great suspense hung over the Turkish capital; for it was known that a war *à l’outrance* had been determined by the czar, and that the capture of Silistria at any cost was essential to an advance upon the Balkan. The feeling in Constantinople may be judged by the expression given to it at the time by a leading organ of opinion in that city:—“The latest and most trustworthy accounts from the head-quarters of Omar Pasha prove the urgent necessity of the allied forces arriving on the theatre of war without loss of time, if there be a desire to avoid, as General Baraguay d’Hilliers is said to have expressed it in one of his despatches, the

repetition on land of the catastrophe of Sinope. A competent person, who has very recently examined, and with the greatest attention, the line of the Danube from Widdin to Rassova, and who has very minutely scrutinised the positions of the two armies, declares that unless help be speedily sent by the allies, the Russians must reach the Balkan.” Omar himself did not keep the field after the above check given to the enemy, but committing to his lieutenants the execution of his plans, he retired to his headquarters at Shumla, and thence directed the general movements. That this was good policy on his part the results proved. Sir George Larpent, in his work entitled, *Turkey, its History and Progress*, does only justice to the Turkish general, when he thus characterises his military policy throughout the Danubian campaigns:—“Omar Pasha has most brilliantly refuted the croaking predictions of the friends of Russia. His position, from the Black Sea to the Austrian frontier, has gained the approbation of all military men. How correctly he judged when he selected Little Wallachia as the point of attack, and made Kalafat the *tête du pont* of Widdin, is proved by the desperate exertions made by the Russians to regain this position. There is a certain touchstone, by which it can be discovered which of two commanders is superior in talent: it is the one who, through his operations, undertakes the management of the war, and forces his opponent to follow his movements. Omar Pasha has undoubtedly acted this part. In another point he has also shown his superiority: he has never suffered himself to be deceived by pretended attacks, which was frequently the case on the Russian side, more especially when Omar Pasha intended to take up his permanent position at Kalafat, and crossed the Danube and attacked the Russians at other points; so that they neglected the position which it was so important to their clever opponent to obtain. In addition to this, his management of the war is based on a very correct estimate of what the troops on either side are able to do. He chooses those modes of fighting in which the Turks are superior to the Russians. The Turkish soldier is a good *tirail-*

leur, which the Russian never learns, for he is nothing but a machine. The Turkish soldier defends walls and entrenchments with a love of the sport, in which he is only probably surpassed by the Spaniards; while the Russian is perfectly helpless in an attack on strong places. In accordance with these qualities of the opposed troops, Omar Pasha regulates his plan of campaign, carries on an interrupted little war, and intrenches himself when larger bodies are marched against him."

While, in the above critique upon the strategy of Omar, the writer does him bare justice, we think the comparison of the Turkish with the Spanish soldier unfair to the former. The Turkish soldier either in the field or behind works is incomparably better than the Spaniard. A false estimate of the value of the Spanish soldier for the defence of fortified places has arisen from the prestige of Saragossa, and Sir G. Larpent contributes to that erroneous impression by this comparative disparagement of the Turk. During the celebrated siege of Saragossa, the besiegers were not so numerous as the besieged, and yet none of those sorties by which a numerous garrison will always seek to embarrass the assailants characterised the defence of that place. At Silistria, on the contrary, the enemy was eight times as numerous as the garrison; and yet the latter adventured a series of sorties which, for brilliancy and heroic spirit, have never been surpassed by the garrison of a beleaguered fortress.

At Shumla, about fifty miles from Silistria, and rather more distant from Varna, Omar concentrated a large force, variously computed at from 55,000 to 70,000 men; where, even if Silistria had fallen, he could have made a formidable defence, and, preserving his connection with the allies when they landed at Varna (as narrated in the last chapter), it is inconceivable that Paskiewitch, even with an army double the strength of that which he commanded, could have forced his way to the Balkan. In order that our readers may form a just conception of the importance of the capture of Silistria by the Russians, it is necessary to describe Shumla, and its relation as a place of support to the beleaguered fortress, and as a place of defence against an invading army, seeking, by way of the Dobrudscha, to penetrate to the passes of the Balkan. Shumla is "a maiden city," having never been conquered, even in 1828-9, when the Emperor of Russia in person advanced against it at the head of a powerful army.

There is no military authority on the whole so available as Moltke. His descriptions of the fortified places of Bulgaria were aided by Sir J. Burgoyne and other British and some German officers, and his language is as little tech-

nical as a due observance of military accuracy would allow:—

"Shumla lies at the eastern foot of a group of hills, completely separated by the valleys of the Kamshik from the main chain of the Balkan. The flat upper plateau of this group of hills, on which Shumla is placed, is raised about 600 or 800 feet above the Bulgarian plain: the sides of this plateau fall in a precipitous wall of rock and then sink, at first with rapid and afterwards with decreasing steepness, into the plain below. Shumla is built in a short horizontal valley which ends in precipitous ravines. The hills lying to the east are precipitous towards the town, but slope towards the outside like a glacis, so that from a distance the houses of Shumla are visible, but are lost sight of on approaching within two and a half miles. The place is unfortified, but at the distance of 1000 or 1500 paces the connected lines of the fortified camp run along the crest of the mountain, resting on the left upon the precipitous heights of Strandcha, on the right upon those of Tchengell, which surround Shumla on the north and on the south. The Turks have thought it necessary to continue these lines in their rear and along the steep declivity, where they can be of no use. These lines were mere earthworks without masonry,* and with a narrow but deep ditch cut with a small slope into the hard ground. The extent of the lines from Strandcha, as far as the junction with the heights of Tchengell, is about 8000 paces. On the northern side, near Strandcha, the lines were double, and comprehended the camp where the infantry was lodged; the cavalry was placed in a valley traversed by two brooks. Thus these troops were completely protected. The town contained about 40,000 inhabitants, three parts of whom were Mussulmans. It had several fountains, five mosques, and three baths, and could draw plentiful supplies from its rear. The forts of Tchally-Sultan and Tchengell-Tabiassi did not exist when the Russians first sat down before Shumla, but were erected by degrees. They were narrow earthworks, with ditches, of which the escarpments were not lined with masonry; but they were easily defended from the camp, which was not 1000 yards off, and afforded an excellent *point-d'appui* for the sorties of the Turks. On the other hand, there remained since the former war, on the road to Constantinople, the fort of Ibrahim-Nasiri (now called Feddai-Tabiassi), and the Turks were erecting two large redoubts at the village of Tchengell.

"The main road from Rustchuk and Silistria

* The author nowhere found a trace of the walled towers mentioned by travellers; and as Shumla was never entered by a hostile corps, it can hardly be assumed that they could have totally disappeared had they ever existed.

to Constantinople does not cross the mountain-ridge, but turns towards the east to Strandcha, Shumla, and Tchengell. Besides the track to Tchengell, passable only for horsemen, the roads from Trudcha Kotesch, Novosil, Bular, Gradehti, and Dormus, converge to it. By all these roads convoys of provisions and men could be forwarded to the Turkish army from districts not occupied by the Russians. They had, moreover, no reason to fear any attack from these quarters, as the upper surface of the plateau is so covered with thick brushwood that it would be impossible even for a single horseman to advance except by the narrow pathway; even skirmishers would find it difficult to penetrate the thicket. The few roads run through long defiles in which it would be impossible to manœuvre.

"The most assailable point of this strong place was and still is that which looks the strongest, the ridge of Strandcha, which falls precipitously towards the south, but has a gradual ascent to the north. The fort built on this spot is faced with masonry, but the profile is weak and by no means secure against an escalade. The heights can be reached from Gradehti and Dormus through the valley of Kurtboghas (wolf's glen). In the campaign of 1810, General Kaminski occupied the rocky wooded hills to the north of Strandcha, and it is surprising that this advantage was foregone on that occasion, as from these heights troops might approach along the slopes behind Shumla; and the enemy once in possession of the heights commanding the town, it could no longer be defended. But now Strandcha was included within the lines of defence. The advance of a detachment through the Kurtboghas would have met with most serious resistance from the Turks, whose mode of fighting is well suited to a rocky and wooded district. But supposing that the Russians succeeded in starving out the garrison—and this could never be effected, owing to the various and distant means of access to the mountain fastness—the possession of Shumla would be of no use to them, as the strategical front of this post is towards the north, and could only be maintained by a large army, which the Russians could not command. Shumla would not open the passage of the Balkan; the subsistence of the Russian army could not be secured in that direction, and they must always fall back upon Varna."

From the above it is obvious that while Varna and the sea were in possession of a powerful ally of Turkey, the conquest of Silistria would not suffice to open the way to the Balkan, and it would have been utterly impossible for a much larger Russian army to have forced the lines around Shumla, which were far more formidable when occupied by Omar

than when in the campaign of 1828 it presented so formidable a barrier. In April, 1854, European engineers, under Omar's immediate direction and inspection, strengthened the formidable lines in every direction, while within Shumla large stores of provisions and munitions of war were carefully collected. On the roads to Varna, Silistria, and Rustchuk, detachments of troops were posted at considerable distances beyond the lines of defence. A British engineer officer thus briefly describes the relation of the Turkish general's head-quarters to the Danubian fortresses and to the Balkan passes:—"Silistria may be termed the citadel of the Danube, forming, as it does, with Rustchuk and Shumla, a connected triangle, which must be taken before any enemy could attempt the passage of the Balkan in this direction with safety."

Few discussions connected with Turkey have of late years occupied so prominent a place, as the defence afforded by the Balkan range of mountains against a Russian army. It would certainly be a very defective history of a war in which Russia invaded the Danubian provinces, entered Bulgaria, and pushed her advanced troops between Varna and Silistria, which omitted to notice this discussion. However important to the defence of the Balkan Shumla may be, it does not close any of the passes; for the entrenchments are situated at the foot of a group of hills separate from that range, round which a detour may be made, through an open country, by an army advancing from the north, both from Rustchuk and Silistria. From the former, to the right, through Eski Djumna, and Eski Stamboul to Tschalekavak; from the latter, to the left, through Bulavick, Murade, and Smadova to Tschalekavak. There are various rivers in either direction, but easily fordable. From Tschalekavak the difficulties would begin, but would not be insurmountable. The grand difficulty would be to get to the last-named place unmolested by the troops occupying the entrenched camp around Shumla.

The other passes are—first, that from Tirnova to Kasaulik. Perhaps this is the most facile of any, but could be defended not only in the pass, but in the beech forests and acclivities before the narrow passage was attained. The southern slopes would, in this direction, afford a comparatively easy descent through a delightful country, rendering useful supplies. Rich orchards crown the plateau, and the plain beneath blooms with roses and lilies; it is rich in corn and cattle, and the water is pure and abundant. There is another road from Tirnova by Demeskapu to Slievno, but it crosses a lofty part of the main ridge. There is a third road from Tirnova by Staraveka to Kasan, and this forms a junction with another road to Kasan

from Osman-Basari. This would be a most difficult and hazardous route—rocks, brambles, forests, floods, deep ravines, and frowning precipices mark it.

Second, from Kosludja to Pravadi, and by Koprykoi to Aidos. Formidable obstacles would present themselves in these directions, obliging the penetrating army to pass in some places by single file, and in others through a narrow lane of rocks, against the passage of which the defenders might easily block up the way of their invaders.

Baron Von Moltke, after reviewing these routes, and some others of lesser note and less likely to be attempted, is of opinion—"That so long as Varna and Shumla, or even only one of them, can maintain itself, passing the Balkan will always be a hazardous undertaking."

M'Culloch, who believes everything possible to Russian power and greatness, and who seems to have made up his mind that the destiny of Turkey is already indicated by her contiguity to the great empire, expresses his surprise that the Balkans should be considered a formidable barrier against a Russian army. He quotes Keppel's *Journey across the Balkan*, in confirmation of his views, but omits to show that Major Keppel assumes the practicability of a Russian army penetrating the Balkan passes only when Bulgaria was conquered. In fact, the passes of the mountain range may be said to be defended by strategical positions, before even the lower line of hills are approached which rise between them and the great Bulgarian plain; such as Kalafat, Widdin, Rustchuk, Silistria, Varna, and Shumla. It is true that the passes are, as M'Culloch represents, without fortifications, but it is also true that every crag could be made a breastwork, and that generally so precipitous and difficult of ascent are the elevations above these passes, that it would be extremely difficult—especially for Russian soldiers, so unsuited to mountain warfare—to take the defenders in flank. There is no doubt that the Balkans have not been impregnable any more than the Alps: as Hannibal, Charlemagne, and Napoleon I., conquered the one, so has the conquest of the other been associated with great names, and with some of but little—or little merited—renown. If we may not give credit to all the alleged exploits of the Persian, Darius Hystaspis, B.C. 506, or to those of Stavaslas, when the Russians even conquered Roumelia, in A.D. 967, we cannot doubt the accredited deeds of the great Alexander, who (B.C. 335) forced this barrier from the south. The Turkish Sultan, Amurath I., crossed in 1390; Hunyades, in 1443, at the head of his crusaders, marched from Sophia to Philippolis, penetrating the gorges of the mountain in his course; and Diebitch, in 1828, pushed his way to Adrianople, arriving

there in such a condition that had not the English foreign minister, Lord Aberdeen, prevailed upon the divan and the Sultan Mahmoud to sue for peace, the Russian army must have perished. Had not gold and disorganization demoralised the Bulgarian garrisons and their chiefs, Diebitch would not have made the attempt. Even while the Russian army lay before the lines of Shumla, their position was well-nigh desperate. A treaty at Adrianople would never been made in the presence of a Russian army, had not the representations and importunities of the English minister stricken the gallant Mahmoud with despair. It was well for the Russians that the treaty secured them liberty to retire in safety, otherwise it is doubtful if the Bulgarian slopes had been ever trodden by a returning Russian of that army. The audacity of Diebitch won for him a just renown. The moral effect of his appearance upon the Roumelian slopes was felt by the western and German governments and diplomatists, more than by the intrepid sultan or distracted Porte. Diebitch conquered the diplomatists and European ministers by the rash hazard of the pass, and hence a political victory ensued upon a dangerous and even desperate violation of strategical principle. A consideration of the military history, as well as the military positions of the Bulgarian fortresses and the Balkan line, convinces us that, opposed by a general such as Omar Pasha, sustained vigorously by his government, no army which Russia could send across the Pruth, would ever arrive upon the plains of Roumelia. It is in the Turks, not Turkey, that the want of adaptation for defence is found, and in the pashas and the system of the Ottoman rule which creates them, and not in the inferior military qualities of the Turkish soldiery. As when Omar looked from the heights of Turtukai upon the sanguinary contests at Oltenitza, so from Shumla he regarded the whole line of defence throughout its vast extent, keeping himself well informed of every movement; and watching, not so much the operations upon his right, where most men supposed his attention ought to have been concentrated, but, in spite of the perils of Silistria, his mind eagerly turned to his far-off left, which, with Widdin as its pivot, wheeled against the Russian right, driving it back in battle after battle, until, when the Russian left recoiled from Silistria, the whole of the enemy's forces, bleeding and broken, retreated behind the Pruth.

On the Russian left, Silistria was, after the 19th of April, the only point of contest. Skirmishes there were, until clouds of Cossack horse swept over the whole surrounding country. This description of force was of great utility to the Russians at this juncture,

although in the presence of regular cavalry it is worthless.*

Meanwhile, every preparation for the conduct of the siege was made by Prince Paskiewitch, aided by Gortschakoff, the most notable artillery officer in the Russian army; by Schilders, the most eminent of its officers of engineers; and by Luders, who, since his Hungarian campaign at the head of a separate *corps d'armée* against Bem, had a reputation for eminent strategy, which his recent successful passage of the Danube increased. The Russian army, at first about 30,000 strong, increased as the siege progressed to probably twice that number. The garrison was numbered variously between 8000 and 12,000. It was commanded by the best artillery officer in the Turkish service; although the artillery of the defence was under the immediate direction of a Prussian lieutenant. Two British officers, skilled in engineering, volunteered their services—Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth. Upon these four dauntless and skilful men fell the main responsibility of preserving this fortress in the face of a whole army, led by the most renowned, gallant, and experienced generals of which that army could boast. The double-headed eagle, once the cognizance of the emperors of Constantinople, and now appearing as if prophetically chosen by an army whose destination was the seat of that once proud dominion, hovered in vain around the ramparts, frail in themselves, but made impregnable by the skill and dauntless intrepidity of those by whom they were defended. Silistria was appointed by a just Providence to be the grave, not only of many thousands of Russians, but of the military honour of the invading army; and to furnish, in the history of its successful resistance, a watchword of hope and courage, wherever the brave and free throw a barrier, however feeble, across the path of the oppressor.

The military position and resources of the place, when the bombardment was directed against it, may be described with brevity. The position is deemed important strategically. An invading army, whether directed against Varna or Shumla, must first take Silis-

tria, as otherwise a strong place would remain in the rear, and in a position, if well garrisoned, to interfere with the supplies and communications of the advancing army. Until Silistria is gained, a Russian army can do nothing vital on this part of the Danube, unless cowardice and folly were utterly to paralyse its defenders. Military men of eminence consider it, unfavourably situated for fortification, especially if an enemy possess the command of the Danube, and have a flotilla, as was the case when the Russians invested it in 1828. On that occasion, however, a small flotilla of a dozen vessels, in the service of the Turks, was a serious annoyance to the enemy; although batteries could have commanded them at 1000 paces from where they were moored, no effectual damage was inflicted upon them throughout that siege. The neighbouring heights are very formidable. The table-land of Bulgaria, near the Danube, is flat. Some of the heights which rise from it are at a distance of only 600 paces from the main wall of the place. From the opposite bank of the Danube the town was within range of the comparatively inferior artillery used by the Russians in 1828-9. On the whole, engineer officers, foreign and British, report unfavourably of its adaptation for the purposes of a fortification; yet, for nine months, with a garrison of 12,000, it resisted 50,000 Russians, in the memorable war terminated by the treaty of Adrianople. The dilapidations which the place suffered from the Russian cannon in 1810, and again in 1828-9, were not fully repaired in 1854. They were, to some extent, in the same condition as when Sultan Mahmoud visited it in 1836, and ordered the breaches, then filled up with wattles, to be rebuilt with masonry. Happily, during the latter part of 1853, and beginning of 1854, important works, both of earth and stone, were added, and the general defence established on new principles; but even when the Russians approached, much labour was required to throw up suitable works in eligible situations. The *new* fortifications were not only strong, but were skilfully arranged as to their relative importance. A distinguished Polish officer having presented to the Porte superior plans, writers, in treating of the siege, have been misled by supposing these plans as having been actually executed. The fortifications are semicircular. There are five bastions by the river, and five landward, exclusive of those at either corner. The scarps and counter-scarps are of stone. It was, however, in the detached forts that the strength of the place consisted. The strongest of these was called Abdul-Medjid, which is situated on the hill of Akbar. It is at the back of the town, and supported by other forts to the right and left. This fort is the key of Silistria; for it

* In O'Brien's "Principalities" the Cossacks are thus described:—"The lance which the Cossack carries is not longer than the English one, and has no flag; besides this, his other weapons are a heavy carbine slung at his back, a pistol stuck in his belt, and a long sword. His uniform is a blue frock coat, buttoned up to the throat, and wide trousers of the same colour. He wears a high conical-shaped shako of black oil-skin, without a peak, which is kept on his head by a strap fastened under the chin. The Cossack's horse is generally a wiry animal, of about fourteen and a half hands high. His bridle is a plain snaffle, without side bars; and his saddle is of a very rude construction. When the Cossack trots or gallops he leans forward in his saddle, with the upper part of his body quite straight; an attitude, one would suppose, the least suited for comfort; but he nevertheless sits his horse with extraordinary closeness."

and the flanking forts by which it is supported, and which it also dominates, are connected in the plan of defence with the bastions of the town. It was constructed by Brigadier Gutzkavsky; and is described by an officer of skill in this department of military science, as of "a semi-octagonal form, and situate on the chief eminence that dominates Silistria. In the centre of the base, or section of the semi-octagon next Silistria, is a beautiful redoubt, all shell-proof, semicircular in plan, as may be understood by the term; the vaulting of the extremest solidity, so as to afford a secure refuge in the severest bombardment. Outside this is an esplanade, and then the pentagonal rampart, beyond which is a wall loopholed for infantry, completely sunk between the rampart and the covered way, with three shell-proof block-houses (two on the shoulder angles and one on the base), each mounted with two 12-pound howitzers to sweep the fosse with conical balls, according to the new system. Fort Abdul-Medjid is supported by three forts on neighbouring eminences, which preclude a *locus standi* for an enemy, and yet are commanded by Medjid itself. Down in the plain, two forts, Tchair and Liman, shut in Silistria to the west on the side of Turtukai; another, Dairmem, or the Windmill, shuts in the plain to the east; and, lastly, one also to the east, close to the Danube, not only commands the breadth of the river, but also the passage whence gun-boats might debouch from the islands in the Danube, being mounted with bronze 42-pounders."

Before the place was invested, a very heavy bombardment was maintained. Not only were powerful batteries, already referred to, erected on the north side of the river, but 50,000 men crossed over and established themselves on the south side, who, by the 28th erected very formidable batteries there. The cannonade was directed more especially against the south-west. On that side of the fortress the ground rises in a series of plateaux, which the Russians were intent upon occupying, but which the Turks as strenuously resolved to prevent,—for the skilful occupation of these by the enemy must paralyse the defence. The Russians also erected a twelve-gun battery upon a small island nearly opposite the river face of the town, and kept up a communication between it and the mainland by a pontoon bridge. The chief bulwarks of the Turks proved to be two great earthworks, thrown up after the Russians appeared on the northern banks of the river. One of these was called Arab Tabia, and the other Illanli. The Russians could not storm the fort Abdul-Medjid—the key of the place, as already described—till these earthworks were first in their possession. Efforts the most desperate were made for their

conquest. Vast bodies of men were precipitated upon them after they were silenced by repeated bombardments, but always met with decisive and sanguinary repulse. During the heavy cannonade directed against these mud forts,—as they may with propriety be called,—the superiority of the Turkish artillery was very obvious. The leaders of the Osmanli were good officers of artillery and engineers, and proved more than a match for Gortschakoff, the great artillery captain of the Russians, and Schilders, their redoubtable engineer, who first won his laurels before Silistria a quarter of a century before. The Turkish artillery was inferior in calibre, but so precise was its fire that the Russian batteries were repeatedly dismounted, and thousands of men fell around the guns. It was estimated that a number of Russians equal to the whole of the defenders fell in working the guns against the Arab Tabia and the Illanli. The slaughter in attempting to storm these earthworks would be incredible, if not attested by witnesses the most competent and honest. The Russians came on in close column. The Turks, who, burrowed in holes behind their works, and thereby escaped the balls and shells of the Russians, in a manner unparalleled by troops exposed to such a fire, sprung up as soon as the tramp of the heavy Russian columns was heard, and poured upon them a deadly volley, every shot of which told. The Arab Tabia was defended mainly by well-disciplined Egyptians, many of whom were armed with French Minié rifles, and by Albanians armed with long-range guns, often matchlocks. These latter first directed a desultory fire upon the columns of Russians *coming up in slow time*, as if they sought martyrdom as much as victory; for as they dropped in numbers, others fell in, and the advance preserved the same steady character until the Egyptian Minié musket opened lanes through the dark and compact masses. The Egyptians, then leaping forth, charged the disorganized columns with the bayonet, pouring in a fresh volley almost as their bayonets touched them; while the irregulars, armed with yataghans, scimitars, huge dirks, and even knives, closed with agility upon the heavy accoutred Russ, inflicting deadly slaughter. Sometimes these Albanians pursued the Russians to their very batteries, the regular Egyptian infantry covering them with their fire as they retired. It is remarkable how strikingly the mode of assault directed by the Russians exemplifies the power of a system. They advanced in the same way as upon the assaults of Oltenitza, and suffered in the same way; and yet, to the end of the siege, they conducted their numerous assaults without any modification of the mode, although that mode exposed them to so vast a destruction. With

inconceivable rapidity the battered and scattered earthworks were repaired, embrasures re-made for the cannon, the pits behind, which had been ploughed up by the Russian shells, were re-formed, and Copt and Albanian were only visible by turban or fez, until the moment for their deadly spring upon the enemy arrived, and they once more literally grappled hand to throat with the grenadiers of the czar.

The intrepidity of the Russian officers, on occasion of these assaults upon the earthworks, merits praise; waving their swords, they challenged as it were their men to follow, who, with step dogged and slow, silently advanced to meet, at the hands of the sultan's soldiers, defeat and death. Although many Russian officers perished, it was a miracle how so many escaped. "Fortune," it is said, "favours the brave:" these men seemed to prove the aphorism, with courage such as the history of war has seldom related. In the course of these desperate attacks upon the earthworks the Russians had recourse to mining. They pushed their sap in regular form against these armed banks of clay, sod, and billet. The deep mine was laid, and in due time exploded; still this did not secure victory: as one line of earthwork after another was blown to atoms, it was found that their defenders had opportunely retired, and were throwing up fresh lines in the rear with desperate energy. Nor did the moment of explosion favour the Russian assault:—amidst the showers of falling earth and stones and trunks of trees, the glorious defenders made their sally, and into the very breasts of the Russian infantry discharged their small arms, rushing upon them on the instant with dirk, bayonet, and scimitar—so that the confusion fell upon those who sought to profit by the explosion. The presence of mind and courage of the besieged endured through every form—again and again renewed—of bombardment, mining, and assault; and high above the roar of battle, the hissing of the revolving shell, and the close death-volleys of the musketry, the cry of "Allah, Allah!" was heard, as courage, patriotism, military enthusiasm, and fanaticism, found a voice in the war-cry of the dauntless host—

"Who, few and faint, were fearless still."

Nevertheless, the Russians persevered in mining, and did so with a reckless sacrifice of men, and with a pertinacity worthy of any cause. This display of skill and perseverance produced a disheartening effect on the besieged, who had a great awe of these mining operations, which they could not entirely comprehend. At this juncture the intelligent Nasmyth, and the indomitable Butler, were in themselves a host. They exhorted the

Turkish soldiers to constancy, assuring them that their enemies might be beaten, even at their own great resource; that it was possible to countermine, and destroy the Russians in their own mines. The garrison heard these tidings with amazement and renewed courage, and with shouts of "Allah is great! Allah is great!" they resumed the pick and the shovel, and proved their unconquerable energy in the mine as behind the breastwork or the trench, or in the desperate *melee*, when assailant and defender mingled and parted only as the vanquished fell. Countermines were well worked, and, under the direction of Nasmyth and Butler, skilfully laid; and just as the Russians, who did not suspect so intelligent a defence, made sure that the Arab Tabia and its defenders would be cleared away together by the terrible explosion, the countermine was sprung, and the assailants themselves were hurled from their approaches, blasted and blackened in death. Exclaiming that Allah was indeed wonderful, the Moslem soldiery were ready to follow wherever the genius and valour of the brave young Irishman and the gallant Scot, who taught them these terrible resources of defence, might lead. So great was the ascendancy which these officers obtained over them, that the poor soldiery believed them invulnerable: they might also have been excused if they believed them immortal. In the breach, in the charge, these British heroes were always first. Standing upon the shattered ramparts, a mark for every ball, Captain Butler would observe the enemy as if his were a charmed life. Nor was this glorious young soldier less diligent than skilful and brave: often with his own hand did he direct the match-lock and repair the embrasure; and more than once, with the coolness of matured age, did he take up the shell, and, before its burning fuse could ignite its contents, cast it away where its pent-up missiles might harmlessly scatter. Where all were heroes, he was

"The bravest of the brave."

The efforts of these British officers were ably aided by the Turkish officer second in command—a mulatto of huge stature, long armed, and great breadth of chest. This man possessed herculean strength, and performed prodigies of valour. He frequently accompanied Butler in leading the sorties from the Tabia—if such the rushing charges upon the masses of Russians could be called. On these occasions his sword dealt slaughter around; he is alleged to have repeatedly cloven to the chin the Russian officers who fell beneath his hand: he himself escaped.

On two occasions the Russians penetrated the works, but the defenders did not flinch for a moment; on one of those instances of partial

success, the assailants placed ropes with hooks attached to them to the guns, and were actually dragging them away, when a small reinforcement from the town arriving, a desperate rush was made by the defenders, which saved the guns, and killed or expelled the invaders from the works. Indeed, the siege of Silistria was the siege of the Arab Tabia. The Russians had constructed eight batteries, armed with the heaviest guns, and forming a concave curve towards the defence. Besides these batteries, they erected earthworks, as they did in the siege of 1829; these earthworks were connected, so as to give mutual support, and were so constructed and armed as to be very effective against sorties. The army on the south side of the river posted itself on one of the plateaux south-east of the Arab Tabia. All the works were solid and well placed. Their workmanship, like that at Sebastopol, was very complete; and no portion of the army behaved so well as the sappers and engineers. Their artillery was wretchedly served, and to this defect, in great part, may be attributed their failure. All the communications were secured, and good roads existed in every direction.

The attack consisted of a series of alternations of bombardment and assault. The superiority of the few Turkish guns mounted in the embrasures of the Arab Tabia was extraordinary; but it was from the fire of the musketry, and the hand to throat conflicts, that the Russians mainly suffered. The peculiar character of the Arab Tabia as a defensive work, and the peculiar character of the troops that garrisoned it, were mutually well adapted. A scientific foreign officer thus describes the fort:—

“The Arab Tabia is, technically speaking, nothing more than a *flèche*, consisting of a front some fifty paces in length, with flanks of about the same extent, thrown back at a sharp angle. The rear is entirely open, and was never even palisaded. In and immediately behind the defences there were never more than 1000 men at one time, a number very considerable in proportion to the extent of the work. The profile of the rampart and ditch may be considered strong (we have not obtained the measurements). No part, however, has been faced with masonry, and the embrasures alone were fitted with gabions. The work was armed with no more than six guns, most of which had a calibre of from twenty to twenty-two *okas*, the *oka* equalling two and a half pounds. These were fired through embrasures. In other respects the work was simply adapted for infantry defence. A circumstance, however, which materially increased the capabilities of the work for resistance was, that a kind of trench had been cut to the eastward and westward, which followed the declivity of

the slope till it reached the nearest part of the adjacent valley. No accurate information is before us as to the extent of these trenches, which commenced from the flanks of the Arab Tabia; but, to judge from the numbers of the irregular troops actively employed within them, their length must have been considerable. The ground to their front was swept by the artillery fire of the flanks of the main work. In spite of some unfavourable features, such as a gentle rise in one quarter to the south, the ground may be considered, from its barrenness of surface, as, on the whole, favourable to the fire of the defence. The work was in communication with two other detached earthworks, situated on the two heights eastward and westward.”

The same officer describes the irregular troops stationed in this bulwark, especially the Arnauts, who shared the glory with the Albanians and Egyptians:—

“In the first place, they are lightly clothed and carry no baggage. Their side-arms, and all that they carry about them, are supported by a sash or broad leather waist-belt. A long flint musket, of good workmanship and extensive range, with a thin iron butt curved to fit the shoulder, and without bayonet, is slung over the shoulders in close action. Their other weapons are a pair of flint-lock pistols of large bore, the ‘handschar’ slightly curved, some two and a half feet in length, with the inner edge sharpened like a razor; and the yataghan; all of excellent workmanship, and, in the hands of these desperadoes, deadly instruments. The other irregulars, as well as the Arnauts, are generally armed more or less in like fashion, but their firearms are usually inferior to those of the Arnaut. The quality of the Arnaut’s weapons is fully matched by his skill in using them in close fighting. He is an excellent shot, and, like the Circassians and other tribes who have to provide their own ammunition, and fit it to the various calibre of their arms, he is very sparing in his use of it. He reserves his fire till the critical moment, but then his aim is deadly. He is not less dangerous with the cold steel, both edge and point, springing like a tiger on the enemy who advances over ditch or breastwork. It is on these occasions, when the heavily-loaded soldier, trained and accoutred mainly for infantry fire, is clambering over obstacles and meets with a resistance which hardly allows him to use his bayonet, that his inferiority to such an enemy becomes apparent.”

We have already described the siege as a series of alternating bombardments and assaults. On the 11th of May, the Russians cannonaded the place with great fury; their shot and shell fell fast within the town. The houses were greatly injured and several were burned. Many

of the unarmed inhabitants fell that day. The cries of women and children could be heard above the crashing timbers and the booming of the cannon. The casualties in the town were the less numerous because the inhabitants collected their goods and disposed them, together with their persons, in subterranean chambers, previously prepared with foresight and great labour. Before sunset the streets were silent and deserted, except when the beat of the Turkish drum and the tramp of soldiers disturbed the stillness. For four hours, the showers of iron shot fell amidst the streets and houses. The Russians, so eager to claim exemption for the dwellings and inhabitants when their fortresses are attacked, showed no mercy to the poor Silistrians: the balls fell as if the aim of the bombardment had been rather to destroy the habitations and the people, than the armed batteries by which their city was defended.

On the 15th, an encounter between considerable bodies of besiegers and besieged occurred in the open field. A detachment of Russian troops was coming from Rassova; against these a brigade of Bashi-bazouks was directed to harass their advance. The *avant garde* of the Russians came upon this force at the bridge of Bustehaok; the Bashi-bazouks skirmished, and retired upon the Turkish outposts. The following night was an anxious one, as an assault was expected, the besiegers being considerably reinforced; all however passed off quietly, it was a night of peculiar calm: the little air stirring was wafted from the island of Hoppa, where the Muscovite soldiery spent the dark hours in festivity and song. On the 16th the island batteries opened against the town. The shot and shell began their havoc at five in the morning, and continued to fall fast into the streets throughout the entire day. Russian reinforcements arrived, which, as on the previous day, were assailed by irregular troops from the garrison. The Turkish cavalry skirmished with courage, and fell back, when it was necessary to do so, with celerity, yet fighting as they retired. On this day terms of capitulation were offered to Mussa Pasha the commandant. The scene which occurred on this occasion was characteristic of the spirit of Russian bravado, and the honour and heroism of the Turkish general. The latter was informed that the czar had given to his excellency Prince Paskiewitch command to take the place, and it must be taken. The intrepid Mussa replied that he also held a commission from his sovereign to keep the place, and he was determined to fulfil the trust reposed in him, and preserve it for his master, or perish in the ruins. A sign was then made to him by the Muscovite negotiator, intimating that if he would accept a bribe, a large amount

should be forthcoming. The Turk with dignity replied, "The conversation under white flags is now over; let the interview cease." The "Muscovs" (as the Turks call them) hoped to gain Silistria as they gained Varna in 1828, under Woronzoff, by bribery; but Mussa was as incorrupt as brave, and Providence crowned his courage and constancy with success, although he did not live to hear the shout of victory, but fell in the glory of his struggle.

The 17th was similar to that which preceded it; the reverberation of cannon from morning until night shook the city, and shot and shell sped through its streets, tearing up the causeway, shattering buildings, and destroying life.

On the 18th, 19th, and 20th, the bombardment continued, and the Arab Tabia sustained a tremendous fire, or rather the brave defenders sustained it; for as often as this work crumbled beneath the stroke of the iron hail, the redoubled labour of these braves replaced it. So powerful was the fire from the heavy siege artillery of the enemy that the spirits of the defenders began to sink, and it required not only the countenance and example of Mussa and his lieutenant, and of the British officers, to encourage them, but the hope also that help would speedily come from Shumla or Varna, or both. The allies could not move from want of transport, and, decimated by sickness, they were incapable of any great undertaking; but these apologies are insufficient to account for their neglect of the little garrison of Silistria: Mussa Pasha wanted help before sickness had made any progress in the allied camps, and none was either sent or promised, and no effort of any kind was made to render it. A French division under General Canrobert entered the Dobrudscha, as we have already shown, and Lord Cardigan and his "mounted blue-jackets" effected a reconnaissance of the army of General Luders; yet there was no attempt by French or English to save Silistria. In like manner Omar Pasha remained at the head of a very great army at Shumla, and, until the case of the besieged was desperate in the extreme, *he* made no effort to send them succour. His means of communication were easy; he was actually supplying arabas and horses to the allies, to enable them to march from one camping ground to another. He found no difficulty in the transport department when at last he did send relief. How is it to be accounted for that from the 14th of April until a few days before the siege was raised, 8000 men were left to the forlorn hope, as it then appeared, of defending Silistria, while two armies, each as numerous as the besiegers, were within two days' march of the garrison placed in such straits? We cannot resist the conviction that the opinion expressed at the time by many

officers at home and abroad was correct—that from political, not strategical motives, help was withheld. Probably had Silistria fallen, we should have had peace. The Russian armies, we have shown, could not penetrate to the Balkan with Varna and the whole country to Shumla in possession of the allies, and Shumla and its entrenched camp occupied by 70,000 men, the flower of the Turkish army; while away to the west, with Widdin as its point of support, another Turkish army operated, sufficient in number to cope successfully with the Russian right. Had Silistria fallen, the czar would possibly feel that his honour was saved, and he would, in great condescension, have offered such terms as he knew would then have been gladly accepted both by occidental and Turk. If this view of the case be true, the French and British ministers were guilty of a great crime against the honour of their nations, and pursued a policy calculated, by flattering the czar's vanity and assumption of power, to inflate it still more. They were laying the foundations for a prolonged war by the tricks of diplomacy to which they resorted, for the purpose of bringing it to a termination in a way acceptable to their revered friend the aggressor. The French foreign minister was quite as ready as our own cabinet to worship the great Nicholas as the god of "order," to pacify him, and save his self-respect at the expense of principles which were too sacred to be brought into competition with the interests, pride, or prejudices of kings. It is wholly incredible that Omar would of his own judgment have remained at Shumla, as if an indifferent spectator, while the handful of his own noble soldiers left in Silistria seemed doomed to perish if help failed. In vain did this brave band look with longing eyes to Varna, aid never came thence; and in vain did they look to Shumla, until Omar refusing, it is believed, any longer to be kept quiescent by diplomatic intrigue, burst the cord by which his genius and freedom of action were tethered, and sent an army to the relief of Silistria. Meanwhile, terrible was the warfare around its broken ramparts, and daily conflict raged between them and the batteries of the foe—

"Hapless town,
Far flashed her burning towers on Danube's stream,
And redly ran her blushing waters down."

On the 28th of May, a fierce bombardment began at daylight, and continued while daylight lasted. This was the severest with which the place had been as yet visited, and the object of it was to prelude a night attack, which commenced on the 29th, soon after midnight of the 28th. This assault was on the left face of the Arab Tabia, already described; and so silently did the "Muscovs" come on, that before

they were heard they had actually entered the redoubt. The officer commanding the assault was the first to enter, and to cut down with his own hand the lieutenant of artillery on duty. The death of the latter was instantly avenged, for with a handspike his skull was cloven by one of the working-party then on duty. A fierce and confused conflict then took place; the Russians were pushed back into the ditch, and while there, fell under a close fire of musketry; they were finally repulsed, retiring under heavy discharges of grape and canister, which literally swept through them as they endeavoured to keep some order in their retreat. Scarcely did they reach their own batteries when a fresh column advanced in their stead, with drums beating, and in quicker march than Russian troops usually observe in such undertakings. They were again repulsed; the grape and canister repeatedly sweeping away the head of the column as it came on towards the redoubt, which it never reached. The slaughter here was appalling. A very short pause was allowed when the discomfited column reached its own lines before new columns were launched against the left and front faces. They advanced to the muzzles of the Turkish guns under a sure and unrelenting fire; they could do no more, the musketry rung out volley after volley in murderous proximity; and before the Turks leapt from their defences, the enemy was so disorganised as to fall an easy prey to the bayonet and scimitar. The Albanians pursued them into their own batteries. Many of these Albanians belonging to the working parties were armed with hatchets, by which the Russian artillerymen were hewed down under their own guns. The Russians were nearly three to one in this assault, or series of assaults, which lasted two hours and a half. As day dawned, the scene around the fort was appalling; the Russian dead were scattered over the whole space between the opposing batteries, and lay in heaps below the sides of the fort which they had in such numbers assailed. In the fort itself also a great number had fallen both of the assailants and defenders.

While this signal slaughter was enacted within and before the left and front faces of the Arab Tabia, the Illanli was also assailed. The assaulting column advanced hesitatingly to the ditch, and then turned and fled, pursued by the little garrison. The unwillingness of the Russians to come on against the Illanli, and their sudden flight, arose from a report made by a spy that the fort was mined. There was a great store of arms, accoutrements, and clothes, gathered and brought in by the Turkish soldiers; the enemy at first allowing them to do so unmolested, but afterwards directing their rifles upon those so

engaged. This 29th of May was indeed a terrible day for Silistria. So determined were the assaults, and so numerous the assailants, that we can scarcely believe that the resistance of the little garrison could have proved successful, had not their fanaticism been wound up to the highest pitch by the date (the 29th of May) being the anniversary of the day upon which their forefathers effected the conquest of Constantinople. This inspired the soldiery with great enthusiasm, and nerved their valour for such long and desperate endurance. The bombardment, which prepared the way for these assaults, lit the whole heavens with flame as the bursting shell and fiery rocket formed their red arch above the combatants,—

“And in the Danube’s waters shone the same,
A mirror’d hell! The volleying roar, and loud
Long booming of each peal on peal, o’ercame
The ear far more than thunder; for heaven’s flashes
Spare, or smite rarely—man’s make millions ashes.”

The 30th was memorable in several respects. On this day the brave Mussa Pasha fell. A few hours before the fatal blow, he received a message from the sultan with the order of Medjidié. He refused to receive the decoration publicly. After privately accepting it from the hands of the officer commissioned to convey it, he retired to prayer near the Stamboul Gate, when a splinter of a shell struck him in the back, and immediately killed him. The energetic Hussein Bey being second in authority assumed the command of the garrison, and seemed with his increased responsibility to acquire even greater energy and daring. On this day the gallant Butler volunteered to lead a sortie of a few men, volunteers like himself, to spike a gun which was often fatally directed against the Tabia.

In the morning the Russians exemplified the treachery so characteristic of them. A flag of truce was sent out from the garrison with a working-party to collect the Russian dead and convey them to their lines, as it was impossible for the Russians to face the fire of the besieged for such a purpose. The Russians allowed the flag of truce and the party who conveyed it to approach, but as soon as they commenced their generous and humane task, the perfidious foe fired upon them, killing several; and no man of the party would probably have escaped, if a Russian officer had not interposed, and prevented a result so disgraceful to the Russian name. The conduct of the garrison at Odessa, and long subsequently of the ambush at Hango, were, therefore, but too faithfully characteristic of the only European army capable of such dishonour.

The tidings of the chivalry and fortitude of the brave garrison on the 29th, reached Omar Pasha at Shumla on the last day of May. He immediately sent a Tartar to Constantinople,

and messengers were also sent to Varna. What were the subjects of these communications it is impossible to say; but subsequent events seemed to indicate that the sympathy and soldier’s honour of the brave old chief were thoroughly roused, and that he could no longer allow so much patience and valour to be subjected to such ordeals. He resolved to send assistance, and never did beleaguered city more require it. The soldiers had become so attenuated with watchings and labour, that they moved like spectres amidst the stricken city; seeming as if they would gladly lay them down to die, if creed, country, and the soldier’s duty did not demand that their last spark of life should expire flashing defiance upon the foe. It was not until the 4th of June that Omar dispatched his succours. He then directed 30,000 men to march upon Silistria. To prevent certain Russian troops opposite to Rustchuk, and quartered on the island of Mogan, from joining the besieging army at Silistria,—as they were likely to do when a relieving army should approach that place,—he directed the garrison at Rustchuk to attack the works on Mogan. This, which probably was only intended as a diversion, proved to be a success. The works at Mogan were assailed with such suddenness and effrontery, that the surprised Russians made a confused resistance; many fell, many were captured, and the fortifications were razed to the ground. This drew off a considerable body of Russian troops to that neighbourhood. Meanwhile the relieving army took up positions in the vicinity of Silistria. The advanced guard of this army stole through the besieging lines, on the night of the 5th, with such rapidity and quietness, that they alarmed the garrison, who at first mistook them for the enemy. The point at which they sought an entrance, and the well-known sound of the Turkish voice, reassured the sentinels and pickets, and a force of 1000 men was thus introduced to aid the garrison in its exigency. Mehemet Pasha, already noticed for his services elsewhere, effected this skilful movement. On the morning of the 6th, Mehemet, who did not himself enter with the detachment the night before, endeavoured, at the head of a fine brigade, to force his way through the besieging lines; but he was repulsed with loss. Having retreated, he again stole gradually forward, dispersing his men, to their great risk and his own; and he contrived to inform the garrison of his intention to effect an entrance as soon as they, by a skilful sally, should give him the opportunity. This opportunity occurred on the 8th. About midnight the Turks sallied out in their usual manner, and another thousand of the relieving troops entered, making a passage through the Russian lines over many slain.



On the 10th of June the left face of the Arab Tabia was blown away by a mine, and the Russians immediately entered the works in great numbers. The musketry of the garrison caused them to retreat; and then Hussein Bey, the terrible mulatto, leading on a desperate band of volunteers, charged the retiring masses, and carried slaughter to the muzzles of the Russian cannon. On the 13th of June, by previous arrangement with the besieged, effected by their spies, another successful attempt was made to relieve the place. The proceedings of this day were complicated, and were conducted with the utmost audacity when the well-concerted measures were once resolved. Selim Pasha made a feint upon Oltenitza, which distracted the attention of the enemy, and kept his troops on the alert all that day. Said Pasha crossed the Danube, and so suddenly fell upon the Russian garrison at Giurgevo, that they were driven out of the works; but, as Said Pasha was not strong enough to hold them, and as it did not form a part of the general plan that he should attempt to do so, he retired, and the Russians re-occupied their positions. Hussein Bey ordered a sally; and when his troops were selected for the enterprise, he, although now chief in command, with a noble rashness, refused the offers of his lieutenants to lead them, but placing himself at their head, attacked the enemy with impetuosity, and even fury. Many of the besiegers fell back before the frenzied valour of this attack without firing a shot, or pointing a weapon; but, relying upon their numbers, and the scientific arrangement of their lines, they soon presented a formidable resistance. Through the compact bodies of infantry opposed to him Hussein cleared his way, nobly followed by the adventurous desperadoes of the irregular forces. Within a narrow space fell crowds of the enemy, and not a few of those who dared this hazardous sally. To the extent reached by the sortie the besiegers trenches were choked with Russian dead. Hussein and his fierce and motley crowd of followers fell back to their lines, the enemy not daring to pursue. While all this was going on under the ramparts of Silistria and up the river, another detachment of the relieving army entered the place. Several of the enemy's mines were sprung during this conflict, and the earthworks of the attack were trampled down and scattered. The relieving force, breaking in, destroyed the portions of the works that obstructed them; and everywhere the invaders were smitten with a carnage unprecedented in any of the murderous struggles of assault and sally which had previously taken place.

But amidst all the glory of this day—and there was much glory—no man was more conspicuous for self-possession and usefulness than

Captain Butler, who was wounded, and disabled from further assistance in the defence. It was by him the sortie was planned; and while standing upon the parapets of the Arab Tabia, which but for his energy could not have sustained the defence, a conical rifle ball, which glanced from a piece of masonry near, grazed his forehead. The wound did not appear dangerous; and there was no apprehension of the result. But so worn was his constitution by the fatigue and vigils of the siege, that it yielded to the shock; fever ensued, and nine days after he was no more. Thus fell one of the most gallant soldiers that ever drew a sword for England, or stood in the breach for the independence of an ally. It was a singular occurrence that, shortly after he expired, it was discovered that the Russians had retreated from before Silistria. Upon the skill, courage, and military zeal of this man depended one of the most important events in the history of this war, and of the Turkish Empire. We know of no parallels, except those of his fellow-countryman, Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger, by whom the defence of Herat was successfully directed against a Persian host; and the intrepid Sidney Smith, by whom the great Napoleon was baffled before the walls of Acre, in 1799.

The Russians now prepared all their remaining force for a last effort; and the Turks, having been succoured to a great extent on the 13th, and receiving additional reinforcements next day, resolved on the 15th, if possible, to anticipate the expected attack. Another sortie was made, and another portion of the relieving army took occasion to enter the place; and, at the same time, falling upon a detachment of Russians above Silistria, compelled them to cross the Danube. The Turks gained access to the islands, drove out the garrisons, and turned the guns upon the Russian batteries on the northern bank of the river. New batteries were also thrown up on the night of the 15th, which strengthened the defence, for the Arab Tabia was so completely shattered as to be only a heap of rubbish.

The final assault took place between the 13th and the 22nd; and so conflicting are the accounts, even of the best authorities, that we are unable to fix upon the day. No two narratives agree. Typographical error may excuse this in some cases; but when Lieutenant Nasmyth and the government organs at Constantinople differ in the relations they give, and officers and "own correspondents," afterwards gathering information on the spot, give representations different from both, it is difficult to decide.

On the morning of the day fixed for the last assault, the Russian infantry remained doggedly

in their ranks, and neither exhortations nor menace could induce them to move on to the attack. Prince Paskiewitch rode up to the column designated for the duty, and in stinging terms reproached them; they remained silent and downcast, and not a man moved. The assault was necessarily postponed to the next day, upon the morning of which a proclamation was distributed, signed by Prince Gortschakoff, declaring that if Silistria was not taken that day *the rations of the troops should be stopped*. Whether this, or the heroic example of the son of Count Orloff (the celebrated diplomatist), produced the desired effect, is not known; but the columns, after some hesitation, advanced. Orloff, raising his hat, waved his sword and went before them, exhorting the men to follow by every appeal to country, creed, and ambition likely to touch a Russian heart. The assault was similar in all respects to others of which we have given account, and the repulse also similar to the repulses which the assailants had previously experienced; nor was the ratio of slaughter different; the Russian soldiers fell in masses under the death-giving volleys of those who were now more numerous and full of confidence. As the assailants fell back, the Turks attacked them with more system than in the desperate sorties which we have recounted. The Russians were completely defeated at every point. The officers, who had so wonderfully passed unscathed through the scenes of previous carnage, fell in great numbers. Almost all the grand staff of the army were killed or wounded. Prince Gortschakoff, who directed the cannonade under cover of which the assault was offered, was wounded severely. Prince Paskiewitch, who remained on an elevated position directing the movements of the day, was wounded desperately, almost mortally. General Luders, who showed prodigies of valour and commanded the assault, had his jaw-bone carried away. General Schilders, who, as chief of the engineers, directed the columns upon what was deemed the most practicable portions of the defence, was struck by a cannon-ball, which carried off both his thighs; and Orloff, who heroically led the forlorn-hope, fell dead beneath innumerable wounds.

On the 22nd, a little before midnight, the last cannonade was opened; it continued until three in the morning, when the clearness of the day permitted the garrison to behold the rearguard of the besiegers crossing the river. The bombardment of the previous night concealed their retreat. The siege was raised. The loss of the Russians has been estimated in figures widely different; at the lowest computation, their own, it was 20,000; at the highest, that of the Turks, 50,000; the Prussian officer of artillery, Lieutenant Grach, computed it at 30,000. It probably somewhat

exceeded the last number. Nearly 4000 men were lost by the Turks within and around the fortress; perhaps another thousand fell in the diversions effected by the relieving army. So disorderly was the retreat of the Russians, that had they been pursued, as in all likelihood they would have been had Mussa Pasha and Captain Butler survived, the whole army might have been destroyed, or compelled to lay down their arms. An army the most boastful that ever made war was obliged to retire in discomfiture and shame, leaving without support the corps which had forced its way into the Upper Dobrudschæ, and which fell back afterwards in view of such French and British troops as had advanced in that direction; but who were too much wasted with sickness and fatigue, and too little informed of the real circumstances of the enemy, to effect anything against them.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable sieges of either ancient or modern times, and the shouts of triumph and joyous hum of citizens displaced—

“The sound

As of the assault of an imperial city,
The hiss of inextinguishable fire,
The roar of giant cannon;
The clash of wheels, and clang of armed hoofs,
And crash of brazen mail, as of the wreck
Of adamantine mountains; the mad blast
Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging steeds,
And shrieks of women, whose thrill jars the blood;
And one sweet laugh—most horrible to hear—
As of a joyous infant waked and playing
With its dead mother's breast; and now more loud
The mingled battle-cry—ha! hear I not
‘*Ev rouvq Nika!*’—Allah, ilah, Allah!”

We cannot close the exciting incidents of this chapter without a more minute notice of Captain Butler, whose name will ever be historically associated with the siege of Silistria. He was a younger son of Lieutenant-general the Honourable Henry Edward Butler, and cousin to the present Earl of Carrick. The Butlers, originally English, have long held an influential position in Ireland; several noble houses in that country, as well as that of Carrick, bearing the name. The subject of this brief memoir is descended from a common ancestor with the Marquis of Ormond. His father is a gallant soldier; he served in Egypt and in the Peninsula, and was wounded at Busaco.

The military spirit of the father was early infused into his children, several of whom entered the army, and two of them have fallen in the present war. Mr. James Butler received a military education on the continent—in France and Germany—and completed it at Sandhurst. He was gazetted to a commission in the 90th regiment of the line while yet a boy, and before he attained the age of manhood he fought in the Caffre War of 1846-7. Having, after several years' active service, received

an unattached company, he returned home; but, on the breaking out of the war, set out to join the British expeditionary army as a volunteer. On his way out, admiring the conduct of Omar Pasha and the gallantry of his troops, Captain Butler turned his course to the Danube, and offered his services to Mussa Pasha, at Silistria. The veteran had discrimination to recognise the intelligence of the young volunteer, and welcomed his assistance, consulting him on all occasions. He was accompanied and aided by Lieutenant Nasmyth, who survived the siege, and has been promoted for his gallantry and skill to the rank of Major, and by Lieutenant Bullard, of the East India Company's service. He died on the 22nd of June, aged twenty-seven years, and was buried in the Armenian cemetery. Officers from every regiment in the Danubian army attended his funeral, and the highest military honours paid by the Turks to the remains of the departed brave were rendered at his grave. Omar Pasha wrote to Lord Raglan, then at Varna, expressing himself in terms of admiration and regret; his concurrence with which the commander of the British expeditionary army cordially conveyed in a dispatch to the Duke of Newcastle. The following letter from Lord Hardinge to the bereaved father is a well-earned tribute to the son's valour:—

"Horse Guards, July 17, 1854.

"Sir,—I have heard with the deepest regret of the loss which you and the army have sustained by the death of your distinguished son, Captain J. A. Butler, of wounds and fatigue at the siege of Silistria. During the whole of that memorable siege your son displayed very

rare qualities, combining with the skill and intelligence of an accomplished officer the intrepidity of the most daring soldier—at one moment gaining the confidence of the garrison (over which he had only the authority of a very young volunteer) by the example of his personal valour; at another, prolonging the defence of the place by the prudence and firmness of his counsel; and on all occasions infusing into those around him that spirit of heroic resistance which led to its triumphant defence. I deeply deplore your affliction in losing such a son; but your sorrow is felt by the country, the army, and the sovereign. The queen had recognised his merits by placing him in the Guards, and conferring upon him army rank, trusting that he might pursue a career of which all were so proud, at that time not being aware of the dangerous state of his health. The blow is unexpected and most severe; but I trust you will bear up against it by the fact that your son's services have been most valuable to his country, in promoting the success of a just war; and I hope I shall not give you pain by alluding to another son—Captain H. T. Butler, of the 55th regiment—selected for employment on the quartermaster-general's staff when the army first embarked for Turkey, solely on account of the ability he had shown in his studies at the Royal Military College. I trust that the well-earned fame of one son, and the rising merit of the other, will, under Providence, be a source of consolation to you at this moment of extreme affliction. Pray accept, my dear general, the condolence of your faithful servant,

"HARDINGE."

"Lieutenant-general the Hon. H. E. Butler."

CHAPTER XXI.

BATTLES ON THE DANUBE AND IN WALLACHIA DURING THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA.—RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS ACROSS THE PRUTH.—CONVENTION BETWEEN TURKEY AND AUSTRIA.—OCCUPATION OF THE MOLDO-WALLACHIAN PROVINCES BY AN AUSTRIAN ARMY.

"Imitate the action of the tiger,
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE the siege of Silistria lasted, the left wing of the Turks—allowed by Omar Pasha to pursue an independent line of action—made a series of attacks upon the right wing of the Russian army, which was necessarily weakened by the vast concentration of troops around Silistria. This separate Turkish army, for such the left wing might now be called, so entirely independent were its operations, fought with bravery, rivalling that of the heroes of Silistria, and with a skill not to be expected under Turkish commanders. The general plan of operation was no doubt laid down by Omar, and his despatches from Shumla to the Upper

Danube were frequent; but still, so remote from the head-quarters of the Turkish chief was that theatre of exploit, that had not the pashas commanding the enterprises conducted by this left wing of Omar's army possessed great audacity, and much military talent, the counsels of their great commander would have been of little utility. As was mentioned *en passant* in the last chapter, Widdin was the pivot upon which this western Danubian army moved. We shall therefore give some account of this place before describing enterprises which were mainly directed thence. Before, however, we do so, it is necessary, as the chapter records

operations along the whole line of the Bulgarian and Wallachian banks, the advance of the Turkish armies, and the final retreat of the Russians, to present a general outline of the military communications. A Germano-American officer thus describes them:—

“THE RIVER COMMUNICATION.—The transport of troops across a river is much more rapid, and less exposed to casualties, than formerly; and is practicable at all seasons of the year wherever the banks of the river are accessible for marching troops. By employing steamboats in the bridging of the largest rivers, the former great difficulties in the accomplishment of this work are overcome. Steamboats carry with them all the necessary materials in good order; stem the current with facility; and, if only the banks are suitable, will, by a few hours' labour, make the crossing of a river practicable: we have seen steamboats tow the boats in line, and complete a bridge across the Lower Rhine in less than ten minutes. Whoever can afford to sacrifice steamboats, can destroy any boat bridge which is not defended by steamboats at a distance; can thereby separate the army of the enemy whilst crossing, and, by attacking any part with superior numbers, destroy it. In short, steam flotillas are the masters of large rivers. Although this is very clear, yet the belligerent parties in Europe in the late wars have not known how to avail themselves of this power to any extent. The Russians may be in possession of a large steam flotilla on the Danube, but it is a matter of doubt whether their officers will know how to make use of it. The Turks, on the contrary, may obtain officers from England well acquainted with this branch of warfare; but they have no steamboats on the Danube, and for the present, the mouths of the river are still in possession of the Russians.

“LAND COMMUNICATION OF BULGARIA.—Want of cultivation is the cause of bad roads. Besides the few bad cart-roads which suffice for the intercourse between the Danube and the Ægean Sea, the miserable bridle-paths, and foot-paths, and roads through the pasture-grounds, form the only means of communication. But even these become periodically useless, by the falling of the timber in the forests, by inundations in the valleys, by the softening of the clayey and loamy soil during heavy rains, and by other casualties. With the exception of the road from Widdin down to the Danube, which, although better than those on the Save, require considerable repairs, we have only to examine these cart-roads. The same importance which we attach to Sophia, in the northern part of the west end of the Balkan, as the point of conjunction of the different lines of communication for the operations from Servia upon Roumelia, we must attach to the towns of

Tirnova and of Shumla, for all the operations from the Lower Danube. In these places, the principal roads from the towns on the Danube unite; from them the few roads fit for military purposes lead over the Balkan. Among themselves and with Sophia these are connected by a road, leading, as it is said, from Shumla up the valley of the Kamshik and through the pass of Gogos into the valley of the Yantra, six marches. From Tirnova, this road continues over Lofeza to Sophia. As this is not a principal commercial route these roads are, of course, in a most miserable condition.

“From the Danube to Tirnova lead:—1. The continuation of the road on the Danube from Widdin to Rahova and Lofeza, twelve marches. 2. From Nicopolis by two roads: over Lofeza, in six marches, or over Sistova and Nikup, in five marches. 3. From Rustchuk over Tersenik and Nikup, in four marches. (These three roads lead through the most cultivated parts of Bulgaria, and are practicable for carriages and light batteries). 4. Turtukai and Silistria over Hazargrade (Rasgrade), in eight marches.

“From the Danube to Shumla lead:—1. From Rustchuk up, along the Lom, over good bridges, and through a well-cultivated country, and over bare hills, in five marches. 2. From Turtukai and Silistria over Rasgrade, in five marches. 3. From Rassova over Bazardjik (Kadji-Oglu-Bazardjik), Kustendje, and Jeni Bazar, in eight marches. 4. From Brailow over Hirsova, Karasu, Bazardjik, in thirteen marches; and parallel to this road—5. From Isacsza over Babatagh and Kustendje to Varna, frequently connecting with the road to Shumla (4th), and particularly passable between Varna and Bazardjik. From Varna four marches conduct us over Pravadi to Shumla. Pravadi completely blocks up this road in a valley only 300 paces wide. Innumerable small valleys or marshy spots, scarcity of wood and water fit for drinking, make the roads under 3, 4, and 5 very troublesome. Yet these very roads were used by the Russians in 1774, 1810, and 1828-9 to reach Shumla.

“From Tirnova over the Balkan leads:—1. A road over Gablova to Kasanlik (Gsanlik), in three marches; first over a Roman causeway, fit for field artillery, and through the populous district of the Yantra; then on roads which can be easily repaired, in three hours over the crest, and in three hours more down into the pleasant valley of Kasanlik. 2. Through wild regions, by a less frequented, inferior road, over the Little Balkan to Starka on the Kamshik, and hence over the Great Balkan to Islamdje (Selimno) and Jamboli, five marches.

“From Shumla over the Balkan:—1. A heavy road, only fit for the cart of the country, crossing the tributaries of the Kamshik, through the pass of Demir Kapi to Islamdje and Jamboli, in



the valley of the Tundja, five marches. 2. The most frequented of all the Balkan roads leads over Semidova, on the Alkali-Kamshik, through a lateral valley of the latter, crossing in a narrow defile one rivulet ten times, up the Little Balkan, and again through a long narrow defile on the Deli-Kamshik, then over Dobral, by a good road over the Balkan, and in a broad cultivated valley down to Karnabad, four marches. 3. Over Pravadi, through the deep and steep-walled valley of the Pravadi; then by two roads, either a short distance before or a short distance after the confluence of the Kamshiks crossing these rivers, over the Balkan to Nadir, and over the Little Balkan, which is here pretty steep, to Aidos, five marches. Although this road is only fit for buffalo-carts, like that over Dobral, it has always been used by the Turks for the transportation of heavy artillery from Constantinople to the different places on the Danube, and on this road the Russians, in 1829, crossed the Balkan. 4. Over Varna, and hence on a difficult bridle-path, along the steep and rocky coast, to Burgas.

“WALLACHIA, MOLDAVIA, AND Bessarabia.—The country consists of the southern and eastern declivities of the Transylvanian Alps, the summits of which rise from 5000 to 6000 feet. Thus mountainous in the north and the west, and abounding in metals of different kinds, it extends over a fertile, hilly territory, down to the low plains of the Danube, in which river it possesses a mighty water communication, and in Galacz, a kind of a seaport. A great many rivers and rivulets descend from the mountains to the Danube, all of them impetuous in their force, the greater part fordable, but overflowing at every heavy rain. The communications, which are maintained by means of bad bridges and fords only, are therefore very uncertain, and the clayey soil of the country renders the roads impassable in wet weather. The plain is covered with oak brushwood or pasturage. Moldavia and Bessarabia possess a somewhat different character from that of Wallachia: the streams issuing from the lower districts of Podolia and Bakowina flow more slowly towards the Danube, and form marshes at various parts of their course. Bessarabia is almost composed of gradual ravines, conveying but little water, and presenting to the eye the appearance of a perfect plain, covered entirely with pasturage without even a bush; and the inhabitants, after the manner of the Tartars, lead a wandering life, and carry their tents about with them. The Wallachians, too, are half wanderers, for their villages, which consist of spacious, and for the greater part subterraneous hovels, change position from time to time on account of the pasturage; and consequently we cannot trust to the situation of places indicated upon

a map, excepting where a church or a convent has assembled about it a sufficient number of wooden houses and huts to constitute a sort of town.

“It is but rarely that we find a country so richly endowed; it has wine, grain, cattle, and draught animals in abundance, and where pestilence, war, and despotism, have created a wilderness, nature, without cultivation, has planted whole forests of fruit trees. And yet these Wallachians, a nation of mixed tribes, know not how to avail themselves of these advantages.”

This plain sketch will enable our readers to follow with facility the movements of the opposing combatants, and to comprehend the motives for attack and defence in the various directions indicated in our narrative of the events to which this chapter relates.

Widdin and its neighbourhood, as to general appearance and position, are thus represented by William Beattie, Esq., M.D.:—“The scenery is diversified by undulating hills, while the symptoms of life and industry are distinguishable by their effects upon the surrounding landscape. The first view of the Turkish fortress and town, with the magnificence of the Balkan range soaring aloft in the background, makes a vivid impression upon the stranger’s mind. On landing, we found ourselves at once in the East; but on exploring the interior, we were struck, as in most of the other Turkish towns, with its air of neglect and decay. The population, nevertheless, is said to exceed 20,000, and its bazaars bear testimony to the revival of native industry and commerce, to which the steam navigation of the Danube is now giving an unexpected impulse. The fortress is of great strength, and mounts, we were told, little short of three hundred guns. The external features which give to Widdin so imposing an aspect in the distance, are its white minarets and mosques, which are numerous, and rise in proud eminence above the other buildings of the city. Though one of the strongholds of Islamism, it is the See of a Greek archbishop, and among the inhabitants a considerable portion belong to that Church.”

It was in this place, as related in a previous chapter, that the Turks crossed the river and established themselves in the village of Kalafat, which they fortified so strongly that the Russians were unable to dislodge them, although the conquest of this *tête du pont* of Widdin was of the greatest importance. Widdin and Kalafat were garrisoned by 30,000 Turks when the Russians first appeared before the latter. These troops, reinforced, and considerably emboldened by the attenuation of the opposing wing of the enemy, made various incursions to great distances from their head-

* The Danube Illustrated. Virtue and Co., City Road.

quarters, and attacked the foe with almost invariable success. Some of the fiercest conflicts of the Danubian campaigns took place in this direction, while the main army of Paskiewitch environed Silistria. The very day on which the Russian commander established himself upon the south bank of the Danube before Silistria, a severely-fought battle took place 100 miles up the river, at Nicopolis. This city is fortified, and has a strong citadel. It is built upon the site of an ancient Roman fortress, and has been the scene of events amongst the most interesting in European history. Dr. Beattie says—"The view of Nicopolis is striking, and the first object that fixes the attention is the outer wall, which climbs the steep almost perpendicularly, and throws its protecting arms round the city, with a boldness and hardihood which fully evince the importance attached to its possession by its founders and their successors. The town, extending along the Danube under the shadows of bold rocky headlands—surmounted by the citadel, towers, and masses of dilapidated walls—has a striking effect as it is approached by water. In front, several vessels of burden are generally seen at anchor, or lying alongside the quay; while in the distance the Danube, which is now two miles broad, presents the appearance of an inland sea, interspersed with several islands, which are covered with dense vegetation, and frequented by numerous flocks of waterfowl. Although it may be said that literally there is no scenery on these banks of the Danube, still the vast plain which expands right and left, green, fresh, and undulating, with chance patches of cultivation along the slopes, produces an exhilarating effect upon the spirits, and affords ample scope to the eye and imagination. Over this expanse herds of buffaloes, oxen, and troops of horses range at will; whilst through the air flights of birds are continually wheeling from isle to isle; and, nearer the eye, cranes are seen stalking leisurely among the reeds, or poising their wings for some new experimental flight." Situated between Widdin and Silistria, but nearer to the former, it was a position of much importance in the state of affairs then existing between the two armies. The intelligence received by way of Turkey concerning this battle is incomplete, and the Russians were naturally silent altogether concerning it. The Turks acted on the offensive, commanded by Sali Pasha, and defeated the Muscovites, with a loss to the latter of 2000 men. The attack of Sali Pasha was sudden and impetuous; it resembled the bursting forth of pent-up waters, which having rent the barrier that enclosed them, scattered all minor obstacles with irresistible force. The first charge of the Turks rent the Russian lines, and the resistance afterwards was desul-

tory and useless: the Russians incurred a signal defeat.

Soon after the battle of Nicopolis, another was fought at Radowan, when the Turks were also the assailants, and with a similar result. The Russians held that place in considerable force; but Solyman Bey, at the head of his brigade, stormed the place, beating out the Russians, killing and making prisoners 1500, among whom were many officers of engineers and artillery.

At the end of May, while Silistria was suffering beneath the utmost fury of the bombardment and assaults, the left wing of the Turkish army, pushing the troops on the Russian right rapidly eastward, met in several places with a determined resistance. At Turna, about sixty miles lower down than Radowan, the Russians had crossed the river; they were attacked by Solyman Bey and the conquerors of Radowan, and forced to recross to the northern bank. A combat at Semnitzer immediately followed, in which the Turks smote the Russians suddenly, and with slaughter.

So rapid was the advance of what may be termed a new Turkish army, that the position of the Russians became dangerous; their army was becoming outflanked by this eastward movement. On the 30th the Turks reached Karakal; and as the possession of that place opened the way in that direction to Silistria, the Russians made great exertions to put a stop to the victorious career of these heroes from the western Danube. A battle was accordingly fought, and, although it only lasted a few hours, the Russians left three thousand slain and six fieldpieces behind them. No wonder at the mad assaults directed against Silistria, when its capture was the only hope of redeeming a long catalogue of disaster and defeat. On the last day of May a portion of these forces pushed its way to Slatina, menacing the Russian communications with Bucharest. There were several bodies of Russians at Slatina, and between that place and the river Arghish; these were concentrated at Slatina, but were beaten, and again with very heavy loss in men and material. The movements of the Turkish left became more and more menacing throughout the early part of June; and when the siege of Silistria was raised, the positions occupied by Skender Bey and other Turkish leaders compelled the Russians to direct their retreat upon Fokshani and Birlat. The retreat of the main army of Paskiewitch from before Silistria compelled his extreme left to abandon rapidly all their conquests—Rassova, Hirsova, Matschin, Isaktcha, Tultcha, &c. Crossing the Danube at the most eligible of these positions, the left wing directed its retreat into Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia. Such as retreated upon Wal-

lachia for the most part ultimately crossed the Pruth into Bessarabia as rapidly as their ill fortunes constrained, which thickened day by day in number and extent.

The only serious engagement between the Turkish left and the Russian right, after the siege of Silistria was raised, was at Giurgevo, where a portion of the Turkish left wing, already repeatedly referred to as acting as an independent army, co-operated with the garrison of Rustchuk. It will be remembered by our readers that Rustchuk is on the south side of the river, and Giurgevo on the north. These two places are very important from their positions in relation to one another, and to the hydrographical peculiarities of the river in their vicinity. Rustchuk has a population of 30,000—Turks, Bulgarians, Jews, Wallachs, Armenians, and Greeks; each of these nationalities maintaining, in physiognomy, language, and costume, their distinctness in a marked manner. It is the most commercial and active place, perhaps, amongst all the frontier cities of Turkey; and celebrated for its desperate resistance to the Russian army of 1828-9, who were compelled to raise the siege, after protracted bombardments and assaults as fierce as those so lately directed against the sister fortress of Silistria. Its fortifications were dismantled in virtue of the treaty of Adrianople—a treaty disastrous to Turkish independence and British interests and honour. In the autumn of 1853, the Turks, under the direction of Omar Pasha, repaired the battlements, and erected new works.

Giurgevo was, in past times, one of the boldest strongholds of the Moslem. In the war of 1828-9 it was defended with a zeal and fortitude such as characterised the defence of most of the fortresses, whether on the right or left bank of the Danube. It is alleged that as many Russians fell there in 1828-9 as before Silistria in 1854: but Giurgevo was conquered in that struggle. The czar was so eager to secure his material guarantee, that the Turks had not time to put the place into a defensive condition in keeping with the fortress on the right bank of the river, before the Russians seized it. Between these two fortresses is an island, about two miles in length, a narrow strip of land, rising from the river at either side with nearly equal elevation. It is more than 900 yards from the Bulgarian side, and separated from the Wallachian by a narrow channel. The island is sedgy, and nearly covered with pools and marshes. On this island the Russians erected fortifications as soon as they took possession of Wallachia, in 1853. Hussein Pasha directed troops from the garrison of Rustchuk to assault it, as its capture was necessary as a preliminary to the conquest of Giurgevo. Hussein supposed

that the Russians, beaten at Silistria, would make a stand at Giurgevo, to gain time for reinforcements to come up, or at least to keep a portion of the Turkish army in observation while their troops retired from the extreme left. The pasha, in his fiery zeal, determined not to allow them to linger there, and perhaps collect in greater strength, for he was scarcely aware of the full desperation of their condition. On the morning of the 7th of July, when it was clear daylight, four boats, carrying nearly 400 men, were rowed to the island; and a steamer conveyed about half that number to another spot at a little distance from that where the larger detachment landed. The latter was commanded by Behran Pasha (the British Colonel Cannon); the smaller detachment was under the command of Colonel Ogleby. The landing of both parties was opposed by strong Russian pickets of riflemen; and while these were engaging them, several battalions of Russian infantry advanced, and Behran recrossed the river to inform Hussein that unless strongly reinforced the little bands which invaded the island must retire. Colonel Ogleby, by dint of courage and good address, succeeded in uniting the two detachments, notwithstanding the efforts of the Russians, with their overwhelming numbers, to cut them off in detail; but Colonel Ogleby and his men were pushed back, under a heavy fire of Russian musketry, to the water's edge. Hussein, with his usual dispatch, sent reinforcements, which made good their landing, in spite of the heavy fire of the enemy. The force of Colonel Ogleby rapidly augmented, until it reached the number of 3000; but the Russians, far more numerous than that at first, received reinforcements from Giurgevo with greater ease than Colonel Ogleby could be reinforced from his side of the river, and the Turks were consequently exposed to a decimating fight with far superior numbers. The combat raged the entire day; charges and repulses, heavy musketry discharges, and the continual popping of the Russian riflemen from the sedges and brushwood, brought down the Turks, and put their fighting qualities severely to the test. Night alone put an end to the conflict; and the Turks employed its hours of comparative security in throwing up breastworks and digging entrenchments. When day dawned there was no enemy; the Russians had retreated noiselessly under cover of the darkness. A tenth of the Turks who landed were slain, and twice as many were conveyed wounded to the hospital at Rustchuk. The Russian loss was at least as great: they flung their dead into the river as they retreated, to prevent them from being mutilated by the Turks, who sometimes beheaded their fallen enemies, and more frequently cut off their ears as trophies

of their victory. The floating bodies were borne by the stream to Silistria; and thus the tidings of Russian defeat were literally borne thither by their own dead.

The fight on the island was fatal to many British officers, among whom, as most distinguished for intelligence and valour, was Lieutenant Burke, who, like his countryman Butler, at Silistria, was the life and soul of the gallant few who sustained such overwhelming onsets. The daring valour and presence of mind of this officer was emulated by Captain Arnold and Lieutenant Meynel. All fell, and were forced into the river upon the bayonets of the Russians. Arnold and Meynel were never found, but Burke's body was thrown upon the shore, and was literally covered with wounds, there being thirty bayonet stabs and two rifle bullets in his body. His detachment had all fallen around him; and, fighting to the last, he sold his life at a terrible price to the enemy. Some account of this young officer is appropriate in closing our narrative of this battle. He was, as his name implies, a native of Ireland, and entered the army at an early age. He received a good military education, and was a profound mathematician and skilful engineer; and, like his friend Butler, he was also a volunteer in the service of Turkey. Omar Pasha conferred with him when directing the fortifying of Silistria, in 1853: he had entered that place among the bands by whom it was so bravely succoured. Mr. Burke fought chivalrously there on occasion of the last assault which the besiegers made. His remonstrances with Hussein Pasha against attacking the island, on the ground that as the Russians had been compelled to raise the siege of Silistria, they must, for strategic reasons too obvious to be overlooked, speedily evacuate Giurgevo, and leave it without any expenditure of life or labour to its rightful owners, had not weight with the hot-headed Hussein, and poor Burke fell the most distinguished victim to the pasha's error. A military mission to Schamyl was intended for him by the sultan, had not his career been closed in this untoward combat. We may say of him as Napier did of one equally gallant, who fell on a day of slaughter in the Peninsula War:—"He died, and no man died with more glory; yet many died, and there was much glory."

On the very same day that this sanguinary conflict reddened the stagnant waters of the island before Giurgevo, the Turks crossed in two other places, and met with almost as vigorous a resistance, but remained in possession of both the fields of combat. On these occasions the Russian General Bubatoff, who had distinguished himself so much in the Asiatic theatre of war in 1853, was severely wounded, as was also General Pogoff. By the end of the second week in July, Gortschakoff collected

about 50,000 men behind the Arghish, in addition to those which had already fallen back into that position after the battle of Slatina. The Russian general had to be carried in a litter, and thence to give his orders; but he persevered with indomitable obstinacy in retaining the command.

While the Russians were thus retiring before the everywhere victorious Turks, Austria was endeavouring to turn the current of affairs to her own advantage. The government of Vienna had watched the ebb and flow of the Russian invasion with constant vigilance. Her aim was *avowedly* to secure her own interests, yet she professed to be able to harmonise them with the policy of the allies and the integrity of Russia, whose humiliation she seemed more to dread than the conquest of the Ottoman Empire. In proportion as the cabinet of Vienna perceived signs of earnestness on the part of the Western powers, it assumed a certain language of firmness towards Russia; and while the allied armies were landing at Varna, the kaiser demanded of the czar the surrender of the provinces by a day which the latter was somewhat peremptorily required to name. Prussia affected to unite with Austria in this requirement. The latter, at the same time, added 100,000 men to her army, and moved large bodies of troops to her Transylvanian and Gallician frontiers, compelling Russia to employ an army of observation, which necessarily occupied a great portion of the troops that might otherwise have been precipitated upon the provinces. Austria really wished to get the Russian troops out of the Moldo-Wallachian territory, and her own into it, and hence her imposing frontier forces creating a diversion favourable to Turkey. It was then foreseen and foretold, but not by the Western governments, that as soon as the Austrians were firmly seated in the saddle from which Russia was compelled to dismount, she would disband her frontier armies, and enable the czar to distribute his troops elsewhere as he should have need. Secure of the oyster, she would, as the fable illustrates, leave to the mutual combatants each a shell. To accomplish this purpose, she made the demand for the evacuation of the territories which Russia had seized. The czar's answer was transmitted verbally to Vienna the same day that his minister advised the siege of Silistria to be raised. That answer was that, *out of consideration for Austria*, he would evacuate the provinces. This ostensible concdescension neither deceived Austria nor the allies: it was obvious to the whole world that the czar did not withdraw his troops except to save them from the pursuing Turks; but he was anxious to maintain by this language a show of dignity and power before his own nation, and those of other nations, who per-

sisted in believing in him. Mr. Horsman, the secretary for Ireland, well expressed, in his place in parliament, what all Europe felt:—"The czar has been completely unmasked, and shown to be the greatest marauder and revolutionist in Europe." The official answer of the czar reached Vienna on the 5th of July, when there was a fair prospect that, before the Austrians could join the Turks, or act upon the flank or rear of his armies, they could be safely conducted beyond the Pruth, whither, he knew well, neither Turks nor Austrians were likely to follow. The official reply was:—"The emperor will willingly resign the exclusive protectorate over the Greek Christians, if Turkey will accede to a common protectorate of the five powers. He will evacuate the principalities when the Western powers evacuate Turkey; but will hold a strong military position in Moldavia as a provisional security." This was virtually annulling his verbal message, having by its transmission gained time for his generals to place his troops in a more hopeful track for renewed offensive operations, or a safer retreat, than they were likely to make sure of ten days before, had Austria pushed her forces beyond either frontier. The Austrian cabinet was not very indignant at the trick which the czar had played, but told him that his communication was evasive, and his proposals inadmissible, a reply in which the Western governments concurred. By this time, however, Austria had her own measures concocted, and, but for the dissuasions, perhaps protests of Prussia, she would have at once marched her armies over the Turkish frontier. She had, by a very plausible piece of diplomacy, obtained from the Porte the consent of his imperial majesty the sultan to do so. A convention between Turkey and Austria was signed on the 14th of June. The Western powers did not initiate this procedure, nor did their ministers at Constantinople know of the negotiations until they had assumed a substantial form. A copy of this convention was presented to the British Houses of Parliament.

Convention between Austria and the Sublime Porte, signed at Boyadjikewy, on the 14th of June, 1854; and communications between Her Majesty's Government and the Turkish Ministry relating thereto.

No. I.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received June 21.)

(Extract.) Constantinople, June 10, 1854.

THE draft of a Convention between Austria and Turkey, providing for the eventual entry of an Austrian army into the Principalities, was communicated to Redschid Pasha two or three days ago by Baron de Bruck.

The draft of Convention has been communicated to the French Chargé d'Affaires as well as to myself.

In reply to an application from Redschid Pasha, I have advised a simple acceptance of the Austrian draft. To M. de Benedetti I have expressed a similar opinion.

No. II.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

(Extract.) Foreign Office, June 22, 1854.

WITH reference to your Excellency's despatch of the 10th of June, I have to acquaint your Excellency that her Majesty's Government approve the course which you adopted, in advising the Turkish Ministers to accept the draft of Treaty.

No. III.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received June 28.)

(Extract.) Constantinople, June 15, 1854.

THE military Convention between Austria and the Porte was signed by Baron de Bruck and Redschid Pasha the night before last.

No. IV.

THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received August 24.)

(Extract.) Vienna, August 20, 1854.

I HAVE the honour to transmit herewith a copy of the Treaty concluded between His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria and His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, on the 14th of June last, as published in the official portion of the *Vienna Gazette* of the 14th ultimo. This Treaty was ratified at Vienna on the 30th of June.

INCLOSURE IN NO. IV.

CONVENTION BETWEEN HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND THE OTTOMAN PORTE.

Signed at Boyadjikewy, June 14, 1854.

[Translation.]

HIS Majesty the Emperor of Austria, fully recognising that the existence of the Ottoman Empire within its present limits is necessary for the maintenance of the balance of power between the States of Europe, and that, specifically, the evacuation of the Danubian Principalities is one of the essential conditions of the integrity of that Empire; being, moreover, ready to join, with the means at his disposal, in the measures proper to ensure the object of the agreement established between his Cabinet and the High Courts represented at the Conference of Vienna:

His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, having on his side accepted this offer of concert, made in a friendly manner by His Majesty the Emperor of Austria;

It has seemed proper to conclude a Convention, in order to regulate the manner in which the concert in question shall be carried into effect.

With this object, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, have named as their Plenipotentiaries, that is to say:

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, M. le Baron Charles de Bruck, Privy Counsellor of His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty, his Internuncio and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Sublime Ottoman Porte, Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of Leopold, Knight of the Imperial Order of the Iron Crown of the first class, &c.;

And His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, Mustapha Redschid Pasha, late Grand Vizier, and at present his Minister for Foreign Affairs, decorated with the Imperial Order of Medjidicé of the first class, &c.

Who, after having exchanged their full powers, found to be in good and due form, have agreed upon the following Articles:—

ARTICLE I.

HIS Majesty the Emperor of Austria engages to exhaust all the means of negotiation and all other means to obtain

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the evacuation of the Danubian Principalities by the foreign army which occupies them, and even to employ, in case they are required, the number of troops necessary to attain this end.

ARTICLE II.

It will appertain in this case exclusively to the Imperial Commander-in-chief to direct the operations of his army. He will, however, always take care to inform the Commander-in-chief of the Ottoman army of his operations in proper time.

ARTICLE III.

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria undertakes by common agreement with the Ottoman Government to re-establish in the Principalities, as far as possible, the legal state of things such as it results from the privileges secured by the Sublime Porte in regard to the administration of those countries. The local authorities thus reconstituted shall not, however, extend their action so far as to attempt to exercise control over the Imperial army.

ARTICLE IV.

The Imperial Court of Austria further engages not to enter into any plan of accommodation with the Imperial Court of Russia, which has not for its basis the sovereign rights of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, as well as the integrity of his Empire.

ARTICLE V.

As soon as the object of the present Convention shall have been obtained by the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace between the Sublime Porte and the Court of Russia, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria will immediately make arrangements for withdrawing his forces with the least possible delay from the territory of the Principalities. The details respecting the retreat of the Austrian troops shall form the object of a special understanding with the Sublime Porte.

ARTICLE VI.

The Austrian Government expects that the authorities of the countries temporarily occupied by the Imperial troops will afford them every assistance and facility, as well for their march, their lodging, or encampment, as for their subsistence and that of their horses, and for their communications. The Austrian Government likewise expects that every demand relating to the requirements of the service shall be complied with, which shall be addressed by the Austrian commanders, either to the Ottoman Government through the Imperial Internunciate at Constantinople, or directly to the local authorities, unless more weighty reasons render the execution of them impossible.

It is understood that the commanders of the Imperial army will provide for the maintenance of the strictest discipline among their troops, and will respect, and cause to be respected, the properties as well as the laws, the religion, and the customs of the country.

ARTICLE VII.

The present Convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Vienna in the space of four weeks, or earlier if possible, dating from the day of its signature.

In faith of which the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed it and set their seals to it.

Done in duplicate, for one and the same effect, at Boyadji-Keuy, the fourteenth of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

V. BRUCK.
REDSCHID.

After the retreat of the Russians, Omar moved his head-quarters to Rustchuk, which, being on the banks of the river, was a better basis of operations against Wallachia than Shumla could possibly be. A party of English sailors, under the command of Prince Leiningen and Lieutenant Glyn, R.N., and a party of

sappers, under Captain Page, R.E., arrived there for the purpose of constructing a bridge over the Danube, and to assist in repairing the fortifications at Giurgevo. In these services they were so successful as to receive the marked acknowledgment of Omar Pasha. The Prince Leiningen especially distinguished himself by zeal and intelligence on the occasion. It was a novelty to see a German prince acting as an officer of the British navy, and the circumstance attracted much notice both in England and on the continent. These were the first Englishmen who crossed the Danube as the allies of the sultan in this war, unless, indeed, we except the gallant Burke and his confederates, who stormed the Russian works in Radowan, opposite Giurgevo; and who, although they did not touch the northern bank of the river, yet, landing on an island close by its shores, might perhaps be considered just claimants of the honour.

On the 15th of July a very amusing incident occurred. Iskander Bey, a Turkish brigadier of cavalry, was reconnoitring in the neighbourhood of Slobisea, attended by a corporal's guard of his own troopers. He perceived, in a lonely situation, what he took to be a sentry of the enemy with his back turned towards the brigadier and his party. Iskander instantly conceived the idea of seizing the sentry, and gaining such information as he might be able or induced, to give. After the gallant bey had made his dispositions to effect the object, he observed a number of other sentries; and suddenly, as a breeze sprang up, all of them performed a most singular rotatory motion with arms extended. Supposing this to be a signal to their pickets, the officer was doubtful of the success of his enterprise; but, resolved not to let the opportunity slip of gaining some information, he dashed, sword in hand, upon the sentinel, and to his amazement found that it was a stuffed greatcoat supported by a Cossack lance-pole, and surmounted by a helmet! Of course, the Russians had disappeared from the neighbourhood, and adopted this *ruse* to conceal their departure until beyond the probability of molestation. The *sentries* were divested of their greatcoats by the Turkish dragoons, except that captured by their commander in person, which was carried back and paraded through the lines with as much mirth as "a guy" is chaired through a district of London on the 5th of November.

The Russian army, which had been in such rapid and disorganized retreat, suddenly rallied, reinforced from Bessarabia, and even assumed the offensive. They engaged the Turks at Fraschete, but were terribly beaten. Notwithstanding this defeat, Dannenberg, mustering such scattered legions as he could collect, and receiving further reinforcements from Bes-

sarabia, was so bold as to attempt the Turkish camp near Giurgevo. In an address to his troops, he called upon them to drive the Ottomans across the Danube; but he could have had no hope of that kind, his aim could only have been to deter or retard pursuit, or, gaining a battle and then retiring, he would make proclamation that he did so for strategic purposes. Whatever his object, he was disappointed, for he lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, more than 5000 soldiers. These battles totally demoralised the Russian army. The hopes inspired by the activity of Dannenberg, and the confidence of the fresh troops which crossed the Bessarabian frontier, were dissipated, and the Muscovites once more retreated along their whole line of operations. They retired by forced marches to Moldavia, and the head-quarters of Gortschakoff were fixed *pro tempore* in Jassy, the capital of that province, whither he was borne in a litter, suffering great pain and showing great fortitude. The czar made proclamation to his army, that it was withdrawn into Moldavia for strategic reasons, and to show his sincere esteem for his friend the Emperor of Austria! The retreat to Jassy was one of the most disastrous on record, where an army retired upon good roads, and through a rich and civilized country. The heat of the summer of 1854 was intense in the provinces; indeed, from the southern limits of Roumelia to the northern limits of Poland, the whole of these rich countries suffered from drought and high temperature. When the heat was fiercest, the Russian army was conducting its forced marches in its second retreat from Wallachia. Numbers fell dead upon the road; numbers were killed by the infuriated Wallach peasantry, whose houses had been violated and plundered. The Turks, in their ill-conducted pursuit, picked up thousands of stragglers disabled by apoplexy or sun-stroke.

It was on the 1st of August that General Gortschakoff expressed publicly his determination to abandon the Wallachian capital. He assembled the boyards, and having, in a conciliatory speech, thanked them for their courtesies and hospitality to the army of occupation, announced his intention to return at the head of a more powerful army; and warned them that, if they showed any favour to the Turks, they should be dealt with as traitors to *their lawful sovereign*, the czar. The Wallachian nobles listened in silence to these mingled threats and menaces; but when the rearguard of Gortschakoff's army left Bucharest, the city burst forth into loud raptures of joy for their deliverance; for, although the Russian party in the Wallachian capital was not despicable, the Turkish party was the stronger, and all were thankful at the prospect of deliverance

from Russian rapacity and oppression. Some writer has represented the family of Romanoff as descended from Sennacherib!—the poor Wallachs might therefore well sing in their triumph—

“The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold!”

For never did wolf prey upon the sheepfold more furiously than did the all-devouring Russ upon the rich lands and comfortable habitations of the Wallachian citizens and landowners; and the Assyrians, stricken under the walls of Jerusalem, were scarcely smitten by a more obvious Providence than the Russian hosts before Silistria; from the broken bastions of that heroic city to Jassy, the retrograde progress of the erst haughty invader was marked by awful disaster and defeat—“The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.” Everything that men call ill-luck fell upon the foe in his flight, until, with abject mien, the remains of the Russian army tottered, weary, diseased, and unwelcome, into Jassy. The whole of the discomfited forces were at length withdrawn behind the Sereth, and it depended upon the policy of the Austrian cabinet, and the strategic positions of the Austrian frontier armies, how the future course of General Gortschakoff should be directed.

When the czar heard of the last defeat at Giurgevo, and the way in which the power of Russia was hurled back through Wallachia, he is said to have smitten his forehead repeatedly with his hand, and to have exclaimed, “I can comprehend that my army was repulsed from Silistria, although I had expected another account from the Prince of Warsaw; but what I cannot understand is, that a wild band of half-naked Turks, after an engagement on the water, and after taking our fortified islands by storm, should have dislodged my troops, with such a heavy loss, from a position which they had been a whole year fortifying.”

As Omar Pasha gradually advanced through Wallachia upon the track of the fugitive enemy, he conciliated the people, offering pardon to all who had in any way aided the Russians under constraint. The Russian army did not long retain Jassy. The concentration of Austrian troops, and the knowledge at St. Petersburg of the convention between Austria and Turkey, in reference to an occupation of Moldavia as well as Wallachia by the former, constrained the czar to withdraw wholly from the dominions of the sultan. Accordingly, Prince Gortschakoff, the diplomatist (brother to the general), intimated at Vienna his master's intention—in deference to his esteemed ally, the kasir—to retire before the advance of the Austrian troops. Accordingly, on the 2nd of August, the Russians began to recross the Pruth at Septschain, Skulani, Senschain,

Serva, Valena, &c. General Gortschakoff, in his hurry, could but with difficulty remove his sick and wounded, and appealed to the humanity of the inhabitants on behalf of the helpless left in their hands. The long processions of waggons, laden with the diseased and mutilated, formed a pitiable spectacle; and must have humbled the pride, not only of the fugitives by which these melancholy trains were accompanied, but even of the czar, in his distant palaces, as the tidings reached him. Never did an army so boast—never was an army so beaten. The retreat of a vanquished host is not always a scene of humiliation: armies have won a just renown, when retiring before superior forces, which was denied them in the field of combat. Retreats have made the reputation of generals: the instances of Massena, when he retired from Sicily; of Sir John Moore, when he sought Corunna as a place of embarkation; and of Wellington, when he fell back upon the lines of Torres Vedras, may be added to the glorious occasions where great generals of antiquity acquired fame when they were not permitted to gather laurels. But the retreat of Gortschakoff was neither dignified nor skilful; his whining appeals to the inhabitants for mercy, and his haste to get his troops beyond the reach of their enemies, contrasted ludicrously with the brag-gart bulletins and proclamations which were so profusely scattered when there was no armed foe to dispute the seizure of “the material guarantee.”

It was well the Russians hastened their departure, for the Turks were in Bucharest on the 8th of August; into which city they marched with drums beating, trumpets sounding, and colours flying, and were welcomed by the Wallachs as deliverers. The advanced guard of the Ottomans was commanded by Halil Pasha, who issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of a generous and prudent character:—

“Inhabitants of Bucharest! the troops of your sovereign have entered this city to maintain good order, and the respect due to all established authority. Let no one presume to take the initiative in committing any violence tending to produce any change whatever. At the moment of their retreat, the Russian troops confided to our care the sick, whose weak state did not permit their removal. We will show that we are worthy of this confidence, and that, until such time as our hospitals shall be established in this city, they shall be treated in the houses where they now are, with all the anxious attention demanded by the love of our neighbour, and by humanity; for two empires, enemies at this moment, may be friends to-morrow, and ought to respect each other even amidst the horrors of war. Such are our wishes; the Wallachians, by conforming to

them, will prove the gratitude and respect they owe to their all-powerful sovereign.”

In about ten days after, Omar Pasha himself made a triumphant entry into the Wallachian capital, accompanied by Cantacuzæne, a name recalling ancient Byzantine associations. The victorious chief published another proclamation, still more calculated to reassure the dubious boyards, whose dalliance with Russia made them apprehensive of vindictive measures on the part of the sultan. Public addresses were presented to Omar by the consuls of the powers, and the magnates of the principalities, and the sultan's authority seemed more fully established than ever.

Matters were now ripe for the Austrian occupation; they had been ripening; but, like all fruit, time and various influences were required to bring them to perfection. As soon as the allies perceived that Austria had a desire to occupy the principalities, they, in giving their consent, sought by every method open to their diplomacy to secure Turkey against any pernicious consequences connected with such occupation. Count Buol, as the representative of the Austrian emperor, gave the most explicit assurances that his master concurred with the Emperor of the French, and the Queen of England, in requiring from the czar guarantees such as would secure Europe from a recurrence of the rapacity and aggression which had disturbed the peace of the world. Further, Count Buol pledged his imperial master not to treat separately with the imperial enemy until such guarantees were obtained.

All the powers, excepting Prussia,—who would consent to take no step which really impeded the czar's ambition,—agreed that the former relations between the cabinet of St. Petersburg and the Sublime Porte could never be renewed in compatibility with the interests and honour of Turkey, and of Europe; and they declared that no durable peace could be secured between these two powers, unless the protocol of the 9th of April, already referred to in this History, should be recognised by the czar. Communications concerning these proceedings were sent to St. Petersburg, Austria persisting in believing, or affecting to believe, that the autocrat would at last see the error of his ways and repent. The only result was renewed attempts on the part of the latter to cajole the court of Vienna, and to sow pro-Russian ideas broadcast in the Austrian capital among officers, politicians, and courtiers. Russian agents swarmed in that city, who were engaged in flattering the Austrian people, but more especially the army; while at St. Petersburg a feeling of undisguised rage against what was called the perfidy and selfishness of Austria pervaded every class, from the ambitious Russian who wielded the sceptre, to the scarcely less ambitious Russians

who flourished the knout. The diplomatic correspondence which brought out the views and wishes of all parties preliminary to the march of the Austrian troops upon the provinces, forms one of the most curious and interesting episodes of the course of events at this juncture. The first paper presented to the British House of Commons, in reference to these negotiations, was a despatch from the Earl of Clarendon to the British minister at Vienna. It is pervaded by an evident anxiety to pledge Austria more thoroughly to the aims of the Western powers, before the convention made the previous month by Austria with the Sublime Porte should take effect. The negotiations which ensued were so far successful that Austria gave the pledge, although she subsequently avoided carrying it out to its legitimate consequences when her armies were fairly established in the coveted territories.

No. 1.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

MY LORD, Foreign Office, July 22, 1854.

I HAVE to acknowledge the receipt, this day, of your Lordship's telegraphic despatch, by which Her Majesty's Government learn that Prussia has declined to attend the conference which Count Buol proposed to summon for the purpose of communicating the answer to the demands addressed by Austria to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and that it will in consequence be transmitted by Count Buol to Count Colloredo for the information of Her Majesty's Government.

Her Majesty's Government, however, being already in possession of this answer, and having taken it into mature consideration, I shall no longer delay communicating to your Lordship the views which they entertain with respect to it.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the arguments by which Count Nesselrode endeavours to throw upon the Western Powers the responsibility of the war which Russia alone has provoked. Count Nesselrode objects to the form of the summons addressed to Russia by England and France, and maintains that this summons, rendered imperative by the acts of Russia, was the true cause of war; but he takes no account of the long series of negotiations during the past year, nor of the repeated warnings which were given to Russia by France and England; and he chooses to forget that it was the invasion of the Principalities by Russian troops which first disturbed the peace of Europe, and which has rendered abortive every effort for its restoration. The despatch of Count Buol to Count Esterhazy, to which Count Nesselrode's despatch is an answer, points out clearly upon whom the responsibility falls of the present state of things; and in the Protocol of the 9th of April, the four Powers have solemnly recorded their opinion, that the summons addressed to Russia by England and France was founded in justice.

The opinion of Europe has been pronounced in favour of the course pursued by England and France, and it is needless, therefore, that they should defend themselves against the accusations of Russia. I proceed to examine the other points contained in the Russian answer. In the first place, if the demands of Austria, supported by Prussia, are considered in a purely German sense, it is impossible that the answer of the Russian Cabinet can be considered satisfactory by the two German Powers. The main points put forward in Count Buol's despatch to Count Esterhazy were:—

1. The necessity of a speedy evacuation of the Danubian Principalities.
2. The impossibilities of making this evacuation, required by the essential interests of Germany, dependent

upon conditions which it was out of the power of Austria to insure.

But Russia fixes no limit whatever to the occupation of the Principalities; and she looks upon an armistice as a previous condition *sine quâ non* of the withdrawal of her armies beyond the Pruth.

The injury, then, which in the opinion of Austria and Prussia, the Russian occupation inflicts upon the Germanic Confederation, continues unabated; nay, more, it is aggravated by the refusal of Russia to attend to the just demands of the two German Powers.

Count Nesselrode professes, it is true, to adhere to the principles laid down in the Protocol of the 9th April; but this declaration is worth little, as long as the Russian troops remain on Turkish soil.

In fact, the evacuation of the Principalities is essential to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; and their occupation is in itself a flagrant breach of the public law of Europe.

The crisis which disturbs the peace of the world had its origin in the passage of the Pruth; and it is impossible to admit the pretensions of Russia to make the reparation which she owes for an act universally condemned, dependent upon the exigencies of a position which she has voluntarily created for herself.

Nor can England and France consent to an armistice upon the vague assurances given by Count Nesselrode, of the pacific disposition of the Russian Government. After making such great efforts and sacrifices, and engaged as they are in a cause so just, the allied Powers will not stop in their course without the certainty that they will not again be called upon, after a short interval, to recommence the war. The particular conditions of peace must depend upon too many contingencies for it to be possible to lay them down definitively at the present moment. Her Majesty's Government have, however, no hesitation in stating the guarantees which, in their opinion, and in that of the French Government, are essential to secure the tranquillity of Europe from future disturbances. These guarantees are naturally suggested by the dangers to guard against which they are required.

Thus, Russia has taken advantage of the exclusive right which she had acquired, by Treaty, to watch over the relations of Wallachia and Moldavia with the suzerain Power, to enter those provinces as if they were part of her own territory.

Again, the privileged frontier of Russia in the Black Sea has enabled her to establish in those waters a naval power which, in the absence of any counterbalancing force, is a standing menace to the Ottoman Empire.

The uncontrolled possession of Russia of the principal mouth of the Danube, has created obstacles to the navigation of that great river, which seriously affect the general commerce of Europe.

Finally, the stipulations of the Treaty of Kuchuck-Kainardgi, relative to the protection of the Christians, have become, by a wrongful interpretation, the principal cause of the present struggle.

Upon all these points the *status quo ante bellum* must undergo important modifications.

Her Majesty's Government cannot doubt that the Austrian Government will admit that these views are in accordance with the principles laid down in the Protocol of April 9; and that it would be difficult to restrict within more moderate bounds the inquiry which, by that Protocol, the four Powers engaged themselves to make in common, as to the means best calculated to maintain the Ottoman Empire, by attaching it to the general balance of Europe. But it is remarkable, that to this passage in the Protocol of the 9th of April—the only passage of capital importance, implying, as it does, the necessity of an European revision of the ancient relations of Russia with Turkey—Count Nesselrode carefully avoids making the slightest allusion.

In fact, the profession of the Russian Cabinet, that it adheres to the principles laid down by the Conference at Vienna, contains nothing which is of a satisfactory nature.

Her Majesty's Government are at a loss to understand the meaning of Count Nesselrode's declaration, that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire will not be menaced by Russia so long as that integrity is respected by the Powers who now occupy the territory and waters of the

Sultan. What comparison can be drawn between the invaders and the defenders of the Turkish territory? What analogy can exist between the presence of the allied troops at the invitation of the Porte, under the authority of a diplomatic Convention, and the forcible invasion of the Ottoman territory by the Russian armies?

It is unnecessary to say anything further as to the conditions which are attached by Russia to the evacuation of the Principalities; and I come now to that paragraph in Count Nesselrode's despatch which relates to the situation of the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

It amounts to nothing less than this, that the Russian Cabinet includes amongst the ancient privileges which are to be preserved to the Greek Church, the entire rights which flow from the Protectorate, civil as well as religious, claimed by Russia; but it cannot for a moment be supposed that the system established by such a Protectorate, even if it were based upon an European guarantee, could be compatible with the independence and sovereign rights of the Porte.

Her Majesty's Government is very far from saying that Europe can be indifferent to the amelioration of the condition of the Christians in Turkey; on the contrary, they think that Europe ought to take an active interest in the welfare of the Rayah population, and ought to come to an understanding as to the best mode of taking advantage of the generous intentions of the Sultan towards his Christian subjects; but at the same time they are firmly convinced that the reforms which are needed in the government of the various Christian communities in the Ottoman Empire can only be effectually and beneficially carried out by the Porte taking the initiative with regard to them, and that if such reforms are to be promoted by any foreign influence, it can only be by means of friendly counsel and advice, and not by an interference grounded upon Treaty engagements into which no State could enter without abdicating its independence.

In fine, it appears to Her Majesty's Government that the respective situations of the different Powers are in no way whatever changed; they are only more clearly marked out by the answer of the Russian Cabinet. England and France must therefore continue in the attitude of belligerents: on the other hand, as the Principalities have not been evacuated, Austria and Prussia will, no doubt, consider that the obligations of the Treaty of the 20th of April, strengthened, so far as Austria is concerned, by her separate engagement with the Porte, subsist in all their force, and that the time has now arrived for their fulfilment.

I have thus fully explained to you the views of Her Majesty's Government, which are entirely shared by the Government of the Emperor of the French, with whom Her Majesty's Government have been in communication upon this subject; and I have to instruct your Lordship to deliver a copy of this despatch to Count Buol.

I am, &c.,
(Signed) CLARENDON.

No. 2.

THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND TO THE EARL
OF CLARENDON.

(Received August 12.)

(Extract)

Vienna, August 8, 1854.

I HAVE the honour to report to your Lordship that I waited this evening upon Count Buol by appointment, and signed the note (No. 1), and received in exchange the note (No. 2) signed by Count Buol, copies of which I have the honour herewith to transmit to your Lordship.

INCLOSURE 1 IN No. 2.

THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND TO COUNT BUOL.

[Translation.]

Vienna, August 8, 1854.

THE Undersigned, &c., has the honour to announce to Count Buol, &c., that he has received from his Government orders to record in the present note that it results

from the confidential communications which have taken place between the Courts of Vienna, Paris, and London, in conformity with the passage of the Protocol of the 9th of April last, by which Austria, France, and Great Britain engaged, at the same time as Prussia, to seek means for connecting the existence of the Ottoman Empire with the general balance of power in Europe, that the three Powers are equally of opinion that the relations of the Sublime Porte with the Imperial Court of Russia cannot be re-established on solid and durable bases:—

1. If the Protectorate hitherto exercised by the Imperial Court of Russia over the Principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, be not discontinued for the future; and if the privileges accorded by the Sultans to those Provinces, dependent on their Empire, be not placed under the collective guarantee of the Powers, in virtue of an arrangement to be concluded with the Sublime Porte, and the stipulations of which should at the same time regulate all questions of detail.

2. If the navigation of the Danube at its mouths be not freed from all obstacle, and made subject to the application of the principles established by the Acts of the Congress of Vienna.

3. If the Treaty of the 13th July, 1841, be not revised in concert by all the High Contracting Parties in the interest of the balance of power in Europe.

4. If Russia do not cease to claim the right of exercising an official Protectorate over the subjects of the Sublime Porte, to whatever rite they may belong, and if France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, do not mutually assist each other in obtaining from the original action of the Ottoman Government the confirmation and the observance of the religious privileges of the different Christian communities, and in turning to account, for the common interest of their co-religionists, the generous intentions manifested by His Majesty the Sultan, without any prejudice resulting therefrom to his dignity and the independence of his Crown.

The Undersigned is moreover authorised to declare that the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, while reserving to themselves the right of making known, at a suitable time, the particular conditions which they may attach to the conclusion of peace with Russia, and of modifying the general guarantees above specified in such manner as the continuance of hostilities may render necessary, are resolved not to discuss and not to take into consideration any proposition from the Cabinet of St. Petersburg which should not imply on its part a full and entire adhesion to the principles on which they are already agreed with the Governments of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and of His Majesty the Emperor of France.

The Undersigned, &c. (Signed) WESTMORELAND.

INCLOSURE 2 IN No. 2.

COUNT BUOL TO THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

[Translation.]

Vienna, August 8, 1854.

THE Undersigned, Minister of Foreign Affairs of His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty, hastens to acknowledge the receipt of the note which his Lordship the Earl of Westmoreland, &c., did him the honour to address to him on the 8th of this month, and to record in his turn that it results from the confidential communications which have taken place between the Courts of Vienna, Paris, and London, in conformity with the passage of the Protocol of the 9th of April last, by which Austria, France, and Great Britain engaged, at the same time as Prussia, to seek means for connecting the existence of the Ottoman Empire with the general balance of power in Europe, that the three Powers are equally of opinion that the relations of the Sublime Porte with the Imperial Court of Russia cannot be re-established on solid and durable bases.

Here the Austrian minister recapitulates the conditions presented to him by Lord Westmoreland, and then adds:—

The Undersigned is moreover authorised to declare that his Government takes note of the determination of

England and of France not to enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia which should not imply on the part of the said Court a full and entire adhesion to the four principles above enumerated, and that it accepts for itself the engagement not to treat except on those bases, reserving to itself, however, liberty of judging as to the conditions which it might attach to the re-establishment of peace, if it should itself be forced to take part in the war.

The Undersigned, &c.

(Signed)

Buol.

On the 20th of August, the result of all these diplomatic precautions was seen in the entry of the Austrian troops upon the protectorate. Three brigades of the corps stationed upon the Transylvanian frontier entered that day into Wallachia, and three brigades of the army of Count Coronini nearly at the same time crossed the Moldavian frontier. Before the end of August, the Austrian army was in great force in both provinces. Omar Pasha and his staff went out in great pomp from Bucharest to give *éclat* to the public entry of the Austrian general. Count Coronini was then conducted in form into the city, at the head of his army. Dervish Pasha, Ottoman commissioner in Wallachia, issued the following proclamation:—"The Sublime Porte, having entered into a convention with his Imperial Apostolic Majesty, as previously with the governments of France and England, it is my duty to make known to you that, in accordance with that convention, the Imperial Austrian troops will provisionally occupy both principalities. The presence of these troops in Wallachia need cause no uneasiness to you, for they enter the country as one of the friendly powers allied with the Sublime Porte. These troops will be in no way a burden to you, for they will pay for everything purchased with ready money. After the Russians have positively evacuated the principalities, the former government of the country will be restored."

The whole conduct of Austria in reference to the provinces was suspicious. The measures taken by Omar Pasha to pursue the Russians when they commenced their second retreat (our readers will remember that after retreating, and some portions of their army having actually crossed the Bessarabian frontier, they turned and assumed the offensive), were such that there was every prospect of the greater portion of the Russian forces being either slain or captured. Count Coronini threatened the Turkish general that if the latter molested the Russians in their retirement from the provinces, he would intercept the pursuit. To bring his troops into collision with the Austrians was too grave a responsibility for the astute Omar, and so the Russian generals were enabled to collect their emaciated and downcast soldiery, and bring them safe within the confines of their own territory. Lord Clarendon, in his place in the House of Peers, admitted all this,

but alleged that it was a mistake! Count Buol disavowed it! But "we know," says an able pamphleteer, "that it is the Austrian system to have a minister to talk liberally, and a general to act insubordinately. Just so Raditzky disobeyed his ministry, and was thanked for it in due time; just so Jellachich rebelled, was proclaimed a traitor, and was made dictator of Hungary to reward his treason."

The *Church of England Review*, remarking upon the above passage, makes these comments:—"At the first breaking out of hostilities, the Turkish ambassador in Paris put this plain question to the emperor's cabinet: 'Do you object to our using Hungarian and Polish officers, and raising a Polish legion?' and received the frank reply, 'The sultan, in so dangerous a war, must use such measures in his armies as his own safety may require; it will not become the emperor to object to them.' Did the Turkish ambassador in London receive the same answer, as there can be no doubt that he was instructed, simultaneously, to put the same question? We trow not! It is quite certain that the sultan was *advised* not to have recourse to such *dangerous auxiliaries*. Dangerous because offensive to Austria; and Austrian and German politics are in the ascendant at the English court; to them are sacrificed not only the interests of our ally, the Osmanli, but those of Great Britain herself."

Certain it is that Austria gave the allies no earnest support, and only manifested activity in frustrating their more decided counsels, and possessing herself of Wallachia and Moldavia. It is true that she guarded, by her occupation, those territories from being retaken by the Russians; but she also interposed at a critical moment between a Russian army in helpless flight, and a pursuing Turkish army, numerous, well organised, well commanded, and flushed with victory. The conduct of Austria, ever since her armies were quartered in these dominions of the sultan, has been, politically and morally, as bad as it well could be. Her military have distressed the people by turbulence, tyranny, insult, and exaction, until the Austrian occupation has become worse than was that of Russia. Bleeding from many a wound, these hapless realms waste away, and the honour of the Western allies is tarnished by what they deem it policy to overlook. The inhabitants of these countries ask whether their ruin is to be the price of the Austrian alliance, and if the iron sovereignty of the narrow-minded and insolent Coronini is the fulfilment of the hopes held out to them by the proclamation of Halil Pasha, and by the fair words of the conquering Omar?

CHAPTER XXII.

EFFECT IN RUSSIA OF THE RECONQUEST OF THE PROVINCES.—EFFORTS OF THE EMPEROR TO MAINTAIN THE WAR.—CONSEQUENCES IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION.—DESCRIPTION AND HISTORY OF THE PROVINCES.—COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE MILITARY QUALITIES AND CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIAN AND TURKISH ARMIES.

"I have no fear of Russian arms, but I have a dread of British diplomacy."—LORD PONSONBY.

THE effect in Russia of the reconquest, by Turkey, of the provinces north of the Danube was to arouse the czar to renewed efforts, in which he was ardently supported by his people. He issued a ukase calling out fresh recruits for the "reserve lines," nine in the thousand souls in the eastern provinces, to be followed in a short interval by three in the thousand. The Jews were included in this ukase, but upon them ten in the thousand were levied at once. A quarter of a million of recruits was in this way added to the army. The cost of the levy to the landed proprietors, who were to this extent deprived of their serfs, was 22,000,000 of silver rubles annually, equal to about £3,000,000 sterling. An assessment of ten silver rubles and twenty copecs for the equipment of each recruit was made upon the owners of the serfs, amounting to nearly £400,000. An extraordinary contribution, amounting to one-fourth of the income was exacted from the central provinces, the proceeds to be entirely appropriated to the war. A notice was published in connection with the laying of this assessment, announcing that if the first portion of the tax was not paid in fifteen days, the property would be administered by the government. Yet was there far more discontent in the provincial towns of England, especially in the north, at the moderate increase of taxation then accorded by the British House of Commons,—and which was laid upon the public resources in a mode the least injurious to their elasticity,—than was felt in Russia under this wholesale confiscation. Let it not be said that the discontent there was felt but not expressed; the people were for war. The Russian emperor takes an oath at his coronation not only to *defend* but to *extend* his dominions, and this is the most popular part of the ceremonial. All Russia was for war, excepting only a few foresighted individuals who wished equally well to the aggression, but doubted the power of Russia to cope with the league formed against her. These doubts did not pervade the masses of the people. Their common expressions when tidings of defeat reached them were, "Russia is holy—and St. Nicholas will give us the victory over the Moslem and the infidel," or "We are Russians!" an expression uttered with a peculiar tone and manner, indicative of an imperious pride and self-reliance, which no

disasters short of a complete paralysis of power could humiliate.

The emperor, amidst all his exertions and resolution, felt keenly his altered position in the scale of European power. He was especially dejected when he heard of the desperate state of Prince Paskiewitch when wounded on occasion of the last assault upon Silistria. He addressed a soothing letter to the veteran Pole, and closeting himself with Count Nesselrode, despatches were rapidly transmitted to all his other generals, — Gortschakoff, Luders, and Dannenberg, alone escaped the most withering censure, but for none of them was there any praise.

The minister of war was sent to the headquarters of the defeated army, with orders to trace out the causes of such long-sustained and shameful disasters. Such a commission to the minister-at-war is never given, according to Russian imperial custom, unless when danger to the state is apprehended; the departure, therefore, of his excellency caused great dejection at St. Petersburg. The health of the autocrat began to give way, and his mind seemed frequently most painfully affected. Rumours of fierce contention between the Archdukes Alexander and Constantine circulated through all the Russian dominions, and were very injurious to the *morale* of the army. The Archduke Constantine claimed to be the heir of the imperial sceptre, and, it was alleged, placed his claim formally among the archives of the chancellerie. He based his pretensions upon being the first born of the emperor after his accession to the throne; Alexander rested his right upon the fact of his being his father's eldest son. The latter has been represented, especially by De Custine, as subtle and tortuous, and desirous to extend Russian aggrandizement by diplomacy, bribery, and stealth; Constantine was represented as a Russ *par excellence*—anxious at once to push the fortunes of the empire to the limits of its people's ambition, and to carry on a war in the name of the emperor as head of the Greek Church, and having a divine right of conquest. St. Petersburg was scandalized by these contentions; and it required all the authority of the emperor, and the influence of the affection of the empress, to restrain them.

Amidst all these convulsions of feeling and throbbing of apprehension within the imperial

circle, the landowners surrendered their property and their serfs uncomplainingly; the prevailing feeling being, that by-and-by the tide of fortune would turn, and the great empire would float triumphant upon its bosom. "The prevailing passion of the Russian nation," says Alison, "is the love of conquest. Domestic grievances, how great soever, are overlooked in the thirst for foreign aggrandizement. In the conquest of the world, the people hope to find a compensation for all the evils of their interior administration. Every Russian is inspired with the conviction that his country is one day to conquer the world; and the universal belief of this result is one of the chief causes of the rapid strides which Russia, of late years, has made towards its realisation. *The meanest peasant in Russia is impressed with the belief that his country is destined to subdue the world.*" The leading statesmen of Russia, and the court, constantly cultivate this feeling among the masses. This desire was never so prevalent as after the Austrians entered the provinces. The Russian party (as the most energetic advocates of aggression are designated) inflamed the passions of the people everywhere against Mohammedans, schismatics, and heretics. This party seemed to grow arrogant and haughty in its pretensions as misfortune attended the policy it had invoked. "Basing its system on religious fanaticism, it declares that the paramount duty of Russia is to establish, by the conquest of Turkey, the trinity of the golden domes of Constantinople, Moscow, and Kiew. These fanatics profess a sovereign contempt for, and hatred of, the nations of the West. They believed that neither England nor France would venture to offer any resistance. As events have proved the contrary, they are now resolved to throw themselves on the fanaticism of the Muscovite people, and to organise a general Slavonic insurrection, in order to vanquish 'the Anglo-Turks and French, *allies of Satan.*'"

At this juncture, the Russian agents abroad were reinforced extensively, and, notwithstanding the exhausting influence of the war upon the Russian exchequer, large sums of money were in this way lavished. Although the Muscovite armies were driven from the provinces, her spies and agents remained. Renegade Poles and Germans of intelligence, more particularly Prussians, were the most generally employed in this capacity; and never was a nation so well served by its foreign agents as Russia was at Bucharest and Jassy. It will appear scarcely to be believed that Omar Pasha himself was outwitted, and made subservient to Russian designs; indeed, every party in the provinces was made in turn the tool of Russia, so incompetent were they all to cope with her in political intrigue. The in-

famous Stirbey, the deposed Hospodar of Wallachia, was the chief agent of Russia, while he was the pet of Austria. When an exile he took up his abode at Vienna, and there suggested and instigated the Austrian convention which led to the occupation. He promised everything that Austria could desire, if the kasir would only carry him back to the hospodariat. This the Austrian government determined to do *per fas et nefas*. The Turkish government opposed Stirbey's return, but Count Coronini did not think it necessary to conciliate either the Porte or the pasha, and much ill-will immediately sprung up between him and Omar. The blame was not with Coronini altogether; the triumphant pasha bore himself proudly, and showed a sense of offended dignity at the airs of authority assumed by Coronini. Omar seemed to forget that the Austrians were there in virtue of an especial agreement made months before between the emperor and the sultan. The English commissioners in the army of the Turkish commander seemed equally forgetful on this subject, especially Sir Stephen Lakeman, who was made commandant of Bucharest. Zamoisky, the Polish officer (since appointed to the command of the sultan's Cossacks), was an agent of England, bitterly hated Austria, and perpetually stimulated both the pasha and Sir Stephen Lakeman against the commanders of the army of occupation. Brigadier Cannon and Colonel Simmonds caught the infection; and as Mr. Colquhoun, the British consul at Bucharest, had been the sagacious and faithful servant of his queen in all the changes that had passed over the provinces, he was an object of suspicion and dislike to the Austrian civil *employées*. Mr. Colquhoun was directed by his government to facilitate in every way in his power the Austrian occupation, but he was at the same time desired to be very observant of the tone and procedure of those who governed it. He possibly was more compliant with the hints he received in this direction, than with the orders he received to make the Austrian path always as smooth as he could. In fact, the whole of the British agents and officers showed a hearty ill-will to the Austrians, who were very eager to reciprocate it. Between the British and Turks the utmost cordiality existed; between both and the Austrians there was perpetual discord. Everybody seemed fated to cross the purposes of everybody else, and to serve unintentionally the designs of Russia. Russian agents, affecting to be informers, constantly brought information to the British consulate, and to Omar Pasha, of the sinister designs of Austria; they also suggested to Omar, through suitable media, that he ought to be installed as hospodar, and would be, were it not for Austrian intrigues at Constantinople. This bait took with the straight-

forward old general, who, although possessing great military foresight and sound sense, was not wholly proof against ambition; and, once beguiled into the sinuous courses of political intrigue, he became an easy prey to Russian wiles. Omar set about counteracting the Austrian designs alleged to be on foot at Constantinople for the purpose of preventing his just promotion. The Austrians had never conceived the idea of Omar being made the hospodar, and, detecting by their agents in the capital that he was furtively counteracting their policy, they were furious against him, and denounced him to the Porte as the make-mischief in Bucharest. The Russian agents, who first put the ambitious project into the good general's head, now as eagerly denounced him for entertaining it; and sent persons to Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, as well as to Constantinople, to represent him as an unscrupulous and designing man, bent upon his own aggrandisement, and indifferent in its pursuit whether he embroiled his government with a formidable and but qualified ally. The French consulate maintained a quiet attitude in all this dissension. The leanings of its officials were evidently against Austria, but the directions of the French Foreign-office were stringent, and were obeyed.

Meanwhile, everything went on unfavourably for the unfortunate inhabitants. The boyards promoted a movement for raising a separate army, which would be an important element in resisting Russia. Yet these boyards, uncertain whether Russia might not regain the ascendancy, kept out of sight, and committed the agitation of this measure to classes immediately beneath them. An offer was made to Omar, that they would forthwith raise and equip 30,000 men, who, being acquainted with the provinces, would be more efficient than either Turks or Austrians, should the invaders reapproach; and as the people were inflamed with an inexorable resentment against the Russians, they would be found ready to resist to the death any new incursion. Omar declined these proposals. Both Turk and Austrian wished to occupy for interests purely Turkish and Austrian, without the slightest concern for boyards, rayahs, or any one else. The inhabitants could do nothing in a direct, straightforward, and manly way; they were always endeavouring by some cunning resource to outwit Austrian, Turk, French, or British, at the expense of all the rest, and only succeeded in outwitting and ruining themselves. They did nothing to soothe, and much to exasperate, the contentions of which Bucharest was the centre, although they were desirous to secure the country against a second seizure by Russia. Omar was unfit for the duties in which he was engaged; the British agents were unfit to compete with Austrians or Russians, except

one man, who was so hampered by the government at home as to be powerless, except for contributing to the general confusion. English diplomacy failed as signally as Russian arms; everything was arranged for the worst as to the unhappy provinces; and the motto selected for this chapter became verified in the torment, oppression, pecuniary injury, and discontent of all Wallachia and Moldavia. The Austrian tyranny was exasperated by a bootless opposition from England one day, and strengthened by the guilty connivance of England another. An army of 80,000 men could have been raised, although only 30,000 was offered by the people themselves, and the Austrian troops might have been withdrawn; or, if Austria had for once been faithful to her alliance, their troops might have been ordered upon the Russian frontier, where they would have best been employed as protectors of the Turkish provinces. The Roving Englishman, in the *United Service Magazine*, gives a correct but satirical description of what transpired under the fatal influence of our diplomatic management:—

“Thus gradually we got every party into active opposition against us, and the Russian interest prospered and flourished in all directions. Bucharest became the seat of a furious social war, in which our hands were against everybody, and everybody's hands were against us. Our communication with the Austrians was cut off. We held no intercourse with Prince Stirbey. There was a sort of rivalry even between the French and English, and a French and English party. The Russian agents and spies, now more numerous than ever, made superhuman efforts to widen the breach in all directions, and to make all dissensions irreconcilable. A furious dispute broke out between Count Coronini, the Austrian commander-in-chief, and Omar Pasha; and the Wallachians, maddened at their sufferings, grew rich in curses, and anathematised them both with fearful acrimony. The smallest demand of an Austrian was met by execrations and refusal. This the Austrians openly attributed to British influence. There was no possibility of setting them right, because there was no authorised communication held with them; and at last both parties grew thoroughly exasperated. The most violent statements respecting the enormities committed by the army of occupation began to find their way into the English newspapers, making matters ten times worse than they were before. These statements, however, it is melancholy to add, were quite true; for the time soon came when the Austrians wrenched by the strong hand whatever was denied to them, whether reasonable or otherwise. The manner in which they had been treated was their excuse for every fresh misdeemeanour, and it must be acknowledged, even in the



THE PLAINS OF LOWER WALLACHIA.

height of our indignation, that their apology had some show of reason. And now the land which had rejoiced at the departure of the Russians, began to intrigue and scheme for their return. From one end to the other it was a scene of groaning and disaster. Immense tracts of the most fertile parts of the country remained waste and untilled, because the peasantry were harried and their cattle seized as post-horses for the Austrian officers going to Bucharest, or as beasts of burden to transport their stores and military baggage. The nobles were ruined in crowds, commerce was palsied, trade destroyed. I say trade destroyed, for the Austrians were so extremely angry that they actually carried on a crusade against the shopkeepers; and there were more political shopkeepers martyred at Bucharest than in London in the days of Wilkes. Austria played indeed her old tactics, the immemorial political melodrama she has enacted in Hungary and Italy. She established a reign of terror, and built her power on the ashes of the commonwealth. It is doubtful if she intended to do this. Her first hope was conciliation; it was not till good humour failed that she tried violence; and Colonel Dumont (a subtle diplomatist of the old school), who was charged with the conduct of her political affairs, began to be extremely busy in extending and strengthening the ranks of the anti-English party. It was the old story. Everybody who did not openly avow his friendship for the Austrians was assailed with calumnies and paltry accusations, more fit to have formed the gossip of washerwomen than the conversation of officers and gentlemen. There was a malignant clique of infamous hirelings busy in disseminating vile reports about harmless people in every ball-room and at every tea-table. The opposition on both sides grew systematic, vigorous, and constant. The imprudence of our conduct at this crisis positively surpasses belief."

It is appropriate here to give some description of the provinces thus torn and oppressed by those who ostensibly came to save and to defend.* Barclay, in his Dictionary,† thus describes Wallachia and Moldavia:—"Wallachia, a province of Hungary, but subject to Turkey, having Moldavia and Transylvania on the north, the river Danube on the east and south, and Transylvania on the west. It is 250 miles long and 160 broad. It was ceded to the Turks in 1739. Moldavia, a province of Turkey in Europe, bounded on the north by Poland, on the east by Bessarabia, on the south by Wallachia, and on the west by Transylvania,

being 180 miles in its greatest length, and somewhat less in breadth. The principal rivers are the Pruth, Moldau, Bardalach, and Sereth." What Barclay says of the latter is true of both:—"The soil is rich, and it abounds in good pasture, which feed a great number of horses, oxen, and sheep; it also produces corn, pulse, wax, fruits, with plenty of game, fish, and fowls. The inhabitants are Christians of the Greek Church. The Turks oblige the hospodars, or waiwads, to pay an annual tribute, and to raise a body of troops at their own expense in time of war."

There is not much difference in the character of the people of the two provinces; the Wallachs are exaggerated Moldavians. They are both very proud of their supposed descent from Roman colonies. So oppressed have the people been, as the tides of war between Russia and Turkey have ebbed and flowed over their border realms, that they have had no fair opportunity of following their industrious inclinations. There is a great disposition for the cultivation of both agriculture and commerce, if tranquillity allowed. The people are not warlike, and yet there are in them the materials for tolerable soldiers. They have generally leaned to Russia from religious sympathy, but they are naturally a loyal people, and, when well treated by the sultan, have given him no cause for dissatisfaction. The treaties between Turkey and Russia brought considerable concessions from the former to the provinces; these concessions were wrung from the sultan by Russia for her own purposes, but have nevertheless been of service to the provinces. Turks cannot take up their residence north of the Danube without permission of the provincial governments. Christianity, in the form of the Greek Church, is established; independence of the Porte is secured, except so far as the acknowledgment by a tribute of the "suzerainty" of the sultan. Obligation (alleged to exist by Barclay) to maintain an army in time of war, has been virtually abrogated. The hospodariat is very despotic, and Prince Stirbey, the hospodar of Wallachia, is the *beau idéal* of a provincial tyrant. The boyards and clergy have endless privileges, which are utterly subversive of the popular liberties and the general welfare of the states. The people are plundered by the nobles, under one pretence or other, perpetually. The Greek papas, or priests, are badly educated, mercenary, and servile; they betray the cause of the people, and for their own selfish interests uphold the domineering of the boyards. They are almost to a man in favour of Russia, but would aid the grand Turk, toward whom they cherish such a strong religious animosity, if he made it their interest to do so. The profitable occupation of Russian spies is very frequently added to that of their

* Those who wish for a more detailed account can consult, *The Neighbours of Russia*.

† A Complete and Universal English Dictionary. By the Rev. James Barclay. Illustrated by Engravings and Maps. Virtue and Co., Ivy Lane, and City Road, London.

sacerdotal functions. They are venal, immoral, and bigoted; in their manners vulgar, and in their persons filthy. They pass about the country and the streets of the capital with a disgusting affectation of sanctity, but when beyond the public gaze they throw off this sanctimoniousness, and are not often even tolerably well conducted.

We do not make these remarks from any prejudice to the Greek Church, and we are quite sure all sincere members of it would unite in this description. The spirit of the clergy is an element in the degradation of the provinces, which will take effect whether Russ or Osmanli politically rule. The hospodariat is generally purchased by the prominent member of some one of several noble families; and as a large price is given to the sultan for the honour, the purchaser regards his office in a commercial light, and reimburses himself by selling all the offices of the state. Even the judges sit upon the judgment-seat in virtue of a bill of sale. A ludicrous affectation of purity is associated with all these transactions. The judges and magistrates speak as if they were all justice, and the hospodar indulges in pompous proclamations of patriotism and loyalty, so that a stranger might deem him a new-born Kossuth in one aspect, and the eldest son of the sultan in the other: yet those judges are ever ready to take a bribe, and the hospodar is one of the best, if not quite the best, paid Russian agent in the world.

It is questionable whether any dens of iniquity are to be found like the Wallachian and Moldavian courts of justice. It cannot be said of the law there, as was said of the law in England, that it is "a lottery." The Wallachian and Moldavian court-houses are markets—the highest bidder obtains the judgment. It might be written over the porticoes of these abodes of venality, partiality, and cruelty, in the words of Milton—

"This place, exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction."

If the appellant has not money to pay for the decree he claims, he may soon observe by the judge's manner that he does not conceive it his province to sit there for the administration of justice; the unfortunate suitor, if he be conversant with foreign literature, may call to memory the words of the great British dramatist:—

"I shall find your lordship judge and juror!
You are so merciful, I see your end
Is my undoing."

The landed interest in the provinces is avaricious and grinding to the last degree. The language used by the late Sir Robert Peel, when speaking of certain landlords, is terribly true of the land-despots of the Wallachs and Moldavians:—"These landlords, as a body, had

undoubtedly forgotten the duties which naturally, in their position, devolved upon them." Many of the Wallachs hold patches of ground in their own right, and these are as rich farmers as are anywhere to be found on the continent of Europe. Many hold tracts of land, and lead a sort of nomad life; but, wherever the boyards retain "their privileges," and wherever they can extend their influence over the land, they merit the denunciation of the statesman above-quoted, when, on another occasion, he startled the House of Commons with the indignant declaration concerning the class referred to before—"These landlords, as a body, had been so unmindful of their own interests, as to make rent alone the consideration in their relation to their tenantry."

The moral state of Moldavia is perhaps, on the whole, better than that of Wallachia. The boyards make a flaming profession of religion according to the Greek Church, and are eager persecutors of Jews, Turks, or Latins, as opportunity offers; but, in reality, they are to a great extent infidels. They in manners affect an oriental dignity, with an air of occidental arrogance; they assume French modes, which sit very awkwardly upon a general bearing of northern boorishness. To the Russians they appear like Turks; to the Turks like Russians; to the British they seem wondrously French; while the French protest that they are very bad copies of the English: they ape all, and are disowned by all. They in fact most resemble, in the way of a rough likeness, the people they seem most prompt to repudiate—the Greeks; and of all people, those with whom they seem most solicitous to be identified, they least resemble—the Romans, modern or ancient. The great vices of the boyards are gaming and extravagant ostentation; the great vices of the whole people are servility, and a confidence in disingenuous artifice. In the capital there is, however, to be found in society much elegance and intelligence; and amongst the poorer boyards in the country may be met men of manly intelligence and honest public purpose,—men who sorrow with a sincere patriotism over the wrongs of their country, and who would promptly resort to any brave remedy for its deliverance. The whole people are patriotic, except the clergy, and ardently long for the hour when freedom shall plant her tabernacles among them. It was cruel to mock their aspirations for liberty when the Russian eagles took their flight. They were willing to endure the less voracious vulture* of Turkey; but the Austrian bird of prey was more destructive than the once celebrated "bone-breaker" of the Osmanli, or the two-headed marauder from the hungry North. Passionately did the Wallachs

* The ancient cognizance of the Turks.

appeal for freedom and nationhood to Frank and Briton—and, alas! appealed in vain. An imperious policy prevailed, and the ruthless spoliator of Hungary and Italy planted his standards among them.

It was with wondrous tenacity the people clung to hope from England. An eminent boyard thus addressed the author of the *Battle Fields*:—"England is becoming every year less and less of an agricultural country, while our people are altogether labourers on the soil. There is no country better fitted in the world to be one of your principal granaries than ours, supposing the free navigation of the Danube and the Black Sea were once fairly assured. The united population of Wallachia and Moldavia is exactly four millions, and our corn lands could support at least twenty millions. The riches of our soil are almost incredible, yet we had miles and miles of it untilled, while even the hardest portion of your countrymen, the bone and sinews of your land, were emigrating in hundreds of thousands from sheer starvation; and you spent eight million pounds in one year, without relieving the frightful sufferings of the Irish. But we have not a manufactory in the land, and we do not want one. We have too much employment on the farm to be able to spare hands for the loom. Almost every manufactured article comes to us from abroad. We import our shoes, stockings, hats, gloves, and clothing generally; our saddles, horses and carriages, saddlery, guns, and cutlery; our plates, dishes, linen, and glass; our furniture and upholstery; our watches, clocks, and jewellery; our paper, ink, beer, wine. We import even, I am afraid, our conversation and ideas; we are made to be friends; we have what you want, and will want more and more; you have almost all that we require. Free trade and a sound commercial treaty between us would secure you on the one hand from famine, and us from financial ruin on the other. For we cannot always go on buying foreign manufactured goods without selling our own corn. The effects of this war have been fearful for us; some of the wealthiest of our nobles have been forced to sell their estates, our traders are on the verge of ruin. But for the consumption of the armies we could hardly have held out at all; this has helped us a little, but only a little. Money is at legal interest of only ten per cent., but really it is hardly to be obtained now under thirty, and that on good security. Who can improve his estate if he is obliged to borrow at this rate? We must soon grow parsimonious, content with the little moneys we can raise from our semi-waste lands, and stand still in a half-barbarous state, while all the world is going on. Yet we are not a poor country. If you give us our independence we shall not ask you for a

loan to support it, as Greece did. We have money, we have very extensive lands, and forests of public right, the annual value of which would be quadrupled under fair management. We ask you only to regulate our form of government at starting; not, by any means, to pay for it afterwards. You might help us, as I have explained, with advantage to yourselves, for you would thus open a new, or at least a more extensive market for the goods with which the warehouses of your manufacturers are gorged; and you might aid us without the smallest sacrifice of any kind. Turkey has no rights over the government of our country. She is, indeed, bound most stringently not to interfere with it, however often she may have done so. The relations between us stand thus. We have agreed, by repeated treaties, to acknowledge her nominal supremacy, and to pay her a trifling annual tribute in consideration of being protected against the encroachments of Austria and Russia. We have fulfilled our part of the contract, how she has performed hers let history tell you. Russia tried hard to degrade us as a people; it is sharp to own that she succeeded, but it is true. And so the honesty and intellect of our land cries aloud to you to save us. We love the French: most of our youth have been educated in Paris; their minds have been formed by the great French authors, and they have been taught to think by her statesmen and publicists; we love them for the brilliancy of their national character, for their light wit and graceful bearing, for their sparkling philosophy, for their chivalry and valour. But we do not look with more confidence than the rest of the world on the stability of their government; we cannot rely on them. France is fond of changing her political agents, and has often disavowed them when they promised us fairly; therefore all that is thoughtful and masculine in the land turns to great England, and our statesmen and public men hope in you only. Do with us as you will, we shall be contented. We shall have no jealousy of a prince you may choose for us. We submit ourselves blindly to your guidance, for we have long learned to respect and admire your good faith and your unvarying honesty. We have read of the simple and manly eloquence of your Commons, till it has stirred our hearts like the call of a trumpet with a silver sound, and its echo will never die away from among us. There are great men in England, whom we toast at our banquets, and honour in our homes; who utter no public word we do not register. May they take compassion upon us, for our burthen is sore. As yet the worst abuses of our worst governments are suffered to go on. There is a party, a small one now—it is the Russian party—who are interested in

supporting them, who still look to St. Petersburg to renew their license to pillage, and our shame; but the rest of us are listening with parched ears for only one word from you to bid us hope. If it is spoken, our national troubles will clear away like the mists of the morning."

It will be seen from this picture that the quarters of the Austrians were far from pleasant: the people muttered curses against the soldiery as they passed; the officers were nearly proscribed as to the society of the higher classes, they were unfashionable with the ladies, and were therefore generally "cut." The hatred must have been very profound which prevented the Wallach ladies from dancing with military men: a military uniform—Russian, Austrian, or Turkish—is all-attractive to these ladies; but in the instance of the Austrian occupation, nothing was thought of in connection with them but how to get them away. Several desperate duels were fought between Roumanian gentlemen and Austrian officers; but Corinini put an end to this by a threat of hanging any Rouman by whose hand an Austrian officer should fall. There has been no mitigation of the mutual acrimony, which has lasted up to the time we write, in 1855, with as much keenness as when the horses' hoofs of the Austrian cuirassiers first echoed upon the rough pavement of Bucharest.

The population of the two provinces, although nearly always estimated at 4,000,000, falls short of that estimate by nearly one-fourth. The nationality, however, comprises a population of 10,000,000, as Bessarabia is principally peopled by it; and through the contiguous parts of Hungary, Transylvania, and the Buckovina, 3,000,000 are dispersed.

In the second century of the Christian era, this territory was conquered by the Roman emperor, Trajan. Herodotus tells us that the race was the original population of Dacia and Panonia. Their Roman conquerors bore an honourable testimony to their obstinate valour; and, although the present race of Wallachs cease not to boast of a Roman origin, they have still the traditions of the storyteller as to how the Roman invasion was resisted; and how the last of their kings, the good and great Decebalus, reigned, and fought, and fell. Never were the exploits of the Roman arms more honourable to them than here: they conquered to civilise; they built great cities, reclaimed the pestilence-breeding morass, cultivated the wild steppe, interlaced the country with their characteristic roads, and settled colonies on the reclaimed wastes. The Romans did not treat the people with contempt, as Turks, Russians, and Austrians all have done; they conciliated and formed marriage connexions with them, whence sprang many

Wallachs of the present day. The Dacia of the Romans is always referred to in their history as fertile and beautiful—the richest and most commercial of all their colonies. With the glory of the Roman empire waned the security of Dacia. It was the high road for the incursions of those northern savages against whom Trajan erected his celebrated wall south of the Dacian territory, across the Danube, on the land of the Bulgars. Scyth, Hun, and Goth, swept over the fair fields of Dacia to acquire the rich prizes of the south. Crossing the Sea of Azoff and the Euxine, vast Asiatic hordes fell like clouds of locusts upon the cultivated fields of the Dacian husbandmen, and, like those ruthless insects, left only a waste behind. Then, as now, from the far north the whirlwind of war swept over these calm lands with devastating fury. Nor was it only from the north that war and rapine came with despoiling power. From the south, the rude Bulgar, the warrior Turk, came as the majestic and civilising Romans came, and few traces only of their civilisation were permitted to remain. In spite of many obstacles to progress and power, the Dacians recovered from the effects of the first gushes of the war torrents that burst through their country; and at the time when the Magyars brought fire and plunder in their track, they were a great people, possessing wealth and independence, where their race is now dispersed over territories broken into so many provinces. The Magyars wrested from them those portions of territory which form the parts of Hungary peopled by their tribes. When thus weakened, they further enfeebled themselves by division, separating into two peoples, divided by the river Moldau. The boundary gave a name to the people north of it, who are called Moldavians; and an eminent military leader named Walla gave the name of Wallachs to the whole people, but which was only retained by those on the southern side of the Moldau.

They maintained their independence until the lightning of the Osman scathed and withered, when the floods of the northern had deluged and subsided. This similitude has a literal truth, for it was Sultan Bajazet Ildevin, whose surname signifies *lightning*, that carried the Turkish arms with terrible celerity through the provinces. The old Dacian and Roman blood flowed then in richer streams through the veins of the Wallachs than in later ages; for they resisted the invasion with a defence so heroic as utterly to astonish the fiery chief, whose war-shafts sped with such blasting energy over their fair and fruitful realm. Often and often did the crescent pale before the charge of the Wallachians; often did the Turkish hosts reel, broken, back from the lines where the brave Wallachs stood to welcome death or

liberty. But it was beyond human valour or strength to resist such force for ever. The Poles and Hungarians refused them succour; the Pope promised them assistance if they would forsake the Eastern for the Western Church, but the Wallachs preferred to die. They bore up against the ceaseless flashes of war from so mighty an enemy alone, like the stricken tree, which, although blackened and broken, puts forth new branches, unaided but from the life within it, and the blessings of earth and skies. These brave Wallachs, alone, although begirt by great Christian nations—alone, with no help but Heaven's help, and the resources of their prolific soil, displayed political and martial vitality which their proud enemy could not but admire. Solymán the Great accepted a tribute, so long paid to his successors, as a token of suzerainty; in every other respect he recognised their independence. In the reign of the Sultan Achmet, of bloody memory, their land was suddenly overrun, when, in the confidence of treaty, they were unprepared for resistance, and thence began the practice on the part of the sultans to put up the government of the provinces to the highest bidder. Achmet made his unexpected incursion to avenge the assistance given by the Wallachs to Peter II. of Russia. Most writers represent this allegation by Achmet as a pretence; but there is too much reason to believe that the Wallachs allowed their ecclesiastical sympathies with Russia to betray them into overt acts, justifying the indignation of the Porte. Ever since, this cause has worked ill for them. Their priests have always coquetted with Russia, and Turkey has been always jealous. Had the people of the provinces betrayed no religious sympathies with Russia, on the one hand, and the Greeks and Servians, on the other, Turkey would have more regarded their rights, for to no province of the Ottoman empire was so much respect entertained in its proud capital. On no occasion in her quarrels with Russia had Turkey any cause of gratitude to the Wallachs; but often, perhaps always, just ground for dissatisfaction, or at least suspicion. The Emperor Nicholas, however, completely won the hearts of the Romo-Dacians. His sword cut the knot of treaties between the Porte and the principalities, and he obtained such a measure of freedom for them as amazed Europe, and brought the laudations of British senators in showers upon the name of the magnanimous Nicholas. He procured for both provinces an identical constitution. The constitution embraced the following great advantages:—A general assembly for each principality (this assembly to elect the prince in whose hands should be placed the supreme administration); the government responsible to this assembly; free-

dom of commerce; the right of religious worship; a local militia, or army, independent of the sultan; the establishment of civil and criminal tribunals with full power to administer penal justice.

The boyards and people exulted when the announcement of this generous and enlightened interposition on their behalf burst suddenly upon them; and from all parts of Europe strangers arrived ready to invest their capital under the shadow of a state so prosperously circumstanced, and so free. Besides, this constitution was guaranteed by the all-powerful Emperor Nicholas, and by the ostensible suzerain, the sultan. The real object of Nicholas was to have a body of men, such as the senators, whom he could corrupt by his agents. He inferred that a single chief—a hospodar—might be obstinate, but, with a limited number of senators, there was every likelihood that his all-skilful diplomatists would sway them as he pleased. The constitution was thus made a curse. Bucharest and Jassy became hives of Russian agents and spies; and there is hardly a form of corruption which ever cankered the hope of a country which was not used by the unprincipled Muscovite, to render all liberty impossible amongst the descendants of the Roman and Dacian race. The reader must remember the contiguity of the Russian empire, its puissance in relation to such small provinces, its extensively ramified and highly cultivated diplomacy, its vast military *prestige* and real resources, and the influence which its professed call to uphold the orthodox Greek faith would give it over the episcopate of the provinces, and no surprise will be felt that the senators of the provincial assemblies were, in a majority of cases (which was all that was required), the instruments of Russia. Some were so from stupidity, some from cupidity, some from bigotry, and some from sheer honesty,—believing that, on the whole, the provinces were safest under the great eagle's wings. All these elements of influence were nicely calculated in the chancellerie at St. Petersburg, and the Dacian constitutions became only a snare. In a former page the reader has found the feeling of the boyard of 1854; it will be here appropriate to show the feeling of the best portion of the same class in 1836. Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Spencer, in his work entitled the *Western Caucasus*, records a conversation which he had with a patriotic boyard to this effect:—"Although our country, through the thralldom of our old tyrants, the Turks, was reduced to the verge of ruin, still, with a soil so fertile, and in possession of a constitution that guaranteed our liberties, we looked towards the future with confidence and hope. How illusive were our anticipations! From the moment we were cursed with Russian

protection—from the moment that power interfered in the administration of our affairs—every measure adopted by the senate or the government has been subsidiary to her views and interests. But this is not all: the country has been inundated with Russian agents, avowed and secret; no public assembly, no private dwelling, from the cot of the peasant to the palace of the prince, is exempt from their intriguing influence. The trading classes are told that the country will never be prosperous till it is united to the grand empire. The peasants are taught to look upon their seigniorial lords as tyrants. The vanity of the rich man is flattered by jewelled crosses; the poor and venal noble barter the welfare and independence of his country for a bribe; while our hospodars are nothing more than the most servile slaves to the will of the autocrat. Lastly, our much-vaunted constitution, from which so many advantages were to be derived, has become a dead letter, because every decree of the senate, although approved by the reigning prince, is null, unless sanctioned by the protecting powers, Russia and Turkey; and however mortifying the conviction, we feel assured that Russia will never cease her intrigues and machinations till our principalities are incorporated in her already overgrown empire; unless, indeed, the great Western powers interfere to prevent an act of such flagrant injustice; for any opposition on our part can never avail to prevent it."

The author of *Turkey, Russia, and the Black Sea*, thus describes the present and forecasts the future:—"However severe may be the sufferings of the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia, in consequence of their country having become the principal theatre of the war between Russia and Turkey, yet this circumstance may be productive to them of much future good, because it will tend to place most forcibly before the political world of Europe the anomalous position in which they stand—owing allegiance to two foreign powers, and yet submitting to the rule of native princes, whose weakness prevents their being anything more than mere puppets to the mighty autocrat of the north. In addition to a succession of disputes, quarrels, and wars, in which their country has been embroiled during the last fifty years with Russia and Turkey, they have had the misfortune to see it devastated by the locust-like armies, first of one of these protecting powers, and then of the other. But this is not the only evil. We must also take into account the paralyzing effect this has had upon every species of industry, and the demoralisation that ever follows in the train of armies far more civilised than the semi-barbarian hordes that follow the standard of the czar and the sultan,—a demoralisation so disastrous that

even were this unhappy people to be immediately reinstated in the full enjoyment of all their rights and liberties, more than half a century must elapse before anything resembling confidence and security could be restored to a country so long cursed with the protection of two such powers as Russia and Turkey. Independent of the numerous evils to be rectified in every branch of the administration, the peasantry have become so brutalised as to be almost insensible to their degraded condition, and the better classes dead to all the higher feelings of our nature. We had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of a Russian military occupation of these countries, in all its horrors, first in 1835, and again in 1851. The fearful details of the first we fully described in a former work: the latter, although by no means so calamitous, had however the effect of producing a scarcity of provisions that almost amounted to a famine. This will be easily understood by those who are acquainted with the elements of which a Russian army is composed, and the violent means resorted to by a Russian commissariat when the imperial mandate is issued for provisioning a large body of troops. Every demand is then made at the point of the bayonet; and when all is devoured, the very grain which had been reserved for sowing is seized upon. Can we then wonder that these principalities, notwithstanding the advantages they possess of soil, climate, and situation—together with the noble Danube, navigable for all the purposes of commerce—should be at the present moment still lying for the most part in a state of nature, owing to the want of inhabitants to till the soil; or that the population should have been reduced within the last century by war, pestilence, and famine, to nearly one half of the original amount, and that a people who could once bring into the field against the Turks 200,000 men, should be now the slave of slaves."

It is not to be supposed that the provinces are inhabited only by the one race, although nearly all speak that mongrel Latin which is the common tongue. The Jews are numerous in the large towns, and the gipseys number 200,000. Greeks, Servians, Magyars, Poles, Bulgarians, Bosnians, and Tartars, are all to be found in the towns. In the country parts the race of Roman Dacians prevail almost exclusively.

The capitals of the provinces are pleasant places, but both are very unhealthy, from the total neglect of all sanitary regulations. Jassy, the metropolis of Moldavia, is beautifully situated. It is surrounded by orchards, flower-gardens, and choice shrubberies. It is mainly embosomed in a pleasant vale, but it extends up the acclivities of picturesque hills, from which the whole country presents a scene of

peaceful and cultivated loveliness. The domes and spires towering up from the hill side, present a lively characteristic of the place to the approaching traveller. The interior of the city is not so much to be commended; it has no pavement—boards laid over stagnant pools of mud and filth, and through the chinks of which the most pestiferous odours arise, form the causeways. Every nationality occupies its own district of the town, and speaks its own language, suggesting what might possibly have occurred at Babel before the dispersion. It is utterly impossible to conjecture the number of the population, so conflicting are accounts; perhaps 12,000 would be the nearest computation. Bucharest is larger than Jassy, less pleasantly situated, very much gayer, and by no means more favourable to the cultivation of morals. The paving is bad, and as every one that can possibly afford it keeps a carriage, the splashing, din, and confusion, have no parallel elsewhere. The population is about 30,000. These cities are the seats of government and the centres of Russian intrigue.

The present Hospodar of Wallachia, Stirbey, is utterly detested by the people, on account of his subserviency to Russia. They are also prejudiced against him on the ground of race. The national feeling requires one of their own race to reign, unless policy should necessitate an honourable compact with the European powers, which would place a prince of some royal family on the throne of an independent Dacia. The Ghika family, who trace their origin as far back as the ancient Dacian people, are popular in both provinces. Gregory Ghika was for a short time Hospodar of Moldavia, and during his administration he effected many and important reforms. He established a system of education of a most enlightened character, which the Russians, called in by the priests, the greatest of all enemies to Dacian liberty, destroyed. The provinces contain few cities, and unless where a group of wooden houses are collected round a church or a convent, one might suppose that there were no villages. This would, however, be a mistake, for a tourist thus corrects such an impression:

"The villages through which we passed, consisting for the most part of huts half buried in the earth, presented the same wretched appearance as those we had seen seventeen years ago; nor were the inhabitants less miserable. Poor people! this was the species of hut adopted by their ancestors, when, after the fall of the Roman Empire, their stately towns and villages were sacked and burnt by the Goths and Huns; but as these marauders were followed in regular succession by hordes of Magyars, Bulgars, Tartars, Turks, and now Russians, no doubt the plan of concealing their homes has never been changed. Nay,

in some districts, these subterranean villages have been so effectually concealed, with grass growing on the top, that were it not for the tell-tale smoke we see making its way upward from the earth, like a spent volcano, we might ride over them without suspecting that several human beings were living beneath. Near each of these human warrens may be seen a very remarkable building, rising to a height of about six feet from the ground, and extending to a length of from 300 to 500 feet; this is the village granary, made of open trellis-work, for the purpose of drying the maize. As to towns, they are few and far between; and when at length we do come upon one, the streets, like the roads, are unpaved, but laid down with boards, like those of Russia; the common sewers are beneath, and are never cleansed but by a thunder-shower; hence the fevers of the towns."

Such are the provinces concerning which we have heard so much during the progress of this war, and about which it commenced. It would be a very imperfect history, therefore, which did not give a tolerably extensive notice of what are the resources, races, position, and history of these coveted and contested dominions, whose real rulers have for some time been the Russian consuls at Bucharest and Jassy, or rather, the vile agents of Russian diplomatic intrigue—Poles and Germans, hirelings of falsehood and fraud, before whose apprehended denunciations even the consuls themselves trembled. The sincerity of Russia in pretending to guarantee to these provinces a certain independence, is tested by the seizure, in which, without the pretence of any wrong on their part, their rulers were deposed, their treasures ransacked, their people plundered, and their lands ravaged and desolated.

It is *apropos* to a chapter which brings Austria armed upon the stage, to present to our readers some considerations in connection with the Western policy to the German powers. Prussia looked upon the Austrian convention with the Porte more jealously, if possible, than even Russia. Frederick William did not conceal from his courtiers his chagrin, and, as usual, was both petulant and truckling, meriting the sneer of a certain military authority: "Prussia is gradually sinking from her lofty position; she is becoming a by-word among nations; and the state which a *soldateska* built up, may yet be destined to perish by the sword." The Western powers continued to court Austria and Prussia, as if there were no other states in the great German confederation. It would not have been difficult by skilful negotiations, and a liberal political use of the *quid pro quo* to have formed connections with the minor German states, which would greatly influence the proceedings of the two

great German powers. In Italy and Switzerland we have instances of how small states in contiguity with Austria may be made instrumental in checking her policy. The ascendancy gained over both the northern and southern great German powers by Russia was much promoted by her skilful management in Saxony, Bavaria, and lesser states. The great Napoleon, in his formation of a Rhenish confederation, sought such ends by similar means. What was done forty-seven years ago in this respect is not possible now; but his German policy is an instructive lesson for the allies to-day, even where it is neither practicable nor desirable to imitate him. It must be kept in view, that although the petty German princes are pro-Russian, the people are pro-English, and the armies of those states are very favourable to England. In consequence of the poverty of the national exchequers, the soldiers are perpetually on furlough, and fraternize with the people, imbibing their political bias. A threat to aggrandize these states at the expense of Austria and Prussia would be felt all over Germany, however indirect the menace might be. That the smaller German states possess such military resources as would be of great service to the allies if they could conciliate the alliance of those governments, or subsidize them, or even hire their armies, as in the last century the troops of Hesse were hired by England, cannot be doubted by any person who is acquainted with the military condition of Germany. The following may be taken as a correct estimate of their forces, if we renumerate the strength of all the troops of the various states which they could furnish at short notice for a foreign campaign, without weakening the necessary garrisons, depots, and reserves at home:—

State.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Engineers, &c.	Guns.
Bavaria	40,000	7000	5300	200
Saxony	15,000	3000	2000	50
Hanover	13,000	3000	2000	36
Wirttemberg	12,000	2500	1500	42
Baden	10,000	2200	1400	40
Hesse-Cassel	10,000	1100	900	18
Hesse-Darmstadt	7,300	1100	900	18
Nassau	6,000	—	450	12
Mecklenburg-Schwerin	3,000	600	550	16
Mecklenburg-Strelitz	700	—	—	—
Oldenburg	2,500	400	450	16
Brunswick	3,000	550	400	12
Saxe-Weimar	6,500	—	—	—
Saxe-Cobourg Gotha				
Saxe-Meiningen				
Saxe-Altenburg				
Anhalt Dessau	2,000	—	—	—
Anhalt Köthen				
Anhalt Bernburg				
Principalities of Reuss	800	—	—	—
" Schwartzburg	1,200	—	—	—
The Two Detmolds	1,000	—	—	—
Waldeck	800	—	—	—
Hesse-Homburg	400	—	—	—
The four Hanse Towns	3,000	400	—	—
TOTAL	136,200	21,850	15,850	460

without taking into calculation the requisite train.

Our readers cannot fail to perceive, from such statistics the importance of so conducting our German policy as to weaken the dependence upon Austria and Prussia of the other states, and to accustom them to look beyond the limits of the Bund, in their political and military relations.

Having presented the military resources of the German confederation, irrespective of Austria and Prussia, the condition and resources of whose armies are elsewhere discussed, we will close this chapter by as extensive a review as our space admits, of the armies who contested the possession of the Danubian provinces. Very erroneous impressions were almost universally entertained on the subject previous to the disgraceful flight of the invading army. It was the fashion in Germany to depict the military greatness of Russia as beyond parallel. Her troops were represented as millions, and her generals were reputed as the most skilful in the world, while her confines were described as begirt with fortresses such as no other territory in the world possessed. The Baron von Moltke and a few other German military men gave more sober accounts, but they made little impression upon the public mind of Germany. The courts kept up the idea of the invincibility of Russian soldiers, and the inexhaustibility of Russian military resources, purely from political motives. The object was to awe the modern *illuminati* by the overwhelming force which Russia could and would bring to the support of royal authority in Continental Europe. In France, ever since the destruction of Napoleon's great army in the Moscow expedition, the most exaggerated notions of the numbers of the Russian soldiery prevailed. The saying attributed to Napoleon, that the Russians were the most skilful, as well as the most obstinate enemies he had personally encountered, had great weight in the French estimate of Russia as a military power; and the celebrated saying which the great captive uttered at St. Helena—"In fifty years Europe will be republican or Cossack," still further aided the Russian military *prestige* with the French. In England we altogether despised the skill of the Muscovite, and cared nothing for his numbers; but the idea was universally prevalent that the men were of a stubborn valour. The campaigns on the Danube dispelled the illusion as to any peculiar tenacity of courage, and led to still lower opinions of their generalship. Some of the opinions thus formed have been corrected since; and we now know better the magnitude and character of the military machine which is moved by the fiat of the czar. Still, although professional men are now very well informed on all these topics, the general public require information. We shall endeavour to present some accurate detail of the quality and

character of the Russian troops, and of the habits, *status*, and spirit of their officers. This is the more important, as we approach a period in our history when British arms clash with theirs; we can better estimate what our braves have performed, and what may or may not be expected of them, when a clear conception of the military genius and strength of the enemy is formed. It is, in 1855, a general notion that the Danubian campaign caused us to underrate the capacity and courage of Russian soldiers; but we subscribe heartily to the belief that their conduct justified the lowest opinions we could form. A French officer of rank, in writing from Rustchuk, said—"Apropos of the Russians. What do they mean to do? What means this war of theirs, without connection and without plan;—these useless, I should rather say shameful, promenades from Kalafat to Silistria, and from Silistria to Rustchuk, only to escape in every place, and at every time losing, without the slightest possible advantage, the half of their soldiers? The Russians have arrived at such a point, that they are throughout Europe almost despised as a power and an army. Even the Turks hold them in the most supreme contempt; and I, as an old soldier, cannot say that they are mistaken."

In describing the Russian military system, we shall first describe the mode of recruiting: it is, in a word, by conscription. The population of Russia consists of several very distinct classes:—1. The *nobles*—these are very numerous; some are hereditary, some who have been ennobled for serving the state. They are all free from the conscription. 2. The *clergy*—these are greatly revered, and are of course free. 3. *Civil officials*—these, as necessary to the state, cannot be subjected to military service. 4. *Merchants*—they are not liable to the conscription. 5. *Burghers*—these are liable to military service, but can release themselves by paying a fine. The lowest class of burghers are, however, unable generally to pay that fine, so that they are always obnoxious to the conscription. 6. The *serfs*—who form the great bulk of the nation and of the army. They cease to be serfs when they become soldiers; this is the only inducement to a military life for them. The cavalry is well mounted, the horses of the heavy cavalry especially being large, and handsome, and well fed. Very many of the regiments, especially in the guards, are mounted on horses all of one colour, as our greys, bays, black-horse (7th Dragoon Guards), and household cavalry. The artillery and baggage trains are excellently horsed. A distinguished Prussian officer, well acquainted with the Russian armies, thus describes the conscription:—

"The proceeding was generally in this wise:

after discovering the exact number of men wanted, an imperial ukase was issued demanding so many men per cent., a large margin being left for desertions. The whole number required was then equally divided among the governments, the towns, and the various landed proprietors and villages. In the properties belonging to the nobles, the choice of those who were to serve lay with the landed proprietor; in the crown properties with the magistrate. Those were selected, first, of whom their masters wished to be rid, whether they were married or not, and next, those who had no one depending upon them. A sum of 2000 rubles was the price of a substitute, and well-to-do villages paid this sum down to free a certain number of their inhabitants from military service. On the other hand, the noble had the right to send a serf whom he wished to get rid of, and to get in return a receipt which secured him when the next conscription was made. It was scarcely possible for any one to escape by flight, and resistance was vain. The men were suddenly seized, and led off in chains to the nearest seat of government. The man thus forced to serve gave up his whole former existence. The time of service was formerly twenty years in the Polish provinces, twenty-two in the line in Russia, twenty-four in the guards. Should he ever return after his time of service had expired, he found his place as a serf filled by another, and all memory of himself gone. The garrison-town to which he was sent was hundreds of miles off; he lived with men whose language, manners, religion, and race might differ entirely from his own, and if he did not learn some trade by which he might exist, his only resource was to serve on. The Emperor Nicholas shortened the term of service; but this merely made the conscription fall oftener. This system of recruiting was so odious a measure that it was as seldom had recourse to as possible. The vacancies in the Russian armies were not filled up every year as in European states, but only when the want of men was seriously felt, or when war was imminent. Spite of the war which had threatened to break out, the army had not been recruited for four years, and as, generally speaking, one-tenth of its numbers quitted the army every year, when the war broke out, a deficiency of about 40 per cent. had to be made good. But, when the men were raised, the army was not much the better for them; it took a long time to discipline them, and they frequently had hundreds of miles to march before they reached their destination. To get rid of this arbitrary mode of getting soldiers, the Emperor Nicholas had recourse to one still worse—military colonization. The emperor became aware of the disadvantages of his new system, but could not remedy it. Altogether

the military education of the soldier, spite of the long period of service and the severe treatment of the men—possibly in consequence of these very complicated arrangements—was incomplete. Their movements were those of a machine, reduced to certain forms. On the other hand, the infantry went through all their evolutions with perfect order, and were perfectly steady under fire. The material of the artillery, which is the arm most prized by orientals, was excellent. The Russians were in this respect so far superior to the Turks, that the greatest results were expected wherever this arm could be used. They were not, however, very expert in their practice. The spirit of the troops was very good; the Russian soldier looked to war to better his condition, and a combat with the Mussulman was in his eyes a religious action. The officers were paid in silver, and the soldier was glad to exchange the tiresome duties of the parade, and the petty annoyances of garrison life, for the difficulties and the excitement of the field."

Nothing has fostered the military spirit in Russia so much as the mode in which rank is made to depend upon military service. Thus a *general takes precedence of a prince who has not a commission in the army*; for although property, and also titles, are hereditary in descent, yet *rank* is personal only, and depends almost entirely upon a military grade. Thus the ambition and the zeal of the nation are directed to the profession of arms. It is war which makes an emperor popular and a peasant free. The only profession which competes with that of arms is diplomacy. Spies and the bayonet are the great instruments of Russian advancement. The whirring wheel, the gliding shuttle, the noiseless plough, have no charms for the votaries of St. Nicholas. The flower of the youth of Muscovy are bred for war: 180,000 young men, and 10,000 officers, are constantly at the military seminaries. In these seminaries, the only kind of knowledge to which there is any regard paid is such as may bear upon the art of war. The best description of the military education of Russia which we can find is given by M. Haxthausen; he says:—"Peter the Great first encouraged the military spirit among his nobles; Munich organised the first military school, under the name of the School for Officers, composed of 180 young noblemen, natives of Great Russia, and fifty from Esthonia and Livonia; afterwards, in 1743, he founded the Naval Academy. Under the Emperor Alexander, the nobility set about establishing themselves similar institutions for the instruction of their sons. That of Toula, founded in 1801, was the first of this kind, and that of Tamboff, in 1802, the second. This spirit of emulation, encouraged as it was by the Emperor Nicholas, has continued to increase. Many private gen-

tlemen founded establishments of this kind, which were well endowed. Count Araktochéjeff bequeathed to the crown a large sum for the establishment of a corps of cadets to be named after him. In 1835, Colonel Bakhtine offered for this purpose the whole of his fortune, consisting of 1,600,000 rubles and 2700 serfs, reserving only a life-interest for himself; in 1836, Colonel Tschertikoff gave the same sum. According to the *Encyclopédie Militaire*, there exist in Russia at the present time, twenty-eight establishments devoted to the education of officers, of which one is for naval officers. The number of pupils is about 10,000, 1000 of whom enter the service every year. Of these, then, it appears that from 800 to 900 enter the army. The twenty-seven establishments devoted to the education of officers for the army are divided into several classes: they differ, first, with respect to the amount of the endowment; for, as the services of the parents almost always serve as passports of admission to the children, and the education is at the expense of the government, the establishments intended for the sons of generals are more luxurious than those which receive the sons of other officers. Further than this, these institutions may be classed according to the instruction given in them, and the destination of the pupils. We may divide them as follows:—1. The Corps of Alexander, an establishment situated near St. Petersburg, intended for 400 children under twelve years of age (especially orphans). 2. Seventeen establishments, situate in different governments, which take the children of officers or gentlemen, from twelve to eighteen years of age. Of these, however, some are reserved for younger orphans, or for the children of very poor parents. 3. The Regiment of the Nobility, at St. Petersburg, containing 1000 pupils, forms the highest class of these seventeen establishments, and prepares for the examinations to be passed by officers. 4. Five establishments at St. Petersburg, devoted to the most advanced studies. 5. Three establishments for special services (artillery and engineers). 6. The Military Academy, for the instruction of staff officers. The instruction in those schools which are not devoted to a special service is divided into three courses:—the preparatory course, the general, and the higher course; the last comprehends instruction in military science, while the other two supply the requirements of general instruction, and great attention is paid to the study of modern languages. All these courses are combined with practical exercises. In the case of the corps of cadets of Alexander, and in one only of the corps of government cadets, the instruction is confined to the first course, that of the other sixteen to the two first, and that of the regiment of the nobility to the third. The corps of cadets in the capital

embrace the three courses. All the military schools are subject to the same general regulations, under which some schools, organised in the military fashion, but intended for civil instruction, as the Academy of Bridges and Roads, the corps of Miners, that of Foresters, the Lyceum, Czarskojezelo, &c., are conducted. Although the establishments of cadets furnish annually a large number of officers, yet this number is far from supplying the requirements of the army. If we take the average of one officer to forty men, Russia would require about 25,000 officers, if she wished to call out all her regular troops, the number of which we have calculated in round numbers at 1,000,000 men. The baron no doubt would not, at present, put the Russian forces at so high a figure."

One of the greatest impediments to the efficiency of the Russian army is to be found in the diverse and jealous nationalities that constitute it. Since the British have been brought into collision with them, and made prisoners of many, we have found the utmost jealousy among them: the Russ hates the Finlander, the latter despising the Muscovite as heartily as he, in his turn, despises the German, while the Pole feels a supreme contempt for them all. The following view of the nationalities subjected to the Russian yoke, and from which her armies are recruited, will convince any intelligent thinker that such a heterogeneous force must contain elements of discord. The severe discipline prevents outbreaks occurring with such frequency as to destroy subordination; but, as in the prison at Lewes, where Fins and Russ are quarrelling while these lines are passing through the press, so, frequently, in the garrisons of Southern Russia and Finland, fierce animosities, arising from invidiousness of race, embroil the soldiery. There are more deserters from a Russian army than any other, although the desire again to see their families, and the *esprit de corps*, counteract the tendency.

The population consists of a number of distinct nations, tribes, and races, which have been classed and calculated by different writers. The last and most complete classification is as follows:—1. *Slavonians*—these consist of six races, and comprehend the inhabitants of Russia, Poland, and Courland. They are estimated at 44,000,000. 2. *Fins*—these consist of twenty-two races, and comprehend the residents of Finland, Livonia, Lapland, and some other places. They are estimated at 3,000,000. 3. *Lithuanians* or *Lettish*—there are three races of this people, their chief residences being the governments of Moghilev, Vitebsk, Wilna, Minsk, and Grodno. Their number is estimated at 2,000,000. 4. *Tartars* or *Tatars*—there are no less than twenty-seven races of Tartars scattered over the empire. The Tartars

proper are divided into fourteen branches, the Noggers into six; besides which there are the Kirghises, Aralians, Chewenses, Bukharians, Baschkirs, Teleutes, and Jakutes, whose aggregate numbers amount to 2,190,000. 5. *Caucasians*—there are eleven races of Caucasians, comprehending, amongst others, the Tscherkessens, the Anchases, Lesghies, Ossetts, and Kistenses, estimated at 1,400,000. These are seldom found in the ranks of the czar. 6. *Germans*—one race only, estimated at 450,000. 7. *Jews*—there are 550,000 of this indestructible people in the Russian Empire. 8. *Mongols*—under this head are comprehended the Mongols proper, the Kalmucks, Buritens, and Kuriles, supposed to amount to 330,000. 9. *Mandshurs*—these are divided into three races, viz.: Mandshurs proper, Tunguses, and Lamutes, whose numbers may be about 50,000. 10. *Samoïdes*—there are twelve races of this people, comprehending 70,000 souls in all. 11. *Kamschats*, who consist of six races and 50,000 souls. 12. *Esquimaux*—this Polar race consists of about 20,000. 13. *Indians*—there are three races of Indians, consisting of about 30,000 souls in all. There are besides in the Russian Empire, about 50,000 Greeks, 10,000 gipseys, 15,000 Persians, and 6,000 Arabians on the river Kama, and some Europeans, settled in the cities and towns, engaged in trade and manufacturing.

In the seventh chapter we gave a sketch of the Russian soldier, by the "Roving Englishman," we will make the same able pen available here for a description of the Russian officer; it is, we believe, faithful, and its perusal will lessen the surprise of our readers that the battalions of the czar were so invariably beaten on the Danube.

"He is a trim, slim, soldierly, distinguished-looking man; not handsome, or even good-looking, but nice. He is shaven to the extreme of neatness. His clipped moustachios are faultless. The general elegance of his exterior is indisputable. His uniform is astonishingly well made. His manners are charming. He has none of the cold, haughty reserve towards civilians which characterizes the Austrian officer. If you shake hands with him, he gives such a courtly yet cordial squeeze, that you might fancy his very well-bred soul was in his warm agreeable fingers. In society he is delightful. His conversation positively sparkles with good sayings, and is interesting, from its gay profusion of the most apt and well-told anecdotes. His courtesy is winning to a degree. He apologizes more readily and gracefully for the most trifling accident than any gentleman in Europe. You feel positively under an obligation to him for having inadvertently trodden on your toe, or inserted his elbow in your ribs in a crowd. He is so

accomplished a linguist, that you would inwardly confess he speaks your own language better than you do yourself. All languages, indeed, seem to come natural and easy to him. Then he is a traveller, and such a traveller! He speaks with equal familiarity about the North Pole and the Tropics. He tells you precisely what you wish to know. In a few pungent sentences he raises a picture in your mind of any place or person, a picture of such finished and perfect accuracy, that time will try in vain to efface it. He is certainly not a literary man, yet he is said to be the author of one of the most remarkable pamphlets of the day, and his information on literature is astounding. He knows the policy and public men of every state in Europe thoroughly. He has dined with them, and he knows more about them than you and I, who have lived familiarly with them all our lives. This is not pretence or fanfaronnade; his knowledge is perfectly submissive to good taste; it is never brought forward intrusively, but it comes at the first call when wanted, and it is perfectly sound. He would tell you something new of Lord Byron, or of your own brother, which would put his character before you in a different light to any in which you had hitherto considered it. From the intricacies and oddities of the British constitution to the last raw theories of the newest republicanism in Germany, and the private opinions of Rudolph, the fifty-second hereditary Margrave of Noodleland, everything is equally familiar to him. He has not the smallest prejudice on any subject whatever. You cannot argue with him, his ideas are so fluent, and appear so reasonable when uttered, that panting dissent toils after them in vain. He appears to have considered every scheme of government which has ever attracted the attention of mankind. He believes that of Russia to be the best. He does not quarrel with you for thinking differently, if you really do so. Every man may enjoy his own opinion, and he respects yours, though he cannot partake of it. Such is the dazzling surface of the character of many among the higher classes of the most extraordinary people in the world; but go deeper, and you shall marvel at the low depths of its infamy and disgrace, the completeness of its rottenness and corruption. He is an incarnate falsehood, a backbiter, with malicious intent, a most notable slanderer. He has no high and inspiring creed, no soul, no heart; but he has the jargon and seeming of them all. He utterly despises and sneers at the honour of women. He would connive at the shame of his wife, his sister, his mother, or his child, for his interest or convenience, without the smallest scruple. He would dishonour the hearth of his kinsman or best benefactor, by means which would send

him to the galleys. He would commit a burglary unblushingly, if it was not likely to be brought home to him. He would cheat at play. He would dextrously pick the pocket of his mistress in folding her to his breast. He would receive the wages of crime from her without a pang. He would poison her mind till it became as black as his own. He would give her aid and counsel in the slow murder of her husband, if any gain were to be got by it. His philosophy is pure materialism; he does not believe in anything but the present moment. His idea of the last crowning glory of human ambition is to have £50,000 a-year, and live at Paris. Whist, opera-dancers, dinners, suppers, music, dancing, and wit; his notions of perfect happiness do not go an inch beyond. Though an unrivalled diplomatist, and as clever as Brunow in acquiring popularity and influence under difficulties, he secretly votes the whole thing a bore, and would be much rather left alone to shine in his own way. He knows far too well the nothingness and uncertainty of place and power to covet it very much. He would rather be a philosophical looker-on, always having the last news from the best sources, however, and hand and glove with everybody, so that he could just pull the strings of political puppets now and then, and make them dance for his amusement. In other respects, he would take no interest in public affairs. He acts upon the same convictions at Sebastopol or Paris. He covertly laughs at the whole thing; he does not really care two pins about the issue of the struggle, except so far as it may affect his social position in Europe as a Russian officer. For the rest, he despises alike as fools those who are fighting with him or against him. He knows the commencement of the bother was a mere personal pique, or a political pretext for doing something that was exceedingly hazardous. He has not a grain of military enthusiasm; but if a poor or obscure man, he welcomes the war readily enough, as a possible means of personal aggrandisement. As for the danger, he neither thinks nor cares much about it. What is the use of living if you cannot have £50,000 a-year, and live in Paris?"

Little more than twenty years previous to the campaign, the close of which the previous chapter narrated, a Turkish army on the Danube was thus described:—"The camp-followers of a Turkish army were most numerous. Not alone those high in authority and their servants accompanied the vizier into the field, but also the whole retinue of the pasha,—the kadiasker, or judge—the post, which was served by Tartars—the imams, or clergy—the dervishes, or monks, and a whole array of servants, mechanics, dancers, jugglers, and other vagabonds, swelled the mass. As tents, provisions of corn,

oxen and sheep and even hundreds of dogs, accompanied the army, the number of beings was enormous. This mob of human beings and animals was under the command of the bonaldbaschi, who had under him hundreds of assistants." How very different was the organisation of the army of Omar Pasha! He had the same elements to control, the same prejudices to soothe, and innumerable impediments arising from factions at the seat of government, yet his troops assumed the power and dignity of an army under the guidance of his genius. The dress and equipment were regulated by government, and were introduced by the late Sultan Mahmoud, but Omar made several important improvements in both apparel and arms. The equipment has been thus described:—

"The clothing of the new infantry represented the transition from the oriental to the European dress: it consisted of a woollen waistcoat, over which was a broadcloth coat, reaching to the hips, and fastened in front with hooks and eyes. Instead of the turban, the shubarra was used, a sort of cloth cap without a rim, shaped like a melon, and of various colours. A red shawl, girt many times round the waist, protected the body. The Asiatic trousers were retained; they were of dark cloth, wide and loose as far as the knee, and then forming a sort of half-gaiter. The gaiters were made of impervious felt, the shoes very broad, and mostly of red leather. The felt cloak had a hood, which in bad weather served as a covering to the head, and in fine weather hung down the back. The musket, of French calibre, and provided with a bayonet, was mostly of Belgian manufacture; the sabre very crooked. The cartouch-box was a novelty. The arms and the clothing were altogether well suited to the nature of the troops, of the climate, and of the soil. Although it was difficult to teach this infantry regular movements in compact bodies, nevertheless we shall see later, on occasions when their courage carried them away, and they threw off the severe control placed upon them, that they could charge the foe with their old impetuosity. The cavalry were clad in a similar manner: they were armed with a broad, crooked falchion, a carbine, and pistols. They were drilled into a sort of discipline, but could not manœuvre, or charge in a compact body. The impetuosity of the old Turkish mode of attack was not yet quite broken. The horses, especially those of the Asiatic Spahis, were small, but fiery, well broken, capable of enduring great fatigue and privations. The Kurdish and Cappadocian horses were accustomed to be picketed, and to bear the mid-day heat and the midnight cold. They were only watered once a-day, and kept

in condition without barley, when fed on the coarsest fodder. The light and easy-fitting palanu, or saddle, made of felt, remained on their backs day and night; so that the horseman was ready at any moment to mount. The bit was very severe for so well-broken an animal, and was intended to stop the horse suddenly in mid career, or to wheel him round in a moment. The bar of the bit was often five or six inches long, and instead of the curb chain there was a ring. The round shoe was admirably suited to its purpose. The steel was forged cold, was thin and light, lasted five or six weeks, and protected the hoof admirably on stony ground. Although they use no cruppers, the Turkish horseman rides down the most precipitous places, covered with brushwood or trees, at full gallop. They ride only stallions, as the mares are kept at home for breeding, and are very dear. Although the Turks had made great improvement in their artillery, still they were very far behind." They had, however, adopted the Prussian system shortly before the war broke out, and as orientals rely much upon this arm of the service, especially Turks, a very happy moral effect was produced among the troops when they saw the excellent practice of their gunners. The destructive play of the Ottoman cannon in the first combats upon the Danube, and especially at Oltenitza, gave the soldiers of the whole army confidence, and greatly increased the chances of victory in subsequent encounters.

There is a great moral difference between the soldier of Asiatic, and the soldier of European Turkey. The latter, like the Egyptian, becomes a smart, slim fellow, and wears his costume *à la militaire*; the Asiatic never looks like a soldier, and seldom acts like one. He is dirty, slovenly, bloodthirsty, and insubordinate. He is lazy beyond all belief, and a bigot without conscience or religion. In war he is often a coward, yet upon occasions he starts into a fitful activity, and fights with ferocity. Place him behind a stone wall, or even a bank of earth, and he will contend for it against all odds; bring him into the open field, and he, and thousands of his fellows, will turn from one-tenth the number of the hated Muscovs. The European soldiers of the sultan, well officered, are, on the contrary, more than a match for the Russians, not only in the field, but when the latter are protected by works. For obstinate defence of a position, for active movement on the plain, for a brilliant storm, and for enthusiastic courage everywhere, the European soldiery of the sultan far surpasses the soldiery of the czar.

We must now turn from the records of beleaguered city and hurrying hosts, to the deeds of brave men on another element.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ALLIED FLEETS IN THE BLACK SEA DURING THE ENCAMPMENTS OF THE TROOPS AT VARNA, AND THE RECONQUEST OF THE PROVINCES BY OMAR PASHA.

"Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men;
Sailors, be steady!
Aye, always be ready,
To fight for old England again and again!"—*Old Sea Song.*

DURING the war between Russia and Turkey, in 1828-9, as the army of the former power advanced into the Dobrudscha and Bulgaria, its fleet co-operated, and thus the Turkish ports north of the Balkans were seized and made subservient to the general objects of the Russians, by enabling them to land provisions where they pleased, and thus supply their troops from their own resources in the Crimea and the Sea of Azoff. In this way Kustendje and Mongolia were made the bases for the march to Bazardjik, Kavarna and Baltschick supported the siege of Varna, and the last-named place, when conquered, afforded a harbour for the Russian transports and vessels of war, and a point of support for the army which was advancing to the Balkan. The Russians afterwards seized Sizopoli with a few ships of war and gun-boats, and thus secured the very best harbour and the strongest position on the western coast of the Black Sea, and a new point of support when their armies, forcing the passes of the Balkan, should descend its southern slopes into the fertile plains of Roumelia. The success attending these operations of the Russian squadrons will illustrate the importance to Turkey, and to her allies, of the sovereignty of the Euxine: indeed, in all ages *that* decided the sovereignty of the countries upon its shores. When the Turks overran the Dacian provinces, they would scarcely have succeeded, so brave was the resistance they encountered, had it not been for their command of the sea. In like manner, when the northern hordes were most successful in their incursions upon the Byzantine Empire, it was when those "Arctic fleets" (as Gibbon calls them), which figure so prominently in the history of these expeditions, were mainly relied upon by the adventurers for success.

In the summer of 1854, the Russian fleet, which had taken so many years, and so much labour and treasure to create, was locked up as it were in Sebastopol; except the adventurous *Vladimir*, which cruised about, eluding the vigilance of the allied admirals, and capturing her prizes at the very mouth of the Bosphorus. It is perhaps impossible to give an exact amount of the naval power of Russia in the Euxine at the time of which we write. There are various statements extant, and the

differences in them are considerable. We will select two, and our readers will then be able to judge for themselves the probable statistics. Haxthausen is now a very fashionable authority on all Russian questions of fact. He represents the Black Sea fleet as consisting of three divisions, each of which comprises ordinarily one three-decker, eight two-deckers (among the last, two ships mounting each 84 guns), six frigates, one corvette, and four smaller vessels; according to which statement the Black Sea fleet was composed, in 1843, of three three-deckers, nine vessels mounting each 84 guns, seven 74's—in all, nineteen ships of the line—besides six frigates, eleven corvettes, brigs and schooners, six steamers; otherwise—

3	120-gun ships	360 guns
9	84 "	756 "
7	74 "	518 "
Total 19		Total guns	1634

They actually carried, however, in all 1464 guns. The names of the three largest were the *Twelve Apostles*, the *Three Saints*, and the *Warsaw*. There is only one larger ship than these in the Russian fleet—the *Russia*, 130 guns, in the Baltic fleet.

Mr. Danby Seymour is more precise, and furnishes us with what purports to be a complete list of the Russian naval force in the Euxine in 1854. It is as follows:—

Name of Ship.	No. of Guns.	When launched.
Silistria	84	November 1835
Sultan Mahmoud	84	October .. 1836
Tri Svetiteli	120	August .. 1838
Tri Hezarhef	84	August .. 1838
Gabriel	84	November 1839
Selafael	84	July 1840
Uriel	84	October .. 1840
Twelve Apostles	120	June 1841
Varna	84	July 1842
Yagudil	84	September 1843
Rostislaf	84	November 1843
Sviatolaf	84	November 1845
Hvabri	84	July 1847
Tchesne	84	October .. 1849
Paris	120	October .. 1849
Grand Duke Constantine	120	September 1852
Empress Maria	84	On the stocks
Bosphorus	120	On the stocks
—	120	On the stocks
—	120	On the stocks

* These ships are probably at Nicolaieff, not at Sebastopol, and are unfinished. All the steamers, except the *Grozm*, *Severnain Zeezon*, *Molni*, *Meteor*, *Ordinaretz*, and *Skromni*, were built in England. The *Pruth*, which is in the Danube, was built by Mr. John Laird.

THE BLACK SEA, AND SURROUNDING COUNTRIES.



FRIGATES.

Name of Ship.	No. of Guns.	When launched.
Flora	44	September 1839
Messembia	60	October .. 1840
Sizopole	54	March 1841
Medea	60	September 1843
Kagul	44	September 1843
Kovarna	52	September 1845
Kulefeli	60	September 1847

CORVETTES.

Raylades	20	June 1840
Andromache	18	July 1841
Calypso	18	September 1845
Orestes	18	October .. 1846
Ariadne	20	August .. 1853

BRIGS.

Mercury	18	May 1820
Argonaut	12	September 1837
Themistocles	16	November 1837
Perseus	18	June 1840
Endymion	12	November 1840
Nearchus	12	November 1840
Euroas	16	July 1842
Ptolemy	18	September 1845
Theseus	18	September 1845
Achilles	16	September 1845
Orpheus	16	September 1845
Jason	12	October .. 1850

SCHOONERS.

Gonetz	16	March 1835
Latoslika	16	June 1838
Smelaya	16	May 1839
Drotig	16	June 1839
Zabiaka	16	August 1839
Ureilaya	8	September 1845
Skulchwaya	8	September 1845
Opil	16	September 1852
Soudjuk Kale	10	Formerly the Vixen, taken in 1837.

CUTTERS.

Struya	12	July 1835
Luteh	12	July 1835
Legki	12	September 1835
Nerok	10	July 1839
Skori	12	September 1845
Pospeshnoy	10	September 1845
Provornoy	10	September 1845

YACHTS.

Strela	10	April 1835
Orianda	10	May 1837

BOMBARD.

Peroun	July	1842
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STEAMERS.

Name.	Horse power.	Name.	Horse power.
Vladimir	400	Peter the Great	100
Bessarabia	260	Andi	100
Gromnosetz	260	Dargo	100
Crimea	260	Danube	100
Odessa	260	Pruth	100
Chersonesus	260	Berdeansk	90
Elbrus	250	Taganrog	90
Yenikale	180	Inkerman	90
Taman	180	Molni	80
Bayetz	136	Meteor	60
Mogutehi	136	Ordinaretz	60
Molodela	136	Skromni	40
Cholchis	120	Argonaut	40
Grozni	120	Vogin (Warrior)	250
Severnain Zvezon	120	Vitiaz (Hero)	250

GUN-BOATS.

Twenty-eight gun-boats, built between 1841 and 1852 for service in the Danube.

TRANSPORTS.

Thirty vessels, measuring 10,627 tons, built from 1837 to 1852.

Much blame was imputed at home to Admiral Dundas that he did not bombard Sebastopol; and many men, even of judgment and reputation, believed in the practicability of reducing the place to a heap of ruins by the action of the fleets alone. An officer writing from the fleet soon after the gallant cruise of the *Fury* (related in a previous chapter), and which exploit he witnessed, discusses this subject in the brief compass of a letter as fully as, for popular purposes, it is necessary to discuss it.

"These Russians tell us that there are 50,000 artillerymen at Sebastopol, and that they are practising at a target in the harbour day and night, in hourly expectation of seeing us there. Of course, it would be madness to lead the ships into such certain destruction. They say, also, that there are 60,000 soldiers at Odessa, and that they are placing heavy guns in the Mole battery, and otherwise working hard at strengthening the batteries there. Thus, if their ships (apparently but twelve or fourteen of the line) went come out of Sebastopol, it is not easy to see what there is for the fleets to do. The posts still held on the coasts of Circassia are sufficiently formidable to give trouble. I see by Chesney that Anapa resisted eight Russian line-of-battle ships, five frigates, and eleven smaller vessels, with a land force of 6000 men and a reinforcement from the army of the Caucasus, from the 18th of May to the 8th of June, 1828. Souchoum-Kale is also said to be formidable. Therefore, if we cripple six or seven of our large ships by exposing them to a contest with powerful land forts, we lose our numerical superiority, and in these days that is no trifle. Modern improvements in gunnery tend to equalise matters, and to render mere bravery less decisive. The people of England will be impatient if something is not done, but, without being in the counsels of the admirals, I don't see what they can do. If I had the management, I would show the whole force all along the Circassian coast, in the hopes of exciting the mountaineers to action; *en passant*, I would take anything tolerably easy, but I would not be decoyed into anything very serious, or likely to cripple large ships. I would then extend a strict blockade from Sebastopol towards Odessa, keeping a few flying steamers about the mouths of the Danube, and about Kaffa and Kerch, in the Crimea. Thus the Russians would be completely shut up, and unable to communicate with their armies or forts on either side by sea. They made so much use of the sea in 1828 and 1829, that it is pretty clear they cannot now safely cross the Balkan deprived of that advantage. They even seem to have great hesitation in advancing on the right bank of the Danube; for they do not appear to have advanced, for the last ten days, beyond their first landing-places in the Dobrudscha, Tultscha, Matschin,

and Isaktchi. Thus the presence of the fleets is invaluable, even if they never have the chance of firing a shot, and are reduced to tedious blockading. The Russian frigates at Sebastopol got under weigh with uncommon smartness (just while the *Fury* was laying out her hawser), and sailed beautifully; so that it went do to hold the enemy too cheap, and to be outnumbered by crippling your ships, and coming down to or under their number."

It is necessary, however, to a just conception of the question so well argued by the officer thus quoted, to remind our readers that, even if a bolder policy had been adopted by our admirals, and the loss of a number of ships had been incurred, with the infliction of proportionate injury to the ships or arsenal of the enemy, the advantage would have been ours, for we could have replaced from our reserves even a very heavy loss. This will be obvious to any impartial person, from the following statement taken from the *Portsmouth Guardian*, a very competent authority:—

"OUR NAVAL RESERVE.—A full account has been given of the powerful fleets which have been designated for service in the Black Sea and the Baltic. We do not suppose it likely that they will prove inadequate for the hot work they will have to encounter; but even if they do, and supposing both of those magnificent fleets should be destroyed, we have ample material in our home ports to supply their places. From our ships in reserve and building, we could form a naval force far surpassing that which any other nation in the world can boast of having afloat. We have in reserve, at the four ports of Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Sheerness, not less than 161 vessels of the 'effective ships of the royal navy,' and these estimated to carry not less than 6807 guns. Besides these, too, we have a goodly number of paddle-wheels and other small craft. Though some of the vessels may not, without considerable repairs, be in a state to send to sea, yet most of them are excellent sea-going vessels—far superior, indeed, to anything Russian—and could be fitted out for service on very short notice. Then we have of vessels building—five at Portsmouth, seven at Devonport, one at Sheerness, six at Chatham, eleven at Pembroke, four at Deptford, four at Woolwich, and one at Millwall. Total, thirty-nine."

Whatever may have been the wisest course—whether, by a more dashing use of the fleets, to risk more and perhaps lose considerably in the attempt to inflict greater injury upon the enemy, or to maintain merely a marine sentinels over the great naval arsenal of the czar,—the latter was the plan adopted by the navy, until, far advanced in the autumn, it was employed in conducting the expedition from Varna to the Crimea. That the Russians expected a

bolder line of action from the British navy, was evident from the alarm experienced all along their coasts. After the bombardment of the Moles, at Odessa, the state of apprehension there was continuous, and the terror was communicated along the Bessarabian shores to the Tauric Bosphorus. A Constantinople newspaper* thus describes the alarm of Odessa, and the contiguous coasts, while the events already related were occurring in the Dobrudscha, and spreading grief and fear through the provinces, whether occupied by Russ or Turk:—"From Odessa we learn that everything indicates care and anxiety. Trade is at a stand still, and credit has disappeared. Every one is a seller, but there are no purchasers of anything to be found. The garrison was kept regularly up to 30,000 men. The Russian fleet was lying *perdu*, but in full force, at Sebastopol." The dominancy of the Euxine by the navies of the Western powers was very humiliating to the pride of the czar and of his people. The St. Petersburg journals, at this juncture, perpetually taunted England with allowing "Malta to become a French garrison, and the Mediterranean a French lake." And it was argued again, in strange contradiction of these invidious articles, that England, by her possession of Corfu, was a standing menace to Austria; by her possession of Malta, menacing both France and Italy; and by holding an impregnable fortress at the mouth of the Mediterranean—that of Gibraltar—she had become dangerous to Europe, and had made that inland sea an *English lake*. In the United States, Brussels, and even France, these articles of the St. Petersburg press and government were reprinted, their arguments reproduced, and every ingenious and plausible theme taken up that would, in connection with this maritime ascendancy of the Western powers, sow dissensions between them, and also between Austria and the Italian States. The French government press condescended to repel these insinuations, and the *Constitutionnel* put forth the ablest article on the subject published in Europe. It was at once short, clear, comprehensive, impartial, and eloquent, and will set before our readers, at a glance, the importance to the western European states of maintaining the two great inland seas—the Mediterranean and the Euxine—free to the commerce of the world. "It has been said that the Mediterranean is a French lake. That definition, which betrays our national pride, is certainly not correct. The Mediterranean is a European lake, and it is on it that has long taken place the

* It will probably be new to most persons in England to hear that Constantinople is a city surpassed by few in Europe for the number of its periodicals. It is also a city of great political gossip, notwithstanding the gravity of the Turks.

conflict of industry and commerce, the wants of which evidently inspire, and are predominant in, the greatest number of international questions. The Mediterranean has again become the necessary path of the trade of the world, and all the nations aspire to have a suitable place on a theatre on which the greatest interests of modern states are developing themselves. If Russia seeks each day to increase her preponderance at Constantinople—if the ambitious policy of the czars is incessantly advancing towards the conquest of Turkey, it is only for the object of appearing in her turn with her fleets and influence in this great internal sea. If Austria desires to strengthen her authority in Italy—if not long since she supported Montenegro when in insurrection against the Porte, it was to assure to her ports in the Adriatic, or to direct towards herself by the ports of southern Italy, a great part of this gigantic transit which is constantly pouring in from the east towards the west. If England endeavours to maintain and increase, by important industrial undertakings, her influence in Egypt, it is in order to preserve the passage of Suez, which opens the road of the Mediterranean to its exports from India, as Gibraltar in the west insures a free passage to her vessels in the Atlantic. If, not long since, the Sardinian government hastened to concede the railway from Turin to Chambery by Mount Cenis, it was, as we then demonstrated, to direct towards Genoa a considerable current of commercial activity, and to give to that port a sort of maritime preponderance tending to absorb the transit which passes at present by Marseilles. Thus, all these nations exert themselves to draw to themselves the enormous commerce of which the Mediterranean is already the centre, and which is every day increasing. Let us be permitted to affirm that there lies the real question of the East; and if the affairs of Turkey pre-occupy to so great an extent the political world, it is only because an important state is menaced in contempt of treaties, and of the sacred principles of the right of nations; it is because every one comprehends that if the pretensions of Russia could succeed—if the Ottoman Empire should be struck out of the list of nations—if the Russian territory were to advance to the Archipelago, there would on the instant take place in the economical situation of modern societies, and in the conditions of maritime commerce, a profound revolution."

The "*sic volo sic jubeo*," in which the czar delighted so much, was no longer to be permitted upon the shores and waters of the Black Sea; accordingly, the Turkish fleet cruised in force along the eastern coast, in sight of the Caucasian population, who were thereby encouraged to stand to their arms, and hope for more extensive co-operation in their des-

perate and glorious efforts for liberty. The blockades of Sebastopol and Odessa were ordered by Admiral Dundas to be maintained, he himself says, with strictness. Mr. Layard, in the House of Commons and in the *Times* newspaper, affirmed that neither the orders nor the action of the venerable Admiral displayed any earnestness to cripple the Russian power. Be that as it may, the *Vladimir* broke the blockade, as already mentioned, and cruised about with a skill and courage worthy of even the British navy in its most adventurous days. In the subsequent defence of Sebastopol, the captain of the *Vladimir* was as gallant as when he roamed the sea. The *Caton* and *Furious* were detached from the British fleet to explore the coast of the Crimea south of Eupatoria. The *Caton* fell in with three Russian vessels laden with grain and salt, and captured them; the *Furious* made a prize of another with a similar cargo. Two of the vessels were sent to Constantinople, the other two were scuttled. The allies repeatedly resorted to stratagem to lure the Russian fleet out of the harbour, such as keeping a portion of their ships out of sight; but the Russians knew where they were safest, and stayed there.

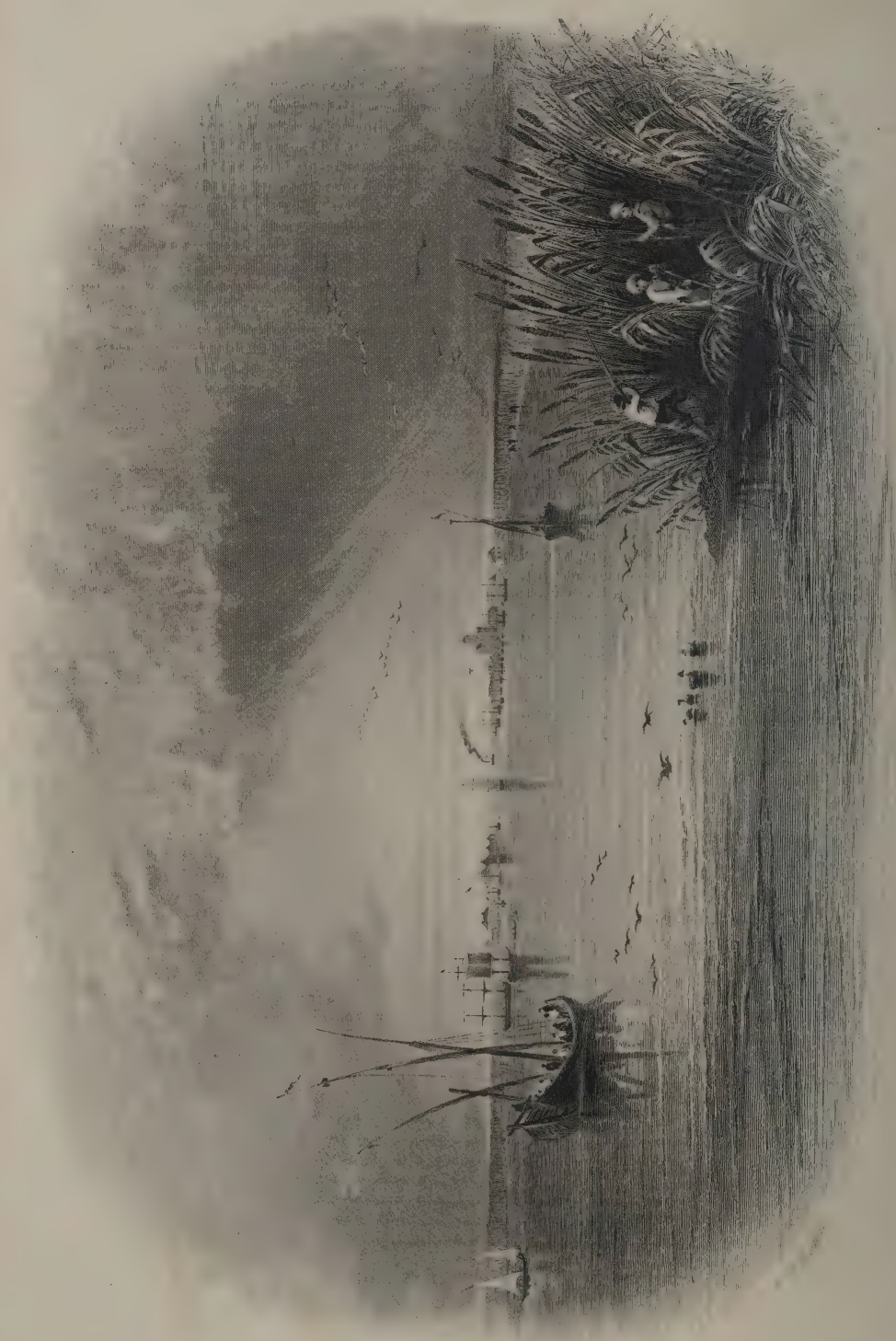
On the 12th of May the *Tiger*, *Niger*, and *Vesuvius*, British war steamers, were cruising off the Bessarabian coast, near Odessa, when a heavy fog coming on, the *Tiger*, 16 guns, was stranded. Two companies of Russian infantry, a platoon of Lancers, and eight position field-pieces were immediately directed against the ship, which, being helpless upon the shore, could make no defence. The Russians opened a sure fire of cannon and musketry, without even an attempt at making prisoners of the *Tiger's* crew. It was a murderous and cowardly attack—a Sinope on a small scale, the Russians showing the same thirst for blood. Captain Giffard, who was in command of the *Tiger*, very uselessly and improperly, as we think, refused to surrender, and resolved to perish there under the fire of the Russian guns. His manly spirit could not endure the idea of striking his colours. He was disabled by a shot, which shattered his left leg; a splinter of a shell afterwards wounded his right leg. The command then devolved upon his first lieutenant, who perceiving that the shots directed from the uplifted broadside of the ship flew over the Russians, humanely and prudently resolved to save, if possible, the lives of his men and that of his wounded chief, and surrendered. His crew were then removed as prisoners of war, but the Russians were disappointed in making a prize of the ship, for the consorts of the *Tiger* were descried bearing in through the fog. The Russian soldiers were removing some of the ship's cannon, when the broadsides of the *Niger* and *Vesuvius* opened upon them. The

field-pieces then directed red-hot shot against the *Tiger*, set her on fire, and she was soon consumed. The British vessels drew off, and the prisoners and the few guns secured were brought in great triumph to Odessa. The Russian loss was exceedingly small. Captain Giffard, twenty-four officers and warrant officers, and 200 sailors, were made prisoners; several officers, and still more men of the crew, were killed and wounded. The rejoicing at Odessa and St. Petersburg for this exploit of capturing a few hundred defenceless men was ludicrous. The treatment of the prisoners was humane: General Osten-Sacken and his amiable and accomplished lady did everything to lighten the burden of their calamity, and soothe their regrets. Captain Giffard subsequently died of his wounds, while his faithful wife was on her way to minister to him. She wished to receive his body, and carry it home to the burial-place of his fathers, but political circumstances prevented. The Russians paid a generous tribute to his valour, burying him in Odessa, on the 2nd of June, with military honours. Nearly the whole garrison turned out to honour the sepulture of the amiable officer who had conciliated the respect and esteem even of his enemies. His brother officers and crew were permitted to follow his bier as mourners, and truly they were such, for he was as humane and gentle as he was gallant. A brief and authentic account of this disaster was given by the *Tiger's* surgeon, which has rendered it unnecessary for us in the previous narrative to go into more detail.

"Her majesty's steamer *Tiger* struck the ground at a quarter to six on the morning of the 12th, in a dense fog, ship going about four knots. On the weather clearing, we found ourselves within about 150 yards of the beach, under a high cliff. An anchor was immediately laid out with the hemp cable, and the guns moved aft; shot, coals, water, ballast, &c., got out; and every means taken to lighten during the three hours that we were left unmolested. At the end of that time a field-battery of about eight guns opened a most destructive fire upon us, and in about ten minutes the ship was on fire in two places, and the captain and four others struck down seriously wounded. Some of our guns had been thrown overboard; and the only one which we fired could not be used with effect, on account of the extreme elevation required. Under these circumstances, all further resistance being useless, the Russian flag was hoisted in token of surrender, and a boat sent on shore to apprise them of the fact, on which the firing instantly ceased. Orders were given for every one to leave the ship immediately, and to take what things they liked, but, in the hurry, very few availed themselves of the permission; for, as the fog cleared up, the *Vesuvius* was

observed, and we were informed that if we did not come on shore the firing would recommence. Before leaving the ship I amputated the left leg of Captain Giffard, it being carried away at the knee by a shell. The right leg was also severely wounded by a piece of shell, which cut it to the bone. Mr. John Giffard had lost both legs; Trainer, captain of the mizen-top, his left leg; Hood, a boy, was riddled with pieces of shell. These three are since dead. Tanner, ordinary seaman, was wounded by a shell dangerously in various places in the thighs and left hand: both he and Captain Giffard are doing well, the latter suffering more from the wound in the right leg than from the amputation. He suffered much from the long transit from the beach to the town, between five and six miles. We are now lodged in the lazaretto, in comfortable rooms, and nothing can exceed the kindness and attention we receive from every one. We are well-lodged, well-fed, and every want attended to; indeed, we fare much better in point of eating than you can in the squadron after a month's cruise. I am writing this in a great hurry, as I see the *Furious* and *Vesuvius* in the bay with a flag of truce, and I hope to be able to send it. Lawless and myself are both in attendance on the captain, and are allowed to see our own men every day, and there is very little sickness among them. They are all cheerful and well-conducted, and allowed all possible indulgence. Yesterday seven English vessels and crews were liberated by order from St. Petersburg. We want nothing; and the lady of General Osten-Sacken has insisted on supplying any little comforts or luxuries, as jellies, for the captain from her own house. Personal visits have been made every day by the governor and other officials, who are all kindness."

The captive officers were objects of great interest to the citizens of Odessa; they were the "lions" of every party, and were received into all the good society of the place. The Jack-tars did not conduct themselves any better than they would have done at Portsmouth—fighting among themselves, and knocking over a Russian, being very usual pastimes. These eccentricities, were treated with great forbearance, the Russians being of opinion that such proceedings were so natural to Englishmen that they could not avoid so acting. The poorer people treated the tars well, who, having money to spend, found no great difficulty in making themselves favourites with the Russian soldiers, who had none. They were not, however, permitted to remain long in the custody of their captors, as an exchange of prisoners was effected before the end of July, which restored 180 of them to her majesty's fleet. About twenty seamen and



SULINA, MOUTH OF THE DANUBE.

ten petty officers remained behind, there being no Russian prisoners to offer in exchange. The midshipmen had been previously removed to St. Petersburg; and being very young, the czar, with laudable generosity, placed them in the Imperial Naval College, where they were treated with great kindness and respect. Madam Osten-Sacken was as tender as a mother to these boys before they were removed from Odessa. In a word, the conduct of the authorities to the captives everywhere merits the eulogy of civilised Europe. It was everything that became generous conquerors.

The blockade of the Danube was thus notified by Admirals Hamelin and Dundas on the 1st of June:—"In consequence of the passage of the Danube by the Russian army, their occupation of the Dobrudscha, and their holding possession of the mouths and the two banks of the river, we, the undersigned vice-admirals, commanding in chief the combined naval forces of France and England in the Black Sea, declare by these presents, in the name of our respective governments, and make known to all those whom it may concern, that we have established an efficient blockade of the Danube, in order to cut off all supplies intended for the Russian army. All the mouths of the Danube communicating with the Black Sea are included in the blockade; and we hereby warn the vessels of all nations that they cannot enter that river until further orders."

On the 8th of June, the Russian batteries on the Sulina Mouth were destroyed by the frigates of the British fleet, with the exception of a small portion of them, which were taken possession of by the marines. There was at the time, farther up, a flotilla of armed Russian boats, which were concealed. The British repaired the fortifications, and removed the vessels which the Russians had sunk to obstruct the mouth of the river. The navigation was thrown open, except so far as it might be deemed necessary for the purpose of blockade to impede it. On the 7th of July, Captain Parker of the *Firebrand*, attended by Captain Powell of the *Vesuvius*, ascended the river, with three boats and a detachment of sailors and marines, to destroy some Russian works. The fortified village of Sulina was defended by formidable stockades, erected in a reedy jungle upon the river's bank. There a body of Russian troops lay effectually concealed from the occupants of the boats. Captain Parker, in approaching these stockades, supposed them to have been deserted by the enemy. He did not know the tenacity with which Russia holds by every foot of ground which can be defended by covert means. As soon as he came alongside of the stockade, a volley of musketry smote the boats, and a desultory but energetic

fire was maintained after the first general volley was directed upon the intruders. The boat in which the captain sat was literally riddled, and a few of the men were slightly wounded. The gallant but rash commander laughed at the unseen enemies for being such bad marksmen, and put back for the arrival of the other boats. He then led on his little squadron; and landing close to the stockade, he was about to lead his willing followers to the storm, when a bullet pierced his heart, and he fell dead into the arms of Captain Powell, who, assuming the command, led on the men with the same gallantry as his fallen chief. The two Russian officers behaved with a courage quite equal to that of Parker and Powell; they stood in the embrasures of the stockade, encouraging and directing their reluctant men, until the British marines shot them dead where they stood. The Russians must have suffered severely; but a considerable number of Greek and Bulgarian civilians were in the place, and carried inland the wounded Russians as they fell: a number of slain was found in the stockade, but no wounded. Among the dead were several Greeks, dressed as civilians, but who had evidently joined in the defence, for some of them had arms in their hands, clenched in the grasp of death.

The loss of Captain Parker spread gloom through the fleet, and deep grief in his own ship. Like Captain Giffard, he was as humane and sweet-tempered as brave. He was a son of Admiral Hyde Parker, and distinguished himself greatly in the Chinese war. On one occasion during that war, when attacked by three Chinamen, one of whom was well-armed, and a man of herculean size (young Parker being slight in person), he showed much energy and determination. He beat off two of the assailants, but the third and most formidable continued to attack him. His father was a witness of the combat, and was importuned to allow some of the officers about him to go to his son's assistance. The reply was, "Let him alone, he must learn self-reliance, and I must see what metal he is made of." In a short time the young hero returned to his father with the herculean Chinaman, disarmed, and a prisoner. He was only twenty-nine years of age when he fell. An anecdote illustrative of his humanity was thus touchingly related in the public papers of the day:—

"About four months previous to his death his vessel touched at Kustendje, from which place some Cossacks had just retreated, leaving behind them many tokens of their barbarity. One hut contained a pitiable spectacle. In it lay the bodies of a man and woman; and upon the latter lay a living infant, but a few months' old, its tiny hand extended on its mother's breast, and its little wrist lacerated by the

bullet which had deprived her of life. Close by was a little, terror-stricken boy, of about three years old, whose left arm was in a frightful state from the result of no less than five bullet-wounds. Struck with pity at the wretched condition of these Bulgarian children, Captain Parker had them sent on board the *Firebrand*, and properly attended to; at the same time expressing his intention of taking them under his own protection. The poor little things became great favourites with the sailors, who nursed them with more tenderness than could be deemed compatible with their habits and mode of life. On the eldest they bestowed the name of Johnny Firebrand; he was a fine, intelligent little fellow, and soon began to pick up English. The poor children were carried by the sailors to the funeral of their benefactor."

The funeral took place at Constantinople, whither his brave tars carried his body. He was buried on the 12th of July, in the *Champs de Morts*, at Pera. The officers and men of the fleet and army then there, and of the fleets and armies of our allies, followed him to his last resting-place; and the hard-featured tars that followed him fearlessly in battle, wept sorrowfully beside the picturesque spot where his remains were deposited.

During the month of June the fleets were more successful than earlier in the season, in their attempts to coax the Russian ships out of Sebastopol. On the 15th of that month six war-steamers sallied forth in presence of a few of our cruisers. This was very like a challenge from the enemy, and was accepted cheerfully. Several line-of-battle ships and frigates were observed following the steamers out of the harbour. A letter from the engineer who served on board the *Terrible* (British steamer) thus describes the event:—"After we had passed the stronghold the six steamers pursued us. They were crowded with troops. We steamed on full power to windward, as we wanted to draw them from their own street, as it were, so as to be able to give it them right and left, and to be out of the reach of the sailing-vessels at the same time. They chased us for nearly an hour, when the *Terrible* fired a shot from her stern-gun, which fell within a few yards of the admiral's ship. The fire was instantly returned by the enemy; but our captain, not being senior officer, was compelled by the captain of the *Furious* to cease firing until they came closer. In a few minutes more the action became general. I must inform you that at this period things looked anything but pleasant; the captain giving the chief engineer his private papers to burn, if anything should befall him, the chief giving his papers to his assistants, and I, in full uniform, all ready to go as prisoner-of-war

to Sebastopol. But a few of the *Terrible's* shells soon made the six heavy steamers pull up and steam their utmost towards the vessels then sailing out to their assistance. Imagine three steamers compelling six to run! We chased them as far as we could without engaging the whole of the fleet. Thus terminated the first naval engagement at sea between the British and Russian steamers. I must say they fired some excellent shots, well directed, but happily none of them struck us. I saw, very distinctly, one of our shots carry a great part of the admiral's ship's paddle-box away, and I think it was one of our shells that set the same ship on fire."

When relating the events connected with the encampment at Varna, it was our painful task to record the visitation of that formidable scourge, the cholera, which affected the fleets in the harbour and at Baltschick, as well as the armies in the town and encampments. It is here only necessary to say, that during the whole summer the fleets suffered from the pestilence, and from the peculiar typhus by which it is so generally followed. The French navy, like the French in the sister-service, suffered the more, especially in the ships *Montebello* and *Friedland*, on board of which the number of deaths was appalling. Cases occurred off Odessa and Sebastopol, as well as off Varna, and the movements of the fleets were unquestionably impeded by this disastrous visitation; for not only were many men lost by cholera and fever, but the crews generally were weakened, and were, on board some ships, scarcely fit for service. Nevertheless, such was the dauntless spirit of British seamen, that upon the smallest prospect of a brush with the enemy, they seemed to forget the dispiriting and wasting effects of illness, and to kindle up into strength and activity. This was exemplified at the close of the month of June. The fleet was then suffering much from illness, although the ravages of the cholera were not such as were afterwards experienced. A sailor, writing from the general rendezvous of the fleet at Baltschick, thus portrays the affair:—

"We have just returned from a cruise off Sebastopol. On the 21st we sailed from this bay with a fleet of eight English liners (one being a screw—*Agamemnon*, Sir E. Lyons), commanded by Admiral Dundas, and seven French liners (three screws), under Admiral Bruat, with a complement of screw and paddle-wheel steam frigates. At first calms prevailed, so that all the steam was employed in towing. It being found that the *Trafalgar* and *Diamond* dropped astern, they were sent back to Baltschick. A smart contrary gale then obliged us to give over towing, and to beat up; early on the 26th we arrived off Sebastopol. As we had never appeared in so small a line of battle—thirteen—many of the ardent indulged in

visions of glory, and thought that at length the Russian would come out of his den and fight it out; but our four screws were quite enough to shut him up there. The *Fury*, *Terrible*, and a French steamer, were purposely sent in somewhat a-head, so as to arrive at early dawn. The moment they showed themselves there was commotion and preparation in the harbour; steamers sent up tall columns of smoke, to help out the large ships, which unfurled sails, &c. But before they had sallied out to chase away these impertinent foes with an overwhelming force, to be recorded in a magnificent despatch as a grand victory, the signal-man on the hills above descried the fleet coming in; so the steamers moved up into the dockyard creek and put their fires out, the ships furled their sails, and we saw no more of them or their prison from sunrise to sunset of a clear and beautiful summer's day. The sailors were in ecstasy at the beauty of some of their ships, after English models, but larger and handsomer, and preserving quaint, old-fashioned rigging, in use with us thirty years ago. In the evening we stood out to sea, and in the night the *Fury* was sent back to rouse them up by firing a gun. Captain Latham describes the effect as very beautiful. In an instant all the large triple stone batteries were lighted up, and all hands under arms."

These naval skirmishes and frequent reconnoitings of Sebastopol by the allied ships, alarmed the chiefs of southern Russia, and all along the coasts, from the extreme south of Bessarabia to the Tauric Bosphorus, batteries were erected on all salient points, old fortifications were repaired, entrenched camps formed, troops distributed, and stores of provisions and munitions of war deposited. The greatest fears were entertained for Odessa. The Russian government could not conceive that that great

storehouse of Russian resources would be left unmolested after the chastisement so easily inflicted for the violation of the rights of the flag of truce. It is curious that while the allies were so delicate in connection with an attack upon a commercial city, lest they should injure the ships, stores, and dwellings of civilians, the Russian government itself contemplated the destruction of the city as the *dernier resort*, when its defence might cease to be possible. Rather than give the allies the triumph of a conquest, the Russians were willing themselves to fire the peaceful dwellings and the commercial treasure of the place. The issuing of the following order by the governor leaves no doubt of the fact:—

"The enemy is again seen in greater force than before at no great distance from our city. We are armed, and well prepared against any attempts which may be made by them to land; but the guns of his vessels have a very long range. Do not lose courage, but keep wet cloths and hides of oxen prepared to cast them over any shells which may be thrown into the city. Tubs full of water must be kept on the roofs of the houses, so that any fire may be at once extinguished. Should the enemy, however, carry on the war with obstinacy, under protection of his guns, we will retire to Tiraspol, after having reduced the city to ruins and ashes, so that no asylum may be found. Woe to those who may remain behind, or who may attempt to extinguish the fire.

"KRUSENSTERN, Governor."

Before the allied forces embarked from Varna, the blockade of all the Russian ports was effectual, not a craft of the enemy could be seen along either coast, and the union jack and the tricolour waved everywhere in undisputed triumph.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONSTANTINOPLE DURING THE ALLIED ENCAMPMENTS IN BULGARIA, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF OMAR PASHA ON THE DANUBE.—SUPPRESSION OF THE GREEK INSURRECTION.

"A glorious form thy shining city wore,
Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,
While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore."—ROSE.

VERY grave discussions had been maintained in Western Europe as to the possibility of a *coup de main* upon Constantinople by a Russian fleet and army. These discussions gave place, in the summer of 1854, to others almost equally momentous—as to the possibility of a fleet and army, borne from a Turkish port, dashing at once against the stronghold of Russian power upon the Euxine. Captain Spencer, in his

work entitled *Travels in Circassia*, speaking of the wild hordes attached to the armies of the czar in actual warfare, says "whose glory is war and rapine;" and he represents them as burning with the desire to enter upon any undertaking, however desperate, which promised to conduct them to the capital of the Grand Turk. In another work, *Travels in the Western Caucasus*, the same author attributes

a similar ambition to these men in reference to India:—"The name of India rings as cheerily in the ears of a Cossack or Russo-Tartar, as the merry peal announcing his marriage. How often have we seen these fellows, while bivouacking with the Russian troops on the banks of the Don and the Cuban, at the mere mention of a prospect of marching to the land of pearls and diamonds, caper like so many half-crazed dervishes. Their first step, of course, would be Constantinople and the Levant." In his work denominated *Turkey, Russia, and the Black Sea*, the same author, drawing from the stores of his extensive observation and experience, warns England and Europe that the resources of Sebastopol, and the fleets sheltered there, were such as to make it possible for a man of enterprise to take advantage of the currents and prevailing north winds of the Euxine to transport an army to the Bosphorus. These opinions were entertained by all travellers who had any pretensions to military, naval, or political skill. The Porte was not ignorant of this danger; although the unsoundness of its system of revenue, and the ignorance and venality of its pashas in squandering, or appropriating to themselves that revenue, left such places as Sinope, Varna, and Burgas, without suitable defence, yet the publications of Western Europe, warning Turkey of her danger, were often quoted in the periodical press of Constantinople, which (as we have before shown) is more extensive and influential than is supposed in Great Britain and France. What must then have been the joy of the Turkish government and people when the Russian flag had wholly disappeared from the Black Sea and from the provinces together, and Turkey, for the first time since the days of the imperial and imperious Catherine, might be said to be free from the menace of her enemies! The sultan was lavish in his acknowledgments of the services of the allied fleets, and thanksgivings filled the devotions of all good Mussulmen. Yet all this was tempered with some apprehension of the innovations of Western manners and ideas. The ladies began to wear their *yashmaks* very thin, and very small; the attire of Western Europe began to be affected by the gayer and more cultivated Turks. The continual disturbance of their quiet matter-of-course, by dashing English and French, appalled them. The pasha of Gallipoli was said to have died of fright, and the most patriotic Turks in Stamboul often gravely conferred together as to what would be the result of all these things upon their cherished faith and customs. The erection of the cross over the graves of deceased soldiers by the French, was regarded with wonder and denounced as audacious; and the freedom with which the Franks frequented

sacred places confounded the Osmanli. The sultan conceded to the French ambassador the right of erecting a Roman Catholic church, in terms which seemed to put the climax upon the homage of the government to the power of the Feringhes. After some preliminary compliments to the French, as "the sacred object of his imperial solicitude," the sultan declared—

"I have therefore issued an order, emanating from my imperial divan, granting the permission for building the said church. As soon as all of you—governor, naib, and mufti—shall be acquainted with this imperial order, take care that no one oppose the construction of the church in a convenient spot; and also take care that not a farthing be taken from the Catholics for that purpose. Know this, and obey the imperial sign. Done in the middle of the sacred month of Zelledgi, in the year 1270.
"ABDUL-MEDJID."

Soon after the allied troops sailed for Varna, a warm discussion arose in the Constantinople periodicals concerning the allegation of Mr. Russell, the *Times'* correspondent, that the lines of Gallipoli were chosen after a very brief inspection of the place by Sir John Burgoyne. As the remarks of the *Times'* correspondent cast an apparent imputation upon a general second to none in the British service for skill and valour, we take occasion here to give his own refutation. He thus writes:—"I can excuse his ignorance on the subject of military positions, but it is somewhat unfair to say that Sir John Burgoyne occupied only ten minutes in examining the ground, after I was engaged four days, for six or seven hours each day, in examining the ground. Besides which, I had the report of four officers of my own, and of two French officers, who had been engaged on the very spot. If there was any error on my part, at least, it was not owing to any want of time in the examination of the ground."

In a previous chapter we gave a description of the sultan's chief city when the allied hosts were there, in the spring: a passage from the *Journal* of a British infantry officer will convey an idea of its appearance when these hosts had departed, and their reserves only were stationed in its neighbourhood:—

"As we approached, the rays of the rising sun glanced on the domes and minarets of this splendid city, and from the Sea of Marmora, a magnificent *coup d'œil*, presented itself. The Bosphorus shone like silver in the bright sun, reflecting the high-coloured houses and tall cypresses. Here and there its surface was broken by the passage of merchantmen, and huge transports and steamers. We were soon anchored in the midst of this beautiful scene, and shortly afterwards I went ashore to ascertain



how far the internal condition of Constantinople corresponded with the grandeur of its outward appearance. Grievously disappointed I was: the long narrow streets were swarming with dogs, and the most dirty of the human race, Turks and Greeks, constantly jostled against me, breathing garlic into my very face. Never do I remember making myself so small as when I walked this abominable place. However, our stay here was very short, as we received orders to steam up to Beicos Bay. The next morning, therefore, we started, and were up at four to observe a magnificent sunrise. The surrounding country is very mountainous; and along the sides of the hills, which are covered with tall dark cedars, are terraced gardens, reaching down to the water's edge. We found other steamers at Beicos, full of troops, who had received similar orders to ourselves, and we were very soon anchored amongst them. The village from which it derives its name is situated on the Asiatic shore, and is a small, dirty place, the only good thing there being water, of which there is a delicious spring, close to the edge of the sea. The European shore, on which are the villages of Therapia and Buyakdere, is far more picturesque than the opposite coast. The English ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, resides in summer at Therapia. Both are very beautiful places, but I should prefer Buyakdere. The principal houses look out on the water, having nothing to separate them from it but a broad road, and many of them having bathing-houses built far out into the crystal stream. We received orders at Beicos to remain there, as the cholera was raging at Varna, and many men, both of the fleet and armies, were falling victims to it. The *Agamemnon* and ships of war belonging to the allies were lying near Buyakdere. The Sultan's Valley is exceedingly picturesque, and studded with the finest palm-trees I ever beheld. Under these could be seen, at intervals, a small camp of Turkish soldiers, with their neatly-pitched tents of purest white, while here and there a light green one relieved the eye. *Arabas* also, or Turkish waggons, were seen, with their cream-coloured oxen, conveying women and children for their daily drive. They are painted red, or some other glaring colour, with gilt wreaths and leaves all over them, and have awnings and fringed curtains to protect the travellers from the sun."

"The band of the Rifles performed in the evenings: it was a great treat, for it was the finest military band I ever heard. During our stay at Beicos they delighted us very often, and the music sounded sweetly across the water. Every morning before breakfast was employed in bathing. K—— almost lived in the water, being an excellent swimmer; but it was not a

very pleasant place for a bad one, as there was no sand, and the stones were very sharp. The weather now became most oppressively hot, and we were compelled to protect our heads from the scorching sun by winding a long white turban round our straw hats and wide-awakes. Above all things, we found our white cotton umbrellas, which we bought at Malta, most useful. Two of our men died on board ship of cholera; the other regiments around us suffered a good deal more. As we were likely to remain here some time, application was made to the sultan to allow our men to be encamped on the Asiatic shore. This was very soon granted; and we were landed, and made our camp on a beautiful hill, overlooking the Black Sea and the bay in which our ship was lying. Happily the cholera did not visit us here, although the Rifle Brigade and the 63rd regiment (which were encamped some little distance from us) were very unfortunate, particularly the former, whose funeral parties were constantly seen marching down the hill to the place of interment. Our men enjoyed their move very much, and received their rations from the ship, but the officers went on board for their meals, boats being constantly employed in taking them to and from the steamer. The arrangements made by the purser and officers of the *Colombo* were admirable; and to them we are indebted for the comforts and attention we received during the two months we lived on board her. The soldiers were all sent down to the Bosphorus to bathe every morning, after parade, which was a very salutary arrangement. We remained in Beicos Bay until the 29th of August, when we received orders to embark the men and horses; and sailing down to Kulalee Barracks, took the *Shooting Star* in tow, having on board some artillery."

The above is a description by an officer on his way out to the camp at Varna, during the month of August; we now give one, equally graphic, from the pen of a returning invalid, on his way from Varna to Malta, and relating to the same period:—

"On the 5th of August we went on board *Le Caire*; the decks were crowded with officers, who had brought off their invalid friends, and we were waiting for despatches. Most of our passengers were sufferers from Varna, looking wan and weary, as they said, '*La retour de Varna*' would make but a sad song. Then we had poor Colonel Fergusson, of the 79th Highlanders, looking manly and well, with his Highland scarf over his shoulders; and though an invalid, who had suffered severely from fever, yet he seemed at ease, and dined with comfort. At dinner, of course, the conversation was principally of Varna, Shumla, Silistria—Silistria, Shumla, Varna, while ac-

counts of personal suffering illustrated the themes. The army was unoccupied; all about Silistria had been talked over long ago; and though now and then some one would relate how a poor captain, in charge of supplies, was hunting up Lord Cardigan, who himself was hunting up the Cossacks, and how at last mules stood still till his lordship came round on them, as the only chance of fulfilling their mission, with some little anecdotes, half sad, half humorous, anent which there was not much said of a memorable kind, for really, in our miserable plight, self became the subject of interest. The night passed, a hot, weary night; and we were off Gallipoli, when a cry arose; the *femme de chambre* rushed wildly on deck, and entreated some one to go to the English colonel, who had madly rushed from his berth. Poor gentleman! kind hands placed him on his bed, his faithful servant wept by his feet; but in almost as few minutes as my pen records the sad history, that fine and gallant officer, who, but a few hours since, had been among us with cheerful converse, hoping once more in health and strength to tread the heather of his native land, lay a corpse upon his pallet. The colonel's servant, a fine athletic Highland soldier, warmly attached to his master, sobbed over his fate like a little child. His brave heart seemed as if it would break with sorrow; and perhaps a sadder sight was never seen than the passage of that slow boat over the waters of the Sea of Marmora, in which the soldier, bowed down with grief, supported the lifeless body of his beloved and respected master, with his military cloak and his Highland plaid rolled round it."

Many of the wives of both French and British officers, especially of the higher ranks, remained at Therapia while their husbands were at Varna; and such as went on with them there, were glad to return from the desolation and pestilence of the place, which, notwithstanding the beauty of the vicinity, rendered it intolerable. Among the ladies at Therapia, there were two who attracted universal attention: both were wives of French officers of distinction, Madame St. Arnaud and Madame Youssef. Both these ladies were possessed of singular beauty, and were devotedly attached to their husbands. General Youssef stayed a short time at Therapia during the Varna encampment, as he had business to transact with the Porte concerning his "harum scarum" troops, the Bashi-bazouks, over which he exercised command. The general is a remarkable man, and attracted no small share of attention amongst the officers of both navies and armies then in the neighbourhood, and of the high officers of civil authority at Constantinople. He is a noble specimen of a soldier in person, bearing, and spirit. The general was born in

Italy, and when a child was captured by Algerine pirates. He remained there until a young man, when he escaped from his oppressors and joined the French army, then in the neighbourhood, as a common soldier. Displaying great courage and military genius, he rose through all the gradations to his present elevation. When the detachment of the army with which he was connected returned home, he was received in France (a country ever willing to reward the brave) with great *éclat*, and ultimately a lady of fortune and rare accomplishments conferred her hand upon the gallant adventurer. She had been the school companion of Madame de St. Arnaud, to whom she was much attached. Both these ladies formed a friendship for Lady Dundas, the wife of the British admiral.

Meanwhile the allied troops were congregating to reinforce the wasted divisions of Varna, and Turkish reinforcements were on their way to Roumelia and the Balkan passes for the general rendezvous at Shumla, to support the sultan's armies in the Dobrudscha. Some interest was evinced by the people when a fine, well-disciplined Egyptian battalion or squadron entered the Dardanelles, or a mob of fanatical and undisciplined Tunisians, or some strange gang of variously-armed cavalry arrived from the remotest boundaries of the empire. "If we stand on the Tophana bridge," said an observer, "in the early morning, Jews, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Arabs, French, Italians, and English, will pass us every moment. The Arab is going to sell his drugs; the Jew his diamonds; the Armenian is anxious about his bank; the Turk is calculating the chances for his opium; the Frank seems in a hurry about everything; and the Greek hopes to overreach them all."

Notwithstanding the air of stolid indifference generally exhibited by the Turks towards the allied troops, when the army was first quartered at Constantinople, and which they continued to maintain to a certain extent towards the reserves, and the regiments passing to Bulgaria and afterwards to the Crimea, this impassive mien would sometimes relax, and they would stand and stare with a deep and thoughtful gravity, or in a quiet way of their own adventure a question, or make a reply, betraying that they felt more interest than they chose to exhibit. A correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* thus describes their impression of the Highlanders, some hundreds of whom were at Scutari during the autumn:—

"The Turkish and British soldiers stare at one another with unfeigned astonishment. One of the former said he thought our men very fine fellows, and so very neat; 'But what is the use of all this?' said he, 'they cannot speak.' They were eagerly looking about for

something in the shape of a public-house—a thing that does not exist at Scutari; but many had installed themselves in the coffee-houses, and were solemnly sucking the chibouk, and exchanging ideas with the Turks by signs over a glass of raki. An old Turkish dame whom I met was most anxious to know whether they were French or English, and seemed to be labouring under the impression that they were all musicians, on account of the white stripes on their breasts and arms. I told her they were ‘Inglis Askier,’ come to fight the Muskov; at which she broke out into a heartfelt ‘Inshallah!’”

An English gentleman, who accompanied a detachment of French troops from Marseilles at a later period, thus notices the interest which gradually began to be awakened in the Moslems towards the allied troops, although by no means always of an agreeable kind:—

“What irritates and staggers them (the Turks) more than aught else, is to see the Zouaves, half Algerines, half Frenchmen, assuming the green turban, the sacred colour of Mohammed himself, and the valued distinction bestowed exclusively upon the descendants of the Prophet, and the hadji, or pilgrim, to the Kaaba and the Pool of Yemzen. This is taunting them in the most tender point, and it is a bitter pill, which they will not swallow without many wry faces. Although the title of hadji, in Mohammedan countries, is next to that of hafiz, or one who can repeat the Koran by heart with scrupulous exactitude, yet it does not always follow that the pilgrim is an ornament to the society with which he associates; on the contrary, an old Arab proverb recommends excessive caution regarding hadjis. I imagine the taste of the Zouaves will not make the green colour a more remarkable distinction of sanctity.”

The hubbub which the passage of the allied troops kept up at the Porte was not its only disturbance; nor was the grand game of diplomacy which it was perpetually called upon to play, and the cares of its armies, the only additional causes of agitation; besides these chronic maladies of “the sick man,” there were perpetually springing up some new and acute troubles, and “flying Tartars” might be seen flitting between the embassies and the Foreign-office, and the Foreign-office and the seraglio, and away to the provinces—European, Asiatic, and African—each seeming as if his countenance was charged with an expression of interest in fated or imperilled kingdoms. The Albanians, who proved such useful auxiliaries, got up a little insurrection of their own, and harassed pashas and capitains. The Duke of Wellington’s celebrated aphorism, so true as a policy, “a great nation cannot have a little war,” was by no means true as a fact

to the Turkish Empire, for, notwithstanding its greatness, it was fretted by little wars throughout the summer and autumn of 1854. The Servians did not actually draw the sword against the sultan, but their hostile demeanour compelled him to keep considerable bodies of Bosnian troops upon the Servian frontier. In Kurdistan, many of whose wild horsemen volunteered to serve the sultan, and travelled at their own charges to Constantinople to do so, a furious insurrection broke forth, certain chieftains taking occasion of the sultan’s difficulties to defy his pashas, while ready to swear upon the Koran due allegiance to himself. In North Africa intrigues were set on foot by certain beys, subversive of the sultan’s rights, which they were disposed to invade by arms. If the grand seigneur was not a “sick man,” as the Emperor Nicholas had termed him, he was undoubtedly a troubled man, and a very extreme illustration of the apothegm—

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

Amongst so many that were faithless, the harassed sultan experienced good faith from one—the Viceroy of Egypt. His ships, his troops, his treasures, were at his sovereign lord’s disposal: from the very beginning of the contest the brave Egyptians were in the van of battle. The only regular troops in the earthwork of the Arab Tabia, at Silistria, were Egyptians. Two Egyptian battalions of infantry, and some field-pieces connected with them, were the most efficient of the regular forces at that city during its wondrous defence.

Mr. Beaumont, in his *Journey from Warington to the East*, thus describes the remarkable man who now rules Egypt in the name of the sultan, but virtually as a sovereign:—“Said Pasha, the new viceroy, who, under the eastern law of inheritance, has succeeded to his nephew, as the eldest male representative of his renowned father, to the exclusion of the nephew’s sons, comes to the throne with the good opinion, good wishes, and acclamations of the country. Would that he may find a counsellor wise as Joseph, and be wise enough himself to follow his guidance! Then will Egypt again become the wonder of the world, and regain the glory which was hers so long. The dispatch of the troops finds the new pasha full employment at present. To-day he inspected the ball practice of the artillery, and I saw him in an open carriage returning from the field. Everybody saluted him, and he good-humouredly acknowledged their salutations in return. The pasha has a round face, with a good-humoured expression, and a jolly rotundity of person. He appeared to be forty years of age, but is not quite so much, his great size making him look older than he is. Mehemet Ali, his father, early foresaw his

natural tendency to corpulency, and determined, if he could, to check it. For that purpose he appointed him a governor, who was to see that he took a specified amount of laborious exercise every day, to send him a daily account of it, and to report any increase or diminution in his weight and size. Like the ancient Gauls, he probably gave his son a girdle, which he was not to exceed. Amongst them, as history tells us, all the youths were required to keep themselves within the compass of such a girdle, either by fasting, by riding, by swimming, or other laborious diversions, and if they still grew so fat as to exceed its bonds, they were not only fined but disgraced. How strange it is to find an Eastern ruler adopting this Western usage! Mehemet Ali's usual success seems to have deserted him here, for his son has far outgrown the dimensions of his girdle, which could never have been of iron—the metal which Herodian says was the material of the girdle used by the ancient Britons—his horse, I believe, thinks it was India-rubber. Some other of the father's instructions have succeeded better with the son, for when he sent him to Paris, he learned the French language, which he now speaks fluently, gained some acquaintance with Western usages, and is disposed to introduce improvements into Egypt. He regards England favourably—has procured an English nurse for his son, and has had him taught our language. Several of his ministers also are English; one of them now in his service has experienced the reverses incidental to office in this country. Two years ago he was one of the ministers of Abbas Pasha, but incurring his displeasure, he was dismissed, and fell into poverty; now he is a minister of state."

It is once more requisite to turn our attention to Greece, where the sultan found his bitterest enemies, not excepting Russia. Indeed, her Greek majesty was more Russ than the czar. While on a visit to Vienna she was accustomed to utter the most extravagant panegyrics on everything Muscovite, and to work herself into fits of passion when naming the Western powers. Her husband worshipped Nicholas as the incarnation of despotism. Whatever promoted the absolute powers of sovereigns, and the subject state of citizens, their Grecian majesties were ever ready to engraft upon their policy. What they practised at Athens, they wished, in the spirit of a true propagandism, to prosper everywhere. The model of a despotic government, "pure and simple," they found at St. Petersburg, and desired to copy it as far as the circumstances of Greece allowed: the *modus operandi* of encroachment upon the territory of other nations they would fain copy from St. Peters-

burg, too, as faithfully as they learned there the process of subjecting their own people to the condition of slaves. Austria saw all this with admiration. To the government of that empire, Greece appeared as a promising specimen of a young state; to the sultan, the Greek royal pair were very ill-conducted neighbours; and to the allies, Greece was like a thorn in the foot, sharp and sore, although so small. In a previous chapter we discussed the proceedings of the Porte in expelling Greek subjects from Constantinople, and showed how diplomatic relations had ceased between the two governments; the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, in sending to the Greek minister his passports, thus vindicated the policy of the Porte:—"It appears, from positive proofs, that it is not through mere negligence, but through the toleration of the Greek government, that the frontier provinces of the empire have been just invaded. Orders have been given to the proper authorities to facilitate the departure of those Greek subjects who are poor or destitute, and to show as much indulgence as possible to those who are sick or infirm. It is my duty once more to repeat, that it is the Greek government alone which has created the necessity for this determination, and that the responsibility of it must rest entirely upon Greece." To this the Greek minister, M. Metaxa, replied, protesting against the decision without assigning any grounds for his protest, except the hardship of the case to those immediately concerned, but evading all recognition of the facts that the persons expelled by the sultan were pecuniary supporters of the conspiracy, and deeply implicated in it; and that the Greek government had been proved to be a party to the promotion of insurrection in the sultan's dominions. No person could read the brief debate in the British House of Commons, on the 28th of April, 1854, in which Mr. Layard and Lord John Russell took prominent part, without arriving at the conviction that the facts which had fallen under the review of the Turkish government, and the governments of its allies, left no doubt of the guilt of the Greek king, who pretended that he was destined by Heaven to deliver the rayahs from the yoke of ages, and to resuscitate the Greek Empire. In the face of indisputable proof that the Greek government had liberated its prisoners, and sent bands of robbers loose upon the Turkish territory—had sat in the councils of the insurrectionary committee at Athens—had supplied money to the agents preaching rebellion in Thrace and Macedon—had connived at the officers and soldiers of the Greek army entering the ranks of the insurgents, the minister of Greece had the effrontery and hypocrisy to write such language as the follow-

ing in reply to Redschid Pasha's despatch:—"There is a tribunal higher than either Greece or Turkey, whose judgments are unerring, and whose decrees are infallible. It is to this Supreme tribunal that Greece appeals; for to that alone it belongs to decide whether Greece and its government ought to be held responsible for the evil consequences of the existing state of things, because discontent has provoked the inhabitants of Epirus and Thessaly to revolt; and because, on this occasion, sympathies have been manifested in Greece favourable to a movement made by co-religionists, by countrymen, and by relations." This appeal to Heaven could not have been made either from the consciousness of innocence, or on the supposition that the governments of Europe were ignorant of the guilt of him who uttered it, and of the government whose mouth-piece he was; but still copying Russia in appeals to Heaven on behalf of "Holy Russia" and the "Orthodox Church," M. Metaxa hoped, by this sanctimonious assumption of a just cause, to please the Greek clergy throughout the sultan's dominions, and, through them, to impress upon his subjects, from the Danube to the Dardanelles, the deep interest Greece and its king took in their cause.

Of a piece with the hypocrisy of the foregoing, were the circulars issued by the Ministry of the Royal Household to the Greek agents in the different cities of Europe. They are pervaded by the pretence that the sympathy of the subjects of King Otho, for the insurgents of their race and religion in Turkey, was beyond the control of the Greek government, whereas the latter openly stimulated it. The Greek minister, also, hypocritically takes credit for not retaliating on the Porte, by expelling Turkish subjects, when he knew well the subjects of the sultan residing in Greece were seldom Mussulmen, but generally members of the Greek persuasion and race, and co-operators against their sovereign with M. Païkos and his king. The perusal of some portions of these documents is essential, however, to an impartial consideration of the quarrel. Their style is prolix, much being introduced into the principal one irrelevant to the facts and the argument professedly based upon them, which we therefore suppress.

Athens, 5th (17th) April, 1854.

"Ministry of the Royal Household and of Foreign Affairs.

"SIR,—The disastrous measures which the Porte has just adopted against Greek subjects and their interests, as I have informed you in my despatch of this day, gave us without doubt the incontestible right of reprisal by means of analogous measures, without, at the same time,

departing from the rules usually observed in similar cases. But it was repugnant to the king's government to act thus, or, in imitation of the Porte, to injure the subjects of the Ottoman Porte, whom it could not reasonably consider as responsible for all the rigours committed in Turkey against our countrymen and our commercial navy.

"After the Sublime Porte had broken off the political and commercial relations between Greece and Turkey, and abruptly expelled our consular agents from the Ottoman territory, the government of the king could no longer permit the consular authorities of the Porte to continue in the exercise of their functions in Greece. But while giving to the prefects the order to withdraw the *exequatur*, and to signify to all those who belonged to that body, and who were invested with an official character, to quit the country, it has at the same time declared that Turkish subjects may continue to reside in the kingdom, and that the vessels under the Ottoman flag shall be received in Greek ports, in order to carry on freely their commercial operations, as before; and both are placed under the protection of the Hellenic laws.

"I have the honour to transmit to you herewith copies of the circular I have issued on the subject, and in which you will remark, among other things, the solicitude with which the government of the king recommends to its agents to afford all the assistance and facility in their power to Turkish subjects in the conduct of their affairs, as also to the Turkish flag.

"It is now for the nations of the civilised world to judge of the difference which exists in the conduct of the respective governments of the two states. The king's government has limited itself to doing what was strictly and absolutely necessary. It could not, and it ought not, to imitate the Porte in having recourse to measures which are reprobated by the spirit of modern civilisation, and also by the noble sentiments of the nation of which it is the organ.

"Receive, sir, the assurance of my high consideration, &c.

"A. PAÏKOS."

The following is the circular referred to in the above:—

Athens, 5th (17th) April, 1854.

"SIR,—The Ottoman Porte has just adopted against us the most disastrous measures. You are already aware, sir, that the *chargé d'affaires* of the Ottoman Porte at Athens, not having found the answer sufficiently satisfactory which the king's government gave to an *ultimatum* addressed to them on the subject, has quitted Greece, after having announced that the poli-

tical relations between the two governments were broken off. In consequence of a proceeding so abrupt and so unexpected, the royal government could not keep any longer their minister at Constantinople. That functionary received, therefore, the order to demand, in turn, his passports, and to quit that capital with the members of the legation, leaving only the chancellery for the arrangement of the commercial affairs of more than 15,000 Greek subjects who reside there, and entrusting, as is usual in such cases, the protection of the Hellenic subjects to one of his colleagues. The government was all the more inclined to follow that course, as Nessel Bey himself, on quitting Athens, confided the protection of Ottoman subjects to the ministers of France and Great Britain, and he did not declare that the consuls of the Porte in Greece should also quit their posts. You may therefore judge of our astonishment on learning that the Porte, on sending to M. Metaxas, the king's minister at Constantinople, his passports, communicated to him at the same time, in its note of the 20th of March, that (to date from that day) all political and commercial relations between Greece and Turkey were broken off; that all the *employés* of the Greek chancellery at Constantinople, as well as all the consuls of Greece in the Ottoman Empire, must immediately quit; that all Greek subjects, without exception, must also leave Turkey within the term of fifteen days, at the expiration of which no ship bearing the Greek flag should any longer appear in the ports of Turkey. Independently of these measures, the Porte has intimated that it would recognise in no minister of the friendly powers accredited to it the right to protect Greek subjects, and to whom the king's ministers might confide that care. The Porte has also constituted, of itself, a commission to settle arbitrarily the affairs of our countrymen within the term of fifteen days, and to proceed to their expulsion.

"You may easily conceive, sir, the perturbation which measures of so serious a kind must have created in the commercial transactions of more than 15,000 persons established at Constantinople alone, without counting almost double the number of Greek subjects scattered throughout the Ottoman Empire, all engaged in trade and industry, as well as the immense and incalculable loss which must be the result to them. It was in vain that the king's minister observed that, in order to settle interests so extensive and so complicated as those of the Greek subjects residing in Turkey, a period of six months would scarce suffice. The Porte persisted in its resolution. In presence of such enormities, nothing was left for his majesty's minister but to quit Constantinople, protesting at the same time against

conduct so unheard of and so indescribable, and leaving the commercial chancellery for some days only, in order to try to arrange as well as it could the various interests of our subjects, to facilitate their speedy departure, and to issue passports and prepare the papers of our ships. But scarcely was he gone, when the police peremptorily ordered the consul, the director of the Hellenic chancellery, at once to close his office, and to stop all settlement of business. At the same time the commission instituted by the Porte ordered, in a proclamation posted up on the doors of the chancellery, all Greek subjects to present themselves before it for the settlement of their affairs, and forbidding them, under severe penalties, to have any intercourse with their chancellery. Thus, sir, in a few days, Greek subjects are violently expelled from the Turkish Empire. The Greek flag can no more appear in the waters of that empire. The ruin of the fortunes of so many is consummated; and a great number of our countrymen will soon be reduced to misery.

"Such is the conduct we witness for the first time in the recent history of civilised countries. No nation in a state of war with another has ever acted in so outrageous a manner with the subjects of its enemy. In order to show all the animosity against Greece, as manifested in these exceptional measures of the Porte, I might refer to what has always been practised in similar cases between great and civilised nations. I could support my views by the recent example of France, who, though at war with Russia, has nevertheless permitted Russian subjects to continue their residence in their country under the protection of French laws. But I content myself with comparing with those measures the conduct which the Porte itself has observed towards Russian subjects. The Porte has been for the last six months in a state of open war with Russia. Much blood, both on one side and the other, has been already shed on the field of battle; and yet not only has it not during that time expelled Russian subjects from its empire, but even when at the last moment it thought it to be its duty to order them to quit the country, it granted them for that purpose a delay of some months, which delay, at a later period having been prolonged through the intervention of the internuncio of his majesty the Emperor of Austria, did not expire till the middle of April. Still more, during all that period they were placed, and actually remained, under the protection of the said internuncio, when scarcely 150 Russians were found to be residing at Constantinople.

"The conduct of the Porte has been towards Greece, with which it is not at war, much more severe than it has been towards Russia, its declared enemy. The reason,

sir, is clear—it is because the Porte has, unfortunately, never forgotten what Greece was before she became free. That hostile disposition cannot be otherwise explained, which it has at all times manifested towards Greece, notwithstanding all the goodwill which the Hellenic government has invariably shown, in order to render the relations between the two countries more and more friendly. For twenty years that royalty has existed in Greece, and that the independence of the Hellenic kingdom has been recognised by the Porte, it has never ceased to raise up against her every species of embarrassment, and to create obstacles to her service and her commerce in Turkey. Many times have Greek subjects had to suffer from the arbitrary conduct of its authorities in the provinces. It has refused to issue the *exequaturs* of a great number of our consuls, in order that our countrymen should be deprived of the protection absolutely requisite in Turkey, and it impeded the service of those it had been obliged to recognise. I have not now space enough to expose in detail all the wrongs the royal government has endured from the Porte. It will be sufficient to remind you that in two other instances it has again found occasion for harsh measures against our vessels and our merchants, by prohibiting the former from trading in its ports, excluding the others from the corporations of trade, and withdrawing their *exequaturs* from our consuls. It will be then easily understood how at this moment the Porte has seized eagerly on the pretext furnished it by the insurrection of Epirus and Thessaly to resume its arbitrary measures against us, with a force and severity all the greater that it believes it can do so freely, and without any obstacle.

“I have said, sir, that the Porte sought a pretext for such conduct; for, after the answer given to the last note of its *chargé d'affaires*, its conduct cannot otherwise be explained. What, in fact, was demanded in the note of Nessel Bey? To order some officers who, for the most part natives of the insurgent districts, left the kingdom to combat with those of the same religion as themselves—with their brothers—to return to the kingdom within ten days, and to intimate to them that, if they did not obey, their pay should be stopped; to form a commission to try and punish them; to prohibit all armaments in the kingdom in favour of the insurgents; not to permit armed men to pass the frontier; to dismiss certain *employés* for having excited the public mind against Turkey; to disavow, in its official organs, those who openly and publicly (*au grand jour*) demanded pecuniary aid, who prepared armaments, and were members of divers committees in favour of the insurrection; to moderate the language of certain journals, and to establish

an inquiry, in order to discover the officer who facilitated the escape of the prisoners at Chalcis.

“The Hellenic government could reply to the complaints of the Porte by pointing to recent and well-known examples of other nations, who were in the same relation to each other as Greece is now with respect to the Porte. But with the view of maintaining its friendly relations with the Sublime Porte, it not only did not avail itself of these examples, but it, on the contrary, promised to do all it was permitted to do by the laws of the country, and all that was in its power to do, to satisfy those demands.

“It therefore replied, that the proposition relative to the recall of the officers was no longer necessary from the moment those officers had demanded and received their dismissal; that not belonging to the Greek army, they received no pay, and were consequently out of the jurisdiction of the Hellenic government; that the government would take care that the armaments against a neighbouring state should be prevented, and that armed persons should be prohibited from crossing the frontier so far as the nature and extent of our limits and our means permitted us to do; that an inquiry should be instituted against the accused *employés*; that it had no objection to express in its official organs all the inconvenience and injury that would accrue to the friendly relations of the two states from making collections of money for the purpose of preparing armaments for the insurgents; and that it would it do with pleasure all that was compatible with the laws of the country to moderate the language of the journals with reference to the insurrection of the neighbouring provinces. The Hellenic government gave, at the same time, assurances to Nessel Bey that his wishes respecting the escape of the prisoners of Chalcis had already been anticipated; and that the result of the inquiry which had been ordered proved not only the innocence of the officers of the garrison of Chalcis, but also the inutility of the attempts they had made to bring back the soldiers to their duty.

“It was after a reply so reasonable and so conciliatory, and in spite of those promises and those assurances of the royal government, that Nessel Bey suddenly quitted Greece, and broke off all relations with the two countries. In such a state of things it only remains for Greece, thus exposed to arbitrary conduct of the most unexampled kind, and to the most unjustifiable vexations, to make the Porte responsible for all the evils which will be the inevitable result of it; for the ruin of her commerce, of her navy, and of the fortunes of so many private persons. It is for the en-

lightened nations of the world to say whether, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in time of peace, any government can be allowed to abuse in such a manner its position, and to inflict such serious injury on an independent state. You will, sir, communicate verbally this despatch and the documents annexed to it to the government to which you are accredited, and, if you are required to do so, a copy of them; and you will direct its particular attention to the conduct of the Porte with regard to us—conduct which a state of open war could scarcely justify. Receive, sir, &c.

“ΠΑΙΚΟΣ.”

Immediately after these diplomatic missives, the contest was renewed with still greater ferocity. The king, queen, and court, espoused the cause of the rebellion almost as openly as if a declaration of war had been proclaimed. Indeed, had such a declaration been made by Greece, her conduct would still have been disgraceful. When the great Napoleon, during his invasion of Russia, was urged to foment insurrection among the Poles and serfs, he replied, “No—I will make war against my brother Alexander with courteous arms.” Otho would neither declare war nor abstain from aggressions worthy only of a bandit. The *Moniteur* gave the following striking picture of the course of events:—“The accounts from Athens represent the state of the public mind in Greece under an aspect the most afflicting for all those who have been hitherto anxious for the prosperity of that country. A complete *régime* of terror exists there. Agents are ostensibly sent to all the points of the kingdom which have not, up to this time, manifested any sympathy towards the insurrection in the Epirus; those who allow themselves to be led away proceed to the frontier under the guidance of chiefs, who begin by levying contributions on all the Greek people in their way, and by setting fire to all the villages, the inhabitants of which refuse to take an active part in the revolt. When they arrive on the Turkish territory, it is, according to the expression commonly used at Athens, to force those wretched Christian rayahs to insurrection. At the same time such of the prisons of Greece, as were not at first thrown open, have supplied the means of recruitment. The wretches thus liberated take their place in the ranks of the regular soldiers, to march with them to sack the Christians of the Epirus and Thessaly. It is thus they pretend to regenerate these provinces and procure their civilisation! In the Attica and the Peloponnesus, justice is everywhere suspended; the coffers of the public money and the corn warehouses are everywhere pillaged; in a word, the most complete anarchy reigns in the administration and in the country.

A kind of Committee of Public Safety has just been founded at Athens, presided over by the old Fanariot Michel Soutzo. One of the first acts of this committee has been to draw up a list of proscription; and in order to carry its object into effect, it has enrolled a certain number of assassins, who have recently arrived from Constantinople and Smyrna, whose mission is to make away with whoever is suspected of not being favourable to the movement. On the 13th of May, an Athenian, who had dared to express doubts as to the success of the revolt, narrowly escaped becoming a victim; after having been ill-used in the most dreadful manner, he was thrown into prison. On the same day, the Catholics, while celebrating Holy Thursday, were on the point of having their church invaded by a band of assassins, and only owed their safety to the energetic representations addressed by the French minister to the Greek authorities. It is with pain that we enregister these symptoms of a kind of vertigo, which threatens to lead Greece into paths in which she can only meet with abysses.”

The allied governments, tired of remonstrating, made final and formal demands upon the Greek government, in terms not identical, but substantially the same. King Otho took time to deliberate; the French Emperor deemed it desirable to hasten his deliberations, and addressed to him with his own hand a sort of ultimatum, and dispatched it by M. de Brun and Baron d'Arvil. The letter intimated that the ports of Greece would be blockaded, and the capital occupied by French troops, if his majesty did not immediately protect the frontier of Turkey from his lawless subjects.* The

* The following admirable review of the relations of the kingdom of Greece to her protectors is from the pages of the Paris *Moniteur*. Of course it is from a French point of view, but it is as correct as to facts, as it is admirably conveyed as to expression:—“At the time when the Hellenic government is pursuing a course so contrary to the interests of the nation over which it has to preside, it may not be useless to recall to recollection the benefits which France has so prodigally bestowed upon Greece. No one is ignorant of the share which our navy and army have taken in securing the freedom of Greece. What is not so generally known is, that the expense of our squadrons in the Mediterranean, and the military expedition to the Morea, has increased our public debt to the extent of 100,000,000 francs. The payment of the interest of this sum, at the present time, gives a proof of the sympathy of the preceding generation with the cause of the Hellenes. The task of assuring the independence of Greece having been fulfilled, it remained to establish the new state upon a basis which would ensure its future prosperity. France obtained for it a great increase of territory. She insisted that it should be erected into a kingdom. She supported with her guarantee, collectively with England and Russia, a loan of 60,000,000 francs, very difficult of realisation at the period of its negotiation, in 1832. The resources of the Hellenic treasury, at first insufficient, and then ill-employed, prevented it from providing directly for the repayment of this loan. The treaty of 1832 contained a clause, in virtue of which the revenues of the Greek state were first to be chargeable with the payment and extinc-

Greek king threatened to abandon Athens, and throw himself for protection upon Russia and the German powers; when, however, he learned that the ships of the allies prepared to blockade his ports, and French troops were ordered to Greece, he and his subjects became panic-struck, and he professed his willingness to do all that was demanded of him. Showing no signs of being in earnest in this profession, the allies no longer regarded his word, or the word of his ministers, and, on the 15th of May, French troops landed at Athens; but while the capital was garrisoned by the soldiers, and the sea covered with the ships of the protecting powers, the little state they had protected and pampered defied their forces, insulted their subjects, and intrigued against their interests and policy in relation to other powers. By the military occupation of the capital, and the virtual blockade of the coasts, the sinews of war were paralysed so far as Greece was concerned, in reference to the insurgents. Money and arms, however, were still supplied to them from other sources, but less abundantly; and, in spite of the allies, small bands of sympathisers continued to find their way into the disturbed provinces. Soon after the French landed at Athens, a battalion of Turkish guards at-

tempted to take the position of Peta, where the Greeks had roughly entrenched themselves, but failed. Peta has strong natural defences. It is a plateau at the foot of the Mauro Vuro mountain chain, protected by extensive marshes in the front, and leaning behind on the mountains. Besides this, there was also a mountain skirmish between General Grivas and some Albanian irregulars. As the whole range of operations was still confined to the neighbourhood of Arta, skirmishes of this kind were naturally frequent, in which, as may easily be imagined, the Greeks were sometimes victorious. Ultimately, the insurgents in Epirus were confined to the mountains, without having secured a *point d'appui* in the country: it was impossible for them to maintain themselves for any time there, on account of the want of provisions. Even during the war of independence, the army in Acarnania and Epirus had always to import its provisions by sea, and the difficulty was, not to have men enough, but to be able to feed them. How could the Greeks manage that, when they had not the command of the sea? In the meantime, they were eating the provisions of the poor people in the neighbourhood, so that, in several cases, those whom they came to

tion of its external debt. Not only did France not demand the execution of this article of the convention of London, but besides, in an excess of kindness and generosity towards a country which she considered as one of her own creation, she ceased, in 1838, to follow the example of England and Russia, who issued additional bonds on the security of those previously entered into; and, with the object of providing a valuable reserve for Greece, France decided upon making the requisite payments when due, from her own resources. Those advances now exceed the sum of 13,000,000 francs. Since the adoption of this system, which soon involved us in a responsibility beyond our first engagement, we relinquished our claim upon a portion of the loan of 1832, which we had the right to consider as a security for the repayment of our private debt, to the amount of 2,000,000 francs, that amount having formed the capital for which the Greek government had credit in the National Bank of Athens, an establishment of credit organised by the assiduity of a superior clerk connected with the Ministry of Finance, M. Lemaître, and which had an essential share in developing in Greece industrial operations and agricultural works. In 1846, France founded at Athens a school directed by a high functionary of the university, where the professors, taken from our normal schools, gave every encouragement to the young men who wished to study our language and our literature. The library of the capital of Greece was, at the same time, placed upon the same footing as the French libraries—that is to say, allowed to share in the distribution of the works published by government. Our officers, in the midst of a thousand difficulties, and exposed to the dangers of the climate, to which three of them fell victims, prepared a map of different parts of the kingdom, which is considered a masterpiece of topographical skill. To these benefits of a general character, which were advantageous to the whole Greek nation, may be added the proofs of kindness and sympathy which King Otho and his government have unceasingly experienced from France. In 1843, when the Hellenic throne was menaced by the faction which now dominates at Athens, our diplomacy gave it a powerful support during the difficult transition from the *régime* of pure monarchy to a constitutional form of government. Subsequently, under equally critical circumstances, it was

the support of the French government, and its friendly intervention, which neutralised the effect of a formidable spirit of discontent. France most certainly did not deceive herself in regard to the real state of things in Greece. She deplored the faults of the administration, and the disorder which prevailed in the finances, but she endeavoured, to a certain extent, to conceal evils which she hoped to cure by care and prudence. We were desirous that the Hellenic government, from circumstances which we believed to be accidental, should not acquire a bad reputation, which would have been injurious to Greece herself; and it does not exceed the truth to say that, during twenty consecutive years, not a single disagreeable affair occurred, owing to the negligence or the fault of the government, when we did not take the opportunity of calming irritation, or bringing about an arrangement. To this kindness, which was of so sympathetic a character, which became tired of nothing and excused everything—to this kindness, which might be classed as weakness, had it not been exhibited towards a country the political existence of which was partly owing to us—it is now known what requital the Greek government has given. Abandoning itself to chimerical desires, yielding to suggestions from abroad, it has become the instrument of a power at war with France. It has allowed upon its territory the formation of armed bands, commanded by officers in its service, which have spread disorder and pillage in Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia. It has emptied its arsenals and exhausted its treasure to support an insurrection excited by itself, and which it still seeks to sustain, notwithstanding the checks it has received. Nowhere does scandal find greater impunity than at Athens. Salaried journals circulate every morning insults against France, against our army, and against the person of the emperor. Our people have been insulted in the streets, under the eyes of an inactive police; even the representative of his imperial majesty received a warning that his life was in danger. The majority of the Greek nation, let us hasten to say, thoroughly disapproves of these excesses and these follies. They are the first to suffer from them, and the responsibility of them entirely belongs to a government which is so ill-inspired as to risk, by ingratitude only equalled by its blindness, the loss of the only support which hitherto has never failed it."

liberate took refuge with their oppressors, the Turks. The people in the north of the Morea, who, perhaps from the copious mixture with Slavonic blood, are the most industrious of the Greek agricultural population, and who have therefore the most to lose, were not only not in favour of this movement, but, as far as it was possible for them to show their opinion, they were decidedly against it. As they prospered, better by industry than by plunder, all allurements failed to induce them to join in an undertaking from which they had so much to fear for their property.

The occupation of Athens by the allies was followed by a change of King Otho's cabinet,* the ministers of the allied governments refusing to transact business with men who seemed lost to all honour, and incapable of political moderation in the gravest exigencies. The king, now *ostensibly* submissive, substituted for his ex-cabinet a body of men worthy of their position—men of intelligence and patriotism, and who desired to advance their country by education, freedom, and commerce, and not by territorial aggression. They were also zealous for the real independence of the Greek Church, and therefore regarded any recognition of the pontifical pretensions of the czar as a betrayal of that independence. Furtively, the Greek king threw obstacles in the way of the formation of this ministry, and afterwards encouraged petty intrigues to bring them into discredit. His object was to give them a public, ostentatious support, and at the same time so to restrict their power and obstruct their policy, through his agents and the agents of his master, the czar, as to compel them to resign—thus saving himself from the odium of their dismissal, and producing the impression abroad that a liberal cabinet could not administer the affairs of the country. The presence of the French and English at the Piræus counteracted his schemes; he was vigilantly watched, and he knew it. He, meantime, complained to the courts of Germany, great and small, that his royal rights were invaded by the Western powers—that he was no longer King of Greece—but the puppet of the tri-partite league which was at war with Russia, and he besought the interference of his brother despots in his behalf. They did all they could for him. They expostulated, intrigued, lied, misrepresented, employed spies, and did everything but strike a blow on his behalf. Other portions of Greece were garrisoned by the

allies when it was perceived that a disposition to thwart their measures by underhand policy was cherished by the court and ex-ministers, and that the brigands and sympathisers were ready, whenever they dared, to set the allied troops at defiance.

Athens at this juncture became the focus of political mal-practice of all sorts. Russian and Austrian spies made it a nest of falsehood and calumny. Letters from Greece were sent by these persons to the German and Belgian press, misrepresenting the foreign ministers, especially Mr. Wyse, the English minister, towards whom their resentments were particularly rancorous. The conduct of Austria throughout these transactions was double-minded and treacherous. The advice given openly by the government of Vienna to King Otho was 'sound and temperate'; the instigations of the Austrian agents were restless and sinister. Poor Greece, enslaved by every party in turn, foreign and domestic, was torn by dissensions, and desecrated and dishonoured by rapine and assassination; yet, as it is the riven shell which scatters death around it, so Greece, rent by the throes of its bigoted passions and political convulsions, scattered destruction upon the neighbouring territory, and the sultan's subjects were the chief sufferers. The allies occupied themselves, at Athens, in soothing public exasperation, and in consolidating the reactionary work they had, as they hoped, effected. The English and French ministers did not sufficiently conciliate the religious prejudices of the people; and both ministers being of the Latin communion—or schism, as the Greeks would arrogantly call it—towards which at that juncture a fierce hatred raged, their moral influence was less than if they had been of any other communions. The Vienna press attacked Mr. Wyse incessantly and acrimoniously, while that of Berlin devoted its calumnies against the French minister, as if the two great German powers had resolved upon a division of labour in their faithless work.

The occupation of Athens by the allies, presents a suitable occasion for some notice of that city. As the metropolis of the Greek race and nation, it could not be properly passed over in the history of a war occasioned by the bigotry of the Greek religion, as well as the political aggrandisement of the proudest and most powerful man by whom it was professed. Athens, so renowned in story, is still very attractive—abounding in classic remains, and occupying a position of great beauty. It has been compared to the city of Edinburgh, which is often styled "the Modern Athens," but always, we believe, with the association of intellectual resemblance. The facts are, that the resemblance is much more physical

* The persons appointed to the new cabinet of King Otho were, for the most part, men whose names were well known in England and France as enlightened men:—Mavrocordato, President and Minister of Finance; Palandrios, Minister of the Interior; Pericles Argyropoulos, Foreign Affairs; Kallergi, War; Petolis, Justice. M. Bentlau still remained the private secretary of the king, and one of his most active agents of mischief.

han mental. There are few places on the face of the globe intellectually less like than the Athens of Greece and the Athens of Scotia. The mental characteristics of the metropolis of the Scottish people bear little resemblance to those of the Athens of antiquity, still less to those of the Athens of to-day. There is, however, a great resemblance in the site and general appearance of the two cities, notwithstanding their distinctive features are strongly marked. Edinburgh has of course nothing parallel to the glorious antiquities of Athens: she has her castle, but not an Acropolis; her old town, also, but "Auld Reekie" is not the least like an assemblage of classic ruins; she has her Arthur's Seat, and Athens has a mountain vicinage. Edinburgh is the finer—Athens has a purer light resting on its fallen glory, and modern beauty. The Temple of Theseus is generally the first antiquity to which the Greek *ciceroni* conduct the visitors to their metropolis. Near to the Temple of Theseus, is the Areopagus mentioned in the New Testament. The remains of the temples of the Acropolis are exquisitely beautiful; even as they moulder in decay they retain a grace and glory of architecture unrivalled in the world. It is a sad reflection upon modern times, that while antiquity lends to these relics a fascination of elegant taste, which will linger around them while one stone rests upon another, the buildings are defaced by shot and shell, which can be seen embedded in them—the work of the barbarous Turk. Yet there is a divine retribution discernible even in this. Athens became the citadel of religious persecution and idolatry after it had adopted the Christian name; and a power fanatically iconoclast, and having, with all its fanaticism, a certain tolerance, was permitted to waste the vicinity of these trophies of human genius, and to mar their beauty. In the midst of so many traces of a delicate refinement once reigning in Athens, King Otho has built the ugliest palace in the world: it is doubtful whether that of St. James's, in Westminster, or that of Dublin Castle, may successfully compete for supremacy in coarseness and bad taste. The visitor at Athens may congratulate himself on the sweetest butter and the most fragrant honey; and the grape, fig, and olive, may also refresh his palate in their season. The beauty of the Greek women is, like that of the Circassians, proverbial; yet travellers say that the fair fame of Athens in this respect, like that of "the Maid of Athens," sung by our great modern poet, is very much overdrawn. A gallant sojourner, however, during the present war, who described things and persons as he found them on his way to the Crimea and back, says:—"Their faces certainly are pretty, and their forms correspond

to Homer's term, *bathukolpos*, 'deep-bosomed,' but this arises chiefly from their discarding stays!" The men are like the Greeks everywhere else, and these we have described sufficiently in the foregoing pages. A popular history of Athens would be deeply interesting. Once the glory of the world, both as to power, beauty, and intellect, and the great maritime state of antiquity, it fell from neglect and over-confidence. When the general who commanded its army against Syracuse, represented that his soldiers were perishing from want of supplies, and the defence of the enemy growing stronger, Athens heard reluctantly, sneered scornfully, but did nothing to repair the disasters which might have been redeemed—and fell; a very old illustration of a very modern saying—"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

Queen Amelia was not deterred by the landing of the French from cherishing the hopes which animated her exertions. She declared in the presence of a large and courtly circle, that there never should be peace in the East until Otho and herself ascended the throne of the Byzantine Empire. The Western cabinets were highly incensed by letters in her and her husband's writing, sent to the British foreign minister by Lord Stratford, and which had been found upon persons of certain officers of King Otho's army, who were slain or made captives at the combat at Peta, where they led the insurgent forces against the Turkish troops under the command of Osman Pasha.

Soon after the landing of the French at Athens, King Otho dissolved the Legislative Chambers; for, packed although they were, some independent men had gained admission; and they were emboldened, by the presence of the allies, to bring the unfortunate condition of their country under discussion, and to blame the court for all that had occurred. The king, however, managed to get rid of their inconvenient discussions by a dissolution.

A number of British-Greek subjects deserted from the insurgents, and brought to the Ionian Isles the most tragic reports of the followers of Grivas, and others of the insurgent chiefs, and the frightful butcheries mutually perpetrated by them and the Turks. These accounts stopped the transmission of money from the Greek isles, which are under the protection of England. The details of these deserters were such as to remind one forcibly of Cobbett's writings, in 1834, when he declared that, on the ground of *humanity*, an independent Greece should never be constituted, as it would issue in the most ferocious conflicts between its subjects and Turkey, the most anarchical insurrections, and the perpetual intrigues of Russia to weaken the new kingdom and the old

empire, until she at last made her way through the Dardanelles, and showed her despotic flag over the waters of the Mediterranean. Cobbett was not heeded then; but his predictions were all fulfilled but the last, against the accomplishment of which we are now in arms. It was a painful confirmation of his political prophecy that the king of Greece tolerated piracy in the hope of injuring the allies through their commerce, and of capturing storeships, to furnish the insurgents with munitions. To such a degree of audacity did these pirates arrive, that they contemplated the seizure of the military arsenal of Paros, from an attempt upon which they were only deterred by the allied war-ships in the Greek waters. Tazami Karatassos, one of the insurgent leaders, showed great activity and daring about the time the allies were using these stringent measures at Athens. Through his instrumentality the insurrection was extended to Thessaly, and the towns of Paramithia and Margariti were successfully attacked.

At Calabaca the Greeks gained a signal victory, under Hadji Petros. The Turks and Albanians were under the command of Ismail Bey and Atem Bey; the advanced guard of the Turks, who sustained the brunt of the battle, was a brigade of Arabs, under Selim Bey. This conflict, or series of conflicts, began on the 12th of May, and did not end until the evening of the 16th. The Turks occupied an entrenched camp; but the Arabs, under Selim Bey, were some miles distant, effecting a reconnaissance, when, suddenly attacked, they retired, disputing every inch of ground, and were speedily reinforced by the Albanians. The Greeks pressed upon them with fierce bravery, and, after a retreat maintained with steadiness, order, and desperate courage, the Arabs and Albanians fell back upon the trenches. The combats on the successive days consisted of the advance of the Turks, and their being driven back again to their entrenchments. Their proceedings resembled a flight of rooks from the rookeries to the field, and back again to the rookeries, day by day. On the 15th, however, a body of volunteers from Thessaly joined the Greeks; and they were so strengthened by this accession to their numbers, that on the 16th, when the Osmanli again sallied forth, they were attacked with desperate rapidity and energy, and driven, routed and dispirited, to their entrenchments. On the 16th two detachments came to the reinforcement of the Turks—200 Arabs and Albanians, the former commanded by Halim Bey, the latter by Metzo Malijowa; but the communications being intercepted by the Thessalians, these reinforcements were literally chased by them, until they all fell into the hands of the pursuers, or were shot down in their flight.

From the 16th to the 21st the Turks remained in their entrenchments, in a pitiable condition, hemmed in by the insurgents, and starving. On the night of the 21st, they partly broke and partly stole through the Greek lines, but were pursued by the Macedonian contingent of the rebels, who slew many, and drove considerable number into the Peneus, where they were drowned, or shot while swimming to escape. The rebel army captured two stand of colours, five pieces of cannon, baggage, booty, and ammunition. Many wounded were left in the trenches when the Turks abandoned them. The Greek government immediately recalled Hadji Petros to Athens, but he, knowing that the king would approve of his insubordination, refused to comply with the mandate of the minister.

On the 22nd of May, the day after the flight of the Turks before their sanguinary and ruthless pursuers from Calabaca, the insurgents lost a pitched battle at Silkstria, in Epirus, where, after appearing a second time to subside, the insurrection broke forth as when a smouldering fire bursts up anew, when affected by any influence from without. It was, however, a third time suppressed by Albanian and Arab bands, supported by Egyptian regular troops.

The courage and address of one of the Turkish chiefs, Fuad Effendi, was the principal agency from the beginning in preventing the extension of the revolt, and in calming and assuaging the agitation of the people when the revolutionary forces were defeated. Indeed, the humane and wise conduct of Fuad contrasted alike with the conduct of the leaders on both sides when success gave them opportunity of visiting the vanquished with unmanly and ferocious cruelty. The proclamations of Fuad are masterpieces of sound judgment and adaptation to the state of affairs, in the midst of which he was called upon to sustain a dangerous and difficult civil and military administration. We give one of these proclamations as a specimen, the first, perhaps, and best of them, and in doing so direct the attention of the reader to the fact that, whenever the Turkish armies were commanded by men of ordinary competency, and whenever the provincial governments or pashaliks were under the control of honest governors, the troops and people of Turkey have appeared to advantage throughout this war. Well led in war, well governed in peace, there are elements in the Turkish character which make good soldiers, and peaceable and loyal citizens. The following proclamation of Fuad was issued at Arta, at the end of April, before the allies had interposed actively at Athens:—

“We announce that Peta, the stronghold of

these ill-intentioned persons, who, having lately entered into these lands, disturbed the tranquillity of the inhabitants, exists no more. It has been destroyed to-day, in one hour, by the bravery of the imperial troops, and those of the above-mentioned individuals who could save themselves have dispersed, having, for the most part, gone to the place where they came from.

"I call, therefore, upon those among you, the inhabitants of the villages, who having been deceived by these people, have risen in insurrection, and seemed hitherto connected with the same—some from fear of the authorities, others forced by the disturbers, and others influenced by their mischievous counsels—knowing now the fate of the village of Peta, to come to yourselves, think of the position in which you are, and return to the right way, straying from which you were running towards your ruin.

"You who fear to suffer from the severity of the authorities, banish all fear from your hearts; you who were forced, call upon the imperial forces for help; and you who hope still to succeed in realising your vain hopes, think seriously and look at the evils which your error is likely to entail upon you. In one word, all those of you who, in whatever way, have participated in the insurrectionary movements, hear the paternal voice which calls you to embrace peace, tranquillity, and prosperity, and hasten to demand the pardon which we are ready to accord to you for all that you have done, willing or unwilling.

"We give you the period of a week, within which you must send to us two persons from every village to tender your submission to the imperial government; be sure that I myself, and with me all the civil and military authorities in this place, will receive you with that benevolence and clemency which are in accordance with the high will of our most merciful sovereign, and you will enjoy, in full tranquillity and security, the fruits of obedience and submission to your legitimate government.

"But, if even in future some villages disobeying these our summons should remain in insurrection, in that case I shall find myself in the most regrettable necessity to adopt such strong measures as will certainly be followed by immense evils.

"Let the inhabitants of those villages, whom the disturbers do not leave free to do their own will, but whom they force to insurrections, let them take up arms against those enemies of their tranquillity, let them beat and drive them away. Such conduct will be considered by us as the greatest proof of their submission and fidelity towards their government.

"Knowing this, hasten to do that which is

counselled to you, for the love of your families and the welfare of your fatherland."

The career of the insurgents was much checked, when it became known that the King of Greece had signed such a coercive document as the allies presented to him. It was as follows:—

"1. The King of Greece and his government must make known to the Greek nation clearly, and with all proper publicity, that it is their intention to observe a strict neutrality on the Eastern question.

"2. They must disavow, in the most formal manner, and with the greatest publicity, all that has hitherto taken place.

"3. The most rigorous measures must be adopted to prevent recruiting for the free corps, and also to put down those which have been formed.

"4. To recall all Greek subjects who may have taken part in the insurrection in the Turkish provinces, and to punish them severely in case of disobedience.

"5. Not to give any leave of absence, or accept any resignation, where there is any reason to suppose that the party intends to take part in the insurrection.

"6. To publish the protocol of Vienna of the 7th of April, which secures the integrity of Turkey."

After the king signed these demands, the queen seemed to lose much of her energy, and became nervous and dispirited. She made various attempts to obtain influence over the English admiral and the French general, but found General Foray a very bluff and practical sort of person, quite beyond the reach of feminine diplomacy. She especially took to heart the seizure of the Greek ships at the Piræus, and their being obliged to haul down their flags. Her despondency was communicated to her spouse, who rose and fell with her, as the barometer rises and falls with the weather, and after all his boasting, he rode about Athens with dejected and downcast looks. Even this had its depressing effect upon the conspiracy; but when the people of Athens began to fraternise with the French troops and English sailors, and groups of them made what the Spaniards call *pronunciamentos* against Russia, in the public streets, the alarm of the queen and her satellite-consort knew no bounds; and they stooped to the most abject assurances that, if the English would take General Foray and his 8000 French to Varna, their majesties would never again give to Queen Victoria and her imperial allies any trouble whatever. The Russian ambassador became equally apprehensive as to the consequences of the fraternisation of "young Athens" with the French and English; and perceiving, by the end of June, that

the pacification of Greece was all but a *fait accompli*, he withdrew from the capital, on the pretence of leave of absence. Perhaps this was a necessary step to prevent his expulsion; for such was the conduct of the ambassador, and the indignation of General Foray, that a demand upon the Greek court for his expulsion could not have been much longer delayed. He had occupied himself in representing to the Greeks that the French intended to keep possession of the country; and the Greeks of London and Paris, always in the interest of the czar, busied themselves much in circulating the same calumnies. The chief of the Greek cabinet gave his Russian excellency a hint which could not be misunderstood, by a proclamation circulated throughout all Greece, representing the intentions of the allies as benevolent to the Greek people, and just to the Greek government, and calling upon all patriotic Greeks to co-operate with the cabinet and the Western powers in the pacification of the country and the restoration of public confidence.*

Shortly afterwards the Greek government proclaimed a general amnesty, and many returned to their homes in consequence, who had been compromised; and who, but for this assurance of pardon, would have continued to disturb the territory of the sultan, or roam about as banditti in their own land. Some of the returned leaders declared openly the complicity of the court and former cabinet, and accused King Otho of putting in his own pocket monies subscribed for the maintenance of the revolt.†

* The following is the brief and admirable proclamation of the War-Minister:—

"The enemies of public order, the instruments of interests opposed to those of the Hellenic nation, dare to assert that the allied army which has landed in the Piræus has views hostile to you. You are bound to contradict those malignant statements, and to explain clearly to the sub-officers, and through them to the private soldiers, that England and France, who have bestowed on Greece so many benefits, and who have not, for a single instant, ceased to protect her, have, by sending the allied army, no other object in view than to preserve our country from the fatal consequence of a policy which has been condemned by all Europe. Regarded thus in an European point of view, the presence of the allied army, far from threatening any attack on our independence, will on the contrary guarantee, in the midst of the war in the East, the Hellenic kingdom against any attack from without. Were it otherwise, a principle of honour would have prevented me from associating myself with the government. One of the most important objects of the policy of the ministry to which I have the honour to belong, is to win for Greece the sympathies and esteem of all the great powers of Europe. Such policy is the only means of improving the present, and of preparing for the future. Whoever does not act on the same principle is the enemy of his country."

"KALLERGI, *Minister-at-War*."

"Athens, June 14th, 1854."

† Grivas, Karatassos, and Tzamalas, the three principal insurgent chiefs, put forth a very remarkable document, in the form of a petition to the new cabinet. Other documents of various kinds convicted Otho and his former cabinet in a similar manner, *ex uno disce omnes*.

"Returned to independent Greece by order of her

It was said to have affected King Otho greatly that, while the Bavarian government government, we wish, before all, to express our thanks to it for having saved the nation from the wrath of the two protecting powers, and for having restored to us the rank which we formerly possessed.

"The only aim which we proposed to ourselves in crossing the frontier, and in treading on the sacred soil of our fathers, has been the deliverance of our brothers from the Ottoman yoke; besides this, we have been induced to do so by the following motives:—

"The former minister of war, Charles Soutzo, assured us positively, in the name and after the express orders of his majesty the king, that the government was firmly resolved to aid the revolution with all the means in its power; that the Western powers would look at it favourably; that principally the states of Germany, on account of the connexion of kindred (*relations de parentés*) which exists between their sovereigns and our own, would furnish us with all manner of material aid, and that they would protect us in case the Western powers should change their opinion about this new strife; and that finally, the intention to aggrandise Greece, and to liberate our brothers, was evidently proved by the fact that several millions of money were in the hands of the government.

"If the insurrection has, unfortunately, had a bad result, it is due to the perfidious tendency of the government to direct exclusively the movement after the plan which it had fixed upon from the beginning, by concentrating all power in its own hands, and by relying (*appuyant*) on one of the European powers alone.

"It is worthy of remark that, while the government lavished on some persons money and ammunition, and reinforced them with all means in its power, it behaved towards us, who fought without any regard to personal influence, having only in view the public interest, without money, as if it had proposed to itself to take on us a ignoble revenge. You must add to this, that the government, which ought before all to have consulted the protecting powers of Greece, without whose consent nothing could be hoped, has undertaken this movement against their wish, falsely pretending, as we said above, that we had their full consent and approval.

"It has divided the considerable sums which it has received from abroad among its creatures—among persons having no influence with the people who were to be revolutionised. It has sent ammunition in abundance, and even some cannons for the siege of fortified places; it has entrusted them to people utterly incapable and without any past (*antécédent*), who had declared themselves chiefs, against the opinion of the country; endeavouring in this way to annihilate all personal influences, it has succeeded, by its faults and false measures, to bring about the dissolution of the whole movement, and the ruin and death of many of our brothers in the neighbouring provinces.

"Many families from these provinces, in consequence of the ill-success of the insurrection, have taken refuge in Greece, deprived of all means of subsistence. The soldiers who went with us and their families are likewise in want. We request you, therefore, to give, as soon as possible, the necessary orders to make exact inquiry into the amount of money received from abroad, or from other sources—into the employment of this money, what sums have been expended, and what sums still remain in order that from these latter these unfortunate suffering persons may get some relief; for it is horrible to think that these brave people, who have done nothing but obey the voice of their country, having been deceived by the Greek government, should be now verging on despair.

"We request you to make known to us the result of the orders which you will have given in this respect, in order that, on our side, we may tranquillise those who suffer and moderate the impatience of their just demands.

"We remain, &c."

"By delegation of those who have followed us in our quality as chiefs of the insurrection in Epirus, Thessaly and Macedonia.

"THEODORE GRIVAS.

"D. TAZAMI KARATASSOS.

"PAPAKOSTA TZAMALAS.

"Athens, June 19th (July 1st)."

sympathised with him, the Bavarian people strongly disapproved of his conduct; and at Munich certain demonstrations of their disapprobation were connected with displays of anti-Russian feeling, scarcely expected in that Austrian-riden capital.

The promises of the court, and the signs of peace, did not prevail long without misgivings as to the one, and serious interruptions of the other. The court was suspected by the liberal ministry; and no person was allowed to hold an interview with his majesty without the presence of a member of the cabinet.

Piracy became very frequent throughout the month of July; and persons of respectability, in Athens and other places, were found to be connected with it—the intelligence and independence of these persons making the suspicion reasonable that their connection with piracy could only be for political purposes. One of the secretaries of the new ministry was suspected of being an agent of the court, and was removed from office. In the houses of the editor of the court newspaper, the court physician, and the royal librarian, the ministry instituted a search, and discovered letters and documents, which satisfied them that the court had no sincerity in its professed repentance. A pirate ship was captured by a British cruiser; and, from papers on board, and the confessions of its captain and crew, it was proved that they had murdered the crew of an English merchantman; that they were in the pay of certain officers of the royal household and palace previous to the inauguration of the new ministry; and that their murder of the English ship's crew was approved by their employers! The allies were disposed to deal summarily with the Greek king, but Austria raised difficulties, and Prussia protested—the minister of that court threatening to withdraw from Greece along with the Russian ambassador, on the ground that its lawful sovereign was coerced, and his sovereign rights invaded. The Western powers once more deferred to those of Germany, and once more, in doing so, were weak in policy, creating for themselves new embarrassments and dangers, to ripen in due time.

The largest body of insurgents on the Turkish territory was at this juncture surrounded and dispersed. Hadji Petros placed himself at the head of 6000 men, and advanced to attack a body of 4000 Turks posted at Tricala. Abdi Pasha took him in flank with a force equal to his own, and Zeimel Pasha fell upon his other flank with a force of 2000 men: the Greeks were dispersed with severe loss, the conquerors showing little mercy, as undoubtedly they would have received none had they been vanquished. The insurrection in Macedon was completely suppressed in July; upon the Epirus

it lingered through August, by the end of which month it had generally died out. The introduction to the insurgent provinces of the Bashi-bazouks, to aid the regular troops, much assisted its extinction. The literal meaning of the term Bashi-bazouks is "spoilt heads;" our English phrase "mad caps" answers very well to it. Such they were in hunting down the unfortunate Greeks, to whom they gave no quarter; and in this work they displayed more valour than in facing regular troops. They committed almost every excess while quartered upon the unfortunate and disaffected inhabitants, whose disaffection was increased by their presence. Gradually these adventurers were withdrawn, and before the autumn closed the rebellion was quelled, and the sympathisers of Greece were all reduced to the condition and character of common robbers by land or sea. The spirit of revolt, however, was not extinguished—the people of Greece, and of the Greek provinces of Turkey, were ready to risk life and fortune against the hated Moslem whenever an opportunity might offer; and had the Russians penetrated to Shumla, the whole of Bulgaria and Roumelia would have risen on their side. As it was, the diversion in favour of Russia was dangerous, as likely to sow dissensions between the German and Western powers, and as detaining considerable bodies of Turkish troops from the lines opposed to the armies of the czar. Whole divisions of the Egyptian contingent were detained in Thessaly and Macedon, and in garrisoning Constantinople, which might have otherwise taken part in the actions upon the Danube. The policy and ambition of the Bavarian ruler of Greece remained unchanged. As soon as the French seemed to relax their surveillance, he gave up all communication with his minister of the home department, and surrounded himself with spies and agents, native or Roumelian Greeks, Russians, Austrians, and Bavarians. The Greek king cannot learn; the court must be swept by the political besom, and a new government given to Greece, if any hope may be entertained for its future fortunes; but we fear that whatever government may preside at Athens, Greek affairs will not flourish for many years to come. The bigotry and brigandage of the people are the two great obstacles. Like the patron saint and pattern Emperor of all the Russias, the celestial Nicholas and the imperial Nicholas, the Greeks, as a people, seem to think piety and spoliation compatible; and that true patriotism consists in the exaggeration of national manners, the extension of the national bounds, and the coercive and even cruel propagation of the national creed. Greece has lost her beauty of mind, and retained its acumen and asperity—the rose has withered, and the thorn only re-

mains. Alas for Greece! the glory of antiquity, the land of gods and heroes! The philosopher and the statesman may inscribe upon her broken columns some classic tribute to the memory of her refinement, valour, and philosophy, but they can write no lesson of *truth* upon the minds and hearts of the faithless progeny of those by whom long, long ago, those monuments of genius and embellishments of taste were erected. Even her princely language has been exchanged for that soft mongrel tongue which better fits the lips of modern Greeks. Through vistas long and dark we may look back upon the fadeless glories of remote generations, but no ray brightens upon the eye of him who looks forward to a regenerated Greece. Even where traits of valour and of capacity are seen in the modern Athenian, they are distorted by his moral defects; if the characteristics of the elder Greece be there, they appear inverted and shadowy, as when we look from the landscape upon the surface of the lake, the landscape still appears, but every object, however recognisable, is presented to us in faint forms and dim hues. When the Greek ceases to brandish the cross as a weapon of aggression, and to carry it, not so much as a standard as a gibbet, upon which he would hang liberty; and when he shall learn only to regard it as the emblem of a deep human sympathy, a divine love, an eternal and sublime compassion, then the truth will make him free, and he shall be free indeed. May the day dawn for the Greek people, in the light of which crescent and star shall disappear, rather than be blotted out in the darker night of Greek barbarism and bigotry.

In reference to Greece and Turkey, we may aver, that if war should be the chosen instrumentality in the Divine agency of a great oriental revolution of thought and opinion, it will be the resurrection of the human race. We concur with a writer in the *Eclectic*, who says that "war is a necessary element in the moral government of the world." The agency is terrible, but the Hand that wields it is omnipotent; and He that can scatter its lightnings over so many lands, and cause its thunders to boom over the sea and the shore, through the valley and around the city walls, can also cause a peace as secure as the convulsions of nature so often herald, to bless with its light and calm the agitated realms. From the shores of the Euxine went forth the voice and footstep of man to reconquer the earth when the Deluge subsided; and who can tell but that forth from this great struggle, soaring over the turbulent waves of war, the dove may again go forth, to find and to confer the olive of peace? Principles may be evoked from this contest which will give to Greece, to Turkey, to Europe, and to the world, a pre-

viously unknown tranquillity. It is a war of ideas, disputing what the strong hitherto always claimed—the right of conquest—the power of force over freedom—of the mighty over the weak. A discussion is raised which strikes morally at the root of despotism, and will deal it repeated blows, until it fall, and cease to cover with baleful shade the fair earth, which awaits the sunshine of liberty. Men are being familiarized in this struggle with the words "human rights," "independence," "liberty." These expressions are echoed from the rocks of the Caucasus to the cliffs of the Dardanelles—from the City of the Sultan to the Cimmerian steppes. The central abodes of the world's population are startled from their drowsy moral and intellectual life by the peals of war, and they cannot but look upon the grandeur of the flashing elements, and, with newly stimulated powers, mark the results. This war must issue in the universal recognition of great international principles and human rights; or, overturning all freedom, bury the heart of man beneath its ruins. If the Greek race or creed will take the foremost place on the side of the incarnate enemy of human liberty,—*Gog*, who rules the land of Magog, and wields its resources for his own aggrandisement and glory,—then that race and creed deserve to perish, and the language and the taste they bequeathed to all nations, will be employed to commemorate the triumph of a superior civilization, because based upon superior principles.

Closely in connection with the progress of the insurrection in Greece, renewed attacks by the Montenegrins were systematically carried on upon their frontier. The Russian government had contrived the revival of aggressive movements by both Greece and Montenegro, as well as the insurrections in Thessaly and Epirus, as diversions while the Russian armies sought to force the Danube and the strongholds of the Dobrudscha. Some detailed notice of the attacks by the Montenegrins is necessary to complete our narrative of this series of events. When the late *vladika* (governor) died, his nephew, Prince Daniel Petrovitch became his successor. The *vladika* is not only prince, but pontiff of the Montenegrins. On the occasion of Prince Daniel's succession to these offices and authorities he did not receive the ecclesiastical investiture. The customs of Montenegro forbid the chief priest to marry, although the Greek clergy (the Montenegrins belong to the Greek Church, as shown in the second chapter of this history) are at liberty to act as they please in reference to celibacy. By Prince Daniel's rejection of the sacerdotal functions he was able to maintain the chief authority in his own family, transmitting the crown of chieftainship to his son. This was

arranged at St. Petersburg, and for reasons cleverly calculated to promote the czar's interests in Montenegro. At some future time, the all-grasping czar expects to make use of Montenegro in gaining a footing upon the shores of the Adriatic. A weak prince reigning over that free people would favour the imperial purpose; but if the prince were also a priest, he would have a sacredness in the eyes of the bigoted people which would lead them to defend him to the last man. The separation of the two offices was politic for the designs of the government of St. Petersburg. Besides, the czar is a pontiff; he is head of the Russo-Greek Church, spiritually and temporally; and it would be no great difficulty, protecting Montenegro as he does, to accustom the people by degrees to look to him as their chief spiritual authority; and, regarding their own princes no longer in that light, but as mere hereditary temporal sovereigns, it would be easy to work upon this feeling to sow dissension, and bring in Russia, by the invitation of some important portion of the people themselves, to settle their disputes.

As the Emperor of Russia claims the protectorate of Montenegro, and the people, from religious hatred to the Turks and religious sympathy with the Russians, acquiesce in that protectorate, the newly-elected vladika naturally sought the approval of the czar for his appointment. For that purpose he undertook a journey to St. Petersburg, where he was feted and feasted as a prince—the emperor's palaces, carriages, and guards being at his service. The vladika returned, dazzled with the glory of the imperial capital, and filled with fanatical hatred to the religion and people of Mohammed, and fanatical desire to spread, sword in hand, “the only true orthodox Church.” His installation took place on the 1st of July, 1852; and the policy he immediately pursued is another proof that, before the contest about the holy places between the French and Russian diplomatists, the czar was preparing to make an inroad upon the Turkish Empire. From the beginning of his reign, Prince Daniel permitted his subjects to plunder the Turkish inhabitants of the border. So independent a people can hardly be called subjects; they properly have no king; for, until the hereditary principle was recognised in the case of Daniel, at the instigation of Russia, through the Montenegrin priests, they had only an elected chief. This chief, however, had a certain military command, and could restrain incursions upon a neighbouring territory, to steal cattle and commit murder. Early in the spring of 1854, these predatory expeditions were more systematic; but as the season advanced, two Russian agents arrived, upon a mission from their government to the civil and ecclesiastical

chiefs of Montenegro, and arranged with the prince a plan of regular warfare against Turkey, murderous and piratical. The people were assembled at Cettinje, a sort of village capital, and 4000 men were sworn upon the Greek altar to make war upon the Turks unto death. A splendid flag was given them, brought thither by the Russian agents, resembling that of the Greeks, with a blue ground and white cross, and the inscription, “For Faith and Fatherland.” Forays were at once made upon the Herzegovina and Albania, and the prince encouraged and sustained these rapacious and treacherous raids, as did also the priests, by fanatical harangues from the altar. Prince Daniel issued the following proclamation, which, if not a declaration of war—which Austria insisted it was not—would to casuists less acute, and more conscientious than those of Vienna, appear to be so:—

“Daniel Petrovitch, Prince of Czernagora (Montenegro), and the Brda (the Nahias of Bielopavlich, Piperi, Moratska, and Kutska, are so called), salutes his captains.

“I trust that we Montenegrins shall, as heretofore, show ourselves brave and courageous, like unto the Greeks and other nations, and like unto our victorious grand and great grandfathers, who bequeathed to us the liberty of which we are so proud. I wish to know the soldiers who were before conscribed, in order that I may learn whether I can put trust in them; and therefore, captains, I command that each of you do assemble his tribe. Let each separate soldier declare openly whether he is willing to do battle with us against the Turks, those cursed enemies of our faith and laws. Captains, take down the name of each volunteer, and send in a written report to me at Cettinje. But this I say beforehand, he who is not prepared to meet death with me, let him, in the name of Almighty God, remain at home. He, on the contrary, who will accompany me, and forget wife, child, and everything he possesses in the world, let him go to the captain, that his name may be entered. I say unto you again, brave subjects and brethren, let him who is not prepared to look death in the face in my company remain unmolested at home; for I well know that one man who voluntarily and courageously takes the field is better than fifty timid ones. I invite every true man who has a courageous, and not a womanly heart, and is not reluctant to shed his blood for the Holy Cross, the orthodox faith, and his country, to share with me honour and glory. Are we not, my dear brethren, the children of these ancient Montenegrin conquerors who at one and the same time defeated three Turkish viziers, beat the French troops, and stormed the sultan's for-

tresses? If we do not slight our fatherland and the reputation of our ancient heroes, let us assemble and set to in the name of God. Health be to all."

The Turks regarded this as a declaration of war, and prepared for the defence of their frontier. They were not sufficiently prompt in so doing. Daniel, at the head of a fine body of men, entered the Herzegovina, and left no doubt as to his intentions: a proclamation was distributed throughout that province, which—excepting always the government of Vienna—was considered by all concerned as a renewed declaration of war. Our readers may form their own opinion from the document itself:—

"We, Daniel I., Prince of Montenegro, send our fraternal salutation to all Christians in the Herzegovina.

"You have heard that the Emperor of Russia, the father and protector of all Christians, is waging war with the Ottoman Porte. It is not for his own private advantage, but once for all to free the unfortunate Christians from the yoke under which they have sighed for the last 400 years. You have also heard how the Greeks, oppressed by the Ottomans, have taken up arms against their task-masters, and, fighting day and night, are making good progress in their enterprise. And you also, brother Servians, will shortly shake off what the diplomatists have imposed on you by their treaties. Let this, then, be the guiding-star which your fathers had in vain looked for after the day of Kosovo. The moment is come at which every Christian who is oppressed by the Porte must rise against his tyrant, and he who does not take advantage of it has nothing to expect but eternal remorse and shame. In the name of humanity, then, rise, and annihilate your oppressors; spare neither life nor property, lest you should be cursed by posterity and despised by the present generation. Remember, enchained warriors, the ill-treatment to which your ancestors were subjected, who died at the stake, were strangled, or starved. Remember that you are the despised slaves of a horde of barbarians, who tread under foot your nationality, customs, habits, and religion; who massacre your innocent children, and do violence to your women, and everything else which is sacred in your eyes.

"Where are your temples and sacred bells—where the holy halls which once echoed your hymns, and the praises of the one God? Where are your majestic convents—those sacred institutions, in erecting which the Servian princes spent their treasures? Look at your unfortunate brethren, who are daily forced either to renounce their faith, or to lose their heads,

which are exposed on the bulwarks of cities full of crime and stained with blood! Regard yourselves: you stand disarmed, like women, despised and in despair, without security for life or property, obedient to the blind will of an insatiate tyrant. Listen, then! I am prepared to assist your glorious exertions with all the means in my power. Ammunition, gold, and provisions will, with true brotherly feeling be shared with you, if, with confidence and without trembling, you will rise as one man against those worst of men—the Mussulmans. If we die in such a good cause, we shall have lived long enough."

Various combats took place between the troops of the sultan and the banditti of Daniel; but the influence of Austria was exercised to prevent a declaration of war on the part of the sultan, or any attempt on the part of the sultan's soldiers to follow the bands of Daniel into their own territory. Austria, at last, perceiving that the presence of Russian officers with these bands left it no longer possible for her to practise any double dealing, or further to screen her *protégé*, she undertook to suppress this "little war" on her own confines, and sent Prince Daniel a message to that effect. Prince Daniel answered with defiance, and held a review of 20,000 men, in the presence of a large number of distinguished Russian officers. Austria did not dare to embroil herself with Russia in that direction; but informing Daniel that the troops of the kaiser would co-operate with those of the sultan in drawing a military *cordon* round his territory, he gave up his enterprises, probably under the influence of Russia. Austria has been always peculiarly jealous of either Russia or Turkey possessing "the Black Mountain" (Montenegro), and on the occasion which we relate, she manifested this jealousy with much petulance towards Turkey and Russia, and empty menace to the Montenegrins, while her proceedings were as usual characterised by double dealing to all. Prince Daniel remained tolerably quiet during the summer; but as the vigilance of Turk and German was relaxed, the robbers of the Black Mountain were again over the borders, and continued to harry the homes of Turkish subjects, until the complete suppression of the Greek revolt, and the disgraceful retreat of the Russian armies from the provinces, extinguished the last hope of fanatical zeal or territorial aggrandisement on the part of Daniel. He became convinced that the czar was not likely to fulfil his promise of making him monarch of Herzegovina, Servia, and Montenegro; and that he must remain in his wooden palace, and beneath the shadow of his mountain, a prince in name, and a robber chief in fact.

It is almost impossible to peruse the events recorded in this chapter, and contemplate the complications and plots of the various powers—Russian, Austrian, Greek, Montenegrin, Egyptian, French, and English—for and against the Porte, without being reminded of the language of Montesquieu. In his celebrated *Persian Letters* (Letter XIX.), Usbek, the hero of the correspondence, writing to his friend Rustan from Smyrna, in the year 1711, is made to say:—"I have seen with astonishment the weakness of the empire of the Osmanlis. This sick body (*ce corps malade*) is not sustained by a mild and temperate treatment, but by violent remedies, which exhaust and undermine it without intermission.' After enumerating the causes of the decay indicated, he concludes in these words:—"Here, dear Rustan, is a correct idea of that empire, which, before the expiration of two centuries, shall be the scene of the triumphs of some conqueror.'" In another of Montesquieu's works, he qua-

lifies this opinion, and uses language still more pertinent to the state of things the foregoing pages describe. In his work, entitled *The Greatness and Decline of the Romans* (chap. xxiii.), he thus writes:—"The empire of the Turks is at present nearly in the same degree of weakness as was formerly that of the Greeks; but it will last a long time; for should any prince whatever place this empire in peril in the pursuit of his conquests, the three commercial powers of Europe know their affairs too well not to undertake the defence of it immediately.' In a note to this, Montesquieu adds:—"Thus, the designs against the Turk, like that which was formed under the pontificate of Leon, whereby the emperor was to proceed to Constantinople by Bosnia, the King of France by Albania and Greece, whilst other princes were to embark at their own ports;—these designs, I say, were not serious, or were conceived by people who did not understand the interest of Europe.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WAR IN ASIA DURING THE SUMMER OF 1854.—DEMOLITION OF THE RUSSIAN FORTS ON THE CIRCASSIAN COASTS.—IMBECILITY OF THE TURKISH COMMANDERS AT TREBIZOND, ERZERUM, AND KARS.—EFFORTS OF GENERAL GUYON TO ORGANISE THE ARMY FRUSTRATED.—VARIOUS BATTLES, AND CHEQUERED RESULTS.—SUCCESSFUL SALLIES OF THE CIRCASSIANS.—DEPUTATION OF SCHAMYL TO THE ALLIES.—RUSSIAN COQUETRY WITH PERSIA, AND ATTEMPTS TO DOMINEER IN CENTRAL ASIA.—PROPOSAL OF ALLIANCE BETWEEN TURKEY AND PERSIA.

"There lake and vale smile fair and free,
With rocks—their guardian chivalry;
O! there men learn liberty,
'Midst crashing wind and dashing sea."—*Songs of the Nation*.

THE contest in Asia has not received a proportionate share of the public interest, except so far as the doings of the renowned Schamyl have attracted attention. A journal which leads public opinion in England, and which has rendered to the country much service during the progress of this war, lately expressed some doubts whether any victories obtained by Russia on the Asiatic theatre of the war could be of any importance in relation to its issue. This was a mistake. There are three ways to Constantinople from Russia—one through the Danubian provinces, another by the Black Sea, and a third through the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. A successful Russian army might march through Asia Minor to the Dardanelles, and command the entrance against Europe. Russia was not indifferent to the Asian branch of her aggressive operations, and during the whole summer of 1854 her efforts were incessant. It had long been the opinion of the Russian government that to extend its power in Asia Minor was an effectual mode of vanquishing Turkey, and of ultimately forcing its

way to the Mediterranean; while by extending the march of conquest to Central Asia and Persia, the Russian armies might ultimately reach India, the reputed source of so much wealth to England. While Russia did not relax her efforts of a "development" (as her apologists sometimes call her aggressions) in the direction of the Baltic or the Danube, her chief energies for many years have been given to extend her Asiatic influence. Even when at Adrianople she forced from the Sultan Mahmoud territorial concessions, and violated her pledged faith to England and to Europe in exacting them, she made her success in Roumelia the means of gaining territory in Asia. It is not the concessions made to her in the direction of the Danube which she has since most prized, but those made to her on the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea, as her long and sanguinary struggles in the Caucasus have proved. Russia would never have expended so many millions sterling, and sacrificed so many armies, if she estimated her Asiatic conquests as little as they have been accounted by many

in England. She had resolved to renew the contests of so many ages between Asia and Europe, and, as a great Asiatic power, to launch forth the innumerable wild hordes of the East upon Europe, until she became by this means the mistress of the world.

Sir Archibald Alison, in treating of the causes of the wars between Europe and Asia, takes this view, and his remarks disclose the philosophy of the contest which in this chapter we describe:—

“Surviving all the changes of time, of religion, of empire, and of dynasty, one great contest has in every age of the world divided mankind. It is the war of Asia and Europe—the strife of the descendants of Shem with the sons of Japhet. All other contests sink into insignificance in comparison. The nations of Europe and Asia have had many and bloody wars among each other, but they have been as nothing compared to those terrible strifes which in different ages have in a manner precipitated one hemisphere upon the other. This enduring warfare has alternately pierced each hemisphere to the heart: it brought the arms of Alexander to Babylon, and those of England to Cabool; it conducted the Saracens to Tours, and Attila to Chalons. In one age it induced the disasters of Julian, in another the Moscow retreat—it led to the fall of Rome and Constantinople—it precipitated Europe upon Asia during the crusades, and Asia upon Europe during the fervour of Mohammedan conquest. Cæsar was preparing an expedition against the Parthians when he was assassinated—Napoleon perished from attempting one against Russia. The Goths, who overturned the Roman Empire, appeared first as suppliants on the Lower Danube, and they were themselves impelled by a human wave which rose on the frontiers of China. It is the east, not the north, which in every age has threatened Europe—it is in the table-land of Tartary that the greatest conquerors of mankind have been bred. The chief heroes whose exploits form the theme of history or song, have in different ages signalised themselves in the immortal contest against these ruthless barbarians. Achilles, Themistocles, Leonidas, Alexander, Pompey, Marius, Belisarius, Constantine Paleologus, Charles Martel, Godfrey of Bouillon, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, John Hunniades, Scanderbeg, John Sobieski, Don John of Austria, Prince Eugene, Charles XII., Lord Clive, Lord Lake, and Napoleon, have in successive ages carried it on. It has been sung in one age by Homer, in another by Tasso; it has awakened at one period the powers of Herodotus, in another those of Gibbon. It began with the siege of Troy, but it will not end with that of Sebastopol.

“It is owing to the different characters of the race of men who have peopled the two

continents that this strife has been so long-continued and terrible. Though all profane history, not less than Holy Writ, teaches us that the human race originally sprang from one family in the centre of the eastern continent, yet the descendants of Adam who sojourned in Asia were essentially different from those who wandered in Europe. Nor was this surprising: we see differences as great in the same household every day around us. It was the difference of character which rendered their seats different: the Asiatics remained at home, because they were submissive; the Europeans wandered abroad, because they were turbulent. Authority was as necessary to the one as it was distasteful to the other. So essentially was this the distinctive character of the two races, and the original cause of their separation, that it characterised the opposite sides in the very first ages of their existence. Priam governed the tributary states of Troy with the authority of a sultan; but the Grecian host elected the king of men to rule them. It was composed of many different independent bodies; and the first epic in the world narrates the wrath of one of its chieftains, and the woes his insubordination brought upon the children of Hellas. The first great strife recorded in authentic history was between the forces of the great king and the coalesced troops of the European republics; and the same character has distinguished the opposite sides to this day. Athens and Lacedæmon were the prototypes of France and England, Thermopylæ of Inkerman, Cyrus of Nicholas: so early did nature affix one character upon the different races of men, and so indelible is the impress of her hand.

“From this original diversity in the character of the two great dominate races of men, has risen a difference not less remarkable in the sources of their strength and the means of their resistance. Unity renders Asia formidable; diversity has constituted the strength of Europe. Multitudes of slaves, impelled by one impulse, obeying one direction, follow the standards of the Eastern sultan; crowds of freemen, actuated by opposite passions, often torn by discordant interests, form the phalanxes of Western liberty. The strength of Asia consists mainly in the unity of power and administration which, in the hands of an able and energetic monarch, can be perseveringly directed to one object; that of Europe is found in the resources which the energy of freemen furnishes to the state, and the courage with which, when the danger arrives, it is repelled. The weakness of the despotic dynasties of Asia is to be found in their entire dependence on the vigour and capacity of the ruling sovereign, and the destruction of the national resources by the oppression or venality of subordinate

governors. The weakness of the free states of Europe arises mainly from the impossibility of giving habits of foresight to the ruling multitudes, and their invincible repugnance to present burthens in order to avert future disaster. If it were possible to give to the energy of Europe the foresight of Asia, or develop under the despotism of the East the energy of the West, the state enjoying even for a brief period the effects of such a combination would obtain the empire of the world. This, accordingly, is what happened in Rome in ancient, and British India in modern times. But universal dominion, except under peculiar circumstances, and for a very brief period, is not part of the system of nature; and to eschew it, the gifts of power are variously distributed to its various offspring.

"Two great sins—one of omission and one of commission—have been committed by the states of Europe in modern times, and it is from their combined effect that the extreme difficulty of the Eastern question, and the perils with which it is now environed, have arisen. The sin of omission was allowing the Byzantine Empire to be overrun by the Turks in the fifteenth century; the sin of commission, the partition of Poland in the nineteenth. It is under the effects of both that we are now labouring; for they broke down the barrier of Europe against Asia, and converted the outworks of freedom against despotism into the outworks of despotism against freedom."

The Russian proceedings in Asia may be thus classified: resistance to the attacks of the Circassians, and of the allies on the Circassian coast; offensive operations along the Turkish frontier; and diplomatic exertions to enlist Persia in her service, and to overawe the petty states of Central Asia. To pursue the course of her actions separately in their different spheres would be impossible, as they blend at various stages of their progress; still we shall endeavour to give as distinct a view of each as the circumstances allow.

In a previous chapter we related the operations of the allied fleets in the Euxine, during the period about which we are still writing, but reserved a portion of their achievements for this chapter, as more properly belonging to the Asiatic department of the war. A part of the fleet, under Sir Edmund Lyons, was ordered by Admiral Dundas to cruise off the Circassian coast. Probably this command was issued in consequence of the exertions made by the Circassians themselves. As soon as the Russians destroyed certain forts, and removed the garrisons, as already related, the Circassians took possession of the abandoned places, and began to reconstruct the demolished forts. Sir Edmund Lyons landed European officers to assist in this work. Fort Golovin,

which was much less damaged than the others which the Russians blew up, was speedily restored; and the Egyptian division of the Turkish fleet, then cruising off the coast, landed cannon and artillery-men, with Mohammedan and European officers in the Turkish service, to superintend the defences thus put into serviceable condition. Fort Villiamus and Fort Navalrski were also promptly armed, and redoubts of earth raised on the shore, to prevent the Russians from re-embarking, should they again effect a landing in the neighbourhood. The Circassians also fitted out a boat expedition, and, rowing across to the Crimea, performed the adventurous exploit of capturing two Russian gun-boats which were at anchor there; these they carried to the bay of Pschad; and setting out on the following day upon a new expedition, they captured a considerable number of Cossack grain-boats, and some freighted with ammunition; several armed vessels also fell into their hands. Had the allies assisted the independent tribes in forming a flotilla, immense mischief would have been inflicted upon the common enemy; and in the Sea of Azoff, where the allied fleets attempted nothing until the summer of 1855, those Caucasian boat expeditions would have been formidable to the Russians, and most useful to the allies. In this way large stores of grain might have been captured, and when not captured, destroyed, so as to deprive the enemy of much of those supplies which fed his garrison at Sebastopol in the ensuing winter. The presence of the allied squadrons along the coast kept up a perpetual effervescence among the independent tribes; and if the communications with the natives had been better maintained, and more effectual assistance rendered to them, many blows might have been struck at the Russian army of Asia, which would have told effectually upon the issue of the war, at all events in that theatre of the struggle. The position of the Russians upon the Abasian coast, in Georgia,*

* Georgia is a country in Asia, called by the Persians, Gurgistan, and by the Turks, Gurtshi; it is situated between the Black and Caspian Seas, and comprehends the ancient Iberia and part of Colehis. The hills are covered with forests of beech, oak, ash, chestnuts, walnuts, and elms; encircled with vines, growing spontaneously, and producing vast quantities of grapes. Cotton also grows spontaneously, as well as the finest fruit trees. Rice, wheat, mullet, hemp, and flax, are raised in the plains almost without culture. The valleys afford fine pasturage, the rivers are full of fish, the mountains abound with minerals, and the climate is delightful. The rivers, however, being fed with mountain torrents, are always too rapid or too shallow for navigable purposes. Georgia was formerly one kingdom, the inhabitants of which were Christians; after 1639, when it was conquered by the Persians, the country was divided between two native princes, by themselves called kings, but by the sophi styled governors. Each of these had a guard of Mohammedan horse in his pay. The Georgians were once famous for their skill in the use of the bow, and were thought to be the best soldiers in Asia. Their dress resembles that of the Cossacks, but lately, since Russian influence has

and Imeritia, might very early in the season have been rendered altogether untenable, had the allied fleets shown the requisite activity, or had the Turco-Egyptian fleet been more prompt. When Hassan Pasha took the command of the latter, there was more energy and enterprise displayed: he succeeded in conveying ammunition, stores, and field-artillery to Schamyl, who made good use of them, and could have employed with advantage ten times the amount. These supplies, however, aided him in the organisation of his troops; and the distribution of ammunition was hailed by the mountaineers with acclamations of joy. Many of them preferred, however, their own copper bullets to those of the cartridges with which they were supplied, and generally rejected the bayonet as a weapon unsuited to them; the sword and the dirk were still retained; while the muskets, and especially the few Minié rifles, sent to them were regarded as treasures of unspeakable value. It is to be regretted that the arms and ammunition supplied to these brave men were of an inferior quality—commercial cupidity stepping in even here to rob valour of its hope. Many a time, in the encounters between these mountaineers and the Russians, during 1854, had the former to throw away the muskets as useless, and to rely upon their own rude rifles; or, unable to use the bad ammunition supplied, to rely upon the strength of their right hand, and the faithful steel they had tempered so well for their Lesghian daggers or Circassian scimitars.

Schamyl was of course the most active and intelligent of all the mountain chiefs. He put forth the following proclamation to his people:

"The men of the West are coming to us as friends, and frankly. We must receive them well. They are anxious to assist us in exterminating the enemy, who for so many years, not-

predominated, the wealthier classes affect the attire of the Persians. They usually dye their hair, beards, and nails red. The women, who are celebrated for their beauty, stain the palms of their hands of the same colour, and paint their eyebrows black, in such a manner as to form one entire line, while the rest of the face is coated with white and red. Being generally educated in convents, they can read and write—qualifications uncommon with the men, even of the highest rank. The inhabitants are Christians, partly of the Greek and partly of the Armenian Church. There are many races residing in Georgia—Tartars, Armenians, Ossi, Greeks, Persians, Jews, Cossacks, and Russians. The Jews are very numerous, having many villages of their own, but they mostly mix with the Georgian, Armenian, and Tartarian inhabitants, but never with the Ossi. They pay an annual tribute to the Russian government. There are only four considerable towns—Tiflis, Gori, Suram, and Ali. On a former page of this History, it was shown that Russia obtained the protectorate of Georgia from the Persian government. This was demanded on the plea that the Georgians, being of the Greek faith, needed protection from the Mohammedan Persians. Ultimately Russia bought the good-will of the prince, and incorporated Georgia with her empire. The above is partly extracted from *Barclay's Dictionary*, published by Virtue and Co., City Road, London.

withstanding his repeated defeats, has been endeavouring to drive us from the mountains and forests in which our fathers lived—where our wives and children shelter their innocence—where we pray to Allah, the omnipotent and all merciful. Let us greet these warriors, who come, like as warriors of the greater and lesser Kabardagh, to wage war on the cruel Muscovites, those miscreants and contempters of Allah. Let us greet these foreigners, who respect Allah, who, to supply us with arms we have needed, have quitted their country and crossed boisterous seas. Receive with kindness these foreigners and friends of our mountains."

Schamyl was rewarded for this flattering declaration by a supply from Admiral Lyons of 18,000 ball-cartridges, which had been captured from the Russians; half were given in the name of the English, and half in the name of the French. From the *Charlemagne* an additional supply of 1000 cartridges was given.

Sir Edmund Lyons and the squadron appeared before Suchum Kaleh, a town of considerable importance and wealth, from the trade carried on there by Armenian merchants. The place was strong, capable of resisting a heavy bombardment. On the appearance of the squadron, however, the Russians evacuated it, although numbering 3500 men. They left the forts and town with such precipitation that they only spiked a few of the guns, and destroyed a small portion of the naval and military stores and provisions. The allies made booty of twenty pieces of cannon, several thousand shells, some thousand cannon balls, a large quantity of grape-shot, and stores of powder of a very coarse quality. About 800 tons of coals were also found there, as the place was a sort of *entrepôt* for the steamers which plied between the Crimea, Odessa, and the coasts of the Black Sea. A portion of the town was consumed by the Russians, when attempting to destroy their stores, in the hurry of their flight; to prevent pursuit they also burnt a beautiful bridge of boats. Redout Kaleh was abandoned with similar precipitation, and with similar results. These towns were the great provision depots from which the Russian troops in that direction of the Caucasus were fed. The abandonment of these places discouraged the army, exasperated the czar, and delighted the mountaineers, to whom the prospect of getting rid of the Russians from the whole line of coast was a stimulus to redoubled exertion. Anapa and Soujak bay alone remained to the Russians of all the fortified places which they had been at such trouble and expense to construct along these shores. Redout Kaleh was occupied by a detachment of Turkish troops; and the British naval officers immediately set about making defences, blockhouses, and earthworks on all salient points. The Turkish

force numbered 2000 soldiers, and would have been competent, in the state of defence in which the officers of Sir Edmund Lyons placed the fortifications, to have repulsed three or four times their numbers. Lieutenant Roberts, marine artillery officer of the *Highflyer*, was indefatigable in erecting defences, and succeeded in inducing the Turkish soldiery to exert themselves in that work, a task requiring some considerable moral influence. A correspondent who was present during his successful labours, thus describes the difficulty of keeping the Turkish soldiery at a task requiring continuous exertion:—"At times, in spite of their *yooos-bashis* (literally, captain of a hundred, or centurion) and *ba-bashis* (corporal or captain of ten), they gradually drop off to some secluded place with their chibouques, their numbers becoming 'beautifully less,' and at length their officers begin to follow their example. Then comes an appeal to their *meralai* (general), and then they again come trooping to work. They readily learned to make gabions, and greatly prefer that work to digging and cutting sods. The parapet has been raised to eight feet, and a similar one is making on the north side of the river. A correspondent says—"There is yet plenty to be got through to make the place perfect, according to the rules of fortification; but, even as it is, I would rather be with 2000 in the defence than 6000 in the attack. It is very troublesome to get the Turks mustered in a morning, and one must be always with them to make them stick to it. The other day, when a long line of parapet was completed by a great effort, the Turks rushed with their spades on the banquette, and putting them to their shoulders, after the manner of so many *tophek* (muskets), took imaginary pot-shots at *Moskoo*, and afterwards all sat smoking in the rear of the rampart, admiring greatly the result of their day's performance, and apparently wondering how the deuce they could have done it. It is very troublesome, too, when, as frequently happens, the progress of the works is interrupted by several of them taking it into their heads to leave off work, and sticking a sword, or piece of stick, into a portion of parapet just completed, commence their prayers and genuflections and head-bowings towards Mecca (the stick is supposed to represent the head of Mohammed); then they are tremendously in the way, and cannot be disturbed."

All the fortresses, great and small, along the whole coast were speedily subjugated, except Anapa, but little occurring at any of them to interest the general reader. One of the smaller forts, in an isolated situation, was captured by Schamyl, who, at the head of a numerous body of his followers, swept suddenly down, killing about 800 of the garrison,

and compelling the rest, 1500, to lay down their arms.

Some description of Anapa—as the principal fortified place held by Russia on the littoral of the Black Sea—is here appropriate, although it was not until the autumn that it was subjected to a bombardment which we shall notice elsewhere. As the first Russian stronghold on the Caucasian shore, approaching from the Tauric Bosphorus, it was of great importance to the czar to retain it as long as possible. By reference to Wild's excellent map, it will be seen that it is situated at the base of the mountain which terminates the lesser chain of the Caucasus; north and east of this chain the plains which are watered by the Cuban river stretch away. The Turks occupied this fortress from the year 1784, but only on sufferance—the Circassians allowing them to occupy it in the name of the sultan, as the head of the faith, and for the purpose of guarding their shores against the Giaours. The Russians were annoyed at the indication given, by the landing of Turkish troops there, of a disposition to strengthen themselves upon the coasts of the Black Sea, and General Bebekoff was ordered, in 1790, to reduce the fortress. He was signally repulsed by the Turkish garrison. The next season, another Russian general, Govdovitch, was successful, after a desperate assault. Peace between the czar and the sultan having been established, it was surrendered to a Turkish garrison; but in the war of 1807 was again subjugated by the Russians—Admiral Pastchekin, with a naval squadron, capturing both town and fortress. It was again surrendered to the Turks upon the conclusion of peace, but in the war of 1828-9 was besieged by Prince Menschikoff,* in command of the army, and Admiral Greig,† in command of the navy, who, after lying before the place by sea and land for three months, during which the fighting was incessant, compelled a surrender. The treaty of Adrianople placed the fortress permanently in the hands of the Russians. Soudjuk Kaleh is thirty miles south-east of Anapa. Ghelendik is sixteen miles from Soudjuk Kaleh. This was up to the time of the treaty of Adrianople a famous depot of English merchandise for goods in transit to Persia and Georgia. The Russians drove away this trade, and the English removed their establishments to Trebizond. A bitter jealousy towards the English mercantile influence there, has never ceased to be manifested by the Russians ever since.

These fortresses, which resisted fleets and armies in the wars which for three quarters of a century raged so frequently between czar and

* The same Prince Menschikoff who figured at Constantinople on the breaking out of the present war.

† Admiral Greig was a Scotchman, and there were many Scotch naval officers then in the Russian service. The Russian navy owes to them such efficiency as it possesses.

sultan on this coast, were in a few weeks captured by the squadron of Sir Edmund Lyons, and that of the Turco-Egyptian admiral, Hassan Pasha. Anapa remained intact for awhile, and then offered resistance; but it was of short duration, and hopeless from the first. The fruits of long and bloody wars, which Russia had previously waged, were thus torn from her in one brief naval expedition. Had the operations on land been also conducted with skill and vigour, the invaders might have been driven through the pass of Dariel, and upon the Caspian, before the autumn of 1854 had bronzed or scattered the summer foliage. Should success crown the sacrifices and efforts of the allies in this war, these shores must never again be given to the sceptre of Turk or Muscovite; but Asia Minor must be protected from northern incursion by the erection of independent states, monarchical, republican, or quasi-theocratical, like that of Schamyl, just as the people themselves prefer. By these means, and these only, can an effectual moral barrier be erected against Russian influence in Asia.

In previous pages of this History, the reader will find ample descriptions of the Circassian mountains, and of the northern slopes descending towards the rivers Cuban and Terek, and the Caspian Sea. The southern slopes of the range were also described, and the efforts of the Russians to consolidate their power coastwise from Anapa. A brief description of the climate and country along the coast is here appropriate. The climate is tropical, although the winter is severer than one might suppose with such a barrier as the Caucasian range sheltering the shore from the north winds. The mountains retire, as it were, for four or five miles to twice that distance from the coast, and the intervening space is well irrigated by mountain streams, and teems with fertility. The profusion of flowers is endless; it seems especially to be the region of roses, which grow luxuriantly, blushing in the summer light, and loading the air with sweetest perfumes. Inland the mountains tower in forms of grandeur which seem illimitable, while seaward the blue water stretches away in serene expanse, or lashes with agitated waves the bold headlands on which it breaks. Every little creek and bay nestles in richest foliage, and wild flowers lay

"Their fairy gems beneath the forest tree."

Every nook and recess from the lower land into the mountains is covered with scented shrubs, jessamine, and every variety of roses; while the overhanging rocks are covered with forest trees, as if the hills opened their bosom to embrace the smiling glade. We know of no better description of the appearance of the

country to one walking a few miles inland upon these shores than that given by an officer of her majesty's navy, who landed at Gagri when that fortress was abandoned by the Russians:—

"*Her Majesty's ship —, off the Circassian coast, May 15th.*"

"We are on the way to Suchum Kaleh, but Admiral Lyons has kindly permitted the officers to have a run on shore and explore the blown-up Russian fortress at Gagri. We found its remains standing at the entrance of a tremendous gorge, in the centre of which a mountain-stream runs, rendering Gagri the most healthy of the Russian Circassian posts. The hills, which spring in a steep slope from the sea, are on their lower parts covered with magnificent foliage, occasionally broken into large grassy spaces of a park-like appearance, and these are now decked in all the beauty of spring. Towards the middle of the mountains the trees are more bare, and a little beyond have no foliage at all. Then the species change from elm and oak to pine and larch, which at first runs with and lights up the other trees beautifully, and afterwards in a thick black fringe have all the top to themselves. Mountains such as these occupy either side of the gorge, their tops a mixture of black pine and snow. Towering beyond, in the centre of the whole view, are huge peaks of unbroken and perpetual snow; the whole is a glorious combination of summer and winter, beauty and grandeur. The fort of Gagri had evidently been evacuated in a hurry, as the Russians had left their ordnance stores there. I counted thirteen 9-pounders, quite new; and there are also several 10-inch mortars and howitzers, besides many piles of shot and shell in the best condition. Their principal missile seems to have been case-shot; the whole place was strewn over with old canisters and iron balls of this description; one store-house was entirely filled with the latter, to be fired from the 10-inch mortar. The fort is a square, with bastions at the angles, and there is a block-house at some distance from it up the valley to command the passage. We did not anchor, and our stay did not exceed half-an-hour. A number of Circassians were sitting on the remnants of *chevaux-de-frise*, and welcomed us gladly, but advised us not to go far up the valley, as their brethren on either side, not knowing what to make of us, would probably fire. They had collected in some numbers as we left, and as we shoved off all fired their rifles together, as a parting salute, which we acknowledged by tossing oars to them. As the Circassians do not understand any sort of warfare but their own, all the military stores should be taken and given to the Turks, to make strong their towns upon the Black Sea.

The evacuation had been so recent, that fragments of books and other small wares were strewed around. After leaving Gagri, we passed the town of Paposi, and skirted the coast of Imeritia; its occupants are Christians of the Greek Church, and favourable to Russia, their chief receiving 20,000 dollars a year. Some people theorise that local scenery influences the minds of those who dwell amid it; if so, these people should be the noblest nation on earth. The mountains have retired from the water's edge, and between them and the sea is a plain some miles across, upon which the trees and verdure are luxuriantly beautiful; smoke arises here and there, as if agriculturists were at work, and distant houses of wood are bathed in the brightest sunlight. This is summer: winter approaches half-way up the mountains, its boundary again marked by firs, and pines, and stray snow-patches in the ravines: again, there is a splendid black forest of firs, many miles in length, along the mountains; above this fir-tops are seen struggling through the snow; above is winter, indeed, in all its dreariness and fierceness. The immense quantity of snow is perfectly dazzling; it lies in one thick unbroken mass, extending high up into the heavens, except where abrupt precipices and rocks will not allow it to remain on their perpendicular surfaces; and peak upon peak, as fantastic as the most insane artist could desire, follow in rapid succession. In steaming along the coast we passed a Russian monastery embowered in trees; one monk alone had taken up his quarters there, as it had not been finished; it is now deserted; its circular green top, crowned by a gold cross, has a pretty effect.

"In passing Paposi five guns were fired thence as a salute, a gun to each ship (*Agamemnon*, *Charlemagne*, *Highflyer*, *Sampson*, and *Mogador*), which was duly returned by the *Agamemnon*, which ship bears the flag of Rear-admiral Sir E. Lyons. We have had some curious effects of mirage; the *Agamemnon* increased greatly in height, now becoming all white, then all black, and then surrounded by a thin white stripe, which continually changed its position; the *Charlemagne* appeared to sink lower and lower in the water, until nothing remained but her hammock nettings; after which proceeding she suddenly grew to twice her height, and then diminished once more. We are rapidly approaching Suchum Kaleh; there is a glorious view of snow and rock; the former, on the more distant mountains, appears to descend almost to their bases; but, notwithstanding snow and ice, we have below here tremendously hot weather. The masses of snow are partially lit up by the sun; in other places they are partly concealed by cloud; it is difficult sometimes to draw the boundaries

of heaven and earth, for, as the evening draws on, both are fast melting into one. One giant peak of porphyry, which shows the perpendicular rock, presides over the glaciers beneath right regally."

From the same authority we present a further account of the operations of the allied fleet upon the coast; his descriptions contrast pleasantly with the curt and dry despatches of the naval chiefs, which we suppress in favour of his more graphic pen. He represents Suchum Kaleh as abandoned when the squadron arrived off the bay, and thus paints the appearance of the place and vicinage:—

May 18.

"On nearing Suchum Kaleh, we perceived the walls were covered with men in the Circassian dress, eight of them bearing flags of all devices and colours, but nearly all having upon them the star and crescent. A beautiful bay, thickly wooded around, forms the entrance to Suchum; in the centre of this we found seventy fathoms of water. The wind blew from the shore, and brought with it a delicious perfume of flowers, and from the appearance of handsome detached houses scattered around, one sees that Russians and Georgians have lived together on friendly terms. About two miles from the town rises a small hill, covered with buildings; and farms, well constructed in every respect, nestle at its foot. I began exploring Suchum yesterday at ten o'clock. On the one flank is a battery of gabions and fascines, having eight guns towards the sea (six of them remaining there, though jammed up with shot). In the centre is a furnace of brick, built with the amiable intention of heating shot for our reception, for our prisoners tell us that the whole of the sea defences have been recently constructed. At the other flank is the old Genoese castle, surrounded by a thick wall of great strength and extent. Here are all the government stores; twelve or fourteen guns, ranging from 18 to 30-pounders (the latter are handsome and serviceable pieces of ordnance), repose upon the walls unspiked. Large stores of flour and wheat were still burning with a horrible smell; and shot and shell of all descriptions are strewed over the ground. Between these two ports is a long street, containing shops and houses of wood and stone; from the centre of this street a spacious road leads to the country. It is well planted with trees upon the walks on either side, behind which are cottages built in excellent taste, and covered with roses and jessamine. We visited the general's house; his coach-houses, stables, and kitchens, excited our admiration. A little beyond are botanical gardens. I never saw roses in such profusion as here; the hedges are formed entirely of

them, and they are in full flower; their scent fills the whole place. After nearly all the ships had foraged enormous bouquets, we climbed up to the houses on the hill I spoke of; these proved to be an enormous hospital, beds still remaining there. We sat underneath large trees in front of the building, and emptied our pocket-flasks with much gusto, for the heat was tropical. Here I sketched a Circassian, and gave him the performance, which caused roars of laughter and 'Mashallahs!' We soon got to know how it happened that the town had not been destroyed like the neighbouring places. It seems the Russians marched from the town overland to join the army in Asia; but, being too weak in themselves to make the journey, obtained a large escort of Georgians, the price of their service being the town of Suchum, the Georgians having stipulated that nothing should be destroyed except military stores. Their terms were accepted, and a Georgian detachment remained behind to take care of the place until their brethren should return; but our friend Schamyl had also kept his eyes open, and immediately upon the evacuation of the town by the Russians and Georgians, sent a lieutenant with a body of Circassians (some say 500, others 2000) to take possession. In consequence, disputes ran high between Georgians and Circassians (the former Christians) at Suchum Kaleh; the one party say they shall occupy the place and keep it, and the other that they have earned it; the returning Georgians, however, are but one day's march from the scene of dissension, and most likely Suchum Kaleh will be a prize well fought for. Schamyl's lieutenant had left for Batoum to communicate with the Turks. On leaving Suchum Kaleh, we made acquaintance with the highest peaks of the Caucasus, which run inland, and were left behind before approaching Redout Kaleh. We have been fortunate in the clear atmosphere, hot as it has been. This morning the view of the wildest part of the Caucasus was grand in the extreme. The highest peak (8000 feet) was in sight, its surrounding neighbours forming with it a magnificent snow landscape which I shall never forget."

By far the most interesting account extant of the reduction or abandonment of Redout Kaleh is the following. An abridgement would fail to convey the lively, eye-witness character of the narrative. There is an individuality about the description, which claims at our hands that we should present it entire.

May 22nd.

"And now to give you an account of our adventures at Redout Kaleh. We reached that place at about four o'clock, and, before doing

so, saw hosts of Georgians mounted, intermingled with Cossacks, and riding hard along the beach into the town; and, standing about the parapet of the fort, could distinguish eight or nine Russian officers by their uniform. The admiral immediately sent a flag of truce, requiring the immediate evacuation of the place. The officer in command replied that the prince was two miles distant, and it was necessary to communicate with him on the subject. Upon this the boat waited for a quarter-of-an-hour (five minutes longer than agreed upon), then shoved off, and, making signal to the admiral 'Have received no answer,' pulled out. They were ordered back, however, by signal, to remain another quarter-of-an-hour; but, on again reaching the shore, no one was to be seen—officers, Georgians, and Cossacks, all having disappeared, as if by magic. On this being made known, the *Agamemnon* immediately opened fire, the Turks were got into the boats, and assembled near the *Sampson*, with a few gun-boats to cover them, and waited until ordered to approach; but, as the first shot was fired, a thick mass of smoke began to rise from the town, and soon afterwards I counted ten such ascending straight into the clouds—in short, the Russians had fired the town, and right well had they commenced their work. The old Caucasus, who shone against the sky with all his snow-peaks, without a cloud, echoed loudly the cannonade of the *Agamemnon* and *Charlemagne*, and the gun-boats and Turks advanced and disembarked, having had but one gun fired at them from the fort. The Turks formed upon the beach, the Bashi-bazouks penetrated the wood on their right, and examining the houses and forts in front, as skirmishers. The Turks proceeded by the banks of the fine broad river towards the burning town, and found that pursuit of the Russians was cut off by the destruction of bridges of boats. Two rivers, one from the south and one from the east, have their confluence here. A Turk swam across one with a line in his mouth, to form a communication, but the measures of the enemy had been taken too well, and but a few shots were fired at the last of them. Meanwhile, the ships' boats were recalled, and the Turks left in quiet possession of this side of the rivers; the rest was a tremendous conflagration; houses and trees burnt together furiously during the whole of the night, and fierce flames and illuminated smoke rendered our decks almost light. As I was looking through a glass, down came the steeple of a church, most beautifully covered with flame. Fortunately, the wind did not permit of its spreading more to the west, or the Turks would have been burnt out. All the men in the ships were ready at their guns during the firing, and the artillery and marines were

ready to land if necessary. Redout Kaleh was the most important point of the Russians, connecting Tiflis and the interior of Georgia with the Black Sea; and it was from that place communications were made between the other posts and the army in Asia. Flame and smoke were also seen in the direction of Poti, which most probably has shared a similar fate; so that now the Russians are completely shut out in Georgia from the Black Sea. They had evidently retained Redout as long as possible, owing to its importance, but were prepared to destroy it upon an emergency, and I have no doubt but everything was made ready to fire it on our first appearance off the place when we hoisted the Turkish ensign. Redout is now the most important position in the hands of the Turks, and they require more men and guns there as soon as possible, as now they have but 7000 men to hold five positions. We are now off to Sinope, and afterwards to join Admiral Dundas, leaving the *Sampson* to help to take care of Redout Kaleh."

While the British naval officers were thus occupied, some British engineer officers and Captain Brook crossed the mountains from Burdan, near Galovinsky. They were attended by a number of sappers, to expedite the journey, as it was necessary to cross the Russian road by a difficult route. A further precaution was taken by accepting an escort of Circassian riflemen, commanded by Ismail Bey. The object of this expedition was to communicate with Schamyl personally, and arrange with him for such a line of action as would more effectually divert the Russian arms in Georgia, and secure the coast line which they had abandoned. Ismail Bey, the conductor of this escort, had arrived from Constantinople in the *Terrible*; a French cruiser had taken him thither on a mission to the Porte. He was landed by the boats of the *Agamemnon*, and warmly greeted by his brave followers, who thronged the beach to meet him. The Circassians led the party of British officers by routes the most intricate, but affording prospects in which the beautiful and sublime rapidly alternated, and sometimes blended. On one beautiful sward buttercups and daisies dotted the green carpet profusely, reminding the officers of their own loved isles, and of the friends they left at home; and who were then doubtless thinking of them, or praying for their safety, or entertaining bright dreams of their usefulness and renown. Up the steep mountain paths, and through terrific ravines, the party made their way, and along precipices that were frightful even to remember. They entered various villages, the situations chosen for which, proved the Circassians to be judges of the picturesque. The amazement of the

inhabitants was great to see the European officers. In a wood, straying a little from their escort, they came suddenly upon a fine old gentleman, attended by two Circassian beauties, his daughters. He drew his sword, determined to make a gallant defence, whatever the nature of the strange-looking intruders might be; but on learning that they were Ingealeez, he put up his sword, and his fierce brave looks gave place to cordiality and smiles. After numerous adventures, the party accomplished their object, and returned to the fleet, attended by large numbers of the native warriors, who discharged their rifles at parting, and showed by every gesture their exultation at having the English for their allies against the cruel Muscovite.

Sir Edmund Lyons sent home a report presented by one of the officers commissioned by him to hold communication with the natives. Having described them generally, he observes of Enim Bey, who conducted the escort—"His will seems law along the whole coast, from Soudjuk to the Anakria river. Within those limits along the coast all are Mohammedans, and during the nine or ten years of his residence among the Western Caucasians—being a native of Schamyl's, or the eastern country, Daghestan—he has built mosques, created schools, and, in short, excited a revival of religion *à la Wesley*. 'Before he came, we were beasts,' said a chief to me lately; 'and now, if he were to order us to march into the sea, we should go without question.' Their hostility to Russia is inveterate and intelligible; but they know well how unfit they are to cope with the Russians out of their own mountains, and the Russians equally well know them. Nevertheless, I hope that they will not be altogether useless. The naib is dignified and stately; he moves with an escort of wild mountaineer horsemen, preceded by a red and buff banner: his white Circassian tunic, yellow vest, black cartridge-cases, and tall grey sheepskin cap, admirably set off his dark strongly-marked face. In conversation, you at once find him a very superior man, clear in his views, thoroughly knowing his own position, and that of his countrymen. All the natives of the coast, from Soudjuk to Anakria, are bitter against the Russians, with the exception of one or two chieftains, who have received money and honours from them; but these are isolated cases, and they have had no influence on the people."

But while British power was making itself felt on the Circassian and Abasian coasts, and the hand of Schamyl was heavy upon his enemies, the Russians—the hero penetrating into Georgia and terrifying Tiflis—and while the loss of the Russians, in slain, wounded, prisoners, and stores, from these causes was

great, everything was in confusion and disorder where the Turkish pashas governed. Turning the attention of the reader southward and inland, one of the most important positions occupied by the Turks was Kars, a place which afterwards (during the autumn of 1855) acquired so great a notoriety by its heroic defence, under the command of General Williams. Erzerum also became of interest as a great central position for the Turkish armies. It was the general rendezvous for troops from Asia Minor; and those forces which were landed at Trebizond from the Bosphorus and Varna, were mostly directed upon Erzerum. Kars and Erzerum are about 170 miles apart, the former to the north-east, upon the Arpa chain. At the time of which we write it was badly fortified, being only partly walled. Many of the houses, and even some of the Armenian churches, were of wood; and the whole place presented a dilapidated and ill-conditioned appearance.

Trebizond is the Trapezus of antiquity, the capital of Anatolia, and is situated on the south-east coast of the *Pontus Euxinos*. The place has a considerable trade, being an emporium for British manufactures; there were some copper mines worked in the neighbourhood; and it is the grand mart for Circassian slaves. During 1854 it was greatly strengthened, especially on the land defence. Its population is about 50,000. Erzerum is situated in an elevated plain, or table-land, of great extent, nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded on all sides by the peaks of lofty mountains, many of them perpetually covered with snow. The city is very picturesque, being built on several high knolls at the foot of a mountain with a double peak. There are nearly 40,000 inhabitants, seventeen baths, twenty-five mosques, some of them magnificent, and four churches of the Greeks and Armenians. The place remained throughout 1854 very indifferently defended. In the summer of 1855 it was extensively fortified, under the superintendence of General Williams, already referred to as the hero of Kars. The plan of defence was a series of redoubts, mounting heavy cannon, placed on all salient situations, and so connected as to strengthen each other and the general defence. We may be excused for thus anticipating events future to those recorded in our chapter, so far as to show the state of the place during the contests of the summer of 1854.

Between Trebizond and Erzerum the communications are excellent in the spring, summer, and autumn, but in winter they are often difficult. In Duncan's *Campaigns with the Turks in Asia*, winter-travelling between the two places is thus described:—"We now

began to experience intense cold, against which, however, we were well protected; and the scenery began to assume a very different character to that of the day before. Having crossed a deep ravine, we ascended a rugged mountain, without the trace of tillage, whilst on the opposite side every inch was cultivated. At the top of a rock some enterprising individual had built himself a hut, but how he managed to ascend or descend were matters of mystery. Probably the land he tilled cost him nothing; and no Turkish tax-gatherer would venture up to collect taxes or dues from so dangerous a quarter. In a few hours we entered into real Alpine scenery, only more wild and grand. Mountain torrents fell from dizzy heights, forming glaciers, and losing themselves beneath the snow and ice which choked up the ravine. At times a wild torrent issued from some crevice, and rushed with fearful noise through rocks of Titanic size, which lay in wonderful confusion, and had been hurled to their strange positions by some convulsion of the earth. Above our heads and on every side were snow-capped mountains, rising one above the other, and of various formations. Some were round, others peaked, whilst the greater number presented the most rugged and abrupt shapes. We had to pass this and the succeeding day along precipices miles long, and of frightful depth; but we were fortunate in meeting with no accident, and in not losing a single baggage-horse. One of the latter fell, but was luckily caught by a shrub; and he rose, shook himself, and took his rank after the others with utter indifference of his fall. Accidents are very common with the baggage-horses; and as they push by each other in the narrow passes, the one nearest the abyss falls, and is generally dashed to pieces. We passed several carcases on this day's journey which were still fresh, and on which dogs and crows were feeding. A wolf came running down the side of the mountain, but on seeing us he sneaked off, before a revolver could be brought to bear on him. No country can offer greater attractions to a sportsman than the pashalik of Trebizond, in which we were still wandering. Partridge, snipe, and small game are to be found in abundance; whilst wild boars and bears offer a more exciting and dangerous sport. The former roam untouched in the forests, as the Turk despises swine flesh, and are only to be killed in one manner, which requires some patience. The hunter must be concealed near the spot where they regularly come down to drink. The first shot must be mortal, otherwise adieu to your intended victim, for he is fleet of foot, and out of range in a minute. Bears are likewise numerous; and when pressed by hunger will give chase to a caravan. Popular

report says that on these occasions only can the horses be induced to break out of their walk, and gallop on. The animals are instantly aware of the presence of a bear; they exhibit the greatest fear, give vent to a plaintive neigh, and rush madly forward. The wolves here are cowardly in the extreme; the report of a pistol suffices to disperse them." These remarks as to the winter climate hardly convey so unfavourable a view as that given by Mr. Curzon, who says—"The breath out of doors congeals on the moustaches and beard, and speedily produces icicles, which prevent the possibility of opening the mouth!" Erzerum, lying *en route* from Trebizond to Persia, is commercially very important,—British and Swiss manufactures, furs, hides, goatskins, wool, tallow, nutgalls, wax, tobacco, gum, and minerals, forming the principal articles of commerce.

At the opening of the summer these important positions were all miserably defended. Pecuclion and pestilence were more formidable enemies than the "Muscovs." The pashas were prodigally wasteful of the resources in their charge, and venal beyond belief. Had they been in the pay of Russia, they could not have more effectually served her interests. The Polish and Hungarian officers holding rank in the Turkish army were so desponding, that their misgivings threw a damp upon the courage of the Turkish soldiery, who are always brave when well led. It is upon the higher classes of Turks that the debasing effects of Islamism are chiefly seen. Those European officers could not understand how a soldiery so treated, and so commanded, could even be brought to face the enemy; and the disheartening demeanour of these gentlemen tended to make the Turkish common soldiers think that their enemies must be more formidable than they had supposed. The army at Kars were placed under canvas, near the city, as soon as the severity of the northern Asiatic spring abated, and their long line of green and white tents presented a most picturesque aspect. Cholera and fever had ravaged the troops, in quarters in the city, from the fall of the leaf in 1853 until the encampment of 1854 was formed, when these visitations rapidly abated. The same plagues prevailed in all the surrounding villages, where the army found winter quarters; and the removal of the troops thence to the camp was attended with sanitary results similar to those which followed the removal of the soldiers who had been in the capital. It was surprising how the men rallied, and how eager they were to be led against the enemy. Money and provisions came rapidly to camp, the men were paid their arrears, discipline began to be enforced, and the prospects of the Moslems

brightened. Had Guyon, or Williams, or any European general of merit received authority from the Porte to lead that army against the foe, it was in a spirit and condition to fight its way to the foot of the Caucasus. "Why do we not march?—Why do we not march?" was the cry of the soldiery to Guyon, as he rode among the gaily-coloured tents. The muschir and the *native* pashas did not like fighting, while there was anything to plunder in an official way from those under their authority, civil and military; and consequently 35,000 as brave men as ever encountered the legions of the czar (except those of France and England), with eighty pieces of cannon,—the artillery-men well disciplined upon the Prussian system,—remained in the tents at Kars, while the Circassians, unaided, impeded the movements of the enemy. The Russian army had time to concentrate, recruit its health and vigour, and receive reinforcements, while pashas luxuriated in the fumes of tobacco smoke, the dreams of opium eating, and the languid pastime of the harem.

At that time the Russian forces in Georgia were weak, scattered, and unhealthy, or they would have probably surprised the Turkish army in their tents. That would have been by no means difficult for an enemy within a few marches of them, for there were no organised modes of obtaining intelligence in the Moslem army—random spies brought any news they could pick up or invent. The persons employed in this capacity were generally peasants, and so illiterate as to be unable to comprehend their instructions, or comprehend them, quite unable to form any judgment as to their importance. Sometimes they ran away; sometimes were assassinated by the Georgian Greeks; often they fell into the hands of the enemy, and were as often spared by the latter from contempt. If any did come back to the Turkish camp, their tidings were so contradictory that nothing could be made out by collecting the reports. When any more intelligent than the rest were employed, they were generally "bought up" by the Russians, and sent back to the pashas with false intelligence,—while they returned again to their new employers, who paid them so much better, with a true account of the Moslem camp. Russians were quartered at Gumri, about thirty-six miles from the camp, and had they not suffered so much from typhus, cholera, and the inclemency of the previous winter and bitter spring, it is inconceivable how they should omit to steal a march, and fall upon the unwatchful Osmanli. What the forces of the Muscovs at Gumri were, the muschir at Kars never could find out. "Let them come," was his sapient remark, "and we will fight them." When they did come, defeat and

shame to the boaster were the results. Meanwhile, nothing went on in the camp that the Russian general at Gumri did not hear; it was filled with his agents, who moved about under one disguise or another with perfect impunity. The bearded Jew, with his sparkling eye and glittering jewelry, sought not so much to sell his trinkets as to buy intelligence; and the shaven Armenian, who so slyly sought an investment, was prepared to negotiate other matters than loans. So well aware were even the soldiery of the czar at Gumri of the *perdu* state of everything in the camp, that although nearly the whole of that garrison were Poles, scarcely a dozen made their way to the Turkish camp as deserters. One officer, a Mohammedan, his breast covered with orders, deserted under circumstances of fearful risk. Day after day there was a "medglis," or council of pashas, who discussed the propriety of marching everywhere but where it was practicable to go, or where they were likely to meet the foe. Scarcely had the medglis broken up, when all the camp knew of their vain-glorious purposes, and the enemy in a few hours laughed in his cups over the folly of the Osmanli. At one time it was projected to march upon Gumri on a certain day,—not many hours had elapsed after the resolution was taken, before the whole plan was in possession of "the Russian excellency," who prepared accordingly; and sneeringly told the Turkish spies, when caught and carried before him, to "go back and tell the muschir that, being of his counsels, he was quite ready for the day and hour to meet his projects *à la Russe*."

At one of these meetings of generals, Churshid Pasha (General Guyon) perpetrated the bull—which, being an Irishman, came natural to him—of recommending his brother pashas to "March upon Erivan, and not tell any one they were going until they got there; not that there was anything to be done at Erivan, but doing it would encourage the men for other enterprises!" The Hibernian pasha probably meant to say, that a march where no important result immediately depended upon it would be useful in keeping up a spirit of enterprise in the soldiery. The pashas all concurred with him, but in two hours it was the talk of the common soldiers, and Guyon necessarily abandoned the idea. Immediately afterwards the garrison of Erivan was strengthened. At Alkalakaki, a place of some strategical importance, only a few hundred Russians were quartered,—Guyon offered, with characteristic bravery, to take a small body of men and surprise the place. The superior pashas would sleep and smoke upon it;—they did so, and next morning it was well known in Kars, and Guyon was complimented for his courage in proposing such an exploit; at the same time, the garrison

to be surprised, was indeed surprised at the folly of its intended assailants in allowing their designs to be so easily discovered. The place was put in a due posture of defence, and fresh troops assigned to maintain it. On another occasion, an important reconnaissance which Guyon hoped to effect became known to the enemy, who marched 8000 men to intercept the general, and at the same time made a serious diversion upon the extreme left of the Turkish army.

While the army lay encamped near Kars, and the pashas were heedless of the importunities of the foreign officers to move, the latter made good use of the time in disciplining the troops. The artillery was made very efficient, several battalions of infantry were armed, equipped, and drilled, after the manner of the Chasseurs de Vincennes; several French officers having arrived at Trebizond, some of them went on to Kars, and perfected the drill of these chasseurs. A bridge of boats* was prepared, under the direction of an Hungarian officer who had served with Guyon in the Kossuth war. The muschir talked of marching even to Tiflis, and thought he would require this expedient for crossing the rivers in his course, which generally resemble the muschir himself in shallowness, but, unlike him, are generally rapid.

* A correspondent of an evening journal gives the following humorous sketch of the sensation created among the citizens of Kars by this work:—"A pontoon bridge, which had been for some time in the course of construction, was completed yesterday, and, to test its solidity, was thrown across the Kars-tschai. The trial was very satisfactory, and a squadron of cavalry, with a field-battery, passed in safety. The bridge is short, but the rivers which flow between this and Tiflis are insignificant and narrow. A great crowd assembled to witness the trial, and the novelty of the proceedings greatly delighted the solemn townspeople. With all his natural or acquired impassibility, there are few more curious or inquisitive than the Turk, who is easily amused and astounded, and is a thorough *gobemouche*. In connection with the bridge were two small boats, constructed to carry the anchors. These excited to an intense degree the marvel and admiration of the natives, who had never in their lives seen anything of the kind. How these hollow contrivances managed to keep from sinking was the subject of animated discussion, and a not easily-solved problem. Great travellers, who had actually been as far as Trebizond, and had seen real ships with sails, now rose doubly in the estimation of their fellow-townpeople. One individual, who was certainly before his generation, having asserted that he had seen ships move without sails or oars, and only with smoke, was very properly looked upon as a liar and impostor; and the crowd requested to be informed if he was laughing at their beards, or thought them to be sons of asses, to believe such abominable lies. Persisting in his assertion, this ill-conditioned traveller was denounced as a son of Sheitan, and imprecations were heaped collectively and individually on his father who had made him, on his ancestors who had preceded him, and on his successors to any number of generations. To return to the boats. I doubt if the magnificent Baltic fleet, steaming up the Sound, headed by the huge *Duke of Wellington*, with 'Sir Charlie' himself on the quarter-deck, aroused more admiration in the minds of the northern spectators than did these two tiny punts in the unsophisticated imaginations of the good people of Kars. The officer (an Hungarian) who had superintended the construction of the bridge and boats was looked upon as a magician, and as rather a dangerous character."



While the army of Kars was thus inactive, Schamyl was issuing forth from his fastnesses like an eagle swooping upon its quarry. The Russian troops which evacuated the fortresses along the coast were attacked in detail and severely handled; the division which abandoned Suchum Kaleh was permitted to march a considerable way unmolested, when suddenly, in an unwatchful moment, Schamyl fell upon the rearguard, entirely cutting it off, and, throwing the main body into disorder, maintained a harassing pursuit until a junction was formed with another Russian corps, when Schamyl's force was too small to do more than annoy the enemy, causing fatigue and alarm, picking off the men of the rearguard with their rifles, and making prisoners of all stragglers. Soon afterwards the Circassians made themselves masters of the pass of Mosouk, interrupting the communications of the Russian army in Georgia. The lieutenants of Schamyl were also active; if he were the eagle, they were the hawks, and in every direction they found a prey. Through the instrumentality of his agents, the warrior chief succeeded in raising the Mingrelians, whose fear of Russia had been excessive. Several of the tribes joined the troops of Schamyl, bringing with them stores of ammunition and arms, and even money.

Along the Turkish frontier a number of combats now occurred in rapid succession, between small bodies of troops, in which the Russians had a uniform success. The necessity of reinforcements to the Asiatic army was at last felt by the Porte; it is said that this was the result of Omar Pasha's representations, who, much as he had upon his hands elsewhere, found time to address his government upon the importance of striking a vital blow upon the Russians in Asia. Early in July, 6000 regular Turkish troops embarked at Varna for Trebizond: the promise of 20,000 more was made to the chiefs of the Asiatic armies, but was never fulfilled. Had even a small body of French troops been landed on the north-east coast of the Black Sea, the moral effect upon the Christian populations of Mingrelia, Georgia, and Armenia, would have been immense. The French were not in sufficient force in the East, nor in sufficient health to undertake this; besides, the uncertain counsels of the allied generals and the allied governments paralysed all such enterprise as would comprise the coasts of Abasia and Mingrelia. The strength of the Turkish army in Asia by the beginning of July was 20,000 men, at Batoum, Redout Kaleh, and Suchum Kaleh, under the orders of Selim Pasha, and at Ardakan a division of 6000 men. The army of Anatolia was composed of 30,000 men of a better quality than those under Selim, whose head-quarters were at Batoum; at

Bayazid there were about 16,000 men, 8000 of whom were regular troops, the remainder the very wildest irregulars that the most out-of-the-way places in Asia Minor could supply. A few of the troops sent from Varna were Cossacks* in the sultan's service. When these irregulars encountered the Russian irregulars of the same name, both parties manifested considerable curiosity in the way in which they observed each other, but instead of exercising any of the amenities of kindred race, they seemed to entertain a most jealous rivalry.

The Russian army in Georgia turned its attention to the daring enterprises of Schamyl: in consequence of the losses already sustained from his arms, the Georgian militia and irregulars were mustered in considerable force. The latter, who generally ran away from regular troops, were found very available either

* The following extract from a letter, giving a comparative sketch of the two classes of Cossacks, will interest the reader:—"The dress of the Turkish Cossacks consists of an Astrakhan fur cap, a shabby imitation of the 'Busby,' a brown tunic, with the sleeves open in front and hanging loose from the shoulder, showing the jacket underneath, the colour of which depends on the variety of cloth which may be in store at time of the issue. Their arms and accoutrements are of an inferior description, and consist of a lance, a pair of flint pistols, and a sword too short to be serviceable as a weapon for cavalry. Their equipment is completed by a pouch and buff belt, which receives a coat of pipeclay at periods varying according to the ideas of military smartness entertained by its wearer, such matters being perfectly discretionary, and not influenced by any impertinent interference of superior authority. In size, appearance, and condition, their horses do not seem to be suited for cavalry purposes; their want of power and weight must prevent their being of much service in a charge, where both these requisites are indispensable, and they do not possess sufficient strength and activity to enable them to contend in skirmishing and light cavalry duties with their well-known antagonists. The Russian Cossack is a very different style of man, and has the advantage over his namesake in the Turkish army in being as it were born to his profession, which entails on both himself and horse, even in time of peace, constant exposure to privation and fatigue, instead of being called upon for his services on an emergency. The Russian Cossacks are recruited from Turkistan, Bessarabia, the Crimea, and Ukraine, in a manner very similar to the old feudal system—that is to say, that every householder in these districts is exempt from taxes on condition of furnishing a man and horse every alternate seven years for the service of the emperor; and have the privilege of being officered by their own nobles, excepting in the cases of the colonel and drill-instructor, who are both sent from the regular cavalry. They receive in time of peace only rations for themselves and forage for their horses, and in time of war they are placed on the same footing as the regular cavalry. There is no great enthusiasm for the army among that class of Russians corresponding to the 'few smart young men' who are always being appealed to by the recruiting sergeant in England, and to obtain men at all in some parts of Russia but little respect is shown for the liberty of the subject. The other day, at Odessa, the authorities having been called upon to furnish a certain quantity of *food for powder*, were obliged to have recourse to a stratagem which would scarcely have been tolerated in the times of the old pressgang. They directed the police to surround one of the principal *cafés* in the place, at a time when it was most full, and after selecting all those fit for service, sent them off in irons to join the army, where they are now probably being initiated into the mysteries of the manual and platoon, their apprehension and faculties being quickened under the fostering care of the knout."

in combating the Bashi-bazouks or the Daghestans. The Georgian troops acted principally on the defensive; but they were exceedingly useful in keeping open and re-opening the Russian communications. In this particular service they were more efficient than the regular Russian army. A few irregular Armenian companies were also thus useful; the militia of Russian Armenia were, however, far inferior to those of Georgia. All those auxiliary forces had a prevailing fear of the "Delli-khans," a Circassian phrase, which answers to our English phrase of "cracked heads," and to the Turkish designation of Bashi-bazouks. This name of Delli-khans was conferred upon certain volunteers of Schamyl's army, who well merited it. These "cracked heads" are certain wild and lawless men of the mountains, whom Schamyl even cannot tame; they received a roving commission, and were in all their habits cousins-german to the Bashi-bazouks, — whose family name, so to speak, they bear, only enunciated in another tongue. Sometimes the Georgian militia would take to shameless flight before a mere handful of these Delli-khans, who harassed the rear of the Russian army in Georgia, and infested the skirts of the territory southward beyond that over which Schamyl, during these conflicts, held military sway.

In July, the French war-steamer, *Vauban*, carried to Batoum the last detachment of the reinforcements sent from Varna by Omar Pasha, and thence visited the coast of Mingrelia, Georgia, and Circassia. Having approached Anapa (still maintained as a Russian garrison), they pointed the guns at her; but she did not fire, having orders not to do so. Her captain succeeded, under cover of the night, in taking soundings, which act of foresight was of great use when, subsequently, the bombardment of Anapa was decided upon. The little place called Soudja also remained in the hands of the Russians, and there the *Vauban* threw in a few shells, which produced a disproportionate amount of mischief, and obviously terrified the garrison. The most useful part of the cruise was in affording several of the Circassian chiefs an opportunity of visiting Constantinople, and bearing from Schamyl proffers of alliance to the sultan and the allied generals. These men strongly represented to Marshal St. Arnaud the desirableness of a demonstration by even a small body of allied troops upon their shores, whom they offered to join with an army of 80,000 men. The French general gave deep attention to their representations, but their request could not, or at all events was not, complied with.

In July, Selim Pasha (the chief in command at Batoum) set out upon an expedition with a considerable force, for what object it would be

difficult to conceive, unless for the purpose of giving the Russians a chance of waylaying and attacking him at an advantage. He *was* attacked, and, after a severe struggle, in which he rode wildly about, displaying some personal prowess, he was obliged to retreat precipitately upon Choorooksoo. During the retreat, he left many prisoners and eleven guns in the hands of the foe.

On the 29th of July the Turks experienced a severe defeat. At Karaboulah, about eighteen miles from Bayazid, they were encamped to the amount of 10,000 men: 3000 of these were redifs, or militia; the remainder, Bashi-bazouks. The Russians attacked them with a force of about equal numbers, an obstinate and irregular conflict ensued, in which the Russians were on the point of being repulsed, but they brought up their reserve of 5000 men, which left the fortunes of the day no longer doubtful. At that moment, Selim Pasha, at the head of four regular battalions, quite a match for the Russian reserve, arrived; but, instead of charging the enemy, or covering the retreat of the redifs and Bashi-bazouks, he turned and fled, leaving those who had fought so obstinately, and who, being irregular troops, would be sure to disband and take flight if defeated, to do as they best could. The rout was total; they dispersed and fled in every direction over the country, the Russian cavalry dyeing their swords with slaughter. Not a man of the fugitive host turned his back upon the enemy until they saw their general, and the fine body of regular troops he commanded, turn away, while within view of the field, leaving them to their fate. It was generally supposed that Selim had handled Russian gold. So the Porte thought; for upon the arrival at Constantinople of Skender Bey (Lieutenant-colonel Frieh) with despatches, and to request reinforcements, Selim was deposed from his command at Batoum, and from his honorary command of the sultan's imperial guards. This was the Selim who fought so well at the close of 1853 at Chevketil (Fort St. Nicholas), a full account of which may be seen by the reader in the chapter of this history which treated of that event. Selim set out in life as a common soldier, and was a lieutenant when Sultan Mahmoud destroyed the Janissaries. From that time he was in constant employment, and fought the Russians in Bulgaria, in 1828-9, held a command against Mehemet Ali, and was considered an efficient officer in putting down the various provincial insurrections to which the dominions of the sultan are so liable. After this defeat, the Russians followed up their success, and entered Bayazid in triumph. They did not linger there, but advanced the next day to Erzerum, whence the panic-stricken inhabitants fled towards Trebizond.

These disasters were but the preludes to others. On the 7th of August, the Turkish army at Kars left its fortified positions, and advanced to attack the Russians at Kuyukdere. This probably resulted from the instigation of Russian spies, as the Muscovite general was anxious to "draw them out of their lair," and receive battle from them in his own fortified camp. The headstrong and stupid pashas seemed willing to be ensnared. They had opportunities to assume the offensive long before, when the Russian positions were not particularly strong; but they chose to wait until the enemy's engineers had thoroughly secured his camp, and then sallied forth to attack it. The Turks assailed the right wing of the Russians, a fault which no generalship could perhaps afterwards have repaired; for not only was the right the stronger of the Russian wings, but their cavalry reserves, which were numerous and well commanded, could act there with great efficiency. So impetuous, however, was the attack, that the Russians gave way, and the victorious Osmanli thought that the rout of the whole line must ensue, when the Russian general threw his whole cavalry upon them at a moment favourable to the charge. The Turkish infantry were unable to form to receive them, so sudden was the swoop of the Russian horsemen upon them. They were dreadfully cut up; one general was killed, and two were desperately wounded. Hassan Pasha was made prisoner, mortally wounded, and Mustapha Pasha, whose appointment to supersede Selim had not yet reached him, was slightly wounded in the sword-arm, and in the bridle-arm severely. Two thousand five hundred Turks were made prisoners; what number fell upon the field it is impossible to say, as no account the least to be relied upon was ever transmitted to Constantinople, or at all events found its way westward. It was one of the most sanguinary battles which had as yet taken place between the two armies in Asia. Mustapha Pasha, who was wounded, was the same who at Oltenitz, and in the Dobrudscha, fought with so much gallantry and success. He had arrived out with the first reinforcements sent by Omar Pasha, and he fought at Kuyukdere with a determination not to yield, which ensanguined the contest.

While in these battles the Russians were driving the Turks before them as a ball struck by a bat, Schamyl was carrying his standard through all those parts of Georgia which from Daghestan are most open to such inroads. He appeared at the head of 20,000 men, and struck terror into the hearts of the pro-Russian Georgian population. If it had not been for the diversion thus effected by Schamyl, there is no saying what results might not have followed the career of Russian victory in Asia.

But the proceedings of Schamyl, and the arrival at Kars and Erzerum of reinforcements, which were landed at Batoum and Trebizond, compelled the Russian armies to fall back in every direction; and, but for the skilful concentration of the troops by the arrangements of Bebutoff, the recent victories would have proved disasters, by the severe loss of men they entailed, and the necessity of retiring rapidly, in order to cover Georgia, and maintain his communications. Before this retrogressive movement commenced, the commander at Kars had the folly to send to Bebutoff a challenge to bring out his army into the open field, and he would meet him there. The same day Vely Pasha and Mustapha appeared with eight regiments of cavalry reconnoitring the Russian camp, where they perceived columns of smoke ascending—the Russians were at their old tactics of burning everything inflammable before retiring. So precipitate was the Russian retreat, that, as is usual with them, not igniting the materials intended to be destroyed until the last moment, the tents remained sound and furnished, while the fodder of the horses, sacks of barley, and the timber collected for fuel, were burning amongst them. Baggage-waggons and ammunition were in piles, so placed that the fire in a few hours would have reached them. Ten cannons (spiked, however) fell into the hands of the reconnoiters. The muschir pressed on with his troopers in pursuit, until he reached within half cannon-shot of the rearguard of the Russian army, part of which entered Alexandropol, part encamped in its neighbourhood, and the rest continued their march upon Tiflis. This timely and well-executed retreat of Bebutoff saved Georgia from pillage and fire at the hands of the Lesghians and Daghestans, if not from regular occupation by Schamyl in person. When the retrograding Russians arrived at the Georgian capital, Schamyl, at the head of 15,000 Lesghian horse, was within eight hours' march (thirty miles). The mounted Lesghians had invaded Khahbestan, and taken possession of eighty villages. General Count Read, civil and military governor of Tiflis, sent orders to Alexandropol for aid just as Bebutoff entered that city, who had fallen back in the exercise of his own judgment from the tidings of Schamyl's movements, which had reached him at Kuyukdere. That was the time for the muschir and his pashas to have struck home; but instead of following the enemy, they held a meeting to denounce General Guyon, and petition the Porte for his removal. But for Guyon and the European officers with him, they and their armies would have been annihilated together long before. The capacity of the Turkish army to meet a disciplined enemy had depended upon his ceaseless

exertions. In battle, his sabre was often gleaming amidst the thickest ranks of the foe, and but for his generalship, defeat must have invariably attended the manœuvres of the pashas. The skill of the British hero was perpetually in requisition to repair upon the field the confusion, planless attacks, and wild movements of the muschir and his officers. The Russians, apprised of the divisions among the pashas, calculated upon the inaction which they knew by experience would follow, and accordingly seized the pass of Bulac, the only route accessible for horses in the way from Bayazid to the Turko-Persian frontier. This movement was attended with success; a Persian caravan was captured, and great booty obtained. Two thousand men and two pieces of artillery were posted in the defile, so advantageously that it would have required an army to move them. The communications between Turkey and Persia in that direction were thus completely cut off. The continued activity of Schamyl, however, rendered it necessary to abandon this position, as the troops were wanted elsewhere, and within a month the pass was again free. The state of all the Turkish provinces of Asia grew rapidly worse. The army fell into arrears of pay, their clothing was in rags, bands roved about Anatolia, committing excesses of all kinds, and several French officers, on their way between Batoum and Kars, were murdered by their allies. Schamyl continued to send faithful agents with intelligence of his plans, of which the pashas made no other use than to talk about them, and the intelligence actually reached the Russian governor at Tiflis from Batoum and Kars. At last the mountain prince, wearied by the disappointments of his incomprehensible allies, collected what booty he could, and retired to his fastnesses. The Russians then rapidly recruited their armies with Mingrelians, Georgians, and Armenians, and received reinforcements of Cossacks from the Cuban, with regular troops from the Caspian Sea. The pashas quarrelled, demoralized their troops, and treated the European officers almost as if they were personal enemies.

During the whole summer Russian agents intrigued at the Persian court, as they had in the autumn of the previous year, in order to effect a diversion upon the Turko-Persian frontier. British and French influence prevented such a result, and the Shah of Persia actually opened negotiations at Constantinople for an alliance, and the services of a Persian army. Had the Western powers engaged to pay a Persian contingent, there is little doubt but that the shah would have committed himself to the enterprise. Of what use such auxiliaries might be it is difficult to determine; they might prove embarrassing friends,

but would undoubtedly prove formidable enemies. The *Moniteur de l'Armée*, in noticing these negotiations for Persian aid to Turkey, observes:—"The Persian army, if we may credit the accounts which have reached us direct from that country, would not be a despicable force, in the event of a general struggle of the Mussulman states against the Russians; they reckon, it is said, twenty regiments of regular infantry, and the light cavalry would be very formidable. This result is due to the military school founded at Teheran, with the co-operation of European officers—to some Italian officers, who principally contributed to the defence of Venice, and who, since 1849, have entered into the Persian service—and lastly, and more particularly, to a young man of great promise, named Hussem-Khouli, who is now first aide-de-camp to the Shah of Persia, and whom France may claim as one of her pupils. This young officer was sent to France in 1847, to receive his education; he was brought up at the Military School of St. Cyr, where he went through his studies and exercises for eighteen months. Since his return to Persia, he has devoted all his energy to the reorganization of the Persian army, and France regards him as one of her most grateful and most devoted friends."

It is with better reason England may claim the credit of any organization that the Persian forces possess; in confirmation of this, the following detailed account (extracted from the *Friend of India*) of the present strength and composition of the Persian army, will be considered of some interest in the present posture of affairs:—

"The first introduction into Persia of European discipline, and a knowledge of the fabrication and use of artillery and fire-arms, were due to the gallant and adventurous Shirleys, who entered the service of Shah Abbas more than two centuries and a half ago, and gave him valuable aid in his wars with the Porte. But although a few European officers and artificers were after that to be generally found in the Persian armies or courts, little advantage resulted until, in 1806, Napoleon, whose views were turned towards India, entered into an alliance with the Shah of Persia, and sent several officers to discipline the Persian troops, and organise the material for an army. After a time, the Russians obtained an ascendancy, and several of their officers were employed; but in 1828, a number of officers from England and India were sent to reorganise the force, which still retains the system then introduced. This fact has given the whole organization a peculiarly British character; while the great services and high qualifications of Sir H. Lindsay

Bethune, Colonels Ferrant, Sheil, and Passmore; Major Todd, Captain Lynch, Mr. Armstrong, and several others, have established a high opinion in the minds of the Persian soldiery regarding the skill, courage, and justice of British officers. The Persian army, as at present organised, is composed of regular and irregular infantry, irregular cavalry, and regular artillery, of which the latter alone is permanently maintained on the full establishment. The regular infantry (*serbaz*), which consists of eighty-two regiments, is divided into two classes—the one forming the active permanent force; the other a reserve, somewhat similar to the Landwehr troops of Germany. The active portion of the infantry consists of three regiments of Guards and thirty-two regiments of the line. Each regiment (*fouj*) is composed of ten companies (*dusteh*)—viz., one of grenadiers (*dusteh bahadaran*), one of light infantry (*dusteh mekh booran*), and eight line or battalion companies (*dusteh serbaz*). Each company is of the following strength:—One captain (*soltan*), one lieutenant (*naib-i-awal*), one sub-lieutenant (*naib-i-duwum*), five sergeants (*serloga*), ten corporals (*deh-bashi*), 100 privates (*serbaz*). The line companies have each one fifer (*neitchee*), and the flank companies one bugler (*sheipourchee*). The staff of the regiment consists of one colonel (*serjung*), one lieutenant-colonel (*yaver-awal*), one major (*yaver-duwum*), two adjutants (one to each wing), one surgeon (*jerrah*), one accountant and paymaster (*mirza*), one baggage-master (*tablidar*). The full strength of a regiment is, consequently, 1190 of all grades. The right wing is under the charge of the lieutenant-colonel, and the left wing of the majors. The uniform consists of a red or blue cloth jacket, loose linen breeches, high brown or yellow leather boots, and the national lambskin cap; the two latter are supplied by the soldier, for which, however, he receives an annual allowance of about seven rupees. The accoutrements are made of leather, on the European plan; the arms are flint-muskets and bayonets, of either English or Persian manufacture; which latter are of exceedingly good quality. The formation is in two ranks, and the men are good shots, manœuvre smartly, and are tolerably steady under arms. Two regiments form a brigade (*teep*), which is under the command of a general of brigade (*ser-teep*), and two or more brigades constitute a division, commanded by a general (*serdar*). A general-in-chief is called *amir-i-tooman*; a marshal, *amir-i-nizam*. The war-minister has the title of *wuzir-i-nizam*, and he is assisted by a staff-officer, uniting the functions of our adjutant and quarter-master general's departments, who is designated 'adjutant-bashi.' Of the three regiments of Guards,

the 1st., or Bahaderan Khassa, is a grenadier corps, and composed exclusively of Christians, either subjects of the empire or refugees: it is at present commanded by a Russian, named Samson Khan. The 2nd regiment is called the Old Guard; and the 3rd the Guard of Karamania. The remaining forty-seven regiments form the reserve force, and of these the greater portion are little more than skeletons, the men being allowed unlimited leave. They are, however, annually mustered and exercised for a few days, and are always liable to be called on for service when required. A considerable portion of these corps have recently been embodied, and are now forming a reserve camp under the orders of Khan Baboo Khan, the king's uncle. The recruiting-ground of these corps is chiefly distributed over the provinces of Irak-Ajemi, Fars, Kermans, and Yezed. Their pay, when embodied, is the same as that of the active force; but while on leave, they receive nothing. The irregular infantry consists partly of a militia, and partly of contingents, furnished by the frontier districts; this force amounts to about 80,000 men, called *Toofunchees*, armed with muskets or matchlocks. They are only called out on particular occasions, and even then they receive no pay and find their own arms and equipments; but they receive rations and ammunition, and a sort of general license to plunder. The whole of the Persian cavalry (*Kooshoonee Sowaree*) is irregular. Several attempts at organising regular cavalry under European officers have been made, but without success, and all have been finally reduced. With the exception of 10,000 men forming the Royal Guard, the cavalry force is drawn from the several tribes when required. The total force they are bound to furnish amounts to 190,000 men, which, with the guard, gives a grand total of 200,000 cavalry.

"The fixed contingent of the tribes, to which extent they can be called upon if requisite, is as follows:—

Khorassan	45,000	horsemen
Fars, Kerman, and Arabistan ..	50,000	"
The Bakhtiariis	15,000	"
Kurdistan	20,600	"
Irak-Ajemi	20,000	"
Azerbijam	40,000	"

So large a force of cavalry may appear excessive, with reference to the population, but it must be remembered that the infantry arm is proportionally weak, and also that in some parts of Persia, and especially on the frontiers, almost every man is a horseman. These troops receive no pay, and they furnish their own horses, arms, and equipment; but when called out they draw rations for themselves and their horses, and look to plunder for all else. They are commanded by their own khans and

subordinate officers; but these are all nominated by the shah. A portion of this force, varying in strength, is permanently kept on foot, a certain number of villages being assigned for their support. But the only respectable body of permanent cavalry is that composing the two corps of the Royal Guard, which amount together to 10,000 mounted men, designated severally the Golam-i-pesh Khidmut and the Golam-i-Shah. Of these two corps, the first holds the higher rank, as the body-guard of the shah. Formerly, this corps, like the original Mamelukes of Egypt, was recruited by the children of Christian parents in Georgia, Armenia, &c., but now it is exclusively composed of Mussulmans of good family. On appointment, the Sowar receives forty tomans for the purchase of horse and equipments; the pay is thirty tomans per annum, with rations and forage, and cloth for a new uniform at the festival of Naoroze. The whole, generally speaking, are very well mounted; the arms are a carbine, the curved sabre, a long dagger, and a pair of holster pistols. The perquisites, when employed on civil or political duties, are very considerable, and they are thus enabled to keep up a very strong and efficient appearance. The other, and subordinate corps of the Golam-i-Shah are similarly, but less sumptuously equipped and mounted, the outfit being only twenty-five, and the annual pay twenty tomans.

"The artillery is confined to horse artillery and camel artillery. The former, which takes the place of foot artillery, is organised in batteries on the English system, and the latter consists of zumbooruks—light swivel guns attached to the saddle of the camel, deriving their name from '*zumboor*,' a gnat. The horse artillery forms three regiments, each of eight troops or batteries, with 162 officers, 3258 non-commissioned, and gunners, and 4368 horses. There is also a reserve corps, with three batteries, 600 men, and about as many horses; giving a total, in round numbers, of 4000 men, 5000 horses, and 162 field guns. The batteries consist of five guns and one howitzer. The heavy batteries are composed of 12-pounder guns and 24-pounder howitzers; the light batteries of 9, 6, or 3-pounder guns, and 12-pounder howitzers. Each battery has nine ammunition waggons—seven for the guns, and two for the howitzer—with the addition of a rocket-carriage and one spare gun-carriage. The guns are worked by mounted detachments; eight horses are allowed for the draught of each 12-pounder gun and 24-pounder howitzer; and six horses for the lighter pieces and the waggons. An ordinary battery has 182 horses. The ordnance and carriages are all constructed on English models, and, especially the latter,

are of very serviceable description; but small-arm ammunition is carried on light two-wheeled tumbrils, of Russian pattern. English weights and measures are exclusively used by the artillery, and in the magazines; and a translation of the *Pocket Gunner*, made by the late Major D'Arey Todd, who was for several years in the Persian service, is the present guide and basis of their system. The corps of Zumboorchees consists of four companies, each of fifty men, with a captain and two lieutenants. Each man is mounted on a camel, and carries his zumbooruk affixed by means of trunnions to a swivel on the front of the wooden saddle. The piece, in form, resembles a short musqueteon, having a stock and flint lock, and a wrought-iron barrel, carrying a ball of about thirteen ounces, the whole weighing about 75 lbs. The total load, including the Zumboorchee and a supply of ammunition, amounts to 450 lbs. One spare ammunition camel is allowed with every two zumbooruks when on service. Great pains have been taken to render this little corps as perfect and efficient as possible, it being a favourite arm with the shah, to whose guard it is attached, and on all public occasions of ceremony it forms a leading and remarkable feature. The artillery generally is the most efficient branch of the service, and is kept tolerably complete. The uniform resembles that of the infantry, the jacket of dark blue cloth with red facings, the breeches of blue cotton, the boots, sword, and pouch-belts of black leather, with a regular horseman's cloak for bad weather. The arms are the sabre and a pair of pistols. The pay of each grade is one-third higher than that of the infantry, and the officers hold rank a grade higher than in the line, a colonel of artillery being equal to a general in the other branches. The whole department is under the charge of a sort of Grand Master of Artillery, called Amir-i-Topkhanch. This appointment, which is considered one of the most important in the empire, is only conferred on officers of the highest rank, and is occasionally held by the Grand Wuzeer. There are several well-stored arsenals, the most important of which is that of Teheran, which includes a foundry, a gun-carriage and small-arm manufactory, with an extensive laboratory and workshops. The large guns are for the most part of brass, and 800 camels are kept up for the parks and other ordnance purposes. In addition to the regular artillery, each large town has a body of trained gunners for local defence. Such are the strength and organisation of the Persian army at present. The material is in many respects excellent—the men are tall, powerful, active, and intelligent, sober and temperate in their habits, capable of great endurance, and brave."

The above account of the military power of Persia will enable the reader to form some opinion upon the relations of that once mighty empire to the great empires by which it is now bounded, and how far its alliances in this war may influence the contest.

The domineering conduct of the Russian agents in Central Asia engaged public attention. The tidings from Khiva and Bokhara, like those from Teheran, were contradictory and improbable, and afforded ample topics for discussion in the press both at home and in India. The *Delhi Gazette* gave the first information of the efforts of the czar in Central Asia; and although the representations of that journal were laughed at by some, and gravely contradicted by others, they were finally shown to be correct. Russian troops came towards Khiva by a road which they had been making many years; they entered the boundary of the Khan of Khiva's dominions, and built forts there. The khan, in order to preserve his throne, entered into an alliance with the czar. In these encroachments Russia was abetted by Persia, the troops of which power assumed a menacing position upon the Khivan frontier. The Khan of Khiva was a very reluctant ally of Russia, and as soon as he heard of her reverses, he caused bands, ostensibly unauthorised, to attack the forts that had been erected, and to harass the Russians in every way they could. Not so the King of Bokhara, he entered willingly into the Russian schemes. Believing that his murders of British officers, especially the unfortunate and excellent Connolly and Stoddart, would for ever expose him to the enmity of England, he was ready to place himself beneath the ægis of Russia. He knew that if Persia formed any intimate connexion with Britain, she would, to please her ally, inflict upon him some disaster, perhaps altogether deprive him of his throne. Thus calculating, he threw himself into the arms of the czar. By these instrumentalities Russia opened up a correspondence with Dost Mahomed, Khan of Cabool, who, having a salutary fear of the Indian government, preferred an alliance in that direction, and disclosed to the British agents the negotiations opened up with him through the Persian and Bokharian courts. The reverses experienced by the Russians upon the Danube and in Caucasia, together with the menaces of the British and French envoys, turned the attention of the Persian shah to the West; and as the diplomatic influence of Russia fell at Teheran, the Khan of Khiva grew bolder, and finally the intrigues of 1853-4 in Central Asia were abandoned. The hope, by way of Khiva and Bokhara, of penetrating to Afghanistan, and thence to India, is one of the long-cherished projects of Russian ambition. The route

pointed out by the great Napoleon to his *quasi* friend, the Czar Alexander, was often travelled in thought by the Czar Nicholas, and would by successive czars, if the progress of Russia had been permitted to continue in that direction. The double-headed eagle looked with ferocious eyes at the same time towards Constantinople and Teheran. The difficulties of reaching British India, although great, would not prove insurmountable to a power which, if she fails to accomplish a project in one age, will postpone it to another, but never relinquishes the purpose of her ambition, nor deviates from an attitude of aggression until that ambition is satiated, if indeed Russian ambition ever can be satiated.

Mr. Duncan, a gentleman well known as the correspondent of a London paper from the head-quarters of the Turkish army in Asia during 1854, dwells much on the practicability of Russian designs in India. He is of opinion that all the sacrifices of men and treasure made by the czars to subdue the Caucasian tribes have been made with an ultimate design on India. We can believe that if no such designs existed, Russia would, for the purpose of approaching the Dardanelles, and wresting the rich Turkish and Persian provinces of Asia Minor from the sceptres of the sultan and the shah, have made these and still greater sacrifices; but we concur with Mr. Duncan that this design animated the disposition to sacrifice so much. Mr. Duncan thinks that the idea of any future czar conquering India must be dismissed. It is by no means plain to us that the idea is inadmissible; no one acquainted with the progress of Russia in the East will doubt the possibility of her conquering all Asia Minor and Persia; and if such conquests be accomplished, the possession of India is not beyond Russian achievement, and for the very reason which Mr. Duncan assigns as justifying English policy in resisting the progress of the czar in that direction, namely, that every step she takes towards Central Asia increases her moral power over all the East, and proportionably lessens that of every other nation having authority or influence there.

A portion of the Mohammedan Sepoys, sent by way of Egypt, would have been found very effective troops in co-operation with the Turks, and the name and moral influence of England would have been spread in connection with their success all over the Asiatic world. An Asiatic Turkish contingent might have easily been formed, and would have been very effective. The language of Lord Ellenborough, in his place in the House of Lords, in May, 1854, ought not to have been disregarded:—

“Any blow struck against Turkey in Asia paralyses the Turkish Empire. More than that—the whole commerce between Turkey and

Persia is carried on by Trebizond and Erzerum, and the occupation of those places by Russia puts an end to that trade, insulates Persia, and most materially affects her policy. But, notwithstanding these circumstances, we did not carry on war in Asia as we did in Europe, with army against army. We had in Asia nations at our disposal. We had nations conquered, but yet disposed to throw off the yoke. We had still more—a gallant nation which has been for years in arms, successfully defending its independence. We should make war with their army as well as by the troops we could detach for any operation of this kind; but this mode of action has been altogether neglected.”

The influence of Persia upon the question of Russian progress in Asia, and the ultimate designs of the czar upon British India, have been lately placed in a very instructive light by a leading monthly periodical. The writer has thoroughly grasped the whole subject, and presented it in a light which will enable our readers to form a full judgment upon it:—“The Persians hate the Muscovs; the loss of Georgia, and their defeats on the banks of the Araxes, still rankle in their hearts. Their antipathy to the Turks is equally strong, kept up by the recollection of their former wars and antagonism, and partly by sectarian differences of creed. From the latter cause arises a bitter hatred. ‘Turkey,’ said the old Mollah, then prime-minister of the shah, ‘were it twice as large, would be but a small mouthful for Persia.’ Carried away by his furious zeal, the old fanatic did not perceive that he talked nonsense. Not that such ridiculous rhodomontade is uncommon in that country, whose inhabitants are the very Gascons of the East, with the difference that Gascons, though they may talk big, usually fight well; whereas the Persians, dispirited and demoralised, and having small inducement to fight in defence of a fallen nationality, and a government alternately barbarous and pusillanimous, are not likely to display much greater prowess and military skill, when next taken into the field, than they did in their contest with the Russians. Individually they may be brave; M. Flandin somewhere affirms that they are; although such is hardly the opinion that will be formed from many other passages of his book; but it will be hard to make an efficient Persian army, under the present system by which the country is governed, with officers who are either boys, or enervated by the excesses and shameful vices to which the Persians are prone, and who look upon the service merely as a means of gratifying their more than womanish vanity, by wearing fancy uniforms, monster epaulets, and diamond decorations, and have less knowledge of their duty than a European corporal.

The private soldiers, upon the other hand, have nothing to fight for. Taken for the most part by force, and for perpetual service, unless the shah thinks proper to release them, receiving a little grain for sole rations, they are most irregularly paid, and are often near to starvation. The shah takes from his coffers the money requisite for the payment of the soldier, and gives it to his prime-minister, from whose hand it passes through so many others that the twelve tomans (about six pounds) which each man is entitled to annually, dwindle to five or six before, after long delay, they reach his hands. M. Flandin saw a regiment that had had no pay for two years. Sometimes their misery drives the poor wretches to mutiny, by which they perhaps obtain a small payment on account; but often it is found more convenient to disband them, and raise a new regiment. Promotion, in Persia, is obtained neither by merit nor by military knowledge, but solely by birth, caprice, or intrigue. Princes and khans, whatever their age, having never served, totally ignorant of military matters, obtain the most important posts, and are entrusted with commands which they are greatly puzzled how to exercise. The degree of confidence they inspire in their men may be imagined; and the fate of an army thus officered, when opposed to European troops, or even to the more warlike of the Asiatic nations, can hardly be doubtful. M. Flandin gives some diverting but rather highly-coloured sketches of the siege of Herat, and of Hadji Mirza Agassi’s (the same fanatical prime-minister who was for making a meal of Turkey) celebrated cannon, which he founded in the camp itself, and for which he had but a very limited number of balls:—‘The artillerymen’s practice was so bad that they all flew over the town; and soldiers, enthusiastic admirers of the vizier’s balistic skill, volunteered to make the circuit of the fortress to seek and bring home the precious projectiles. It may be imagined how this formidable besieging artillery diverted General Simonitch, the Russian ambassador, an old officer of Napoleon. He derived great amusement, it appears, from the Mollah gunner and his innovations: these puerilities, conceived with all the gravity of an oriental, helped him to pass the time during that tedious siege, to which the Persians had brought, not only an army of soldiers, but another of artisans and traders of all kinds. It seemed as if they were about to found a colony in front of the besieged place. The royal camp had itself the appearance of a town; it comprised a bazaar and workshops of all kinds. The Persians, lacking confidence, it would seem, either in their strength or in their strategic knowledge, thought the siege might be a long one, and carried foresight so far as to plough and sow the ground around their camp. Their labour

was not lost; in due time they gathered in the harvest.' Although French and English officers have in turn instructed the shah's troops, and for a time with some show of success, the favourable results they temporarily achieved melted away after their departure. M. Flandin gives a dismal account of the state of the Persian army at the time of his residence in the country, citing as a specimen—and probably rather a favourable one—of the whole, the six thousand men he saw encamped, under the shah's immediate command, outside Ispahan. The lines of white tents were most symmetrical; the guns were drawn up in good order, and vigilantly guarded by sentries with bare sabres; the horses were picketed in the rear, at mangers cleverly and cheaply constructed of clay. But on parade, and in the field, the aspect of affairs was far less martial and imposing. Ragged uniforms, dirty belts, wretched muskets—many of them without flints, some without locks—soldiers in a state of misery, and officers who knew but just enough to make their men carry and present arms—such were the elements of the regiments ranged beneath the brilliant banner of the Lion and the Sun. If Russia, as some believe, has designs, resolute although not yet ripe, on British India, and is bent on discovering a south-east passage to our vast Asiatic possessions, certainly Persia's regular troops would be no serious obstacle to her march. She would have infinitely more to fear from natural difficulties, from the immense tracts of desert her armies must traverse—solitudes where no vegetation or water are found, from disease and climate, and from the harassing attacks of Persia's irregular cavalry, Kurds, Arabs, Turcomans, variously armed and equipped, fighting after the manner of their different tribes, Parthian-like, firing and flying, but individually brave, skilful with their weapons, and generally well mounted. Led in a body against a disciplined Russian force, they would probably be scattered to the winds; distributed along its line of march, pressing on its rear, cutting off its stragglers, wearying it by night alarms, intercepting its supplies, they would form a heavy addition to the perils and difficulties it must inevitably brave, by whatever route it might attempt to reach our Indian frontier. We have always considered the apprehensions expressed by some few persons, with respect to Russian views on India, to be, if not chimerical, at least much exaggerated, and entirely premature. England could hardly have a better barrier between her Eastern possessions and Russia's ambition, than countries constituted and inhabited as are Independent Turkey and Afghanistan, or than Persia, with its barren salt wastes and frequent malaria. Until those countries are swallowed up, or subjugated

by the encroaching northern colossus, there is little chance, we think, of Cossacks on our Indian frontier. If Russia had Constantinople, the case would be different. With the Black Sea all her own, with the great naval power her vastly augmented trade would speedily give her, and with the increased weight she would acquire in Asia, she might one day attempt a move eastwards. But these are remote speculations, to be realised, if ever, only in a very distant future. If Russia were allowed to get the Dardanelles, which it is pretty evident she will not be, she would soon find herself in a position to push westwards as well as eastwards, and would be more likely to trench upon Austrian and Prussian provinces, which lie at her door, than to traverse half Asia in quest of a distant foe and a doubtful victory."

We cannot close this chapter on the war in Asia, in 1854, more appropriately than by a passage from *Blackwood's Magazine* of February, 1855, as to the prospects of the Russians and Caucasians respectively, in their combats for the mastery of those mountain realms, where they have maintained such protracted and unremitting war. "There is but one way of subduing a country that is both mountainous and wooded: this is, to pierce the country with military roads and to destroy the bush. But the country must be subdued to *some* extent before these measures are taken. That even mountains, comparatively bare, present great military obstacles, has been abundantly proved, as they present great natural fortresses of the strongest kind; the deficiencies of which, where any exist, the very rudest kind of art is capable of supplying. Nowhere do we get a better notion of this than in the picturesque narrative of Xenophon, where he describes the march of the ten thousand through the mountains of Kurdistan before they debouched on the wintry table-land of Armenia. Wherever there is a defile there are heights above it. The army must march through the defile, and the heights are in the possession of the enemy; so it is necessary to storm the heights, in the face of all opposition, before the defile can be used; and even in case of the best success, when the heights are stormed and the main army has safely passed, unless the storming party are prepared to occupy the heights for ever, they must expect annoyance on retreating, as the enemy will probably immediately occupy the vantage-ground they have left. But difficult as it may be for a military power to act in a bare mountain country, the difficulty is incalculably increased by the existence of woods. In naked mountains, the enemy, though often difficult of access, may be found when looked for, and attacked; for where one man can climb another can. Nor are caverns

a sufficient protection, as a poor North African tribe once found to their cost, when, as has probably frequently happened elsewhere, they were smoked out. But it is otherwise in the case of woods. The enemy will never 'break cover,' for this good reason, that his means of offence and defence depend upon his keeping close to it. Thus, as we might expect, history abounds with instances of regular forces being bewildered and cut off in woods by irregulars, who of course are the best suited to this kind of work. Besides many modern instances, one of which was the misfortune of the French general, Vandamme, in a *cul de sac* of wooded hills at Culm, in Bohemia, we have an abundance of such cases before the invention of fire-arms; such as the loss of the Athenian force under Demosthenes, the general, in the woods of Ætolia; the defeat of the Roman army at the Caudine forks, and the destruction of the legions of Varus in the Westphalian forest, which was part of that Hercynian wood which then covered the face of half Germany. Supposing the wood to be on even ground, and of limited extent, it is possible to clear it of the enemy by a line of skirmishers advancing across it. Not so when it climbs the side of a snow-covered ridge, and extends far away over the horizon. This is, perhaps, the greatest condition of difficulty to an attacking army; and it is with this that the Russians have had to contend in the Caucasus. With a country of such a nature it requires no great amount of courage on the part of the defenders to give much trouble. But suppose courage and resolution in the defenders superadded to the difficulties of the ground, the unequal

nature of the contest is increased, and we do not wonder that in this way mere handfuls of men have put to flight large battalions. The most striking case of this that occurs to us was the battle of Morgarten, in Switzerland, in which a large body of Austrian men-at-arms, amounting to some thousands, was attacked and discomfited by a few hundred herdsmen of Schweiz, Uri, and Unterwalden. To arrive at Schweiz from the plain country of Switzerland, it was necessary for the invading army to pass along the shore of the Lake of Egeri, at the end of which they found the passage closed by a wooded mountain, dipping down to the water's edge. As they were defiling round this cover, difficult enough of itself, on a sudden they were astonished by an avalanche of rocks and tree-trunks rolled down by invisible hands; and while in confusion, made more inextricable by the encumbrance of armour, they were attacked hand to hand, and slaughtered by the light-limbered mountaineers, who drowned those they could not cut to pieces, and stopping both ways of retreat, left few to tell the tale of the day. This was the first and chief condition which enabled the Caucasians to hold their own so long against Russian aggression, and to keep their highlands standing dry in the deluge of their dominions, like a hog's-back reef in the sea."

From the warfare in these mountain lands we now turn the attention of the reader once more to the sea, but not to "the hospitable sea," as the ancients called it, which washes the shores of Asia Minor and of the Caucasus, but to the inclement waters of the Baltic.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALLIED FLEETS IN THE BALTIC.—UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO DRAW THE SCANDINAVIAN STATES INTO THE ALLIANCE.—THE RUSSIAN FLEETS SEEK SHELTER BEHIND THE FORTIFICATIONS OF CRONSTADT, SWEABORG, ETC.—CAPTURE OF BOMARSUND.

"Those haughty shopkeepers, who roll
Their goods and edicts forth from pole to pole."—BYRON.

IN the tenth chapter the review of the Baltic fleet, its departure, arrival out, and the preparation of a powerful French fleet to co-operate, were related. The excitement produced in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, by the advent to their coasts of this vast armada was very great. Probably the excitement on the Russian coasts was as great. The people along the shores of the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland were curious regarding this vast armament, as well as alarmed. They desired to see it; and yet the achievements it was expected to attempt were so vast, and so serious in their consequences, that apprehension filled every mind.

At St. Petersburg the sense of peril was very great, yet a vague confidence in the destinies of Russia predominated. Of all Russians, the inhabitants of the new metropolis are the most ambitious, and the most confident that their ambition will be realised. "Elsewhere (says De Custine) great cities abound in monuments raised in memory of the past: St. Petersburg, in all its magnificence and immensity, is a trophy raised by the Russians to the greatness of the future. The hope which produces such efforts appears to me sublime. Never since the construction of the Jewish Temple, has the faith of a people in its own destinies raised up

from the earth a greater wonder than St. Petersburg. And what renders more truly admirable this legacy, left by one man to his ambitious country, is, that it has been ratified by history. This mighty metropolis, ruling over its icy marshes, in order from thence to rule the world, is superb—more superb to the mind than to the eye. Yet it may not be forgotten that 100,000 men, victims of obedience, were lost in converting the pestilential swamps into a capital!"

With the spirit of ambition and confidence animating the citizens of the modern capital of Russia, which this quotation displays, it can be no matter of surprise if, in the suspense which filled the hearts of the multitudes of the city of the czar, a haughty defiance largely mingled. Yet while St. Petersburg is more ambitious than Moscow, it would not sacrifice so much for the empire. As De Custine says, "it is Moscow that explains St. Petersburg." Moscow has a history—it is devotedly Russ, it treasures up with hoarded memories the barbarian deeds of the Russia of bygone ages. Deeds of which a nation might well be ashamed, are sources of pride to the genuine Muscovite if they extended the dominion of his forefathers, or gratified their love of conquest: he literally exults in

"The gathered guilt of olden times."

The St. Petersburgers, descended from Germans, Fins, Scandinavians, and Slaves, care nothing for the past, their whole thought is directed to the future, and with an ambition as arrogant as the government of their nation, and, like its empire, vast.

Every movement of the Anglo-French Baltic fleet was watched at St. Petersburg with profound interest. The citizens took journeys to Cronstadt and Sweaborg to observe the ships when they appeared off those places; and the public of the capital were, partly by the government, and partly by private means, apprised of all the proceedings of the allied squadrons. In London the interest felt in this expedition was also profound, and England was never more confident in any naval force which had at any time left her shores. The British people felt that, whatever might be the fortunes of their troops in Turkey, in the Baltic England had a force upon her own element, and must prove resistless. The sea, so formidable to most other nations, was, with all its dangers and its mysteries, a sort of home to England: she could only think of it with triumph. However other nations might philosophise about it, and say—

"It beareth man a bubble on its bosom,"

her people made it their song—

"Britannia rules the waves;"

and "a campaign upon the billows" seemed only a prelude to victory and glory. High hopes filled every English breast when "the pet admiral," the redoubtable "Sir Charley," was at the head of this magnificent fleet in the waters of the czar. The public feeling was as if the nation had made an alliance with the sea, and had reason to be proud of its power and its mystery—

"In all time,
Calm or convulsed, upheaving to the pole,
Dark, fathomless, sublime."

Many of the humblest classes in the British metropolis, and in the south of England, volunteered on board that fleet from motives of the purest patriotism. It is no exaggeration of the manliness and generosity of the public sentiment of the poorer classes in England at that time to say, that they felt, as Gibbon wrote, "the man who does not expose his life in the defence of his children and property, has lost in society the first and most active energies of nature." It was the spirit of freedom—of resistance to aggression—of sympathy with a weaker nation, which so rapidly manned that fleet with recruits from those only accustomed to pursuits on land.

To what extent the hopes of the British nation were fulfilled our narrative will show; but whatever disappointment was felt, the brave and skilful admiral who commanded that fleet incurred none of the responsibility. He did all which courage, governed by experience, ought to attempt. The government under whose directions he acted did everything that bad governments can accomplish to mar an expedition, when there is no responsibility, nor any public feeling to hold them in check. As the fleets entered upon the duties assigned to them, the new scenes by sea and shore amused and pleased the crews. The correspondence of officers and men to friends at home show that a lively and contented, as well as enterprising tone of mind, characterised the whole force. The bold shores and intricate shallows excited the admiration, or occupied the thought and labour of the men; but no subject pervades the correspondence from the fleet so much as the delight felt by all in the brilliant skies of the North, when night brought forth in their glory those objects of beauty and wonder denied to gaudy day, reminding one of the beautiful words of Southey—

"How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled by the sky!
How beautiful is night!"

The object of the fleets was not, however, a summer-pleasure cruise, little as was effected in proportion to what was expected. Labour and danger were encountered in sounding the almost innumerable shallows, surveying the coasts, reconnoitring the enemy, tempting him from his shelter, and storming one of his strongholds. An officer on board one of the ships in Sir Charles Napier's fleet, writing to a friend in London, says:—

Great Belt, March 27, 1854.

"Although I wrote a note, which I intended sending by the *Vulture* to England, yet the weather was so bad on her departure that we could not communicate. That letter will probably reach you at the same time this does. The weather was beautiful yesterday, and is so to-day. The atmosphere clear, raw, and bracing, imparting a cheerfulness to most of us. The *Miranda*, which had been sent as a vessel of observation to the Baltic, previous to our departure from England, joined us yesterday morning. Her bow seemed rough and scratched about the copper from stemming the ice, through which she forced her way for some distance with some difficulty. She brought intelligence that the Russian fleet is anchored at Revel, from which they cannot be freed by the breaking up of the ice until the end of April. The *Miranda* left England with sealed orders, and instructed not to show her colours. Part of the squadron was detached ahead yesterday, under Admiral Chads. The *Leopard* steamed back about mid-day with a Danish admiral on board, who visited the flag-ship, and was saluted with fifteen guns. The squadron anchored off Wyborg (about eight miles) in the evening. We got under weigh very early this morning. Our destination has been changed, probably resulting from the interview with the Danish admiral. We are now proceeding to Kiel in lieu of Kiøge, which may be owing to the intelligence that the Russian squadron is sealed up in Revel, and must remain there until May. Sir Charles has left the squadron this afternoon in charge of Admiral Corry, and has steamed ahead, in the *Duke of Wellington*, in the direction of Kiel. It is now evident that the squadron cannot reach that place this evening.

"9 p.m.—We have just dropped anchor within three or four miles of Kiel harbour."

Sir Charles remained at this anchorage for three days, during which time great numbers of persons from Hamburgh, Altona, and other places, visited the fleet, and especially gratified their curiosity by going on board the *Duke of Wellington*. The trains to Altona and Hamburgh were daily filled by persons of the highest respectability, who expressed their best wishes for the speedy triumph of the British

flag. The desire to see Sir Charles himself and his famous flag-ship seemed to be, however, the uppermost feeling with the Germans. The Danes were less cordial than the Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans (the German governments were cool, or showed an ill-dissembled hostility). Berlin, Leipsic, and many large places in interior Germany, sent forth their thousands to witness the gorgeous sight. The guns were exercised in the presence of these visitors; many of the most intelligent of whom expressed their astonishment at the precision with which marks were struck at long range. The fleet weighed and sailed for Kiøge Bay. The following letter is dated—

Off Kiøge Bay, Copenhagen, April 10.

"I have just been in Copenhagen, the morning being extremely fine after the stormy night. I made my way into the city, and went to the British minister's residence, where I found Sir Charles Napier busily employed in asking questions of some officers belonging to the ships employed in the transport of water and provisions for the fleet. I afterwards returned on board the *Obotrit* steamer again, and fell in with sundry officers of the frigates lying at Copenhagen on my way; they all seemed anxious for work. I proceeded to Kiøge Bay, and went on board the *Duke of Wellington*, and was employed for a couple of hours in looking over this splendid ship. On my appearing on board with a bundle of London papers under my arm, I thought the sailors and marines would have eaten me up for distributing among them a portion of my store. A German party, who had come many miles from the interior of Germany to visit the fleet, returned on board the steamer to Copenhagen, well satisfied with their trip. I returned myself on board a Danish steamer, having two hundred persons on board, ladies and gentlemen, and a band of music. On leaving the vessel the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' which was accompanied by loud cheers from the passengers, and re-echoed by the officers and men on board the *Wellington*. If I am asked which of the two people was most enthusiastic in their expression of feeling on the occasion, I may say, without either favour or affection, the Germans. On the part of the higher classes of Danes there was an evident symptom of curiosity evinced to view the ship; but on the part of the Germans, there was a deep interest in the cause for which the fleet was engaged, in favour of civilization. On our way back we met the admiral returning from Copenhagen. From what I heard, he intends moving towards Bornholm within a day or two. The principal pilot belonging to the fleet, a Dane, was desired by the admiral this morning to proceed

to Elsinore to bring the French line-of-battle-ship, *Austerlitz*, round to Kiøge Bay, where she will probably be to-morrow. The officers of our fleet are awfully fleeced in Copenhagen in the exchange of money, and, again, in what they purchase with it."

About the time the foregoing letter was written, the whole of the bullion in the Finland bank at Helsingfors was transported to St. Petersburg, from the apprehension of a bombardment. The inhabitants of Helsingfors, although protected by the Sweaborg fortresses, retired inland in considerable numbers, and many withdrew to St. Petersburg. The library of the university and the archives of the senate were packed up, and placed in the casemates of the fortress. The people at Helsingfors, and all through Finland, began to suffer from the high price of provisions, so that the government interfered, and fixed a maximum. At the same time a ukase, dated from St. Petersburg, directed that before the 29th of May, a naval force for the defence of the coast should be organised, and all seamen report themselves at their several ports. A number of Russian prizes fell into the hands of the fleet in every part of its progress hitherto, and the press of Berlin made piteous lamentations over the loss to commerce and the injury to innocent traders in this way inflicted. In order to blockade the Gulf of Finland the more closely, vessels were stationed both in the Gulf of Finland and the Gulf of Bothnia. The czar's efforts to get sailors were impeded by the number captured in the prizes, and by the flight of all who could escape from the coasts to the shelter of neutrals, or even of the English. The following extract from a Stockholm paper shows how tenderly the paternal government of the Emperor Nicholas treated his Finnish subjects:—"The whole town swarms with fugitives, who are pouring out of Finland. Many, too, come from Aland, in order to escape the Russian pressgangs. The Russian fleet is in great want of seamen, and, as it is preparing to take the sea as soon as the ice gives way, the authorities lay violent hands on young and old. In the night fathers of families are hurried off without a moment's grace, and the result is, that whole households fly to Sweden with bag and baggage, in order to escape such tyranny."

Scarcely had Sir Charles Napier and his fleet appeared in the German Ocean, when the states of Germany manifested the greatest anxiety to make Russia aware of their neutrality. There were none of the minor states of Germany too petty to pretend to some importance as to their peaceful attitude. The agents of Prussia were everywhere through Northern Germany co-operating with Russia;

and while inducing formal and ostentatious declarations of neutrality, about which the Western powers cared nothing, these agents were active in making arrangements to supply Russia overland with all articles contraband of war. The Hanseatic League was the first to make a pompous avowal of its intentions to avoid all participation in the warlike demonstrations of either side, by issuing the following notice:—

IN consequence of the war which has broken out between several of the great European powers, the Council Rath feels called upon, as a preliminary, to make the following orders with respect to the intercourse to the harbours and places of the belligerent powers:—

The exportation of all articles, deemed contraband of war, or as are understood to be so by the law of nations and the existing Hamburg State treaties, as also the exportation of ammunition, moreover of powder, saltpetre, brimstone, balls (*kugeln*), fuseses (*zundhütchen*), and also all descriptions of arms, and generally all such articles as can be immediately used in war, is forbidden, from the day of the date of the proclamation, equally under Hamburg or foreign flag, or by land, to the states of those powers now engaged in war.

Whomsoever acts in contravention of this order, be it as owner or master of the vessel, or as exporter of the goods, will incur not only the confiscation of the before-named articles, but will also be further punished by a heavy fine and by imprisonment, according to circumstances. In order that a necessary control may be exercised over all exportations to the states at war, the articles must be accurately specified; and the superscription "merchandise," or any similar general description, will not be admitted.

No captain or master of a ship sailing under the Hamburg flag must violate a blockade, or, after such (blockade) has been duly notified to him, sail through clandestinely, nor must he either carry two sets of ships' papers, or bear a foreign flag, so long as he is in possession of Hamburg ships' papers (*schiffs' passe*).

Whosoever may require to know more respecting the orders and notices with reference to navigation and trade of neutrals, as issued by the belligerent powers, must address themselves to the Department of Commerce (*Commerz Comptoir*).

Given in our assembly of Council, Hamburg, the 10th of April, 1854.

An Order respecting the Exportation of Articles Contraband of War, published on the 11th day of April, 1854.

IN consequence of the existing state of war between Turkey, France, and Great Britain, on the one hand, and Russia, on the other hand, the senate has determined, for the protection of the interests of the trade and navigation of this city, to make and publish the following enactments:—

1. The exportation of articles contraband of war to the powers now at war, or to their subjects, is prohibited.

2. Articles contraband of war consist of arms, ordnance, firearms, and ammunition of every description, but, furthermore, particularly powder, balls (*kugeln*), rockets, fuseses (*zundhütchen*), and other material used immediately in war, as also saltpetre, brimstone, and lead.

3. The transgression of the present order will be followed by a confiscation of the articles contraband of war, and those who are guilty of such transgression, or are accessory to it, will be, moreover, punished with severity.

Decreed at Lubeck, at a meeting of the senate, on the 10th day of April, 1854.

C. TH. OVERBECK, Dr., *Secretary*.

In the Scandinavian States, the brave old admiral, his officers, and crews, were welcomed with joyous acclamations. When Sir Charles

landed at their capitals, the courts and peoples seemed to enter into a generous rivalry as to his reception—salutes were fired, processions were formed, festal arrangements were made. The wealthier citizens kept open houses for the officers of the British fleet, while the humbler people were equally hospitable to the jolly tars, who performed various freaks, infinitely amusing to the sober northern burgesses. The bold, generous, rollicking character of the mariners of England met with a cordial appreciation from the inhabitants of Copenhagen and Stockholm. The press of these cities emulated that of Britain in eulogies upon the Western alliance, and denunciations against Russia.

The following spirited article is translated from the Swedish evening paper (the *Afton-bladet*), dated Stockholm, April 4:—

"The die is cast. The Western powers have at length declared war against the czar; civilisation, social order, political progress, has eventually, after twelve months' test of a patience that appeared inexhaustible, drawn the sword against barbarism, oppression, and lawless usurpation, and the curtain has risen for a new act in the drama of universal history, the unfolding of which will exercise a most important influence on the whole social state of Europe. The epoch of peace has passed. These forty years have developed among the greater portion of Europe an almost unanticipated state of civilisation, happiness, and prosperity. Other days are now dawning, in blood, sacrifice, and suffering; their closing no human mind can foresee. To all appearance the struggle must be terrific and general; and no nation, no government, can calculate how long they will be permitted to remain quiet spectators of a scene of war carried on beyond their frontiers. The struggle is for the most sacred—the dearest ties of society—its religious and commercial freedom—the political rights of the people, and their advancement in civilisation, welfare, and happiness. The petty quarrel respecting access to the church and vault has extended to a magnitude vast and immeasurable, and the sword must not return to its scabbard until the fate of Europe has been decided—until victory shall have finally declared for the West or the East—for freedom or for Cossack power.

"It is a great idea, uttered by a despotic monarch, but by a man who built his despotism on the mass of the people's choice—that the era of conquests has for ever passed. It is no longer the narrow-minded selfishness of dynasties that can determine for the world the boundaries of war or peace. If Europe be doomed for a lengthened period to forego the blessings of peace, and look the horrors of war in the face, it will always be a satisfaction to reflect that this war is not maintained for the

acquisition of territory—it is the people, the most civilised people of Europe, urged by their conscience and their duty, that take arms to secure for futurity peace and order, and, once for all, to drive despotism, fraud, and oppression within its proper sphere.

"It is a great and glorious sight to see how the very spirit of the people has rendered the impossible possible—how the march of civilisation has formed a bond of unity between two nations that have ever since the era of the Crusades been at war, or continually suspected and hated each other: England and France, those implacable foes, those rivals full of bitterness, have shaken hands across the Channel, and united in a treaty for higher objects than national vanity. Out of the difference of disposition, opinions, traditions, and manners that exist between these two nations has sprung a unity of mind and action that must generate feelings of courage and security in the minds of the weakest and most sceptical of mortals. Their cause is the cause of humanity; and wherever the light of civilisation shines, the nations of Europe look towards the united Western powers as the banner-bearers of truth and the champions for a better and brighter futurity.

"In this strife—its morning dawn already risen in blood over the countries of our nearest neighbours—the Scandinavian people are not yet called to share. It may be a longer or a shorter period before the signal is given for them to join in the struggle; the hour has not yet arrived. They can still sit in peace on their rocky strand as observers until the period when they shall be called upon to act. But, although their arms yet rest, they must not be lukewarm spectators of the phases in the struggle; the warm sympathies of their hearts, their prayers, their good wishes, can only have one bent—only one feeling of happiness or joy can fill their breasts to hear that victory has crowned the united flags of the Western powers, and only one feeling of sorrow depress them if—which may God forbid!—another fate than that of success should attend their efforts. So powerfully and universally is the public opinion expressed in Sweden, in Norway, and by our faithful allies across the Sound, that not one single voice will dare to raise itself with other wishes. With joy, hope, and the sympathy of friends, we salute from our strands the flags of England and France, and welcome them to our waters. Their success embodies the promise of our future happiness; the Swedish heart knows no neutrality between freedom and slavery, between the light of Western civilisation and the darkness of Eastern oppression. With the former must our hearts' warmest sympathies go, our minds' bright hope: and there is no human power

that can smother the silent but warm good wishes that rise in every Swedish breast for the success of the just cause, and for an honourable victory to those arms that fight for it."

Having conducted our readers to this point in the progress of the Baltic naval expedition, we pause in the narrative to give some account of the admiral himself by whom it was commanded.

Charles Napier was born on the 6th of March, 1786, and is consequently now in the 69th year of his age. The place of his birth is Stirlingshire. The Napiers are a Scotch border family. Sir Charles is a son of Captain Napier, R.N., and grandson to Francis, the fifth Lord Napier. Charles was thirteen years of age when he was entered as a midshipman in the navy, perhaps a little too old, for we are of opinion that the sooner a boy meant for the naval profession is placed on "blue water" the better. He was put on board the *Martin* sloop, and sent to the North Sea. He there acquired those hardy habits which have clung to him ever since. His next cruise was in the Mediterranean, where he got his lieutenancy in the nineteenth year of his age. It does not appear that he obtained his promotion because of his merits, although a bold lad, fond of his profession, and full of enterprise: his naval and aristocratic connexions gained him the step. His appointment was to the *Courageux*, 74, in the squadron of Sir J. B. Warren; and he was soon called upon to prove his fitness for promotion, in the capture of the French 80-gun ship *Marengo*, and the 40-gun frigate *Belle-Poule*. Next year he was promoted to the *Pulrush* brig as commander—a step of which the young hero was very proud, and to which he has looked back ever since with peculiar pleasure, as the turning point in his career. His conduct in this command was useful, and in two years (1808) he obtained the command of the *Recruit*, an 18-gun brig. He soon distinguished himself when left more to his own resources, and the *Recruit* and its young commander began to be much spoken of in the navy. The *Diligente*, a French corvette of 22 guns, had a desperate encounter with the *Recruit*, and in all probability would have soon surrendered, but she was fortunate enough to carry away the mainmast of the *Recruit*, and while the latter was so far disabled, the *Diligente* sheered off. In the action, Napier's thigh was broken, and he received other wounds. In February, 1809, he commanded the *Recruit* at the taking of Martinique. In a recent electioneering speech, he referred to that siege, as illustrating the neglect of the Admiralty in not providing him with mortar-boats to bombard Sweaborg when in command of the Baltic fleet. In April, 1809, he conducted a splendid naval chase, which issued in the capture of the *D'Hautpoule*, a

French 74, and was immediately after "posted" as captain. Very few of our naval men have arrived at the rank of post-captain at the age of twenty-three. The subsequent promotion of our hero was much slower. In 1811, he was appointed to the command of the frigate *Thames*, and served in the Mediterranean, under Admiral Pellew. In the two following years he was in active employment, and confirmed, by his assiduity and skill, the high opinion of him entertained by the profession. The command of the *Euryalus* was given to him in the American war which so soon followed, and, under the command of Admiral Gordon, his exploits attracted the notice of the navy and the country. The Americans too, against whom he fought, were generous admirers of his enterprise. The Admiralty issued secret orders against the British frigates engaging the large frigates of the Americans; Captain Napier indignantly tore and cast away these orders, and was incited rather by them to attempts beyond his ordinary daring: so long ago he began his conflict with Boards of Admiralty, and has rendered the country almost as much service in that description of warfare as when engaged with her foes. Captain Napier carried an expedition up the Potomac river, where he displayed wisdom and skill under the most arduous and difficult circumstances; his presence of mind was as conspicuous as his daring and romantic valour. He was again wounded, a rifle-ball from the shore grazing his neck. In 1815, the *Euryalus* was paid off, and our hero was made a Companion of the Bath. He remained unemployed till 1829, when he was put in command of the *Galatea*, which he retained for three years. In 1833, he first acted as an admiral, but not in the service of his own country: he accepted the command of the fleet of Don Pedro, in the war which placed the house of Braganza on the throne of Portugal. Donna Maria owed her throne more to the skill and valour of Admiral Napier than to any other cause. The annihilation of the fleet of Don Miguel by the force under his command, was one of the most complete naval victories ever achieved, and achieved against overwhelming odds. The conduct of Admiral Napier on that occasion is one of the brightest pages in the history of British courage. When the war of the Portuguese succession was over, Don Pedro conferred upon "Charley" a title, about which the hero cared nothing. In other respects, the royal family of Portugal showed its wonted faithlessness and ingratitude, in its treatment of the man whose exploits so largely contributed to its ascendancy.

In 1833, soon after he left the *Galatea*, and before he went out to Portugal, he stood for Portsmouth on ultra-liberal principles. In 1837, he was candidate for Greenwich, and

polled 1153 votes, but the government influence was against him, and he was beaten by forty votes. The year 1840 is memorable for the war with Mehemet Ali, when Sir Charles Napier (knighted for his exploits on behalf of Donna Maria of Portugal) was Commodore of the fleet under Sir Robert Stopford. The admiral was a grave, orderly, steady officer, who proceeded slowly and regularly to work, whatever was to be done; "Charley," on the contrary, set about his task with energy and heroism, and therefore perpetually crossed the path of the staid admiral. It was well for the country he did, as almost everything of spirit accomplished, was done by the commodore, Captain Collier, and a few other junior officers. At the bombardment of Acre the conduct of Napier was especially conspicuous; it was by his instrumentality the magazines were fired, and the enemy compelled to surrender. The landing at Djoni, and the captures of Beyrout and Sidon also illustrated his energy and bravery. Armed with a huge stick, like an Irishman at a fair, he led the sailors, marines, and military detachments, his trowsers tucked up half-way between knee and ankle, and a most eccentric-looking wide-awake on his head. The men idolised him, and would have followed him anywhere, on sea or shore. The mode of conducting operations being to his mind very slow and cool, he astonished the fleet, which was blockading Alexandria, by going in under a flag of truce without orders, where, asking for an interview with Mehemet Ali, in five minutes he negotiated a convention which ended the war. Admiral Stopford was indignant at such irregular proceedings; Lord Ponsonby (who affected to despise the slow and feeble processes of British diplomacy), when he heard of it at Constantinople, repudiated the whole affair; but when the convention was sent home, Lord Palmerston, seeing the solid sense which pervaded the arrangements of the British negotiator (for such Charley took it into his head to make himself), recommended it to the adoption of the government; and to the horror of Admiral Stopford, Lord Ponsonby, and all the diplomatic corps, the negotiation done off-hand by the bluff sailor gave peace to the East, and possibly prevented a war with France,—as Louis Philippe and M. Thiers were jealous of England, and plotting to make the Eastern question a medium of some combination against her. The cunning, but feeble and treacherous, "citizen king" was baulked by the extempore statesmanship of the British tar. On his return home, he was elected to parliament for Marylebone. In 1846 he was made Rear-admiral of the Blue; in 1853, Vice-admiral of the White. For two years he commanded the Channel fleet, and every year served his country, more or less, by attacking

the mismanagement of the Admiralty. We may be permitted to anticipate his career since the termination of his command of the Baltic fleet, by stating, that after his exposure of the conduct of Sir James Graham as First Lord of the Admiralty, popular feeling has been strongly in his favour; and in December, 1854, he is member for Southwark, having been returned without opposition.

As we can hardly hope to have done justice to the gallant admiral in our sketch, we present an extract from a speech of his own, delivered on the hustings at Portsmouth, in 1833, when he was candidate for that borough. The speech is so characteristic of the man, and his descriptions of such events as he chooses to describe so graphic and lifelike, that the reader will perceive what Sir Charles is from his own speech, with a clearness he could hardly otherwise realise:—

"In the course of my canvass I have been asked who I am. I'll tell you. I am Captain Charles Napier, who twenty-five years ago commanded the *Recruit* brig in the West Indies, and who had the honour of being twenty-four hours under three French line-of-battle ships flying from a British squadron, the nearest of which, with the exception of the *Hawk* brig, was from five to six miles astern the greater part of the time. I kept firing double-shotted broadsides into them. One of the ships was captured by the *Pompey* and *Castor*, the other two escaped by superior sailing. Sir Alexander Cochrane, my commander-in-chief, promoted me on the spot into her. At the siege of Martinique, the *Eolus*, the *Cleopatra*, and the *Recruit*, were ordered to beat up in the night between Pigeon Island and the main, and anchor close to Fort Edward; the enemy, fearing an attack, burnt their shipping. At daylight, in the morning, it appeared to me that Fort Edward was abandoned; this, however, was doubted. I offered to ascertain the fact, and with five men I landed in open day, scaled the walls, and planted the union-jack on the ramparts. Fortunately I was undiscovered from Fort Bourbon, which stood about a hundred yards off, and commanded it. On this being reported to Sir Alexander Cochrane, a regiment was landed in the night. Fort Edward was taken possession of, and the mortars turned against the enemy. I am in possession of a letter from Sir Alexander, saying, that 'my conduct was the means of saving many lives and shortening the siege of Martinique.' I had once the misfortune of receiving a precious licking from a French corvette; the first shot she fired broke my thigh, and a plumper carried away the mainmast. The enemy escaped, but the British flag was not tarnished. On my return to England in command of the *Jason*, I was turned out of her by a Tory Admiralty,



SIR CHARLES NAPIER, Bt. Kt.

because I had no interest; but as I could not lead an idle life I served a campaign with the army in Portugal as a volunteer, when I was again wounded. At the battle of Busaco I had the honour of carrying off the field my gallant friend and relative, Colonel Napier, now near me, who was shot through the face. On my return to England, I was appointed to the *Thames*, in the Mediterranean; and if I could bring the inhabitants of the Neapolitan coast into this room, they would tell you that, from Naples to the Faro point, there was not a spot where I did not leave my mark, and brought off with me upwards of one hundred sail of gun-boats and merchant vessels. I had the honour of running the *Thames* and *Furieuse* into the small mole off Ponza, which was strongly defended, and before they could recover from their surprise I captured the island without the loss of a man. I was then removed to the *Euryalus*, and had the good fortune to fall in with two French frigates and a schooner; I chased them in the night close into Calvi, in the Island of Corsica, passing close under the stern of one, plumpering her as I passed; and though we were going eight knots, I tried to run aboard of her consort, who was a little outside, standing athwart my house; the night was dark, the land close, and she succeeded in crossing me, but I drove her ashore on the rocks, where she was totally wrecked, and her consort was obliged to anchor close to her; the *Euryalus* wore round and got off, almost brushing the shore as she passed: these ships were afterwards ascertained to be *Armées en flûte*, mounting twenty-two guns each, and the schooner fourteen. From the Mediterranean I was ordered to America; and if my gallant friend, Sir James Gordon, was here he would have told you how I did my duty in that long, arduous service up the Potomac: he would have told you that in a tremendous squall the *Euryalus* lost her bowsprit and all her topmasts, and that in twelve hours she was again ready for work; we brought away a fleet from Alexandria, were attacked going down the river by batteries built close to what was the residence of the great Washington, and I was again wounded in that action in the neck."

It is only necessary to add concerning our hero, that he is also an author; he has contributed to the London press, has published some nautical works, and a good history of the war in Syria. Lord Palmerston, on a public occasion, thus spoke of him:—"My gallant friend is a match for everything, and whatever he turns his hand to he generally succeeds in it. However, gentlemen, he now, like Cincinnatus, leaves his plough, puts on his armour, and is prepared to do that good service to his country which he will always perform whenever an opportunity is afforded to him. I

cannot refrain from repeating an observation which was made to me by a very discriminating, calm-minded friend of mine, who passed some time in the East, and saw a great deal of my gallant friend, and who, when he came to town, visited me to give me an account of what he had observed. When I mentioned to him my gallant friend, and praised his enterprise and boldness, his daring and his intrepidity, this gentleman said, 'Yes, all that is very true; but there is another quality that Sir Charles Napier possesses, which is as valuable as any of these, and as important an ingredient in his success. *I never saw any man in my life who calculated so many moves beforehand.*'"

The officer who acted second in command of the Baltic fleet, at Bomarsund, was Admiral Plumridge. He entered the navy in 1799. Seven years afterwards, he received his commission as lieutenant. He subsequently served in Egypt, and at the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar. Up to May, 1809, his services were very various, and in very different spheres of action: the Baltic, Cape of Good Hope, India, the West Indies, and the Mediterranean, were stations at which his skill and assiduity were made available. On the 1st of May, 1809, he commanded the boats of the *Melpomene*, and destroyed a Danish cutter of war, of six guns, and several merchantmen lying under the protection of heavy batteries in the harbour of Huelbo, on the coast of Jutland. Soon after, in the same ship, he was engaged with twenty gun-boats. In December, 1810, he assisted in the reduction of the Isle of France, and, in 1813, in the capture of a convoy in Port D'Anno, and the reduction of its batteries. In 1814, he acted as Sir Edward Pellew's aide-de-camp at the conquest of Genoa. He was promoted to the rank of commander in 1814, and in 1817 he acted as captain of the *Amphitrite*, but was never posted until 1822. After having been variously employed after that time, he was appointed superintendent of the Falmouth Packet Station in 1837. As second in command he served on the East India station soon afterwards. From 1841 to 1847, he sat in Parliament as member for Falmouth. In 1842 he was appointed storekeeper of the Ordnance. The good-service pension was conferred upon him in 1842. The 1st of October, 1852, he received his flag as Rear-admiral. The command of the paddle-wheel squadron of the Baltic fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, was assigned to him in 1854, his services in which will shortly be presented to the reader.

It will be recollected that, in the account given in the dispatch of the Baltic fleet in March, Rear-admiral Corry was represented as commanding the reserves. Some notice of

him, as holding such a distinguished position in connection with the enterprise, will be appropriate. Rear-admiral Lowry Corry entered the navy as a first-class volunteer in the year 1805. After serving at the Cape of Good Hope and in Buenos Ayres, he returned to England as a midshipman on board the *Sampson* in May, 1807. During the bombardment of Copenhagen, he was present on board the *Lela*. He suffered shipwreck off Milford Haven upon his return. Upon the home station, and in the Mediterranean, he continued in uninterrupted service until commissioned as lieutenant in 1812. On the 28th of May, 1814, he escorted the Emperor of Russia (Alexander I.) to England, on board the *Impregnable*, the flagship of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. The King of Prussia was also on board the *Impregnable* at the same time. Lieutenant Corry was promoted to the rank of commander in 1815. July, 1820, he was appointed flag-captain to the Hon. Sir Henry Blackwood, on the East India station. In April, 1835, Captain Corry took the command of the *Barham*, 50 guns, and in that ship conveyed the Earl of Durham to Constantinople. Subsequently, he commanded a squadron on the coast of Spain, and received the thanks of the queen of that country and her cabinet for his exertions in landing with the various ships' companies under his orders, and preserving the cities of Barcelona and Valentia from the forces of Don Carlos, which were then advancing upon Madrid. Immediately after, he retired on half-pay. In September, 1844, he was put in command of the *Firebrand* steam-frigate, to conduct an experimental squadron of brigs. Before the close of that year he accepted the command of the *Leopard*, 80 guns, in which he served several years on the home, the Lisbon, and the Mediterranean stations. Captain Corry was made a Rear-admiral in 1852, and was soon after placed in command of the Channel squadron. He was appointed second in command of the Baltic fleet in 1854, but being with the reserve squadrons, Admiral Plumridge had frequently the honour of acting in that capacity, as noticed in the memoir given of him above. An officer on board Admiral Corry's ship, the *Neptune*, 120 guns, when proceeding to reinforce the fleet of Sir Charles Napier, gives the following sketch of their entrance upon the scene of their labours in the Baltic. He writes off Kronborg Castle, Elsinore:—

"This important fortress is situated on the north-east point of the Island of Zealand, in Denmark. It was erected in 1580, in the reign of Fried II.; the style is Gothic, and the material white stone. The castle is surrounded by fortifications of a comparatively modern construction, the powerful guns of

which sweep the Sound of the Baltic in all directions. On the opposite coast is the Swedish town of Helsingborg, distant about three miles, and the two places form most formidable objects of annoyance to an enemy entering or leaving by this highway of the Baltic. In 1801, the British fleet, under Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson second in command, forced the passage of the Sound previous to the bombardment of Copenhagen. Under the castle are spacious casemates, capable of accommodating upwards of 1000 men; and the lighthouse at the north-west corner commands a beautiful and extensive view of Elsinore and the neighbourhood of the distant town of Helsingborg, and a long line of Swedish coast with the Baltic bounding the horizon on the south.

"There are many interesting associations connected with Kronborg. It has been immortalised by Shakspeare making its ramparts the meeting-place of Hamlet with his father's ghost. According to the traditions, its vaults are sacred as the dwelling-place of the Danish Roland, the hero of a thousand legends, who never appears on the surface of the earth but when the state is in danger; and the dungeons of Kronborg have a melancholy interest attached to them from the unfortunate Caroline Matilda, Queen of Christian VII., and sister of George III., of England, having been imprisoned there. Our voyage now increased in interest; the coast of Jutland, and Hamlet's castle, like a square mass on the waters, in sight; and vessels far and near, sounding the expanse around, and indicating the line of boundary betwixt sea and sky, which the misty glow of an almost cloudless sun had nearly formed into one.

"At Elsinore (the key which unlocks the narrow sluice-gate of the Baltic), an hour's delay occurred to take in a pilot to conduct us through the narrow slip which alone is navigable for the narrow sound. Our presence in that locality recalled many naval reminiscences; and the new pilot at the helm occasioning a temporary leisure, we came in for some interesting particulars of our captain's life. Deriving his birth from the same county as Nelson, he had come under the particular charge of the great man; had served in his ship from the almost infantile period of his entering the navy; had assisted at the bombardment of the very Castle of Kronborg, which had attempted an opposition to their advance on Copenhagen; and had seen a brother—a post-captain at the age of nineteen—killed at his side a few days after his promotion."

We can be at no loss as to the plan to be pursued in recording what was done in this expedition to the Baltic of 1854, for the gallant admiral of the British fleet has himself laid it down for us in a hustings speech, in 1855, as the successful candidate for the representation

in parliament of Southwark. He requested the indulgence of the great assembly which he addressed if he occupied a little of their time in vindicating himself, and the brave men of the fleet with which he served, from the aspersions which had been cast upon them. He reminded his audience that the ministry of the day had entered upon the war reluctantly, forced by the irresistible impulse of public opinion. Even when war was determined upon, that ministry was not in earnest; no preparations on the requisite scale were made. When he received his appointment as commander of the Baltic fleet, he lost not a moment in acting upon it. He got his final instructions on Wednesday, went down to Portsmouth on Thursday, and sailed on the Saturday. So little foresight had been shown by the government, and so incomplete were the preparations of the Admiralty, that he had neither pots nor pans to cook his dinner, nor plates to eat it off. He could not even procure a servant from the suddenness of the orders he received. Notwithstanding all this unpreparedness, he sailed on the day named. The weather in England was severe, such as for a great many years had not been experienced, and it was of course still more severe in a more northern climate; but the Great Belt was passed in safety, and a great deal of work effected. They placed buoys in all the channels, and took soundings in all the most intricate and narrow passages. Having arrived at Copenhagen, he deemed it his duty to pay his respects to the King of Denmark, and to endeavour to induce that sovereign to join the Western powers. The people of Copenhagen were well disposed to them, but the government declined any avowal of an alliance. He then proceeded to Stockholm, where he met with a most enthusiastic reception, both from king and people; but Sweden was a small nation, and in dangerous proximity to Russia, and although he used every possible argument to persuade the king to join the alliance, his majesty declined. The difficulties of the Baltic navigation had never been overrated—his fleet felt these difficulties; but officers and men were actuated by one spirit, and he was therefore enabled to conduct the fleet through its various perils without the loss of a single vessel. Having overcome the impediments of the navigation, he at once sailed to a Russian port, in the hope that the enemy would be brave enough to come out; but the Russian ships of war sneaked away behind fortifications, where it would have been madness to follow them. With a view to tempt them to come out, he had taken one-half of the fleet into a difficult harbour, full of rocks; but all his efforts were in vain—they preferred staying behind their batteries

to meeting the British flag. He then proceeded to Cronstadt, but owing to their draught of water being too large, it was impossible for the allied fleet to get at that fortress, and he was reluctantly obliged to give up any idea entertained of there striking a blow. It was not without the strictest examination he had arrived at the conclusion, that to attack Cronstadt would be to risk the whole of the magnificent British fleet; but having arrived at that conclusion, they returned to the mouth of the Gulf of Finland, with the intention of attacking another Russian fortress, Bomarsund. The next object was to reconnoitre Sweaborg, under the protection of which fortress a large Russian fleet was lying; and although the season was drawing to a close, and the weather was becoming very bad, they succeeded in closely examining the strength of the place and its capabilities of resistance. The result of that examination was, that it was deemed to be unsafe to attempt that undertaking at that season of the year, and at the close of a naval campaign.

From the outline of Sir Charles Napier's proceedings, which we have substantially given from his own account of it, it would appear that the operations which he conducted comprised four distinct departments: the blockade of the enemy's ports, taking soundings, an examination of the shoals, harbours, and channels; the reconnoitring of Cronstadt; the bombardment and capture of Bomarsund; and the examination of Sweaborg. We shall endeavour to follow the gallant chief throughout the track which he has himself described.

As the first efforts of Sir Charles Napier were directed to secure the alliance of the great Scandinavian states, it is suitable to notice the importance of securing such a result. Although Sir Charles was not successful, the government could hardly have employed any one so fit for the task. At Alexandria his diplomacy was as successful as his gunnery at St. Jean d'Acre, when the exigencies of the Syrian war demanded both at his hands. The court of Denmark was timid and time-serving, and its leaning was Russian. The court of Sweden was much more favourable, and the people also; but Norway sympathises more with England than perhaps any other nation in the world. Of the two brave nations of the Scandinavian peninsula, Norway is the more free, patriotic, and public-spirited. This should not be lost sight of by our diplomatic agents; for Norway is not a mere province of Sweden, as it is customary to regard it in England; it is an independent nation, and must unite with Sweden as an integral part of the kingdom in order to form any alliance. In time of peace, there exists little further political community between them than between any other two friendly indepen-

dent nations. Against foreign enemies they are bound reciprocally to give assistance. Previous to a war being proclaimed, the council of ministers of both countries must be agreed. Norway, from her independent resources, maintains a fleet of 150 gun-boats, 50,000 seamen, and an army of 24,000 soldiers; and, without the consent of her *storthing*, not a boat or man can be employed by the government of Sweden. The "sinews of war" must be provided by a public vote of the same body. When Sir Charles Napier mentioned upon the hustings, at Southwark, that Sweden had 200 gun-boats, and an army of 60,000 men, he omitted any reference to the forces of Norway above-named. The united war power of the two nations would be 350 gun-boats, and an army of 84,000 men. Denmark could not bring so large a body of troops to the assistance of the allies; about 30,000 men would be the most she could muster for a campaign; neither could she bring so large a fleet of gun-boats as even Norway; but she possesses a respectable squadron of large ships, including several line-of-battle sailing-ships, and an equal force of stout frigates and brigs. Within the last few years she has made considerable progress in organising a steam navy, in which she is superior to Sweden and Norway. Were the three nations of Scandinavia to enter heartily into the war, it would be decisive as to its issue. The Scandinavians are a braver, and a finer race of men than the Russians. As sailors they are as much superior as any one body of men could be to another. Their soldiers equal those of Russia in dogged pertinacity, and possess a dashing gallantry and active valour of which the Russians are wholly destitute. With such an additional force as these nations united could bring upon her western frontiers, all the great fortresses on the shores of the Gulf of Finland must fall, nor could St. Petersburg be saved. The gun-boats of the allies would form a flotilla of such power as would crush every obstacle Russia has raised against the naval progress of invaders. An army of 100,000 men, Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes, as many French, and a reserve of such troops as might be raised in England for that purpose, would paralyse the power of Russia in a single campaign.

The motives which influenced the free Northern kingdoms to resist the blandishments of Sir Charles Napier's diplomacy, were such as ought to have weight with us in passing judgment upon their policy. An eminent Stockholm periodical places the matter in this light:—"We say that the war has no definite object as far as we are concerned. But would not the weakening of Russia be of great effect on the future of Sweden? Doubtlessly—if this weakening is brought about: but the great powers are not yet agreed on this point. What

resolutions have been formed? As long as the question remains as it is, we are on a sea of uncertainty. As long as the great powers have not agreed on a definitive settlement of the European balance, our union with them in the Russian war would only be a support given to a policy full of chances impossible to foresee, and of no advantage to us. We cannot afford to run so great a risk. No; before the three great powers at least have decided resolutely to deprive Russia of important territories, we do not believe that Sweden ought to give up that state of peace and security which she enjoys at present—a *status* recognised by the whole of Europe, even by Russia, and blessed by the people of the united kingdoms. It is not yet known, and probably we shall not be informed, for some time, how far the allies have resolved to dismember Russia. Even if Austria were to give the allies that armed co-operation for which they have waited so long, it would not then be certain that this dismemberment would be declared a necessary condition of peace. Might not other means be found which would equally satisfy the honour of all parties?—and where should we be in such a case?"

It is obvious, from the spirit of the above quotation, which conveyed the prevailing opinion of the three nations, that until the Western powers formed a more definite and clear line of policy as to the objects of the war, it was the interest, and in fact the duty, of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, to maintain a rigid neutrality.

While Sir Charles was endeavouring to conquer the caution of the Northern courts, and his officers were taking soundings and blockading the gulfs, prizes were frequently captured. The crews of the merchant-ships so taken were treated very generously, being landed at Copenhagen or elsewhere, with supplies of clothes and money. Such letters as the following, from Copenhagen, were frequently arriving home:—

"I went again yesterday afternoon to see the Finnish prisoners, and had a longish chat with them. When I read to them a passage from the Danish papers, according to which they would, if they had returned to Russia, have been compelled to serve on board the fleet, they seemed to be exceedingly pleased. Those that I have seen are smart fellows enough. The *Tribune* and the *Alban* have orders to go to Kiøge Bay, in order to take the captured vessels through the Sound or the Kattegat to England, or some other harbour in the North Sea.

"One o'clock, on board the steamer *Malmo*.—Business that takes me to Lubeck has brought me here. At this moment the *Tribune* (we are some thirty miles from Copenhagen) is sailing past, and bound for the Sound or Kattegat. She has three of the captured merchantmen in tow.

The *Alban*, too, is coming past with another Finnish ship in tow. It follows the wake of the *Tribune*. The ships, with their cargoes, have been valued at £48,000."

It was not only for merchantmen that our sailors were on the look out, although their longing hope to encounter a Russian ship of war, or a Russian fleet, was doomed to disappointment. The following extract from the letter of a naval surgeon, will show how bitterly that disappointment was felt:—"One morning, about ten days since, we saw a large vessel some eight or ten miles ahead, which we fully believed to be a Russian man-of-war, as she made all sail to get away, and showed no colours. As we rapidly came up with her, she took in sail, until she was under reefed topsails (fighting trim), so we beat to quarters, and the pipe sounded loudly 'hands bring ship into action.' For about three minutes, everything was bustle apparently, casting the guns loose, clearing the decks, &c. Five minutes after the pipe every gun was double-shotted and primed, and the men standing with their match-lines in their hands waiting for the word to fire, and just as we got within good distance, the black-guard ran up American colours, and coolly told us he would have hoisted them sooner, but he wanted to see how smart we could clear for action. If our tars did not bless him to the wrong side of heaven, don't believe me!"

While tidings of active warfare against the Russian strongholds were too impatiently looked for at home, intelligence by way of Berlin arrived in London that Cronstadt had suffered extensively from an explosion. Like most of the news which reached us from the two great German capitals—when the tidings were not altogether untrue—this was greatly exaggerated. A laboratory in the island of Cronstadt, employed in the manufacture of cartridges, was blown up; sixty persons, many of them civilians, lost their lives, and more than twice that number were injured, many of them mortally. The building was not, however, within the *rayon* of the fortress, which sustained no injury; but in the town private property to a considerable extent was damaged or destroyed.

Very early in the operations of the expedition, sinister reports of a private treaty between Russia and America were put into circulation, which, if true, would have tended to weaken the Baltic blockade, or bring the allies into conflict with the United States. These rumours were to a great extent untrue; but there was much political coquetry between the great despotism and the great republic at this period. The *New York Herald* seems to have originated the alarm. In one of its issues, there occurred the following, which being quoted by the European press generally, was made the subject of extensive comment and conjecture, and by

the press in the pro-Russian interest was paraded as something very ominous and important: "We learn that either the *Hermann*, from Southampton, or the *America*, from Liverpool—the next steamers due—will bring the draught of a convention concluded between Mr. Buchanan and Lord Aberdeen, on behalf of their respective governments, by which England admits, in the approaching European war, the doctrine that the flag covers both ship and cargo, and that free ships make free goods; also renouncing the right of search for the impressment of seamen, so far as American vessels are concerned, and conceding the restriction as to the law of blockade. In return, the United States is pledged to strict neutrality and non-interference in the coming contest between the Western powers and Russia. This is a most important convention, and has been negotiated by Mr. Buchanan without instruction from Washington. It is important as it affects our rights and our commerce, and places us in a position that we should have occupied years and years ago. It secures our neutrality without any treaty stipulations, as it removes the cause of war, and at once enables us to become the great carriers on the seas of the world. In 1812, the doctrine of the right of search led to the war with Great Britain; the treaty of Ghent left the matter unsettled. In 1818, Lord Castlereagh unsuccessfully endeavoured to obtain our consent to the doctrine by special treaty stipulations: but it continued unsettled. When Messrs. Webster and Ashburton were arranging the treaty at Washington, in 1842, all reference to the doctrine was studiously avoided for fear of a rupture in the negotiations at that time. But now, in the face of the impending war in Europe, and in the necessity of our neutrality in this tremendous struggle, the great principles for which we have for half a century contended are obtained. The recent debates in the British parliament show the reluctance with which the concessions were made. To that part relative to the rights of our sailors, we desire to call the special attention of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The convention, and the correspondence connected with it, will probably be submitted to the senate as soon as received, for the immediate action of that body."

The Baltic and its *Russian* naval ports were very little known previous to the war—at all events, very little was popularly known of them. Ordinary maps often omitted the names of places which were, nevertheless, of importance to Russia. Thus Dr. Cottman, the American citizen who made himself so notorious as an advocate of Russia, tauntingly asked the question, when the British fleet attacked Libau, Brahestad, Gamla Karleby, and other places of minor importance, destroying in them ships

and stores, "Who ever heard of these places?—what map contains their names?"

The following description, which will probably be valuable to many of our readers, as increasing their knowledge of the Baltic, is from the pen of a gentleman skilled in fortifications and naval affairs:—

"Kiel Bay is on the eastern coast of Holstein, a little to the south of Schleswig. It is a capacious and most beautiful bay, and possesses the paramount advantage of communication by railway with Hamburg, besides any amount of victualling supplies, which are both good and cheap. Coals are also plentiful, and may be had at a reasonable contract price.

"A glance at the map will exhibit the importance of the islands of Åland and Gotland, held by Sweden. It is thought that Russia may attempt to gain possession of the latter station—one of the most strategical points in the Baltic, and overawing Stockholm; but the Swedish government have put it into an efficient state of defence, and dispatched five regiments of infantry and one of cavalry to man its fortifications. The principal Swedish naval station is Carlscrona; but it is in the Gulf of Finland that the public interest chiefly centres. Of the characteristics and defences of this coast our information is meagre. Few parts of Europe are so little known. Russia studiously discourages the dissemination of such knowledge of her dominions as may be turned against her in time of war, especially in relation to seas and coasts from which there is no egress to the ocean but through the Sound.

"The Baltic is a close sea, occupying the centre of Northern Europe, separating Sweden and the Danish islands from Germany, Prussia, and Russia, and extending from 54° to 66° N. lat., and from 10° to 30° E. long. Its great length and comparatively small breadth give it the form of an extensive gulf. It washes the coasts of Denmark, Germany, Prussia, of Courland, Livonia, and other Russian and Swedish states. Its extent from Torneo to the island of Wollin is 240 leagues. Its average breadth may be taken at 120 miles, and its surface at 125,000 square miles. The southern coast of the Baltic is low and sandy; and the shores of the Gulf of Livonia are low and commonly sandy, though in a few places interrupted by a rocky beach. The rocky coast becomes general at Cape Spinhambre, at the entrance of the Gulf of Finland; and the sea-coast of Finland presents throughout its entire extent the same succession of fiords and rocky headlands which encircles the whole seaward frontier of Sweden and Norway. But the dimensions of the fiords of Finland are far more limited than those to the west of the Gulf of Bothnia, seldom exceeding a few miles in extent, although their

mouths contain an equal number of islands; some of which, as the isles of Sweaborg, have been converted into fortresses of great strength. The coasts of the Bothnian and Finland gulfs are thickly strewn with rocks of granite and limestone, presenting in places a labyrinthine archipelago of little islands, rendering the navigation extremely dangerous. All the Russian ports, except Revel, are inconvenient and unsafe for loading and landing goods.

"About fifty rivers and streams of consequence discharge themselves into the Baltic Sea, which possesses a basin only exceeded in size by that of the Black Sea. Perhaps in no inhabited country in the world does such a quantity of snow fall as in the countries round the Baltic. Hence the freshness of its waters; 31 lbs. of water from the North Sea contains 747 grains of salt; but the same quantity from the Baltic does not yield more than 389 grains. Its comparatively small depth may perhaps in some degree be attributed to the numerous rivers which flow into it. Its depth is greatest where no great rivers enter, as near the island of Bornholm, and between it and the coast of Sweden, where it is 110 to 115 fathoms deep, while in general it only attains from 40 to 60 fathoms. The waves of the Baltic do not swell so high as in the ocean, but they are more dangerous and harassing to shipping, as they succeed each other with greater rapidity and impetuosity; while its small depth, the shallowness of the Russian shore, the rugged nature of the Swedish coasts, and the sudden and frequent changes of the wind, render this sea formidable to navigators. The shores of the Baltic nearly every year are covered with ice, which, from the end of December to the beginning of April, shuts up the harbours, straits and bays, and interrupts navigation. In the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia the freezing begins sooner and ends later. In 1658, Charles X. of Sweden marched an army over both Belts to the conquest of Zealand; and in 1809 a Russian corps passed from Finland to Sweden over the ice, at the narrowest part of the Gulf of Bothnia, called the Quarken. The Baltic has a very perceptible current, and when the wind blows strong from the north, the water becomes so fresh as to be even fit for drinking or for preparing meat. Even in the hottest summers the Baltic is cooler than any other sea."

The reference to Kiel in the above account is not sufficiently full to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, as such frequent reference has been made to it in the despatches during the war, and in this History it has already been repeatedly named. The waters of the gulf of Kiel are so deep as to admit the largest vessels to the walls of the city. The entrance to the gulf is defended by the forts named *Delicors*



and Friederichsort. The site of the city is extremely pleasant, but it is not itself picturesque, although wearing an antique look. The castle is celebrated as the residence of Catherine II. of Russia in her younger days. Its ramparts command a magnificent sea panorama. The environs are charming, and the people hospitable and frank. Seven hundred years ago Kiel rivalled most of the cities of the Baltic, and never wholly lost importance. It is at present a notable place, of considerable commerce, and afforded the ships of our fleet frequent shelter during the naval campaign of 1854.

As the Russian strong places on the coast of Finland are the main objects of attack for the allies, it will prevent the necessity of interrupting our narrative or appending voluminous notes, if we here give some account of Finland, its chief city, Helsingfors, and its principal fortified places.

"In the year 1831, Finland was subdivided administratively into eight circles, or *Lans*, and in one of these lies Viborg, a town which enjoys a rather active export trade. The town is about twelve versts from the harbour, lies at the end of a large bay, and consists of the main town and two suburbs, united by a bridge to the island on which the castle stands, and is about seventy-four miles north-west of St. Petersburg. It contains a Greek cathedral, a church for the Swedes and Germans, another for the Finns, a Roman Catholic chapel, some schools, and about 3500 inhabitants. The port of Viborg is of great extent, and is inclosed by two large islands, which form, as it were, two natural breakwaters. As a fortress it ranks high, both for position and strength:—the sea washes nearly the whole length of the outer walls, while battery upon battery commands every approach. The view of this frontier fortress, with its churches and domes flashing in the sun, and its long line of batteries and bastions rising in massive strength from the water's edge, is very striking. Attacked often by the Russians, it defended itself with great bravery, and in 1710 it was besieged by Peter the Great, and taken, after a hard struggle of several weeks' duration. The peace of 1721, known as the treaty of Nystad, put the czar in definite possession of it and the neighbouring country; and in 1745 the treaty of Abo enlarged still further this conquest. The Swedes, since the days of Peter the Great, have always played a losing game when at war with the Russians, particularly as the latter have almost always succeeded in gaining the assistance of the Germanic kings of Denmark. For nearly a century the conquered portions of Finland, distinguished as Gamla Finland, or ancient Finland, were subject to the same regulations in civil matters as the rest of

the Russian Empire. In the circle, or *Lans*, already named, contiguous to Viborg, is Helsingfors, the capital of the Russian government of Finland. It has now about 16,000 inhabitants, and the strong fortress of Sweaborg protecting the entrance of the harbour. The fortifications mount 300 cannon, and contain barracks and casemates for a garrison of 12,000 men. Helsingfors lies in latitude 60° 9' 42" N., longitude 24° 57' 30" E., at the mouth of the Vanna, about 180 miles W.N.W. of St. Petersburg. The town is, historically speaking, comparatively of modern creation, having been founded by Gustavus Vasa in the sixteenth century. The Russians have greatly augmented and improved Helsingfors since it came into their possession, more particularly since the year 1819, when it became the capital of Finland; the removal to it of the University of Abo, and the senate, after the conflagration of that town in 1827, also materially increased its importance. The streets are long, large, and laid out at right angles, as in most other Russian towns. The remains of the library saved from the fire of Abo are preserved there. It consists of about 80,000 volumes, chiefly editions of the classics taken by Charles XII. from the monasteries during the Seven Years' War. The harbour is capacious, and ranks as one of the best in the Baltic, and an important trade is carried on in timber, corn, and fish. Helsingfors is the residence of the governor-general, and the seat of important courts and public offices:—it contains the senate-house, several churches, and has manufactures of linen, sail-cloth, and tobacco."

Very early in the campaign a painful loss occurred to the fleet in the person of Captain Foote, of the corvette *Conflict*. The unhappy event transpired on the 18th of April, at Memel. The captain went on shore on business connected with the prizes which he and those in command of other ships had captured. In the evening he prepared to return to his ship, but was warned by his brother officers, and by sea-faring gentlemen of the place, of the danger of attempting to return in the face of so rough a sea. A heavy nor'-wester had sprung up, and blew right against the stream of the Haf, where it debouches. Between the moles of the harbour the surf was very rough. The principal pilot of Memel urged the captain to take a large boat, but he refused, preferring to return in his narrow gig, with his surgeon and five sailors. In less than ten minutes the boat suddenly disappeared. The life-boat, manned with pilots, was launched to rescue, if possible, the captain and his crew. He and four of his sailors were lost, the surgeon and one sailor clung to the boat, and were with great difficulty taken off, half frozen. Captain Foote was a young man of great promise, a

daring and skilful officer, and fell a victim to his audacious courage, like Captain Giffard off Odessa, and Captain Parker in the Danube. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*—we dare not infringe this maxim, especially where the brave and generous are concerned; but the rashness of this young captain, and of other junior officers of the fleets, exposed themselves and others to needless jeopardy, and it is to be hoped that this loss will inculcate prudence among the inexperienced, but nobly gallant, officers of our fleet, who are so recklessly ready to expose their lives to every danger. The *Conflict*, which Captain Foote commanded, had captured the *John, Jost, Catherina Charlotta, Kalling, Carl Magnus, Rasmussen*, and other merchant ships, some of considerable value.

A letter from the surgeon who was saved gives an account of the misfortune, which places the conduct of Captain Foote in a light less rash than other concurrent accounts present it. In justice to his memory, as well as to make our relation of the accident more complete, we append it:—

Her Majesty's ship Conflict, Memel, April 19.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Although I feel myself scarcely equal to the sad task of writing to you, I cannot allow the post to leave without doing so, as I know well how gladly you will receive any details of the sad accident of which I was unhappily a witness. Lieutenant Hore, who is now in temporary command of the ship, has already related to you the account of the death of Captain Foote, though no words can express the sorrow and grief felt by every officer and man for a captain so much and so deservedly beloved. Although so short a time of the commission has elapsed, his constant, unvarying kindness, his thoughtful care for the comforts and even the convenience of every one, and his mild amiability of temper in command, had so endeared him to every one, that his loss is felt as that of a near relative, an old and valued friend. Mr. Hore has explained to you the reasons of the ship being at this port, and of the captain's motives for landing. As I was anxious to see the town, he very kindly asked me to accompany him, and had ordered dinner on board at five o'clock, to which he had invited his officers. This being a bar harbour, with a very rapid river, the wind blowing on shore makes a tremendous surf on the bar. Though, when we left the ship yesterday morning, there was a light breeze, there was no danger to be apprehended, and we crossed the bar without getting a drop of spray. After calling on the commandant of the town, the captain arranged all the business necessary for sending home the prizes, and left the shore at half-past four o'clock. The captain, knowing that the surf is

often dangerous on this bar, made many inquiries as to whether the sea had risen, but could not learn of it being more than in the morning, when crossing was perfectly safe. Indeed, neither he nor I was at all aware of the increase of surf on the bar until we were nearly in the midst of it, and then too late to return. The first sea which struck us filled the boat; the second turned her over. I saw the captain swim away manfully for the shore, then about half-a-mile off; but, encumbered with his great-coat and boots, and having in addition to struggle against the rapid current, which sent him back on the breakers, he was not long able to bear up against it, and was seen to go down by one of the crew—the only man saved but myself. The boat's crew were five, four of whom were drowned with the captain; three of them managed to get on the boat's keel, but only one was able to keep his hold, and he was washed off three times. By the gracious interposition of Providence, I was enabled to get hold of a couple of oars, and support myself until the surf-boat came, which was about twenty minutes. They picked me up just as I had let go the oar, in a state of insensibility. The pilots entertain no very strong hopes of recovering the bodies, from there being a strong under-current setting into the Baltic; but every search is being made along the coast, and, if the body of the captain is found, arrangements will be made by the British consul for the proper sepulture of the remains. Mr. Hore is now on shore, and will himself see that all the necessary arrangements are made. The inhabitants of the town are almost wholly Protestant, and there are many churches.

"In conclusion, I can only express to you, my dear sir, the wish that I may be of some further service. Any wishes of your own with reference to the captain's property on board will be attended to as a sacred duty by Mr. Hore. Perhaps when Mrs. Foote is able to listen to these details, they may tend in some way to soothe her; though I fear, indeed, it will be long, very long, ere such can happen.

"I remain, dear Sir, very truly yours,
"W. H. SLOGGETT."

"W. Hodgson, Esq., Plymouth."

Thus perished one of the most enterprising officers of Admiral Napier's fleet.

The first exploit against an armed enemy was performed by the *Arrogant* and the *Hecla*. The latter, it will be remembered by the reader, performed great services by a cruise before the dispatch of the fleet, for the purposes of surveying and taking soundings. These two ships were commanded by Captains Hall and Yelverton. They observed a fishing boat off the coast, of which and its crew they took possession, and compelled the captured sailors to act as

pilots. They guided the ships up a narrow river, but the day was advanced, and it was necessary to anchor for the night; before doing so the *Hecla*, which was in advance, was fired upon from a battery in a wood, which was protected by a high sand-bank in front. She was struck by a round shot in her hull. The *Arrogant*, quickly arriving, joined her in dislodging the enemy; this was speedily done, as the guns mounted upon the high bank were immediately silenced; shells were thrown over the bank into the wood, which soon checked the fire of the enemy. One of the vessels, passing the bank, threw in an effective broadside of grape and canister, which completed the rout; the wood was cleared of the assailants. Early the next morning, the skill of the coerced pilots was again put into requisition—the *Hecla* leading, as her draught of water was lighter than that of the *Arrogant*. For several hours the Finnish sailors piloted the little squadron up the narrow and intricate windings of the river, when suddenly the *Hecla* came in front of a battery. The ship had only six guns, and they were of smaller calibre than those of the fort. She, however, was ready to open fire at once, as the men were at quarters; the fort returned the fire, and it was soon obvious that the gallant little steamer was no match for it; nevertheless, such was the precision of her fire, that the artillerymen were seen to drop fast who were serving the guns of the fort. The promontory which afforded a salient position for the Russian battery and field-pieces was crowded with troops, and just as the *Arrogant* arrived, a heavy fire of musketry was opened by them. This fine vessel of 46 guns, however, directed a broadside with grape upon the mass of the soldiery, creating terrible havoc. The horse-artillery galloped off the promontory, and the infantry sought the shelter of a wood within rifle range, and opened a rapid fire upon the ships. Captain Hall, of the *Hecla*, was hit with a spent Minié ball in the right leg; Lieutenant Crew Read, of the *Arrogant*, was wounded in the cheek by another of these messengers from the wood, and his eye seriously injured. At this juncture the little squadron incurred great peril by the *Arrogant*, which was too large for so contracted a sphere of action, getting aground near the fort. A single broadside, however, dismounted all the enemy's guns, and she was got safely off. At last they reached Eckness, where three merchant vessels of which they were in search were under the shelter of the batteries. Two of these ships were stranded, and could not be brought away; the *Hecla* ran alongside of the third, took her in tow, and steamed off with her prize. The *Arrogant*, which from her deeper draught of water was still behind, came up at this critical juncture, and pouring a tremendous broadside upon the

batteries, saved the *Hecla* from a volley which would have probably afforded her other work than bearing away a prize. The larger ship then shelled the troops, sparing the town. The loss of life, on the part of the Russians, was very severe, as great numbers fell under the vertical fire of the English. The only damage sustained by her in return was from the musketry, by which two men were killed and four wounded. The *Hecla* had one killed and several wounded. As they bore down the river with their prize, they met the *Dauntless*, which had come in search of them. The admiral, who was then entering Hango roads, heard the deep booming of the cannon, and sent the *Dauntless* to investigate the cause. When the three vessels rejoined the fleet, the crews of all the ships gave them three hearty cheers, and the admiral-in-chief signalled, "Well done, *Arrogant* and *Hecla*." The spirited conduct of Captains Yelverton and Hall gave great satisfaction to the government at home. The Duke of Newcastle addressed to the lords of the Admiralty the following letter:

"MY LORDS,—I have laid before the queen the papers transmitted to me by your lordships, relative to the destruction of certain batteries at Eckness; and I have received her majesty's commands to desire that you will signify to the admiral commanding her majesty's fleet in the Baltic, her majesty's great satisfaction at the gallantry and skill displayed by the officers and men of the *Arrogant* and *Hecla* on this occasion.

I am &c., &c.,

"NEWCASTLE."

Among the desultory exploits, tidings of which reached England at this time, that of the *Amphion* and *Conflict* was the most pleasing. In the little port of Libau eight new merchant vessels obtained shelter, there were besides others which were aground, and such was the terror inspired by the vicinage of the British fleet, that some of the ships were scuttled to prevent the cruisers from capturing them. The *Amphion* and *Conflict* justified such apprehensions, for they made their way into the port, and, without losing a man or firing a shot, took possession of the town and shipping. The private property on board the captured ships was restored to the owners upon application; the public property of the town was destroyed. The question is open to discussion how far in such expeditions the commanders are justified in sparing private property, when its destruction is feasible on an extensive scale, and the war is heartily espoused by the people whose property is so situated. It is said, in support of the policy of sparing private property, that the Duke of Wellington adopted it in France and in the Peninsula; but these countries were our allies at that time. Spain and Portugal were

in arms on our side; and although France was Napoleonist, the legitimate king was our ally, and we were bound to respect the property of his subjects. By sparing commercial places and private treasures we leave so much wealth to the hostile nation, which finds its way into the public treasury against us. This is especially applicable as an argument when at war with a despotic country, all the property of the people being obnoxious to seizure and confiscation for the public weal at any moment. The czar never scruples to press the wealth of his people into his service, and if our ships spare the property of the enemy, private or public, they are simply leaving it for the czar to employ against the nation whose flag they carry.

One of the most daring naval feats performed during the war was accomplished by the *Dragon* while reconnoitring the port of Revel. The captain perceiving two of the enemy's ships at anchor under the batteries, determined to cut them out, or lose his ship in the attempt. He took up his position with such skill that not a ball hit his ship, while he was able occasionally to throw shot and shell into the works, and mature his arrangements for cutting out the ships, which he eventually succeeded in doing, and towing them into Hango Bay, without losing a man, or having line or spar injured. When the great strength of Revel (referred to elsewhere) is taken into account, the enterprise of the *Dragon* rivals that of the best and bravest times of the British navy.

It was on the 28th of May that the admiral proclaimed the effectual blockade of Russian ports, viz.:—"The ports of Libau and Windau, on the coast of Courland, and other ports, roads, havens, or creeks, to as far north as Cape Dager Ort, were in a state of blockade by a competent force. It added, that all ports, roads, havens, or creeks, eastward from Cape Dager Ort, including Hapsal, Wormso Island, Port Baltic, Revel, and all other intermediate ports on the coast of Esthonia, as far as Eckholm Light, and thence in a northward direction as far as Helsingfors and Sweaborg, on the coast of Finland; continuing westward, Baro Sound, Hango Head, Oro, and Abo, including the Aland Archipelago and intermediate ports; thence north, including Nystad, Biorneborg, Christinestadt, Vasa, Walgrund Islands, Little Karleby, Icobstad, Great Karleby, Lahts, Kalawki, Brahestad, Uleaborgh, Karle Island, Tio, Gestila, Tornea, and all intermediate Russian ports, roads, havens, and creeks in the Gulf of Bothnia." This blockade was kept up in a very different fashion to that of the Euxine, although the latter was easily effected in comparison. While the *Vladimir*, and other Russian ships from Sebastopol, Anapa, and the Sea of Azoff, repeatedly set the great fleet of

Admiral Dundas at defiance, eluding their vigilance, carrying stores from one Russian port to another, and taking Turkish prizes from the entrance to the Bosphorus, not a fishing-boat could move in the Baltic during the presence there of the active and spirited admirals by whom the blockade was enforced. Discussions were frequently raised at home, during the ebullitions of party spirit in 1854, as to the bearing upon the results of the war of a blockade of the Russian ports, especially in the Baltic. Some maintained that, in crippling the commerce of the enemy, we were injuring our own. A large portion of the trade of Russia, especially of Western Russia, is carried on by British capital, in the form of advances for produce. The British merchant advances the money, and the shipments are in due time made to his account. In this way, tallow, hemp, flax, timber, matting, and even corn, find their way to England. To check the commerce of Russia, it was therefore maintained; was to impose burthens upon ourselves, by raising the cost of production at home, making the material of our manufactures scarce, and consequently dear, and exposing those merchants to certain and extensive loss who had made the advances upon Russian produce. On the other hand it was argued that, while loss would undoubtedly ensue to our own commerce, still heavier loss would be entailed upon the enemy—just as certain expense is incurred in the equipment of armies and fleets, which is injurious to trade and exhausting to the resources of the country; but if these fleets and armies destroy the armaments of the enemy, he suffers greater loss, is sooner exhausted, and the advantages of a successful war compensates the burthens imposed. In reply to such arguments it was frequently said that no advantages were actually proposed by a successful issue of the war, and that, therefore, for us the only prospect was additional debt and attendant discontent, even in case of victory, but perhaps shame and defeat might render our burthens still more grievous. These last arguments against the blockade, and against the war, were urged by the *peace parties*. There are three very distinct parties to whom the appellation will apply:—the *religious peace party*, comprising the Quakers, Moravians, and religious persons of other and minor denominations, who conscientiously oppose all war, and profess to rely upon the providence of God alone for defence; the *philosophical peace party*, who, on grounds of political economy, resist war, and push their opinions to such an extreme as to prefer national dishonour to national expense, and the universal suppression of freedom to the partial destruction of trade; the *political peace party* consists of persons who, from sym-

pathy with absolute government, entertain no alarm at the progress of Russia, and regard her as the very sanctuary of order, and the czar as its chosen and sacred champion. The triumph of Russia is, in their eyes, the triumph of government over anarchy—of Divine right over revolution—of the monarchical and aristocratic principles over democracy, and of personal property over socialism. They regard the czar as England's ally against revolutionary rulers like Napoleon, and revolutionary demagogues like Kossuth and Mazzini. All these *peace parties*, from their different points of view, decried the blockade in the Baltic, and predicted for England a ruined commerce and financial disorganization. To us it seems wonderful how any person or party could be so blinded by prejudice as not to perceive that the mode of conducting the war which soonest dried up the resources of the foe, would, in the long run, come lightest upon commerce, prove the cheapest mode of conquest, and tend to secure order by rendering the disturbance of the balance of power difficult, and taking away all temptation from any aggressive government to make use of the agitated nationalities to foment revolution or insurrection, so as to distract other governments from attention to its designs, or efforts to frustrate them. It equally astonishes us how any person can refuse to see that if the objects proposed by this war be attained, British commerce must be immensely benefited. In the Baltic our operations were only directed to the humiliation of the power opposed to us; in the East the ends in view were the integrity of the Ottoman Empire so far as foreign aggression might tend to disintegrate it, the freedom of the Danube, and of the Black Sea. Should such objects be consummated, an immense impetus would be given to commerce; the fine countries north and south of the Danube would be free to develop their resources, and we might obtain from Bulgaria, Wallachia, Moldavia, and the shores of Asia Minor, much that we now import from Russia, and find good customers for our manufactures in the cultivators of those rich and teeming soils. Whatever measure, even by entailing heavier present sacrifices to commerce and to property, hastens the conquest of the enemy and the realisation of objects for which we have gone to war, will ultimately enlarge the sphere of commerce, enrich our country, and promote the comfort and independence of many nations.

It is of importance, in discussing this question, to remember that where the blockade could not exclude the shipment of produce, it effectually excluded the Russian mercantile navy from its own carrying trade. It is estimated that produce to the amount of a million sterling comes down the Vistula annually to

the Prussian ports of the Baltic; from these ports it might be shipped, notwithstanding the blockade, but not in Russian vessels. In the summer of 1854, the quantity of merchandise brought down the Vistula far exceeded the above estimate. The advances of British merchants upon the produce of Russia, if wholly lost, would not affect England in any degree so severely as the discontinuance of those advances would affect Russia. The nobility of that country, and other great landowners, are generally in debt, their estates are heavily mortgaged, for no aristocracy in the world lives so extravagantly. They cannot raise their crops without loans or advances annually made, or where they are less burthened, and can do so, pecuniary advances are necessary to enable them to send them to market—to St. Petersburg, Riga, and Memel, on the Baltic, and Odessa on the Black Sea. Mr. Wilson, editor of the *Economist*, estimates the assistance thus afforded by European capitalists to be about seven millions sterling, while Mr. Cobden estimates the value of our annual imports from Russia at twelve millions sterling. These two statements are irreconcilable, for although English capital is not exclusively employed in these transactions, it is chiefly so; and England is not the only importer, although the chief, of Russian produce. The above estimate by Mr. Cobden was given, not upon his own judgment, but upon that of certain city merchants largely engaged in the Russian trade. His own opinion had been that six millions represented the value of such imports, and we think a sober review of all the available evidence will justify the conclusion to which he came, without the *ex parte* and sinister assistance of the Russian merchants whose authority he quoted. The official returns for 1852 and 1853 present the following table of quantities, and the estimated cost brings the worth of the Russian imports to the sum at which Mr. Cobden—exclusive of his city assistants—calculated them, an annual average of six millions sterling:—

		In 1853.	In 1852.
Corn, wheat, and flour .	qrs.	1,070,909 ..	733,571
Oats	"	379,059 ..	305,738
Other grain	"	263,653 ..	262,238
Tallow	cwts.	847,267 ..	609,197
Seeds	qrs.	785,015 ..	518,657
Bristles	lbs.	2,477,789 ..	1,459,303
Flax	cwts.	1,287,988 ..	948,523
Hemp	"	836,373 ..	543,965
Wool	lbs.	9,054,443 ..	5,353,772
Iron	tons	5,079 ..	1,792
Copper (unwrought) .	"	974 ..	226
Copper (part wrought) .	"	656 ..	1,042
Timber (hewn) . . .	loads	45,421 ..	28,290
Timber (sawn) . . .	"	245,532 ..	189,799

We believe that the blockade of the Russian ports will ultimately be a great advantage to England, by enlarging the sources of our supply; and as Russia has hitherto taken very

few English manufactured goods, the extension of foreign produce markets will result in a corresponding increase of our own exports. We could obtain flax and hemp from our colonies in any quantities, if circumstances should induce the colonists to supply us. Ireland is an excellent flax-growing country. Prussia and Belgium are also flax producers, and could enlarge their exports. The increase of population in the United States keeps pace with the corn production of that country in a ratio which precludes any hope of very great increase in the supplies of "breadstuffs" from that side of the Atlantic. The shores of the Mediterranean and of the Black Sea could supply us with any amount. Asiatic Turkey, Bulgaria, and the provinces having the Danube as an orograph, could yield us all that we could consume. The certainty of peace would encourage them to cultivate their luxuriant soils, and they would exchange their products for ours. Turkey is the true commercial rival of Russia. Whatever we buy from the latter with gold, we may buy from the former with goods, if the territories of Northern Turkey are preserved from Russian and Austrian spoliation and tyranny, and if any incursion upon Asiatic Turkey by Russian troops from Georgia be treated by Western Europe as a *casus belli*. Turkey can be induced, in her present temper, to yield to the diplomacy of Western Europe such social and governmental reforms as will give security to agriculture, as her laws already give security to commerce; and all attempts to repress her material improvement by her two great enemies, Russia and Austria, being sternly met by concentrated Europe, the fine provinces of Turkey will spring rapidly into importance, agriculture flourish, commerce fill her harbours, and the merchant marine of England plough her seas, freighted with those treasures which reciprocally bless the nations which exchange them.

To us it appears that Russia is chiefly vulnerable by blockading her ports: this was Mr. Cobden's opinion when the Russian loan was discussed, previous to the breaking out of the war. The sacrifice of our commerce with Russia will, in its ulterior effects, be the extension of our commerce with the world; and the infliction upon Russian resources, by raising up in the meantime powerful commercial competitors, be such as she can never recover under her present political and commercial system. Seasons of manufacturing distress in England have always produced an increase of her commerce, because the enterprise of her manufacturers and merchants have, by the aid of cheapness caused by the depression, pushed their trade into new markets, which continued to afford purchasers when the causes of decreased demand for British manufactures else-

where have passed away. So now, new *purchase* markets will be assiduously sought, and supplies will continue to be drawn from them when the war which necessitated their production shall be silent, and Russia again seeks her customers in England. If the blockade continues a few more seasons, Russia, when the war is over, will be glad to concede free trade, and take our goods for articles in exchange, for which she now refuses to take anything but our gold. It will assist our argument to present a comparative view of the annual value of British and Irish manufactures and produce sent to Russia and Turkey during five years, ending in 1850.

	Turkey.	Russia.
1846 . . .	£2,141,897	£1,725,148
1847 . . .	2,992,280	1,844,543
1848 . . .	3,116,365	1,925,226
1849 . . .	2,930,612	1,566,575
1850 . . .	3,113,679	1,454,771

Imports of Manufactured Textiles to Russia and Turkey in 1850.

	Turkey.	Russia.
Cotton . .	£2,232,369	£61,196
Woollen . .	154,558	66,256
Linen . .	22,500	5,414
Silk . .	13,221	8,579
Total . .	£2,422,348	£140,455
	Total excess to Turkey	£2,280,903

It is curious that in cotton goods alone Turkey is especially a good customer. From Burns' *Commercial Glance* we learn that up to the breaking out of the war there was an increasing trade with Turkey in this particular department.

Exports of Cotton Goods to Turkey and the Levant in 1851 to 1853.

	1851.	1852.	1853.
Plain calicoes . yds.	49,337,614	57,962,893	51,224,807
Printed & dyed do. "	40,433,798	39,394,743	47,564,743
Cotton yarn . lbs.	8,015,674	12,171,045	10,563,177

It is to be allowed that, indirectly, Russia is obliged to take our manufactures to some extent, the nature of her trade with Germany constraining her to do so; but it needs no argument to prove how disadvantageous to us is this indirect reception of goods for produce. But even if we were the greater sufferers by this necessary measure of war, a marine blockade, we should cheerfully and bravely submit to it until the principle of justice for which we contend is vindicated. In reply to all the querulous objections to the war, founded upon what we may ourselves experience of disadvantage by blockading the Russian ports, we may well reply in the indignant eloquence of a living statesman, "Of what avail is your possession of the noblest fleet which ever rode the seas in ancient or in modern days—of what avail is the possession of the best-disciplined and bravest soldiers which ever marched to battle—of what avail is your vast mercantile marine, your vast accumulations of capital, your

almost limitless command over all the improved appliances which modern science and ingenuity have constructed for the purposes of war, if you cannot resent a national insult, or oppose the aggressions of an enemy, without commercial ruin, suspended industry, and popular disaffection and outrage being spread over the face of your whole empire?"

The blockade having been resolved upon and proclaimed by Admiral Napier, he was not the man to make it ineffectual, but throughout the campaign he maintained it with unslumbering vigilance and unresting activity.

Immediately after the official notification of this blockade, an affair of some importance occurred at Brahestad, in the north of the Gulf of Bothnia, where we believe the flag of a British man-of-war had never before been seen. Admiral Plumridge, with a small squadron consisting of three steam frigates (the *Leopard*, *Odin*, and *Vulture*), spread terror along the shores of the gulf, and finally attacked and destroyed the ships, stores, and dockyards. The damage done to the place was valued at nearly a quarter of a million of rubles. Great stores of timber, sawn and in plank, 12,000 tons of tar, with five large vessels "of 1000 lasts each," which were ready for sea, were all burned. The stores collected at Brahestad were intended for the purposes of ship-building, it being the policy of Russia of late to encourage the commerce of the Gulf of Bothnia, and the building of ships for the carrying trade of the Baltic.

The next day several prizes were made by the little squadron off Uleaborgh, and after reconnoitring the place, the admiral "lay to" until the following morning, when Uleaborgh itself was attacked, and the ships, dockyards, and stores entirely consumed. There were eight ships on the stocks nearly built; half as many old ships "laid up;" 18,000 tons of pitch and tar, deals, rafts, row-boats, spars, rope, hemp, canvas, "ribs," stocks, cordage, and extensive and well-built sheds for workmen. It was a magnificent sight at both these places to see the flames bursting upwards from such vast stores of combustible materials, until the heavens became lurid as they reflected the voluminous fires, which seemed as if they gushed upward from some mighty volcanic eruption.

The combustion both at Brahestad and Uleaborgh was sudden, as the boats landed the crews from the steamers, and the stores were systematically fired, so as to ensure their complete destruction. Uleaborgh was enriched with those large aggregations of ship-building material, for the especial purpose of building gun-boats to resist the allied fleets upon their expected advent. Their early appearance in

these regions not only deprived the czar of much property, but rendered a well planned project impossible. Early in June, Gamla Karleby was attacked by the same squadron, or, at least, two of its ships, with the intention of destroying such stores as it was reported were collected there for purposes similar to those which led to the large collections at Uleaborgh and Brahestad. Gamla Karleby is a very small place, of no importance commercially, and having a population of scarcely 2000 persons. The officer in command was, however, a man of resolution and skill, and he profited by the disasters at Brahestad, which is situated only a few miles north. Gamla Karleby is built on a bay in the Gulf of Bothnia, and is well situated for defence. A flag of truce was sent to demand the surrender of the place, and all its stores, which was refused. At eleven o'clock at night, it being then broad daylight, as is of course the case at that season of the year in the Gulf of Bothnia, the boats put off from the ships, heavily armed and well manned. The delay which occurred after sending in the flag of truce (attended very improperly by an imposing force of armed boats), gave the garrison and the inhabitants a great advantage. Some few houses on the bay were occupied by about 100 of the natives, all good marksmen, accustomed to use the rifle in pursuit of birds and game. Two companies of 200 men each, Finland rifle corps, with guns in position, field-pieces, and a troop of horse artillery, took ground in good strategical positions; and several boats, each armed with a gun and well manned with Finnish riflemen, were placed in a position to intercept any of the British boats which might become disabled. The British began the attack with eleven boats, each armed with one gun,—a force scarcely competent to deal with the guns used in defence of the place, while the numerical force of the marines and sailors that could be spared from the ships was insufficient. The combat lasted until midnight, when the attack was abandoned. Very little loss was inflicted upon the enemy, very heavy loss was experienced by the British; one of the boats of the *Odin* was cut off; when captured, six men lay dead in her, and as many more were wounded; a magnificent bronze gun, of great length, and a flag, were taken out of her as trophies, and finally brought to St. Petersburg, and displayed there; twenty-two men were taken prisoners, fifty-four killed, and a proportionate number wounded. The Finland rifles fought with the greatest bravery, and the inhabitants rivalled them in valour. There is no love to Russia on the part of the Finlanders, but the danger to their homesteads from a bombardment by the boats made the combat to them as necessary as if they were defending their

shores against an enemy adverse to their liberties, reminding one of the spirit breathed in one of the old songs of Finland :—

"In danger's hour, in battle's scathe,
What courage showed this little band;
What patriot love, what matchless faith,
Didst thou inspire, poor native land!
What generous, steadfast love was born
In those thou fed'st with bark and corn!"

We trust the day may come when the Finland rifles will stand side by side with the British as allies and liberators, directing their skilful aim against the Muscovite oppressors, and maintaining their old renown, as celebrated in the ballads of their country :—

"I saw a people who could hold
The loss of all, save honour, light;
A troop 'mid hunger, pangs, and cold,
Still, still victorious in the fight."

The joy in Russia was great over the repulse of the British. No people can give so plausible an account of a defeat sustained than the Russians; but they have no skill, because no moderation, in detailing the intelligence of a victory. Had the combined fleets of England and France been beaten on the open sea, the vauntings of the St. Petersburg journals could not have been more exultant; although to the oppressed Finlanders in her service, and not to her Muscovite serfs, was Russia indebted for her victory. There was, however, very little to boast of in St. Petersburg, for Admiral Plumridge ravaged the coast of Bothnia, destroying immense quantities of naval stores and shipping, but everywhere fastidiously respecting private property. He made a report of his cruise, on the 10th of June, to the admiral-in-chief, who thus expressed himself upon it in a despatch to the Admiralty :—

"SIR,—I beg leave to enclose Admiral Plumridge's report of his proceedings in the Gulf of Bothnia, from the 5th of May to the 10th of June, by which their Lordships will observe that he has destroyed forty-six vessels, afloat and on the stocks, amounting to 11,000 tons; from 40,000 to 50,000 barrels of pitch and tar; 60,000 square yards of rough pitch; a great number of stacks of timber, spars, planks, and deals, sails, rope, and various kinds of naval stores, to the amount of from £300,000 to £400,000, without the loss of a man. Admiral Plumridge has had to contend with innumerable rocks and shoals, incorrectly laid down in the charts, and met the ice up to the 30th of May; nevertheless, though several of his squadron have touched the ground, I am happy to say that they have received no damage that he is not able to repair with his own means."

This despatch is certainly not correct in averring that, up to the 10th of June, Admiral Plumridge so much signalised himself without the loss of a man, as the attack on Gamla

Karleby was made upon the 7th of June. Exclusive of that affair, however, the account given in Admiral Napier's letter of the doings of Admiral Plumridge is of course correct, and presents the operations of the Baltic fleet in the naval campaign of 1854 in a light which enables us to regard it as one of utility and triumph. This extensive destruction of property, as well as the effectual suppression of Russian commerce in the Baltic, was heavily felt at St. Petersburg, and disheartened the court.

The French Baltic fleet passed through the British Channel on the 23rd of April, but did not join Admiral Napier until full two months after. The united fleets presented a sublime spectacle. Never before was such an armament seen upon any sea. The fleets advanced up the Gulf of Finland to Cronstadt, during the month of June. An officer on board one of her majesty's ships thus writes concerning the dangers attending upon its navigation :—

"The Gulf of Finland, which is the high road to St. Petersburg, is protected, in the first instance, by a group of islands which bear the name of the largest—Aland. 'This granite archipelago encloses a perfect labyrinth of straits and bays studded with minor islands, and so fringed with reefs and banks as to make the navigation often impossible—always hazardous.' Still, a visit of inspection may suffice; and we may at once pass on to the really serious impediments presented by the character of the gulf itself. At the very entrance, the navigation is difficult; and we shall have to trust for our guidance to the activity of our own surveyors, as it is incredible that the Russian government will maintain the existing lights and beacons for the use of a hostile fleet. Almost exactly opposite, and only a few hours steam from the entrance of the gulf are the fortresses of Sweaborg on the north, and Revel on the south. The entrance to Helsingfors Bay lies between Langern and Vester Svart. Helsingfors is defended by the fortresses of Sweaborg, which are built on seven islands, and have generally been deemed impregnable. Cronstadt is extremely difficult of approach for the purposes of a bombardment, and once there we are within twenty miles of the capital, to defend which the mouth of the Neva is strongly fortified. Cronstadt is the Gibraltar of Russia: we can never take it with the means at our disposal. A numerous flotilla of gun-boats, and an army would be requisite: we have neither."

A portion of the fleet bombarded Bomarsund, while the rest was advancing to Cronstadt. We shall not tarry at present to describe its position or fortifications, as it was afterwards bombarded with more effect. It will suffice for our purpose here to say, as the Earl of Ellesmere remarked in a speech since delivered at

Worsley, "Bomarsund was rapidly advancing to a state that would have made it another Sebastopol in the Baltic." On the 21st of June, Bomarsund was attacked by the British steamers, *Hecla*, *Odin*, and *Valorous*, which anchored within a mile and a-third, and thence conducted the bombardment. Very heavy metal of different kinds was used against the place—balls of 96 lbs. weight, and shells of 100 lbs. Congreve rockets also did serious damage. This missile proved very destructive in the Peninsular War, and in Germany, when the English rocket brigade was attached to the armies of the Confederation. The bombardment continued without the slightest intermission for seven hours. The batteries nearest the fortress were silenced early in the action. Stores of grain, and other provisions, were destroyed. At last, the British slackened fire, leaving the place in flames in several directions. The Russian authorities represented their loss as trifling. Only four British seamen were hit: this, however, might be accounted for in the way alleged by the *St. Petersburg Journal*, that it was of no use for the garrison to fire upon the fleet, which carried on the bombardment beyond the range of the batteries. The precision of the British fire was excellent, although so large a proportion of the men were not mariners—perhaps two-thirds; the same proportion prevailed generally on board the hard-fought ships of Nelson. The valour of the crews was not much tested, as they were not exposed to any considerable fire. One officer, Mr. Lucas, of the *Hecla*, displayed cool intrepidity: a shell having fallen on board his ship, he deliberately raised it in his arms, and before the fusee had burned to the point of explosion, he threw it into the sea, where it hissed harmlessly as it plashed beneath the water.

Four days after Bomarsund was bombarded a second time, and still more extensive damage was inflicted. The bombardment was continued throughout the next day, until the fortress was considerably injured, and many of its defenders slain; the British loss was insignificant.

Meanwhile Sir Charles Napier reconnoitred Cronstadt, when he found, as already shown, that the fortress was impregnable, because the draught of water would not allow him to bring his broadsides within range. This is the suitable place in which to give some account of the great Russian stronghold. The reader may form a clear idea of its position from the engraving. De Custine says, "As we approached Cronstadt—a submarine fortress of which the Russians are justly proud—the Gulf of Finland suddenly assumed an animated appearance. The imperial fleet was in motion, and surrounded us on all sides. It remains in port,

ice-locked, for more than six months of the year, but during the three months of summer the marine cadets are exercised in nautical manoeuvres between St. Petersburg and the Baltic. After passing the fleet, we again sailed on an almost desert sea, now and then only enlivened by the distant apparition of some merchant vessel, or the yet more infrequent smoke of a *pyroscaph*, as steamboats are learnedly called in the nautical language of some parts of Europe."

In a military reference the most condensed description, and at the same time the most complete, with which we can present the reader, is the following:—"Cronstadt is a town, fortress, and port, in the government of St. Petersburg, from which city it is thirty-one miles distant; it is built at the south-east extremity of Cotlin-Ostrof, an island in that part of the Gulf of Finland called the Bay of Cronstadt, about sixteen miles from the mouth of the Neva. This island, a bed of chalk, formerly called Rétouzari by the Finlanders, is seven miles in length, and about one mile in breadth. At the entrance of the harbour, on an island opposite the citadel, lies the castle or fortress of Cronschlott, built by Peter the Great. This fortress and the mole bristle with guns, and the harbour itself is approachable only by one channel, which is fortified with a double line of guns, these works constituting Cronstadt, 'the Malta of the Baltic.' The passage between this place and Cronstadt is 2000 paces in width, and has ample depth for the largest vessels. Besides its importance as the great naval station of the Russian fleet, Cronstadt is the harbour of St. Petersburg. All vessels proceeding to that port are searched here, and their cargoes sealed, and such as are too large for the shallow waters of the Upper Neva, unload their cargoes at Cronstadt, and transport them in smaller craft. The channel is marked by stakes the whole distance, and vessels built at St. Petersburg are placed on a 'camel,' or kind of raft, by which their draught of water is lessened one half, and then floated down the Neva, and over its bar, on which there is often only seven feet of water. Cronstadt, which is built in the form of an irregular triangle, is strongly fortified on all sides. It has three harbours lying to the south of the town. The outer, or military harbour, which is entirely surrounded by a massive and strongly-fortified mole, is a rectangle stretching out into the sea, and is capable of containing, besides smaller vessels, above thirty-five ships of the line. It is now so shallow at low water that many of the ships are obliged to anchor in the middle harbour, which is properly intended for the fitting out and repairing of vessels. It contains the slips, a powder-magazine, a manufactory of pitch, tar, &c. The third, west, or

innermost harbour, which has space for 600 merchant vessels, and runs parallel with the middle harbour, admits only merchantmen, for which there is besides an excellent roadstead, immediately outside the port, which is defended also by the citadel, constructed on a rock in the middle of the sea of Cronstadt. All these harbours are well secured, but in consequence of the freshness of the sea-water, no vessel can be preserved in them above twenty years. They are, besides, detained a great part of the year by the ice in the Bay of Cronstadt, which usually prevents vessels from entering after the end of November, or leaving before the end of April, or sometimes even later than that. The town is very regularly built, and contains many fine, straight, and well-paved streets, and several public squares. The houses, however, with the exception of those belonging to the government, are chiefly of one story, and built of wood. The city has three gates, and is divided into two parts, the commandant and admiralty quarters, which are subdivided into four districts. The permanent population of Cronstadt, exclusive of the garrison, the pupils of the naval school, workmen, and sailors, is not considerable; during the summer it amounts to upwards of 40,000 individuals of various nations; of these, next to the Russians, the English are most numerous. The inhabitants derive their chief support from the fleet, trade, and shipping. The town presents an appearance of great activity and bustle during the summer, but in winter all is dead and stagnant. The town and port were laid out, and the buildings far advanced, by Peter the Great, who founded Cronstadt in 1710; but it did not receive its present name (the town of the crown) until 1721. At the northern extremity of the island are Fort Alexander and the battery of St. John; the latter is built on piles in the Neva."

In case of attack by a land and sea force combined, Cronstadt has means of offence not described in the preceding account. "Cronstadt itself, from its situation, can scarcely be protected by field intrenchments. Great labour, however, has been expended on the means of ensuring for it a safe and unbroken communication with the mainland—such as that through Perekop, or across the Putrid Sea into the Crimea. No fortress, well defended, ought to succumb which has an open highway behind it to admit perpetual reinforcements of men, of arms, of stores, and of provisions. Moreover, between the mouths of the Neva and the capital huge camps have been prepared, to act as checks upon the besiegers, should they ever gain possession of Cronstadt, and advance upon St. Petersburg. If we add to this that sunken ships and secret mines obstruct every channel of ingress to the Baltic dominions of Russia,

that four hundred floating batteries are said to be building in the dockyards of the Neva, and that innumerable gun-boats already swarm in all the shallow waters bordering the sea, hidden in creeks, behind rocks, or lines of natural fortifications, it will be evident that our admirals and our gallant sailors have a stern task to accomplish, and that Sebastopol is not the only point at which Russia can offer a long, bloody, and desperate defence."

From the foregoing representations, it is plain that security is afforded to this great arsenal and fortress mainly by the narrowness of the channel, which, just at the entrance behind Fort Menschikoff, is commanded by two enormous floating batteries, formed of old ships of the line. At the back of the island, opposite the Finland coast, there is another channel, but this has been made impassable by piles and huge blocks of stone. The only passage which is accessible, is commanded for a distance of four English miles by the fort; and so intricate is this, that, however well piloted, vessels must move very slowly, and if for hostile purposes, all the while under the fire of batteries mounted with guns of the heaviest calibre: the sinking of a single line-of-battle-ship would effectually close it. Professor Jacob's invention for destroying ships is placed there, and was much relied upon for its efficacy. This invention consists of chests filled with combustible matter sunk to the bottom of the channel, connected by wires with a galvanic battery. The fortifications of Cronstadt consist of five strong forts; four of them are formed of immense granite cubes, and the fifth is of logs. If Cronstadt be pregnable (which we believe it is to a powerful flotilla of gun and mortar-boats and rafts), its pregnability rests in the fact that the forts may be taken one after another, as each of them might be brought under the concentrated fire of the attacking squadrons or flotilla. During 1854 it was deemed impossible to subdue it, not only by the admiral commanding in chief, but by his experienced coadjutors: even Admiral Chads, the great captain of naval gunnery, gave his opinion against risking the fleet in an attack. Had Sir Charles made the attempt, and a considerable number of his ships been destroyed, his naval superiority would have been lost, the ships of the enemy would in that case have sallied forth, and, assailing his shattered squadron, would have accomplished the ruin of the British fleet. The self-denial and prudence of the admiral in not risking the loss of such a fleet, where at least but an empty renown for himself could have been won, entitles him to the gratitude of his country.

A very curious circumstance was reported to have taken place during the reconnaissance of

Cronstadt. A beautiful English yacht, belonging to Lords Leichfield and Euston, cruised before the island far in advance of the fleet. Suddenly a fast-sailing steamer from the Russian fleet gave chase. A British war-steamer bore down upon the pursuer, which had some difficulty in making its escape back to the harbour. According to the tale related at the time, the Russian steamer, which barely escaped, had on board the Emperor Nicholas, the Archduke Constantine, the Archduchess, and the Russian Admiral of the Cronstadt fleet! If the British captain had known the prize so nearly within his grasp, he would probably have risked ship and life to secure it: his success would have been one of the most important episodes which ever occurred in a great war. The taking of both Cronstadt and Sebastopol would probably have hardly done so much to secure for the allies a lasting and honourable peace. Upon such incidents, of apparently little moment, often hang the fate of armies and empires, and the peace of the world.

That the imperial family were at Cronstadt during the reconnaissance by the British admiral, is testified by Dr. Cottman, an American citizen then in Russia, a violent partisan of everything Russian, and as violent a hater of everything English. He thus bitterly notices the arrival and departure of the fleet:—"Old Admiral Napier came up last Sunday week, and took a look at Cronstadt, where I have been waiting a month to see a great combat, and have been disappointed, for the fleet all disappeared on Monday. I have found out there is to be no show. I paid my money at the gate, got admission, find the principal actor sick—"Can't come to the scratch," and the play 'is given up.' The finest fleet that ever floated passes by Riga, Revel, Sweaborg, and Cronstadt, and contents itself with a look. The days of chivalry are gone; and I must be satisfied with cheerful, happy faces and hospitable hearths, in lieu of great battles in Russia. British valour has eked out in gasconade, detraction, and defamation of private character, and destruction of private property. The idea of terminating a war by discord in the imperial household, and jealousy between the elder brothers of the imperial family! There never existed a more united or harmonious family. The Grand Duke Alexander is, according to the journals of the day, dying of hectic fever and night sweats, when in reality he would pass freely for a beer-drinking, athletic Englishman, and, I might almost say, with an exuberance of health; and, instead of jealousy and distrust, the most cordial sympathy and devotion to each other prevail. Brothers more devoted to each other cannot be found anywhere in the private walks of life. Michael, the chief of artillery, and Nicholas, of infantry,

are both very intelligent, and the devotion to their father, and the desire to execute his will, equal anything that the most exalted imagination could picture. The emperor's health and spirits have been very good for the last two months, but they both appeared to advantage the two days that the allied fleet lay off Cronstadt. The fleet lay between the imperial pavilion on the premises of the Grand Duchess Helen, at Oranienbaum, and the fortifications at Cronstadt. Thousands of persons collected on the heights of Knansa Gorkoe, and about Oranienbaum, as they said, to see Old Charley cut capers when the ball opened; but the spectators were disappointed; this magnificently attired company declined to face the music, and left the saloon, consequently the ball closed before the dancing commenced, as it is rather awkward to dance without a *vis-à-vis*."

Leaving Cronstadt, the British fleet again appeared before Bomarsund, and a third bombardment, aided this time by a land force, reduced it. Previous to this, a fruitless attack on Hango, as unfortunate as that on Gamla Karleby, depressed the minds of men in the fleet and at home. Some exploit was necessary to reanimate the spirits of the men. Before relating the occurrences which led to the capture of Bomarsund, it is desirable to afford some description of the place. The fortification called by that name was erected on one of the Aland Isles, a group which stands midway between the coasts of Sweden and Finland, at the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia. The immediate cluster of islands is composed of seven, occupying an area of ninety square miles, and sustaining a population of 10,000 persons, who cultivate the soil, which is generous and productive for so high a latitude, and who, by piloting and fishing, acquire a subsistence. The Russian fleet visits the Aland islands nearly every summer, when performing its annual evolutions, as there is good anchorage, and Russia likes to display her power in that neighbourhood. The island on which the fortress stood is intersected by calcareous hills, and is well watered, streams gushing in every direction to the sea. Indeed the name Aland—the Scandinavian designation—means "country of rivers." The scenery is picturesque of its kind; fine sea-views are afforded in all directions; while the verdant character of the surface, and the forests of birch and pine, form beautiful contrasts to the sea scenery. The climate is comparatively mild. The currents of the waters of the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland here meet, and the rapidity of these currents prevent the formation of ice so early and so frequently as higher up in either gulf. The creeks and bays are full of fish, and the group of islands supported 14,000 head of cattle. Notwithstanding the mildness of the seasons,

as compared with places within the gulfs, the Sound of Wattaskifket, which separates the islands from Finland, is sometimes frozen over. This was the case in the year 1809, so memorable to the inhabitants of Sweden, Finland, and Aland, when the army of Buxhorden not only crossed the sound, but lit their bivouac fires on the ice. These islands were ceded by Sweden, in 1809, to Russia, by the treaty of Frederichstein, which made over to the all-grasping czar Eastern Bothnia, and what remained of Finland to Sweden after the treaty of Abo. Russia has used Aland, not as a colony, or a source of profit in any way, nor has she much interfered with the religion, laws, or customs of the inhabitants; her object in making the acquisition being to constitute it a military outpost, and a starting-place for future aggression upon Sweden. The position was admirably adapted to her purpose: "It was a good fulcrum for the lever which was to lift and shake the Northern kingdoms." Here Russia might establish the point of support from which her fleets should ultimately go forth to control the Baltic. Aland was a pet place, accordingly, in the esteem of the Emperor Nicholas; he himself planned the works, which were only partially erected, and which the allied powers destroyed. It was well adapted for the designs of Russia. The harbour is secure, having outer anchorages at Led Sund and Lumpar Bay, which are extensive.

The only passage from the southward is very narrow, it is also deep, but devious; the mariner must thread his way amongst islets and rocks innumerable, which have been compared to a mosaic of rocks and isles. The entrance from the north is straitened by Präesto Island, from which it may with ease be defended. Possessing one side of the Gulf of Bothnia, Russia, in her designs upon the other, could scarcely seize upon a base of operations more convenient than the Aland Isles. At the time the allies conquered them, workmen were busy in laying the foundations for far more extensive fortifications than then existed. Of the character of the Bomarsund works very different accounts have been presented. Dr. Cottman, whose letters ridiculing England and decrying the expedition of the allies have drawn so much attention in the United States, had the effrontery to represent the defence as consisting of twelve guns during the first and second bombardments, related in another page, and to sneer at the English as wasting time in throwing shells into General Bodisco's cabbage-garden. The number of guns captured, and the men made prisoners, not only refute this sneer, but plainly prove that unless a paid agent of the czar, Dr. Cottman would never have attempted to give currency to a falsehood so devoid of all plausibility. The fortification of

Bomarsund consisted of a mainwork flanked by towers. The masonry was of granite, and apparently nine feet thick, but it was proved by the bombardment that there was little more than two feet of solid masonry, the rest was filled up with brick and rubbish. The approach seaward we have already described. By land it was also very difficult. The defence of the place might be sustained on the land side within very narrow limits. A chain of rocks ran from north to south, connected with an arm of the sea within a few miles, so as nearly to isolate the promontory on which the fortress stood, leaving a narrow way here and there as the only medium of communication. A second barrier was formed by a similar enclosure still nearer. A third natural barrier, closer still to the fortress, consisted of rocky ridges, which extended from the northern shore, forming nearly a line of circumvallation. This was fixed upon by the Russian engineers as the true line of defence. At either extremity of the ridge was built a round tower, and below, on the sea-shore, stood the fort, or, as the Russians persist in calling it, the barrack. It was a large and strong pile of buildings, answering the twofold purpose of barrack and fortress. This building with the round towers formed an irregular triangle, the barrack or fort being the apex. On the shores of Präesto Island, opposite the northern tower, or Fort Nortike, was another fort or tower. The guns of Nortike swept the rear of the mainwork, and the range of its guns extended beyond the ridge. The mainwork defended the harbour, and was itself flanked by the tower called the Tsee fort. There was weakness in the defence of this point, for the tower only partially commanded the road from Castelholme, and the ground was uneven and woody, so as to cover the approach of an enemy. The new plans of the engineers provided against this weakness of the defence effectually; and had the destruction of the place been delayed another year, the strength of the fortifications would have rivalled those of Sweaborg and Cronstadt. Against a sea-attack the place was well fortified; against a land-attack the defences were incomplete, being liable to fall before attacks in detail. The buildings were novelties in fortification. The towers were of red granite, and beautifully built. Their diameter was about sixty yards, their height sixty feet. In the centre was a large court open to the sky, like the court or square of an oriental house. They had two tiers of guns, and the batteries were casemated. The roofs were sloping, and of iron, with protruded windows. Above the upper tier of guns was a bomb-proof roof. Each tower mounted twenty-four guns—eighteen, twenty-four, and thirty-two pounders. The casemated batteries were found very disadvantageous in action, as the



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| 1. First Line of Fire. | 4. Great Part of 50 Guns. | 7. English Camp. |
| 2. Second Line of Fire. | 5. Tower of Signals. | 8. French Camp. |
| 3. Third Line of Fire. | 6. Road to the Fort. | |

smoke collecting within them had no means of escape, and nearly suffocating the gunners, prevented them from maintaining their fire with sufficient rapidity. Besides, when a shot entered through the embrasures its effect was very destructive within such a confined space. Engineers say that the towers were constructed on imperfect principles, as only a fourth of their fire could be brought to bear upon an enemy who concentrated his attack. The main fortification, or barrack, followed the lay of the shore, the more effectually to defend the harbour in any direction. It was a half-moon battery, or series of batteries; the rear was closed by "a curtain," a horse-shoe battery abutting upon it. This range of fortification had ninety-two guns, and was constructed to hold 3000 men. The great advantage of the allies consisted in their capacity to invest the place, and so cut off all reinforcements and supplies. There was, however, a two years' store of provisions husbanded within the space occupied by the troops, and the magazines were replenished with a profusion of all the implements of destruction common to defensive war in fortified places.

Such was Bomarsund when, in August, 1854, the allied fleets and troops prepared to assail it. It was the general feeling throughout the fleets that the sailors and marines were sufficient, without troops from home, to take the place. A few companies of engineers, sappers and miners, and artillery, with a regiment or two of the line, and a good brigadier, would have been an auxiliary force of value to the general operations of the fleet; but when the tars and the marines heard that a French army was required to reduce Bomarsund, they felt by no means flattered. So it was ordained, however, by the magnates at home. A force of 11,000 French, and about 1000 British, were sent out in ships of the latter nation from Calais, with several officers of reputation in command. General Baraguay D'Hilliers, the hot-tempered diplomatist whose mode of transacting political business with the Porte made his recall from Constantinople necessary, was appointed military chief of the expedition; and Colonel Jones, of the East India Company's College of Engineers at Chatham, was nominated as Brigadier to the British contingent. The embarkation of French troops, from a French port, in British ships of war, as allies in a foreign expedition, produced a powerful impression in Western Europe of the earnestness and sincerity of the French and English alliance. The tars received the French soldiers on board with a rude but generous hospitality, and observed their guests with mingled expressions of cordiality and surprise. The French soldiers manifested an intense interest in the ships and crews of their allies; and mutual protestations of an alliance

to last for ever were very common on board, until the expedition arrived out at the rendezvous, Led Sund, the southernmost position in relation to the intricate passage which leads to Bomarsund, and affording good anchorage. One who mingled in these scenes thus wrote:—"The Aland summer was at its height. The sun shone brightly on the calm broad basin of Led Sund, and the rocky islets which studded it, throwing a sparkle on the waters, and striking out strange lights from the dark foliage of the pines. The scene was peaceful and pretty. A cosy villa, or farmhouse, with its large out-buildings, peeped out from green pleasant nooks along the shore; and far down, in quiet coves, market and fishing-boats were lying on the beach; ponies were grazing on the islets; the windmills were working; and smoke came from the chimneys;—all giving token of continued occupation. The inhabitants anticipated no danger, or thought it vain to fly from it."

The first movement against the enemy was an order from Admiral Chads to take up a position in front of Bomarsund, but out of range of its guns. Light steamers cruised about the islands, and between them and the Finnish shores, to prevent all communication. The want of the *matériel* promised from France delayed the enterprise, as delay attended every step throughout the war, so far as it depended upon the home authorities. The interval was well employed by Admirals Napier and Chads, in reconnoitring the fortress, and the three great round towers which aided in its defence, the whole bristling with 180 cannon. Every spot was leisurely surveyed, a knowledge of which could at all affect the prospects of the assailants. At last, all was prepared for action—greetings and feasting ended; and the allies and their bands exchanged "God save the Queen," and "*Partant pour la Syrie*," for sterner music. On the 7th of August, the troops were sent forward to the scene of service. They landed in two divisions, to the north and south of the place, seized the important points of communication, and then formed a complete line of investment, with either flank resting on the sea. In front of the main fort in the harbour, the French line-of-battle ship, bearing the flag of Admiral Parseval Deschenes, and the four block-ships from England—*Edinburgh*, *Blenheim*, *Hogue*, and *Ajax*—took up positions, and a flying squadron of steamers made the investment by land and sea as complete as it could be. The plan agreed upon by the allied chiefs was to bombard by land batteries the round towers, and then, by a grand *coup*, ships and troops were to assault the great fortress. This plan was acted upon up to the juncture of the surrender. The French division landed in Tranvick Bay, about four miles south

of the harbour, and within the first circle of natural defence already described. The second division, commanded by the English chief, landed in a pretty, sheltered cove near Hutta, and at once, on a misty morning, as the inhabitants were awaking to their daily toil, proceeded through a populous village to occupy the positions contemplated in the plan of investment. The people showed to the British the utmost confidence; even the women evinced neither fear nor surprise. The first man that fell was a Greek priest, who, approaching the French lines, was supposed to be a spy, and was shot by the sentries. A lady, who was with him in a gig, was wounded at the same time; her husband had been killed during one of the previous bombardments. The enemy did not contest the ground; and both divisions, without incurring the risk of a single shot, approached rapidly the point in the circle where their pickets would meet. An officer who accompanied Brigadier Jones thus describes the encampment of that general's division:—"A green *plateau*, girded with pine trees, sheltered by a low rocky ridge which ran laterally to its left, was the spot chosen for our camp. A quiet little sequestered spot, it soon became a scene of bustle and merriment, alive with groups and figures of men climbing trees, lopping boughs, making fires, &c. It seemed a sort of enchantment, so soon was the scene changed—the grassy field covered with bower-like huts, irregular, fantastic, and picturesque, and made motive with striking *tableaux*. The distant sound of the French bands mingled pleasantly also with the clang of axes, the hum of voices, and snatches of song. As the light faded, the picture melted into twilight hues; the fierce, fitful blaze of the pines showed only the few dusky figures which were still sitting or standing by the watchfires, or the shadowy forms of the sentries looming in gigantic outline on the ridge. The sounds too had died away, save the crackling of the fires as fresh branches were thrown on them, or the occasional note of a French bugle; and he only who has lain down under such circumstances, knows how solemn is the hush and silence caused by the sleep of men ready to 'do or die!'"

The French division took the initiative, throwing out a regiment in skirmishing order by dawn of day. The corps selected for this service performed it with caution and courage, blended in a manner which, to a military eye, was beautiful. They took advantage of every crag and tree and clump of brushwood; but the tops of their shakos shone so brightly in the light of the rising sun, that the position of every file could be seen from the round tower Tsee, which opened fire upon them, but without any effect in checking their progress or

causing them loss. The position taken by the British general was skilful. He was so sheltered by the unequal character of the ground, that the enemy were obliged to elevate their guns—the shot thrown by them generally went far beyond the lines. For two days the divisions occupied their positions, as the guns could not be sooner brought up. Their metal was heavy, and they were drawn by the sailors of the fleet. Some of the guns required 150 men to bring them up. When the guns did arrive, the French established their battery south-west of the Tsee tower; that of General Jones was established between that tower and Nortike, so that the battery could be turned against either, as circumstances might require. During these preparations the fortresses seemed to look grimly down upon the beleaguering troops, and gave forth their flashes of defiance from many an embrasure. An incident occurred during the ensuing night illustrative of French character, and which brought on the first *heavy* firing to which the men of either division were exposed. A solitary musket-shot from the Tsee tower struck a French officer of chasseurs; in an instant the whole corps rose, and rushing forward with a yell, fired a volley against the tower: promptly was its reply bellowed forth, and the other forts, joining in chorus, the loud thunder of artillery rolled through the night air, reverberating over hill and rock, while the sky was illuminated with the flashes which accompanied their thunder. The trees all around were torn and crushed with round shot; large pieces of rock were hurled from their elevation by the stroke of the heavy ball; and grape tore through the branches and foliage of the trees like the heavy pattering of a sudden and stormy shower. For two hours the Russians kept up their gunnery practice against the allied positions, but more especially against the French, as if they could never sufficiently avenge the volley of small arms directed so unexpectedly against them. During this incessant firing the French works were rapidly progressing, and the guns were placed in position as soon as day dawned. To cover this operation a brisk discharge of rifles was opened from behind the breastwork; the distance was seven hundred yards, and so sure was the aim of the French riflemen that the guns of the enemy were silenced. The attack upon a fortress by rifles, as here practised, has been represented as a novelty even by military writers; this is a mistake, the employment of rifles to aim at the embrasures of fortresses is as old almost as the use of fire-arms; but it has generally been the practice for the riflemen to seek cover while the guns of the fortress were discharging. Sir John Burgoyne, in the Crimea, subsequently showed that the value of the rifle was chiefly in taking aim while the

guns were actually being discharged, and that, instead of their discontinuing rifle firing at that juncture, it ought to be the more fiercely kept up. At Bomarsund the practice was in consonance with Sir J. Burgoyne's opinion, and the effect was deadly to the Russians; scarcely a face or hand could appear at an embrasure when it was struck by a bullet from the French. The rifle used on this occasion was not the Minié, but the *carabine à tige*, such as the Turkish chasseurs were armed with at the battles of Oltenitza and Citate. By daybreak on the 13th of August, the French batteries being all in position, the first cannon shot was fired: this was soon followed by others, at first very slowly—too slowly for the impatience of the army, which was full of enthusiasm—but the guns being of brass could not be fired so quickly. The round shot from our batteries made little impression upon the enemy's works; the rifle was more formidable than the light guns of small calibre which we employed. The guns were 16-pounders, and were only four, exclusive of the mortars, which were also four in number. The mortars extensively damaged the roof of the fortress. The French general, seeing that no breach was likely to be made, requested Brigadier Jones to turn the flank of the battery he was erecting against Fort Tsee, in order to co-operate with his attack. Just then the white flag floated from the roof; the chiefs went to the front, and after a short time returned, reporting that the terms of capitulation could not be agreed upon. The firing from the French battery was renewed with still less effect than before, yet the fort replied feebly, and in a desultory way, which led the assailants to suppose that the defenders were unwilling to obey their officers in protracting the defence.

On the morning of the 14th, Lieutenants Gigot and Gibon, followed by a body of volunteers, stormed the tower, entering by the lower embrasures. These embrasures were not armed, but were boarded strongly: it was one of the weak conditions of the defence that the lowest tier should be but six or seven feet from the ground, leaving an escalade practicable. In the suddenness of the attack the commandant was killed by a bayonet thrust; the garrison generally escaped to the large fort, leaving, however, thirty-two prisoners in the hands of the French. There had been no loss of life to the garrison from the cannon; the rifle ball, however, had been very fatal. Some British soldiers entered the place soon after its capture, and broke open the apartments, scattering the furniture, and even the contents of the surgery, in broken fragments around. The French seemed much amused at these exploits, but took little part in them. While this was going on in one direction, there was fierce firing in

another. Nearly the whole of the previous night, the principal fort cannonaded a mud battery erected on the shore, and armed with a 10-inch mortar: so badly directed was the firing, that this heavy cannonade was not sufficient to dismount the mortar. The ships answered, but from a very great distance, the fire of the fort. Amidst the roar of cannon from ship, shore, and fortress, several volleys of musketry were heard in somewhat close proximity to the French camp. This was caused by a company of French chasseurs, who had been sent to patrol the fort, to prevent ingress or egress, coming in the darkness upon another patrol; each mistaking the other for the enemy, several volleys were exchanged, and a considerable number of men killed and wounded before the mistake was discovered. On the afternoon of the 14th, the enemy sprang a mine under Fort Tsee, into which, since its capture, they continued to fire from the main fortress. The Russians supposed that the French were there in force, but Sir Charles Napier, either having information of the intention of the Russians, or possibly conjecturing that such an attempt would be made, telegraphed for the French to leave the fort. They had not long obeyed this friendly admonition before the tower was lifted up, and shattered by the upheaving earth, to which the exploded mine had given its impulse. Several natives who had wandered into the fort, hid themselves when the French were abandoning it, and perished. One who escaped, informed the French general of the fact. Several French soldiers also perished, the explosion having overtaken their tardy retreat.

On the evening of the 14th, and during the night, the sailors of the British ships, with incredible labour, got up the guns which were intended for a breaching battery; there were three 32-pounders, and four howitzers, and they were in position within 750 yards of the round tower called Nortike. At early dawn the booming of these guns was heard over fort, and camp, and the surrounding sea; crash after crash was heard from the grim tower, which seemed to bid them a stately defiance. Every shot told: the first two shots brought large fragments of the masonry crumbling to the base; the third entered an embrasure, tearing before it casement, cannon, and everything in its course. The tower replied with vividness and energy, and one shot, striking the trunnion of a gun in the battery, glanced off, and mortally wounded the Hon. Mr. Wrottesley, a lieutenant of engineers, a fine, spirited, intelligent, and active officer. He was the second victim the war had made in the same family. He was immediately borne through the camp to the beach, where they laid him down, and he expired. The shot from the tower generally flew over the

breaching battery, and plunged into the camp, doing mischief in every form which such missiles are wont to accomplish, except inflicting death; the escapes of the men were marvellous, but very few were hit. A breach was soon made by the well-directed fire of Commander Preedy, R.N. The sailors at the guns were much exhausted, for they had worked long and energetically; they were at last relieved by detachments of the marine artillery, who continued to assail the fort with heavy round shot and shell, until the breach was reported practicable by the engineers, and the assault was every moment expected. While suspense and expectation hung upon the hearts of the soldiery, the white flag was once more hoisted by the enemy. The surrender of the tower was formally made, but it was night before the troops took possession, when they marched out the prisoners, seized upon the munitions they chose to carry away, and abandoned it, as the main fortification commanded it, and all its approaches. One hundred and twenty Russian soldiers entered the camp as prisoners, their long grey coats giving to their forlorn looks, in the dim twilight of the morning, a shadowy and sombre aspect, which strangely contrasted with the gay looks and bright attire of the British. They were stolidly indifferent until told that their families should accompany them, this brought out some little expression of emotion.

Thus fell the towers which were the out-works of the main fortification, as already shown. The strong batteries on the island of Prästo were still engaged with the *Leopard*, *Hecla*, and a French steamer: the ships stood out. The three steamers did not appear to make much progress in the reduction of Prästo. The blockships, at the range of 3000 yards, leisurely cannonaded the long barrack or fortress. Once more the white flag floated from the Russian ramparts, and this time its meaning was a general and unconditional surrender. General Bodisco, the governor, perceiving that all hope of successfully resisting the force brought against him had vanished, surrendered himself and the garrison prisoners of war. The *Leopard*, *Hecla*, and their French consort, while engaged severely with the island of Prästo, so took up their position that every shot which went over the fortification on the island, "plumped" into the fort of Boomar, the citadel of the place. An officer on board the *Leopard* thus describes the part taken by this little steam squadron, especially by his own ship:—"We anchored at half-past nine o'clock, and beat to quarters at forty minutes past nine. We were all ready. The admiral came down on the main deck, and made a short speech to the men, who, by the way, fought with nothing but trousers and a sleeveless

flannel on. Fire! and a broadside from the ships went slap into the devoted forts; a few trees intervened between us, so we could only see the roof. Broadside after broadside continued to be discharged, and I suppose we fired a dozen or so before they replied, and this dozen (we afterwards heard from one of them) killed and wounded sixty of them: at last they opened. I heard the shot strike our side and pitch close to us. Well, the fire was kept up with great rapidity from our six main deck 32's, two 84's, and two 68's—all shell. It continued for about an hour and a half. I went up the main deck occasionally, and looking through the port, could see the shot ricochetting towards us, and go slap into our sides. One shot came right through, and rolled across the main deck. This lasted, as I say, an hour and a half; not an accident took place on board, though how they escaped I know not, for the old *Leopard* had twelve shots through her hull, the maintopmast shot away, and a great hole in both sides of her foremost funnel. One large paddle-box boat, on the starboard side, got struck by a 32-pound shot; first cutting the ridge-rope, it passed through both sides of the boat, passed over the deck, carried away an iron stanchion two inches thick (its own breadth of it), cut another ridge-rope, and went on its way as though nothing had happened. The shot that took away our topmast was a 32-pounder; it cut the starboard topmast rigging, went clean through the maintopmast above the cap (fourteen inches solid pine!) drove splinters three feet long up and down it, right through the centre; it went clean through the mainroyal yard and sail, stopped up in the port-topmast shrouds, which it also cut, and passed on its way. The splinters flew about all over the ship; the piece of iron stanchion cut a coil of rope, and struck a piece a foot thick off the edge of the paddle-box. It's wonderful what a shot will do; but not an accident occurred—no killed or wounded. I don't know about the *Coccyte*. On the white flag being hoisted, we went round to Boomar, to report to the commander-in-chief, who, with Admiral Plumridge and the French and English generals, went to treat. The *Leopard* was highly complimented by Old Charley. The poor old ship was 'the envy of all these crack line-of-battle-ships and frigates, going up to the commander-in-chief, hot out of action, the colours flying, her sides pierced with the enemy's shot, her maintopmast shot away, her poor dear old funnel smoking through two shot-holes half-way up, and her great white paddle-box boat with two holes in it you might jump through—the smoke still wreathing out of the muzzles of her guns as she steamed in close to the forts that she had given the *coup de grace* to, and caused to hoist the white flag.

Good old *Leopard*, I love her! We got cheered by the *Hecla* as she winded-to under our stern. We quickly sent down the stump of the topmast, and sent a spick-and-span new one up, plugged the shot-holes, and in an hour or two were all a-taut; but even at six o'clock in the evening, if you put your hand on the guns, you would find them still hot."

Soon after the enemy hung out the flag of truce, General D'Hilliers, with his flowing white hair and venerable countenance,—General Niel, with burly figure and handsome soldierly face,—and General Jones, with his keen countenance and thickset form, were seen near the gate of the fort; the admirals landed, and in due form the Russian general made his surrender. Two thousand three hundred men were made prisoners of war. The general-in-chief and most of his officers were very desponding, and so were many of the men; but others, having broken open the spirit casks, became intoxicated. Some of these had to be forced out of the batteries at the point of the bayonet, and one made a desperate attempt to ignite the magazine; he was instantly taken out and shot. The effect of the alcohol on others of the Russian soldiery was very different; they danced the polka through the lines of the French and British soldiery and marines, making grimaces and contortions of face which were utterly ludicrous. One fine-looking soldier, a Pole, with a cross upon his breast, walked with military mien in solitude to the shore, as if ashamed to be made a prisoner in such despicable companionship. The Finnish soldiers were in all respects superior to the Russians, physically, intellectually, and morally; as men and soldiers they gained the respect of our men: the Russians excited only their contempt, except so far as pity operated in favour of those who had families. Many of them were in that condition, and were grateful when the hope was held out to them of their wives being allowed to accompany them. It is the policy of the Russian government to encourage marriage on the part of the soldiery. We have never heard the motive for this satisfactorily explained, especially as the pay of the Russian soldier is so small, and he is often cheated, as the government well knows, even of that. The married soldiers are always unwilling to desert; this is the case also with the disloyal Poles; whereas single men, unless they have parents and sisters living, and have some hope of seeing them again, are glad to escape the tyranny of the Russian army whenever an opportunity for desertion occurs. The exception is when the soldier is a devotee, and by the sheer force of bigotry derives some enthusiasm for a service in the renown of which he considers the glory of the orthodox Church to be promoted. Some few of the prisoners

taken had been convicts destined for Siberia, who were spared that punishment as men were so badly wanted for the army. These men were separated by their captors from the other troops, and placed on board the *Benbow* prison-ship when the *Hannibal*, *Termagent*, *Valorous*, and *Dauntless*, arrived at home with prisoners. The joy of the wives of the Russian soldiers when permitted to accompany their husbands was very great, and the conduct of these poor women was very commendable. They were dressed very coarsely but neatly; they wore kerchiefs on their heads, like the humbler class of females in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, but by no means resembled the latter in feminine appearance; their faces were large, coarse, and bronzed, and bore a general resemblance to the German broom-girls whom we are accustomed to see in London. The way in which the victors received the garrison of Boomar is well expressed, in the off-handed way characteristic of our tars, by an officer who wrote from on board one of her majesty's ships to his friends in Dublin:—"The officers (Russians) begged to be allowed to write to their wives and families that they had left behind: of course they got permission. Indeed they were well treated; taken down to the gun-room, got wine, tea, coffee: in a word, we were all hand-in-glove with the men who a few short hours before would have shot or sabred us like dogs—such is war! We came down to the fleet at Led Sund, to put our prisoners on board the *Hannibal* to go to England. The *Hecla*, *Sphinx*, &c., brought down the rest. We are now going back to Boomar: we will take the guns out of the forts and blow them to Old Nick. It will be a grand explosion. We put our prisoners on board the *Hannibal* at five this morning, so I got precious little sleep last night; but it is war time, and we don't look for luxuries. I will write again this evening; till then, adieu."

There was great store of guns and ammunition; the provisions were so bad as to be valueless: our soldiers kicked the black loaves about, expressing their surprise how men fed upon such food could fight. The Russian soldiers would, however, have been only too thankful if they could have secured enough of such food; but they were plundered even of that, and the knout, the bayonet, or the bullet, was their doom if they murmured or demanded their rights. The prisoners were in a pitiable state from hunger, sleeplessness, fatigue, and personal ill-treatment. Their appearance greatly increased the detestation of French and British against the Russian name and nation. About £15,000 in silver rubles was found in the military chest, and a very much larger sum in worthless Russian paper. It was supposed

that more money would have been discovered, but that the garrison melted the money into bullets, or loaded their pieces with the silver coins, either to prevent the invaders from capturing it, or under a superstitious belief that, as the allies were aided by Satan, silver bullets were alone dangerous to the agents of that personage. So superstitious were the captives, that any absurdity might be credited concerning them for which superstition could account.

From the battlements of the vanquished citadel the scene was most interesting, when, before its entire destruction, the officers of the allied forces looked from them upon the pleasant country dotted with the blackened remains of burnt villages,—for Bodisco had cruelly ordered all the villages to be burnt, in which work he was interrupted by the landing of the allied troops. The sea was covered with proud ships, their flags flaunting in the breeze, and the union-jack and tri-color interlacing, in token of the amity of the nations they represented. The varied uniforms of the navies and armies of the two nations glanced to and fro, as officers and men hurried upon their respective tasks. The battered Boomar—the breached Nortike—the ruins of the broken Tsee tower—shot and shell scattered as if they had fallen in showers from heaven—presented gloomy tokens of the havoc of siege and battle. Amidst all the pomp and terror of war, the peaceful and virtuous native population, half thankful, half timid, gazed upon the terrible relics of strife so profusely scattered around them. To assure these poor people of protection, and to deter any lawless persons who might possibly have found their way among them, the allied commanders issued a proclamation which was read in their churches, and produced the desired effect:—

“We, the undersigned commanders-in-chief of the combined naval and land forces, hereby authorise the authorities of these islands to continue in the administration of their respective duties, and we rely on their doing so with zeal and circumspection.

“In times of tumult and war, it devolves upon every well-disposed citizen to do his utmost in maintaining order and peace; the lower classes must not be led away with the belief that no law or order exists, for these will be enforced with as much rigour as heretofore.

“Since the late events, which have changed the aspect of these islands, the blockade has been raised, and the public are informed that they are at liberty to trade with Sweden on the same conditions and privileges as heretofore.

“Each and every one is cautioned against holding any communication or intercourse with the enemy or Finland; and if any one is found

aiding them in any way, he will be punished most severely.

“Given under our hands, &c.

“BARAGUAY D'HILLIER

“CHARLES NAPIER.

“PARSEVAL DESCHENT

“HARRY JONES.”

It was on the 30th of August the blowing up of the fortifications commenced, the governments at home having decided not to occupy the place. The destruction of the fortification on the island of Präesto, which had been but little injured by the fire of the British steamer, was a sublime spectacle. A vast charge of powder was ignited; the ground rocked, as over the heavings of an earthquake; two terrible reports rapidly succeeded, and a mass of ruin, smoke, and flame ascended into the air. As the dense cloud which overhung the scene of the explosion passed away, the fortress had disappeared, except two low blackened walls, and a pile of smoking timber, and incumbent rubbish. On the 2nd of September, the great tower of Boomar was blown up. It was already night when the explosions took place; six successive shocks were felt; and the gloomy stronghold was lifted up and hurled in fragments to the earth. The timber of the ruins burned with great fury, illuminating the harbour, and flinging upon fleet and country a lurid light. About midnight the flames reached a magazine which had not been emptied of its contents when a new and fierce explosion followed, shells and rockets flew hissing through the air, marking their flight with long trails of fire. A portion of the centre tower had been left for Admiral Chads to make gunnery practice upon; he brought the *Edinburgh* to within 500 yards, and discharged upon it seven broadsides, making a wide breach, and knocking many of its embrasures to pieces. He experimented with broadsides at 1000 yards; but the effect was not such as would lead to the belief that, at that distance, ships could conquer forts. Finally, the Aland Isles were swept of the last remains of Russian power, and the people were left to enjoy their new-born liberty.

The scourge which fell upon the allied fleets and armies of the Euxine did not leave those of the Baltic unscathed. Sir Charles Napier's regulations were, like everything performed by that extraordinary man, marked by ability and judgment, and to his care and precautions the fleet was indebted, while pestilence walked the decks as well as the neighbouring shores. The French troops at Aland suffered very severely; many brave men sunk in silence,—

“Unknelled, unconfined, and unknown,”—

who, full of lusty life, eagerly sought distinction, and longed hand to hand to encounter their country's foes.

When the tidings of the capture of Åland and the destruction of the Boomar forts reached St. Petersburg, there was great popular consternation, and the family of the czar was represented to have been in great dismay, with the exception of the Archduke Constantine, whose rage against the allies almost amounted to madness, and who proposed various impracticable measures of retaliation. The government press did not attempt to deny the disaster, but was ordered to soften down its details in such a way as not to disquiet the people of the capital. We subjoin the account which appeared in the columns of the *Invalide Russe*, and afterwards in the other St. Petersburg journals. It purported to be a report from Lieutenant-General Rokassovsky, commander of the troops in Finland, but in the language of the Honorary Counsellor Westorius, formerly superintendent of the Magazine of Provisions of Åland. This Counsellor Westorius represented himself as having been on the island during the siege, hiding himself among the trees and rocks to watch the result; and having finally made his way to Finland, he communicated to General Rokassovsky what had occurred.

"In consequence of the bombardment of the principal fort of Åland, on the 21st of June last, by three English ships of war, the commander of Åland ordered the construction of a fresh land battery on the south-west coast of the Bay of Lumpar, which was effected in the course of the month by the soldiers of the garrison of Åland, under the command of Captain du Kransold, chief of the detachment of artillery of the island. At the same time there were sent from the fort five guns of the rampart, for which the workmen had made new carriages under the orders of Sub-lieutenant Pistchouline, of the artillery garrison of Åland, and in accordance with the directions of Captain du Kransold. When this battery was ready, a certain number of picked men, taken from the Finland battalion, of the line No. 10, from the garrison of artillery of Åland, were ordered to work the battery, under the command of Lieutenant Schimanovski and Sub-lieutenant Pistchouline. Detachments of the 3rd and 4th companies of the battalion of grenadier riflemen, under the command of Colonel of the Guard de Furnjelm, adjutant of the governor of Åbo, were ordered to defend this battery. Ultimately, after the entry of the Anglo-French fleet, to the number of more than thirty vessels, into the Bay of Lumpar, it was demolished, the guns were destroyed, and all the men were sent to the principal fort, and a portion of the riflemen were stationed in the three towers. All this was entirely completed on the sixth of August.

"According to the statement of M. Westorius, the garrison of each tower was composed

of about ninety men of the Finland battalion of the line No. 10, and about twenty-five men of the artillery and engineers, with three officers; and, in addition, in the tower C were Captain of Artillery de Tesche; Lieutenant de Salberg, of the battalion of the line; Ensign de Bolfras, and Sub-lieutenant Couradi, of the battalion of grenadier riflemen. In the tower U, Lieutenant of Artillery Zvereff, Second Captain de Mélar, and Sub-lieutenant de Bluhm, of the battalion of the line. Also in the tower Z, the Lieutenant of Artillery Chatelain, and Captains de Knoning and Pérémilowsky, of the battalion of the line.

"At the same time—that is to say, during the month of June—according to the instructions of the commandant, there was constructed, under the superintendence of the head of the engineers, in the principal fort, a masked earth battery covering three Paixhan guns, all the openings being walled round, internal as well as external, the latter not being armed with guns.

"During the construction of the battery of Lumpar four pieces of the garrison of field artillery of Åland, under the command of Captain of artillery Schvétoff, were divided into two detachments, one of which took post at the limit of the force of Schvétoff, and the other near Mougstekt, each supported by detachments of grenadier riflemen. There existed on these two points old batteries in ruins, which the soldiers reconstructed. In the night between the 5th and 6th of August these four pieces were taken from their positions and placed in the fort, with men to work them and troops to defend them. In the evening of the 7th of August, twenty-four artillery horses were sent to Gerad, the officer of the crown at Åland, that they might be fed by the inhabitants.

"Such was the situation of the fortifications when, on the 24th of July, there arrived seven of the enemy's vessels in the Bay of Lumpar. This number successively increased, and amounted in a few days to more than thirty. At the same time the enemy surrounded the fortifications on the other sides. His vessels remained quietly at anchor, and were only occupied in sounding until the 7th of August. On that day it was remarked that the enemy's vessels were being towed into the Bays of Lumpar and Wargata, and it was presumed that troops intended for land were on board, and this idea was confirmed the next day; for at two o'clock in the morning the enemy landed troops upon two points—viz., to the west of the village of Ivanwik, and to the east of that of Hutta. The riflemen advanced from these points in large masses, and the two troops assembled together at Finby, situated three versts from the fortifications. There they

bivouacked, and the head of the French troops took up his position in the village.

"According to probable reports which reached me on the same day as the landing of his troops at Aland, the enemy began the assault upon the tower C, but was repulsed with loss. He then began to construct his batteries and to bring his guns to the siege by means of rollers placed in a particular manner. Subsequently, in the night between the 8th and 9th of August, he opened a fire upon the tower, endeavouring at the same time to erect a new battery nearer to it, but what he had succeeded in raising during the night, was destroyed at daybreak by our balls. Eventually, having discovered an appropriate position, where he was sheltered, the enemy constructed a battery, and when it was finished he fired day and night upon both sides of the tower, with a view to make a breach, so that it was seriously and dangerously damaged in every part. Upon this the garrison which defended it, foreseeing probably the impossibility of holding out much longer, decided upon returning to the principal fort, but was prevented by the enemy, who unexpectedly made an assault upon it, surrounded it, and cut off all retreat. Both officers and soldiers (as I have heard) were desirous of forcing a passage at the point of the bayonet, but they could not overcome the advantage of superior numbers, and were forced to surrender. A few hours afterwards the tower, which was much shaken, tumbled to pieces. Among its officers, the Artillery Captain de Tesche was wounded with a bayonet in the leg, and Ensign de Bolfras, of the battalion of grenadier guards, received injury on the shoulder, from a blow with a sword.

"After the capture of the tower C, the enemy raised batteries against the tower U, the bombardment of which was commenced on the 12th of August, and was continued without intermission during three days. That tower, in which two large breaches were made by the balls, without reckoning the other damage done to its interior by shells, having only the means of firing four times more, was at length forced to capitulate.

"I am not aware of the cause of the reduction of the tower B. I only know that the garrison capitulated on the 15th of August, at eleven o'clock in the evening.

"I have not received precise information as to the reasons for the capitulation of the principal fort, but the following are the reports which I have collected upon the subject, the authenticity of which, however, I do not guarantee. While the French troops bombarded the towers, the Anglo-French fleet in the Bay of Lumpar kept up an irresistible fire against the principal fort, doing serious injury to its interior, overthrowing the roofs and chimneys, and destroying the embrasures.

The garrison of the fort surrendered on the 16th of August. It is said that the cause of this surrender was that, after having lost the tower, it was no longer possible for it to repulse simultaneously the attacks by land and by sea, and that it was destitute of the means of silencing the enemy's powerful artillery. Before the reduction of the principal fort, its garrison was so exhausted by the watches and the incessant operations it had effected during several days, that it was not in a condition either for further action, or for offering a longer resistance. It is said that on our side the number of killed was fifty-three, and that of the wounded eighty-six, and that the enemy lost from 500 to 600 men. The garrisons of the principal fort and of the three towers were embarked in Anglo-French vessels. Such of the prisoners as were to be sent to England were dispatched on the 17th of August, and the others, among whom were General Bodisco and his wife, were sent to France on the 18th of August. It was also reported that, with the consent of the enemy's chief officers, the wives of some of our officers have accompanied their husbands."

On the 21st of August a number of the ships left Led Sund, and steamed for Hango. Within a week, Sir Charles Napier and General Baraguay d'Hilliers followed, and a bombardment of the fortifications there was expected. The Russians, however, being well aware of the superiority of the allied forces, and fearing to be made prisoners of war, blew up the forts at Hango in presence of our ships, and retired to Abo. The allies pursued the fugitives to that place; but finding there a garrison, including those who had joined it from Hango, of nearly 18,000 men, and a powerful flotilla of gun-boats, they contented themselves with a demonstration, which the Russians described as an unsuccessful attack. The St. Petersburg organ of the chancellerie thus described it:—"On the 22nd of August five of the enemy's steamers entered the archipelago of Abo, and attacked seventeen gun sloops of the second battalion of the flotilla of the west, which, with a few small steam tugs, were at anchor near the island of Russöel, and blocked up the channel leading to Abo. The enemy opened a sharp cannonade at a distance of 2000 sagues. His balls, shells, and bombs, for the most part, went beyond the sloops, which waited quietly until the enemy approached good range, and did not open their fire until then. The cannonade lasted more than two hours and a half, during which time we had three men killed, and eight wounded; among the latter were three men of the naval militia of Finland. The enemy retired, having one of his steamers in tow, because of the damage it suffered."

"In his report of this affair, the naval captain of the first rank, Abouloff, commander of the western brigade of the rowing flotilla, bears testimony to and particularly praises the coolness and the excellent dispositions of Captain Kryganieff, the captain of a corvette, and eulogises very highly all the officers, acknowledging also the zeal of the crews.

"His majesty the emperor has deigned to express his satisfaction to the officers, and to confer twelve marks of honour of the military order upon the crews."

Our own officers sent home a very different account of the affair.

"Reconnaissance of the enemy's gun-boats and steamers at Abo.

Duke of Wellington, Led Sund, August 27.

"SIR,—Having received information that Russian troops and gun-boats were among the islands, I sent Captain Scott with a small squadron to find them out, and I beg to enclose his very able report.

"Captain Scott threaded his way through the islands in a most persevering manner, as their Lordships will see by the chart I send; his ships were repeatedly on shore, and the *Odin* no less than nine times, before they discovered the enemy's gun-boats and steamers, lying behind a floating boom, supported on each side by batteries, and a number of troops, covering the town of Abo, where they have collected a large force.

"I take this opportunity of bringing under their Lordships' notice the very great exertions of the surveying officers, Captain Sullivan, assisted by Mr. Evans, master of the *Lightning*, and Commander Otter of the *Alban*; and I have no hesitation in saying that it is owing to their exertions this fleet have found their way, with comparatively little damage, into creeks and corners never intended for ships of the line; day and night have they worked, and worked successfully. Commander Otter is an old officer, and well worthy of promotion; and Captain Sullivan, and his assisting-surveyor, deserve the protection of their Lordships.

"I have, &c.,

"C. NAPIER,

"Vice-Admiral & Commander-in-chief."

"The Secretary of the Admiralty, London."

(ENCLOSURE NO. 1. IN SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S LETTER.)

Her Majesty's Ship Odin, Led Sund, August 25.

"SIR,—I have the honour to state that, in pursuance of your orders, dated the 18th of August, I proceeded with her majesty's ships *Odin*, *Alban*, *Gorgon*, and *Driver*, under my command, towards Kumblinge, and the islands east of it.

"Having procured a pilot at Dagerby, we felt our way on with boats and leads, through

a most difficult and intricate navigation, in the course of which every ship has been on shore (*Gorgon* and *Odin* frequently), but, we hope, with no further injury than that done to the copper in various places.

"At Kumblinge and the adjacent islands, I was unable to obtain any information of troops or gun-boats, but learnt on Sunday, at Asterholm, that a small fast steam-boat, from Abo, was in our immediate vicinity.

"Rather than return to your flag without intelligence, I resolved to attempt a passage to Abo, and on Monday, at daylight, leaving the larger ships at anchor, I took all the masters in the *Alban*, surveyed and buoyed off a passage for ten miles to Bergham, and then returned for the other ships, but the *Gorgon* grounding delayed us for that night.

"On Tuesday we made our way in safety into the comparatively main open track to Abo, beyond Bergham; at two, p.m., observed a small steamer watching us; and at three, p.m., several gun-boats moving a body of troops from the point (one and a-half miles to the north-west) up to the chain across the narrow entrance to the harbour.

"Having approached to within 3000 yards, the *Alban* stood in to sound. The entrance of the harbour was closed by two impediments; the one in front appeared to be a chain laid on a floating platform, the other of stakes and booms, between which the gun-boats were stationed at regular intervals, and the steam-vessels (four in number) were under the shelter of the points.

"About four, p.m., the *Alban* fired the first shell, which burst over one of the gun-boats. I then commenced firing, and was followed at intervals by the *Gorgon* and *Driver*, but with little or no effect, that we could discover, except that of fully answering my purpose in drawing a return from the masked batteries and gun-boats. Only one of the former, at the end of the boom, mounted a gun or guns of large calibre and long range, but which was concealed from our view by a point of land. The others—three in number—about one mile to the west of the boom, as far as we could judge, did not, in any one case, mount more than five, or less than three, small guns. A fort, of apparently eight or nine large guns, at a distance, constructed to enfilade both passages, fired repeatedly, but the shot invariably fell a very short distance beyond the south end of Little Beckholm.

"As my object was not to attack Abo, but to examine its defences, I contented myself with firing a shot occasionally at the gun-boats, or whatever looked like a masked battery. In the meantime, Commander Otter, in the most zealous and gallant manner, after going as close as it was prudent in the *Alban*, pulled in with

his gig, sounding just within range of the gun-boats and batteries, which were all the time keeping up a constant fire.

"The sum of the information I have been able to obtain with his assistance, and that of Commanders Cracroft and Hobart, amounts to this:—seventeen row-boats, two guns each, and about twenty oars on each side; four steam-vessels (all small), two having the flag with cross anchors in it; and another was observed steaming away through the channel to the eastward of Beckholm. Three (if not four) masked batteries, and another I think in course of construction, for the position of which I refer you to the very clear delineation executed by Commander Otter.

"The channel appears to be very narrow, and the thick woods were evidently full of soldiers. We learnt that our arrival had been anticipated (as we expected, knowing that we had been watched by a steamer for some days), and that 4000 additional troops had been sent on the previous day, and 5000 more were expected to arrive on the following day; that there were six steamers—five small and one large (the latter we did not see)—and eighteen boats and two guns, and eighty men, besides soldiers in each.

"The weather was so bad on Thursday that I was detained under Bergo, and went into Bomarsund this morning; when, having communicated with Captain Warden, and received his despatches, I proceeded to join your flag.

"I have only to add my very anxious hope that my proceedings may meet with the approbation of the commander-in-chief.

"I have, &c.,

"FRANCIS SCOTT, *Captain.*"

"*Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B.,*

"*Commander-in-Chief.*"

Such was the true nature of the operations before Abo. It was evident that the incapacity of the fleets to do anything at Abo mainly arose from the want of a gun-boat flotilla. This became a subject of fierce discussion subsequently at home; at the close of the season, when operations in the Baltic were no longer practicable, the attention of naval men and the public was seriously directed to this deficiency in our fleet. The few gun and mortar boats with the fleet were found efficient, but it was supposed they were susceptible of much improvement. This subject was taken up by the *Morning Herald* very earnestly, and the following critique was offered upon this description of naval preparation. The results proved its soundness; but it is to be deplored that the hopes held out of furnishing the fleet for another campaign in the Baltic with so powerful an auxiliary force were not realised, although some addition was made to this arm of the service. "The success, as well as the

indisputable utility of the mortar-boats, both in the Baltic and the Black Seas, have warranted a large increase in this description of vessel for war purposes. We have now about twenty-six afloat, and as many more building in various places in England and Scotland. About sixteen of the latter, we hear, are to be fitted with slings, as recommended by Captain Julius Roberts, formerly of the Royal Marine Artillery division at Portsmouth; but we have heard that the old inexpensive plan of fitting the mortars in solid beds has not been so much eclipsed by the plan of slinging the mortars, as zealous encomiasts of Captain Roberts prognosticated; in fact, it has been contended that the old plan has proved not a whit inferior, and that the French mortar vessels have turned out quite as efficient. We have been informed, however, that the mortar beds of the French vessels are more substantial than ours, and the mortar carriages are of solid cast iron. An error was committed in our first mortar vessels fitted with sling mortars, by limiting the tonnage to too small an amount. This error, we understand, has been corrected in the new vessels. We have stated that fifty-two mortar vessels have been built and are in course of construction. We presume that, should the experimental iron mortar fleet at Portsmouth prove equal to its requirements, we shall have 100 mortar vessels equipped by next March. At all events, we understand that more than 100 13-inch mortars are being manufactured under contract for the Ordnance department."

It is appropriate here to present the reader with some account of Abo. "The city of Abo, pronounced *Obo* (the Finnish name is *Turtu*), contains about 14,000 inhabitants. It has four or five barracks, some of them built of wood, which in time of peace have in them from 3000 to 4000 Russians, as the Fins call all soldiers. The town is defenceless as to forts and fortifications. There is an old Swedish palace at the mouth of the river, called the *Slott* (palace or castle), now used as a prison and barrack; but it has no guns or defence except its walls, strongly grated with thick bars of iron. The low buildings in front appear much older than the two long wings. There has been a moat in front, from the river to the sea to the right; but it has little water, and resembles a large ditch. Behind the *Slott* is a bridge, half a mile long, made of piles, and connecting the island of Runsalla with the main-land. Runsalla was given by the government a few years ago to the town; it is one of the very few islands off the Finnish coast upon which the oak grows; it is divided into lots, which are sold for building villas upon; but the purchaser may not cut down an oak, even if it interferes with his view or his building,

as they are reserved by the crown for ship-building, though they are nearly all rotten. Opposite Runsalla is the island of Beckholm, where large ships anchor and discharge into lighters, as there is not water enough in the river for vessels drawing more than twelve to fourteen feet. Passenger steamers proceed up to the lower bridge, though they sometimes get aground in the river when the water is low, as it is when there is an east wind."

After the reconnaissance at Abo, Sir Charles Napier in person effected a complete reconnaissance of Sweaborg, with the intention of attacking it, if the nature of the force under his command afforded any hope of conquest. Sir Charles came to the conclusion that the means at his disposal, and the time of year, were obstacles to the success of the undertaking which could not be surmounted. To attack Sweaborg with ships alone, every man acquainted with its fortifications knows would have been an act of desperation, not warfare. Sir Charles informed the Admiralty that he believed the place pregnable if attempted with "gun-boats, rockets, Lancaster guns, 13-inch mortars on the islands, and a vast supply of shots, shells, and rockets in addition to the ships. Whether this attack," writes the gallant and skilful admiral, "would succeed or not it is impossible to say. We must calculate upon ships being set fire to by red hot shot and shells, of which they would have abundance, and, whether successful or not, it is evident the ships would be in no condition to meet the Russian fleet afterwards; and if the attack were made at this season of the year (October), when you cannot depend on the weather for five days together, I do not know how many would be lost. There were not two days, the whole time I lay at Nargen, in which I could have attacked such a fortress as Sweaborg: even had I had the means to destroy it, it would have required a week."

It was no fault of the daring chief who commanded our Baltic fleet that he was, in the middle of October, without means to accomplish those purposes upon which his valour and the nation's wish were set. Entreaty and remonstrance followed one another from him to the Admiralty without any effect. Sir James Graham, and his first naval lord, Admiral Berkeley, with their satellite lords of the Admiralty, had too much conceit, and too little patriotism, to make any effort to supply him opportunely with force of the kind requisite to subdue such important works. We defer to another chapter a more particular account of the close of the operations in the Baltic naval campaign of 1854, in which we shall review the whole of those operations, and discuss at large the question between Admiral Napier and the Admiralty—here only

observing that never was a public servant more unjustly used, and never did a brave officer and noble-hearted man merit from his government and his country more hearty thanks for having effected so much under circumstances so inauspicious. He brought home his fleet without losing a single ship; had he heeded the directions of Sir James Graham and his board, that fleet must have been inevitably sacrificed. He was expected by "the board" to accomplish at an unfavourable season what they had in a more suitable season forbidden; to carry into execution orders contradictory and irreconcilable; and to achieve, without armaments adapted to its accomplishment, the destruction of the greatest naval arsenals in the world, sheltering within them powerful fleets, which would have sallied out against his ships when damaged by the batteries, which it were vain, with them only, to assail. We shall fully expose all this in another chapter, in the hope that our doing so may not only promote the vindication of a great man, who has been exposed unjustly to official insult and revenge, but also in the hope that it will promote the security of all public men who, like Sir Charles Napier, are true to the honour of their country and their profession, and who are exposed to similar injustice. Nothing will more encourage our admirals and generals than the conviction that their reputation is under the protection of a grateful country, against the intrigue or vengeance of unfaithful or incapable ministers.

A more particular account of Sweaborg and Helsingfors, at which we have in preceding pages repeatedly glanced, is desirable. Helsingfors is the city which the fortifications collectively called Sweaborg, built on several islands, defend. A large fleet can here ride at anchor in safety in the severest weather; and so long as the Sweaborg fortifications can resist, safe also from the fleets of a superior enemy. Several times in our pages we have preferred accounts by lady travellers to others, where scientific or military details were not requisite, because ladies write with less of party-feeling and invidious nationality, and their descriptions are less encumbered with unpopular and technical phraseology. The following description by a lady of her visit to these places, previous to the breaking out of the war, will interest our readers:—

"In the prefecture of Nyland is the town of Helsingfors, a town very pleasantly situated in a fertile peninsula, with a safe and deep harbour. The population, which is rapidly increasing, is now about 16,000. It has become the capital of the principality, a position it will probably continue to occupy. It was regularly rebuilt since 1815. It has two forts—that of Braberg and that of Ulricaborg. In

order to make its harbour one of the best in the Baltic, its basin has been dug out of the solid rock. The space thus artificially made for vessels was forty yards long, fifteen wide, and four deep. Since the fire which destroyed Abo in the year 1827, the university of that place has been transferred to Helsingfors, which is thus increasing in importance every day. Helsingfors is approached through islands of rocks, some of them only tenanted by fishermen, others massively fortified, especially that called *Sweaborg*, which is the Cronstadt of this Finnish capital. Nor does the likeness end here; for the town itself, clean and handsomely built, recalls St. Petersburg upon the first aspect.

"The fortress of Sweaborg is about a league from the town, and, in consequence of the present war, has become an important locality. It is one of the most important of the Russian strongholds in the Baltic. Were it destroyed, the allegiance of the Finnish population would be by no means a matter of certainty. The Swedes look with bitter regret to this rock, of which the Russians are so justly proud. It is in reality a masterpiece of modern military architecture. It is, properly speaking, a collection of seven islands, protecting and guarding a magnificent port. There are points where the ramparts, cut in the solid rock, are fourteen yards high. They are, however, turfed over, to protect them from the effects of shells. In the splendid new edition of *Malte Brun*, just published in Paris, we find the following characteristic remark:—'English travellers who affect to admire nothing on the continent, cannot but allow the Russian grandeur of the work of Ehrensward.'"

Marshal Ehrensward, thus alluded to, was the officer who planned the extensive and formidable defences of Sweaborg. The number of fortified islands before Helsingfors is seven, some of them connected by bridges. When reconnoitred by Sir Charles Napier, the forts mounted 1000 guns, and garrison accommodation existed for 12,000 men. If a sufficient land force had co-operated with the fleet, Sweaborg and Helsingfors could have been reduced, and the fleet then sheltered behind those island-batteries destroyed. The troops landed at Åland were too few for such an enterprise, and too many to remain in occupation of the Åland islands, they were therefore sent home soon after the destruction of the forts at Bomarsund. The practicability of military operations in Finland, and the probable results of a military campaign there, have been much discussed ever since the close of the Baltic campaign of 1854. When the Russians conquered Sweaborg and Helsingfors from the Swedes, it was by land operations. General Monteith translated from the manu-

script of a Russian officer who was then present the following account, which will throw some light upon such discussions at present:—

"In the year 1808, Sweaborg was in the hands of the Swedes, and was considered impregnable, as some consider it now. The garrison was composed of above 7000 men, partly Swedes, partly Fins. In the beginning of the month of March, the Russians commenced the siege of this place, with eleven battalions, four squadrons, and four field batteries. The transport of the guns of the besiegers was a matter of the greatest difficulty. The heavy artillery had to be brought on sledges from Russia. During the whole of the time that the siege was carried on, the number of artillery never exceeded forty-six pieces of cannon, of which sixteen were mortars. The Russians kept the place in a continued state of alarm, by constant attacks, during the whole of March and part of April, and the *morale* of the officers and men, on the part of the besiegers, began to deteriorate. At length, on the 5th of April, Count Cronstedt, the Swedish commander, agreed to an armistice, and a convention was agreed upon between him and De Suchtelen, the Russian chief-engineer, that the truce should be continued until the 3rd of May, and that if, by that time, the fortress were not effectually relieved by the arrival of at least five ships of the line, it should be given up to the Russians. The relief never arrived, and the Russian general took possession of the place. At the time of its capture, it contained 58 pieces of brass ordnance, 1975 iron guns, 9535 cannon cartridges, 3000 barrels of powder, 10,000 cartridges, 340 projectiles, nearly 9000 stand of arms, with other weapons, two frigates, six xebecs, a brig, six yachts of war, twenty-five gun-boats, fifty-one others, called yawls, fifty-one barques, sloops, &c., twelve transports, an immense depot of naval stores, and considerable magazines."

A recent writer, of sagacity and military information, thus treats the whole subject of land operations by an assailing army in Finland:—

"It may be assumed for certain that, although in the forty-six years since Sweaborg was taken, the fortifications have been greatly improved, the resources of besieging armies have improved in the same ratio. Sweaborg was then considered impregnable against an attacking force, as it is now. It yielded, nevertheless, after two months' siege, to a small army, not remarkably well provided with *matériel*. It was attacked on the land side only, and had at the time a considerable naval force in the harbour. The Russians who took it were scarcely sufficient in number to occupy it, and to superintend the disbanding and sending away of the Swedish garrison. Taking these facts into consideration, is it at all likely that Swea-

borg would be able to resist, at the present time, the combined action of an efficient force by land, while the most powerful navy in the world was thundering at it from the sea? It is the opinion at St. Petersburg, that even Cronstadt is not impregnable against a sea force alone, and this is felt still more strongly with respect to Sweaborg. Assisted by a land force, the capture of Cronstadt or of Sweaborg by the fleets would be certain. Aland being taken from the Russians, and depots of troops established which could easily communicate with Sweaborg during the winter, a strong position might be held in Finland until the time for commencing naval operations again returned. This, however, it is to be hoped, is the lowest point at which success will stop. It is confidently anticipated by many, that the fleets alone are sufficient to capture the fortresses, in which case the detachments of troops which are being sent out will be needed only to occupy the garrisons, and hold possession of the country. If Finland is once wrested from the Russians, it should, of course, never be returned to them, but should revert to Sweden, its real proprietor."

The policy of separating Finland from Russia must speedily engage the attention of statesmen. The Northern or Western question—for it may be designated either—will speedily assume proportions of equal magnitude with the Eastern question. The position of Russia in the Baltic is as formidable to European liberties as her position in the Black Sea, and might become even more immediately menacing. The junction of Finland with Sweden, or the creation of that territory into an independent kingdom, is a political desideratum. The officials are all pro-Russian; the intelligent classes are desirous of a union with Sweden; the masses of the people eagerly wish for an independent nationality. Finland occupies a relation to the Northern question, such as the Dacian provinces do to the Eastern question. There exists, on the part of Norway, a great jealousy to the acquisition of Finland by Sweden as a province; because, in the federation of the two Northern states at present, an equality of political influence is maintained, but the possession of Finland by Sweden, as a province of her own, would disturb the balance of power between the two states. If Finland were joined to the federation, not as a province of Sweden but as an independent state, the federal union of the three countries would form a barrier against Russian aggression, in north-western and western Europe, of formidable force. Such a union of states, in alliance with France or England, might set Russia for ever at defiance. If the balance of European power was ever worth any sacrifices for its maintenance, to obtain from Russia the cession of Finland is now imperative.

The country itself is fertile, producing corn and timber, the latter of excellent quality for ship-building; a superior breed of cattle supplies the inhabitants with abundance of meat, milk, and butter. Fish abounds in the lakes and on the sea-shores, which the hardy fishermen catch and cure in great quantities, and which they export, together with corn, butter, hides, and timber. Tar, pitch, and game of every description, are also exported—the two former commodities to remote places. The people are brave and manly in spirit; valour is considered one of the chief virtues, while cowardice is contemned as a grovelling vice. Often in her history has Finland been defended by her sons with dauntless courage, and when it was not, as it ultimately became, a fertile and generous land. There is manliness enough in the people to retain their freedom if it be once recovered. It is not necessary that the country severed from Russia should become, according to a simile from one of its own ballads—

"Like a rootless pine, propped by its neighbours;"

but as another simile from the same source presents the picture—

"Steadfast as a mountain clothed with pinewood."

The brave Finlanders never yielded to Russia until overcome by overwhelming numbers, and still more fatal treachery. The Grand Duchy of Finland (its former designation) contains a million of inhabitants, and Europe does not possess a population more industrious and moral. It is partly washed by the waters of the Baltic, partly by those of the Gulf of Bothnia; and its towns are generally provided with dockyards, ship-building being a part of the commerce of the country. Helsingfors, Abo, Uleaborg, Gamla Karleby, Ny Karleby, Jacobstad, Wasa, Björneberg, Christianstad, Borgo, and Louisa, are all commercial ports of increasing importance.

The Fins are generally supposed to be the most ancient tribe or nationality inhabiting the Baltic shores. The literature of the country is interesting. The genius of the Finnish poetry and mythology differs from that of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. The woods of Finland, and the shores of her many lakes, are peopled with imaginary beings who listen to the god of song, with his lyre framed from the wood of the sighing birch-tree; while wood-nymphs, fanned by the goddess of summer, offer their applause. Of this character are the traditionary tales and myths of Finland, yet the people are not superstitious; they do not allow the traditionary fancies handed down to them from remote generations to interfere with reason or religion. They are a sensible and unostentatiously pious race; they can distinguish between the sober dictates and testimo-

nies of Christianity, and the traditionary ideas derived through their poetry and mythology from generations long faded away. Such is the land which Russia has despoiled, where conscription and oppression have done enough to quench the manhood of a people, but which have failed to divest the Finlanders of their courage and love of freedom. Western Europe may by a bold, wise, and generous procedure, attach to their interests and policy this noble nation.

In the land transactions recorded in this chapter, Brigadier-general Jones distinguished himself in command of the British, some account of him will, therefore, be appropriate. On September 17, 1808, he was appointed second lieutenant of Engineers, and in June of the following year, first lieutenant; second captain, November 12, 1813; captain, July 29, 1825; brevet-colonel, November 11, 1851; colonel, July 7, 1853; three days after he was appointed brigadier-general, and charged with the command of the British forces dispatched against Bomarsund. On his return from his services in the Aland Isles, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. As he will again come under notice in the Crimea, with still higher rank, it is only necessary to notice further here that his services have been for nearly half a century very active and useful. He took part in the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, in 1809, as a lieutenant of Engineers. In the Peninsular campaign, from 1810 to 1814, he was engaged in constant duty, and took part in the sieges of Cadiz, Tarragona, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian. At the last-named place he led the forlorn-hope in the first assault, and was wounded. He took part in the passage of the Bidassoa, and the operations at Bayonne; and fought at the battles of Vittoria, Nivelle, and Nive. When the British troops entered Paris, in 1815, he was appointed the commanding engineer in charge of the fortifications on Montmartre.

For a considerable time previous to the Aland expedition, Colonel Jones had charge of the East India Company's establishment for engineer cadets, at Chatham. Few officers possess more experience in his own arm of the service, during war or peace, than General Jones.

In the above records of the proceedings of the Baltic fleet, the name of the *Hecla* war-steamer has been particularly conspicuous. This little sloop was commanded by Captain

Hall, well known throughout the navy by the *soubriquet* of "Nemesis Hall," a name conferred upon him on account of his daring exploits on board a ship of that name in the Chinese war.

Captain William Hutcheson Hall entered the navy in 1811, on board the *Warrior*. He afterwards joined the *Lyra*, *Iphigenia*, and *Morgiana*, and rendered various services that were appreciated by the Admiralty. In 1823 he was appointed to the *Parthian*, and soon afterwards nearly lost his life in an effort to save a drowning shipmate, who had fallen overboard. When the *Parthian* was paid off he entered the *Blonde*, under the command of Lord Byron. Several other ships had the benefit of his services in succession before he was appointed to the *St. Vincent*, on board of which he continued two years. In 1822 he was made master. On the breaking out of the Chinese war he took rank as lieutenant in the Hon. East India Company's ship *Nemesis*. His services were so gallant and skilful on board her, that his time was counted as service in the royal navy; and in 1841 he attained the rank of commander. In 1844 he was made post-captain. At the breaking out of the present war he was placed in charge of the *Hecla*, which he commanded with such spirit and discretion as to draw upon him the applause of the whole fleet, and the approval of the Lords of the Admiralty. On the return of the fleet he was appointed to the *Blenheim*, and was afterwards second captain on board the flag-ship *Victory*.

Captain Hall is a man of science, especially in nautical matters, and is famous for his contrivances on board ship. He is the patentee of the anchor which bears his name, and the iron bilge-tanks now used in the navy owe their origin to him. In 1847 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. On the 30th of April, 1845, he married the Honourable Hilare Caroline, daughter of the late Viscount Torrington.

The captain is as humane as he is gallant and daring. His conduct in risking his life to save a shipmate proves both features of his character. His benevolence is also attested by his constant endeavours on shore to form sailors' homes, in which he has been successful. He has been chairman of the directors of the Sailors' Home Institution, to which our tars are so often indebted for shelter and counsel.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OPERATIONS OF THE BRITISH SQUADRON IN THE WHITE SEA.—BLOCKADE.—ATTEMPT TO REACH ARCHANGEL, AND ENGAGEMENT AT THE MOUTH OF THE DWINA.—BOMBARDMENT OF THE MONASTERY OF SOLOVETSKOI.—DESTRUCTION OF KOLA, IN RUSSIAN LAPLAND.

"There is no rock too desolate, no shore too inhospitable, no region too remote for Russian ambition to desire, and Russian cunning and treachery to make a means of fresh acquisitions."—*Christian Weekly News*.

OF the White Sea little is known in western Europe, yet Russia has a considerable commerce there. Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and Finnish ships, carry a considerable trade with its ports, especially with Archangel. British ships also derive profit by commerce with this distant region, although the interest which English people feel in these regions is confined to traders. The White Sea is a great gulf, into which the waters of the Arctic Ocean flow. From the North Cape the shores turn eastward, bending to the south. In the 41st degree east longitude and 68th north latitude, the coast reaches the opening called the *Bielœ-Moré*, or "White Sea." It is crescent in shape, curving westward to the 32nd degree east longitude, and dipping southward to the 63rd degree north latitude. The entrance from the Arctic Ocean is about 100 miles wide, and formed by the peninsulas of Kaninskair and Kola; 44,000 square miles are comprised in its area. This sea is frozen half the year, and sometimes for eight months together there is ice-upon its surface. There are several gulfs upon it, such as that of Dvinskæ and Oreskai. It is of great depth, and in fine weather easily navigable, except from the frequent recurrence of fogs, which, even in the best seasons, tend to make its navigation insecure.

The chief town in all the region washed by the White Sea is Archangel, a city dedicated to the Archangel Michael, and the capital of the province of Archangel. It is the chief port in northern Russia, and was once the only outlet for whatever trade Russia possessed. Ivan, surnamed the Terrible, founded this town in 1583. The population numbers about 25,000, and is rapidly (for a Russian town) increasing, as foreigners are encouraged to settle there by the Russian government, and northern Germans avail themselves more extensively of this encouragement than do any other nations. There is a garrison fluctuating in number. Many government officials also reside there, and the government offices, chambers, barracks, and gymnasium, give an imposing appearance to the streets. The situation is low and unpleasant, on the northern bank of the river Dwina, about forty miles from its disembogement. A canal communication with Moscow is of great importance to its commerce, especially as the canal communication between Moscow and Astracan,

and other countries and provinces to the east, is very extensive. Caravans convey commodities of various kinds from Siberia, and bring back in return those wares and luxuries imported at Archangel. The country around is sterile and uncultivated; it is probably altogether one of the least desirable residences ever chosen by civilised men. Before the present war about 500 foreign vessels entered the roadstead every year, about five miles below the town, where a bar, consisting of a sand-bank, prevents ships of large draught from ascending the river.

The city is somewhat oriental in its general appearance, and might at first sight pass for Turkish. The houses are built of wood, the streets narrow, running parallel with the river, and intersected most irregularly with lanes—dingy, filthy, forlorn-looking sinuosities as can well be conceived. For the few summer months the streets are tolerable, as the wooden houses are then gaily painted; but the fogs, mists, and snow soon deface the decorative attempts to appear gay, and scarcely has the winter asserted its sovereignty when the old dingy hues spread themselves over everything, except where the superincumbent snow hides all defects.

While the gallant Sir Charles Napier with his gigantic fleet was in the Baltic, blockading its ports, and spreading alarm along its shores, a very small squadron was dispatched to blockade the White Sea, and do what it could to make the power of western Europe felt even there.

In June the *Eurydice* steam-ship, 26 guns; the screw corvette *Brisk*, 16 guns; and the *Miranda*, 15 guns, entered the White Sea, and cruised about in quest of Russian ships of war or merchantmen. The *Miranda* alone boarded no less than 300 ships, capturing such as fairly came within the category of prizes; yet no blockade was declared until the year was so far advanced as to make its declaration then of little consequence to Russia. The Western governments were probably influenced in that delay by a consideration for the interests of their own merchants, especially the British, whose dealings with that region considerably exceeded those of the French. Partly the delay arose from a desire to avoid inflicting any injury upon Sweden, Norway, and Holland, with which nations the allies were in amity, and

whose ships were extensively engaged in the commerce of the Arctic Sea. A strict blockade of the Russian Arctic ports would be felt over the whole of northern Russia most severely, and cause injury and suffering from Archangel to Tobolsk, and even southward to St. Petersburg; Moscow and north-eastern Russia would also be sensible of the injury inflicted by such a proceeding.

The best record of the operations of this little squadron is found in the following communication of an officer of the *Miranda*, as reported by him upon the return of his ship to England in September, some time in advance of the other ships of the squadron. His communication is an epitome of the whole procedure of our ships up to the time of the *Miranda's* orders to return:—

"*Miranda* left Sheerness on the 3rd of May, under sealed orders; anchored at Spithead on the 4th, at six, P.M.; left Spithead on the 6th, at one, P.M.; on that day chased several vessels, and proceeded again under sealed orders; returned to Spithead again on the 15th; on the 17th victualled the ship; on the 19th left Spithead; anchored in the Downs on the 21st; at two, A.M., weighed anchor, and run through the Gullstream; proceeded north on the 24th; at eight, P.M., ran for Lerwick Harbour; anchored at eleven, P.M., on the 26th; left Lerwick Harbour on the 8th of June; anchored in Hammersfort* Bay, having worked through the Sound on the 10th of June; steamed through Rolfsø Sound for sea; on the 19th of June, chased and captured the Russian schooner, which was afterwards released. On the 22nd of June, stood in for anchorage under Cross Island; left Cross Island on the 24th; on the 26th, anchored (with a strong current running towards Archangel) off the mouth of the river Dwina; at ten, P.M., in Archangel Bay, we were employed in boats boarding several vessels. On the 5th of July, we weighed, and proceeded for the Murman Channel, off Dwina River, leading towards Archangel Bay; on the 9th, anchored near Tetrina, got under weigh, and proceeded for anchorage at Cross Island; on the 18th, rounded the island of Solovetskoi; when about 1000 yards distant from the shore, our first lieutenant observed a number of soldiers, with several fieldpieces, in the woods. His glass and eye are first-rate. A gun was fired to dislodge them, which they quickly returned with shot, grape, and canister—a sharp shower. Lots of them struck the ship. We kept up a sharp fire from the starboard broadside guns. The enemy retired into the brushwood in their rear. We then anchored off Solovetskoi monastery at about midnight. On the next morn-

ing, the 19th, saw the soldiers employed throwing up temporary batteries. Our ship, with the *Brisk* in company, hoisted a flag of truce, and fired a blank gun. The *Brisk* sent a boat on shore with a flag of truce. The Russians sent a boat off to meet the flag of truce. The boat then returned on shore. At twenty minutes past eight weighed anchor, hauled down flag of truce, and opened fire on the enemy's battery with long gun, firing shot and shell, which was pretty smartly returned by the battery, and also from two towers of the monastery, and musketry from the shore. The *Brisk* also opened fire soon after. About twenty minutes past nine, a round shot from the battery killed King Marshall, an ordinary seaman and man of colour, formerly a Krooman, from Sierra Leone. Another shot wounded Stephen Hart, fracturing his right arm close to the shoulder. We then opened fire from 12lb. howitzers, and also from the tops and gangways, to dislodge the enemy from their cover of trees and bushes. At twenty minutes past eleven the enemy were seen deserting their batteries. They shortly again returned to their guns, and were again driven away by the precision of our firing. We then commenced shelling the monastery from our pivot gun, at the same time keeping up a heavy fire from our broadside guns, also with small-armsmen on battery and cover. We then proceeded, easily steaming up the inner passage, to outflank the battery, and also to close on the monastery. We then commenced firing red hot shot on the monastery; silenced the fire of the enemy at about six, P.M., on the evening of the 19th. On the 31st, landed at Shayley Island, destroyed all the public buildings by fire, together with nine guns found on shore. We coaled on the 29th of July near Cross Island. On the 23rd of August, our master, Mr. George Williams, succeeded with the boats to buoy a passage up to Kola. At thirty minutes past six, A.M., we anchored off Kola in five fathoms water. We shortly after observed a flag of truce coming off from the fort; we hoisted flag of truce in return. Our third lieutenant, Mr. C. W. Buckle, went away in the gig to meet the flag of truce with a letter, in which, we understood from the quarter-deck officers, an immediate surrender of the fort, garrison, and government property was demanded. We could see the different forts with the men at their guns. We were kept at quarters during that night. No answer being returned in the morning, we hauled down flag of truce, and opened fire with grape and canister, to dislodge musketry from the batteries and stockades. Our ship was got up within 250 yards of the battery. Our first lieutenant, Mr. John F. C. Mackenzie, and Charles W. Manthorp, mate, accompanied us

* Hammersfort is the boundary city and harbour of Norway nearest to the confines of the Russian territory.

in command of the shore party. On landing, our gallant first lieutenant headed our party of blue-jackets and marines, who trotted up sword in hand to dislodge the enemy from the ruins of the batteries, and to seize their guns immediately. Upon our pulling in shore, the enemy opened a sharp fire upon us from different parts of the towers and the monastery. Our ship continued fire to cover us. It was about thirty minutes past two when we landed, headed by Lieutenant Mackenzie, who was the first into the battery, which we found completely destroyed by the ships' fire. The enemy were going off beyond double quick time. We took on board one of the battery guns, which had been broken by a shot from our ship; all the other guns were completely buried in the ruins. All the government stores were destroyed. Our first lieutenant did honour to his little clan of the *Miranda*. During our fighting the enemy had been busily employed taking up all the buoys our master, Mr. Williams, had laid down for coming up the river, and he had all his work to go over again, to buoy the channel for our going down again. By half-past seven, A.M., on the 24th, we had destroyed the whole of the town. It was a tremendous scene of destruction; the buildings, stores, and monastery all in flames; and each bell, as their stupendous beams burnt through, fell to the bottom of the tower, tolling its last knell. There were seven bells. We made Flamborough Head light on the 22nd of September, and called at Yarmouth. We have a Russian boy, about ten years of age. He was taken out of a fishing lugger, which had been deserted by her crew. The poor little fellow was found locked up in the hovel called a cabin, and if not taken must have been starved to death. It appears he had neither mother nor father. The crew of the *Miranda* have been remarkably healthy."

In the above admirable outline of the operations of the squadron everything is related with candour, as a collation of all the accounts, British and Russian, prove. Without following precisely in his track,—as some deviation will assist in placing the whole more compactly before our readers, and because the *Miranda* did not take an equally prominent part in every incident,—we shall keep his journal in view in narrating the following details. Having arrived at the mouth of the river Dwina, the squadron found a formidable enemy within the shoal which crosses it—a Russian 16-gun brig, two steamers, two schooners, and nineteen gun-boats, each of these carrying two 36-pounders. Storms prevented anything from being attempted for several days, but when the weather became calmer, it was found that the British ships drew too large a draught of water to be able to

cross the shoal and reach the enemy. Some merchantmen coming down from Archangel gave an account of the formidable preparations in progress to receive the British ships, if they should ascend the river. It was alleged that, having steamed up the first half of the distance, it would be necessary for the squadron to encounter a powerful fort, called Navjorin, armed with eighty guns of large calibre; should this obstacle to their progress be vanquished, the squadron, before arriving at Archangel, must encounter a series of batteries, on salient points of the river's banks, mounting guns more numerous and of heavier metal than the little fleet possessed. Troops also were stationed in positions enabling them to direct a fire from musketry against the men on the yards or decks of the steamers. A telegraph erected on a light-house was actively used by the Russians, and no doubt signalled up to Archangel all the movements of the ships. The destruction of this light-house and telegraph was not difficult; a few shot and shell sent it in ruins over the heads of the occupants. This was the first exploit of the White Sea squadron; and the *St. Petersburg Journal* occupied a whole column in denouncing the barbarity of the British, in thus injuring a peaceful instrument of commerce, leaving the mariner unprotected in the boisterous and gloomy *Bielœ Moré*. There was a serio-comic vein in these lamentations, which betrayed the annoyance felt in Russia at the activity of an enemy that could penetrate those icy waters, and perform operations of war in the intricate shallows and sinuosities of their shores. On the 4th of July, while the boats of the steamers were taking soundings, several troops of horse-artillery opened fire upon them from the shore; the gun-boats and the large steamers approached the shoal, and threw red hot shot and shell, but did not venture out from behind their barrier. They were promptly driven in by the fire of the boats and ships; and then the broadsides of the latter swept the shore, dismounting the guns, and causing the enemy to provide for his safety by a speedy retreat. As it was impossible for the squadron to reach Archangel, they steered off to seek a better sphere of operations elsewhere, but bitterly disappointed that their hopes of a fair open sea combat with the ships and gun-boats of the enemy was not conceded to them by Russian valour. The spirit of the fleet at this juncture may be better conceived by a specimen of the correspondence which reached home. A young midshipman wrote as follows:—

Her Majesty's Ship —, White Sea, July 6.

"The — is now anchored off the bar of the river Dwina. The Russians have been making a great display of their force for the

last two or three days, such as firing guns, and rowing their gun-boats about, and their steamers getting up their steam, but none of their fine vessels have yet showed their figure-heads on this side of the bar. For the last one or two days we have kept ourselves in readiness to weigh at an instant's notice; the two steamers always keep their fires banked, so that they may be able to get up their steam quickly and take us in tow, should it fall calm, and the gun-boats, taking advantage of the calm, come and attack us. The day before yesterday was quite calm, and oppressively hot. It was as hot as a summer's day in England, and every one was crying out for duck trowsers and white waistcoats, and some wanted to bathe. To-day the sun is hot, but there is a little breeze to oppose it, which makes it very comfortable, and nice and cool, but in no way cold. I forget now whether I told you of our little prize—a little schooner, which we found on the coast in our way here. She is a beautiful-looking little thing, but, unluckily, very leaky; we are trying to stop her leaking now by caulking her afresh. All the caulkers of the three ships have been at work on board of her for the last three days, and have almost finished her. We have got the skipper and mate on board of us as prisoners; the rest of the crew are on board the *Miranda*. It does not look as if we should see much service if we continue in this way, standing still, and doing nothing."

The departure from the mouth of the Dwina, in quest of ships or forts of the foe, where some enterprising feat might be performed, was hailed by the officers and men with joy. The following brief extract from the journal of an officer on board the *Eurydice*, well expresses this feeling:—

"July 7. — Last night, about ten o'clock, without any one expecting it, the captain ordered the hands to be turned up, and the ship to be got under weigh, and the *Brisk* to take us in tow. Before long we were going through the water at the rate of five or six knots an hour, with fore and aft sails set. At ten o'clock this morning, we cast off from the *Brisk*, and made sail, and at about one, P.M., we arrived at a place called Cross Island. Our prize, the *Volga*, is anchored close alongside of us, and the *Brisk* a little way a-head. We have sent the boats away to get some water, but they have not returned yet, and it is coming on to blow. It is now six o'clock, and the boats have returned, except one (the pinnace)."

At Cross Island, their arrival at which the above extract records, the little squadron remained several days, picking up information from various vessels boarded by their boats, and, acting upon the information thus obtained,

they sailed for another island, called Solovetskoi, at the entrance of the Gulf of Onega. Here a number of fieldpieces were in position, which opened fire upon the *Brisk*, and afterwards upon the *Miranda*, and was answered by the fire of both ships. Many of the Russian artillerymen fell, and others supplied their places, and renewed the fire; and when the numbers of the gunners and artillerymen were thinned by shell and grape from the ships' guns, infantry soldiers worked the pieces with more courage than alacrity or effect. At last they retired along the shores of a narrow creek, and the ships took up a position in front of the monastery,—a strong, castellated building, commanded by the abbot, who had been a military man, and still held a military commission within the precincts of the monastery. A flag of truce was sent on shore by the commander of the squadron, demanding the unconditional surrender of all military stores and appurtenances of war, and of the monastery. The archimandrite, or ecclesiastical and military governor refused, and a heavy fire opened on both sides, which closed with the day, if day at that season may be said to close in those high latitudes. On the morning of the 19th of July the *Miranda* and *Brisk*, which had anchored off the monastery during the night, opened upon a sand battery which the Russians, with strenuous labour, had erected during the interval. The monastery, which was flanked by two strong towers, as well as the battery, replied to the ships; and the Russian infantry came within good musket range, and directed a steady fire upon the ships. The chances of victory for several hours seemed equal, but the bitter little *Miranda* threw in a vertical fire of red-hot shot upon the monastery, and it was soon on fire, and the artillerymen abandoned the guns upon the towers. Having completely silenced the defence, the English drew off, and attacked various other places in the group of islands, and on the main shore; sometimes satisfying themselves by silencing forts or batteries, sometimes burning with shell and hot shot government stores and buildings, and frequently landing and consigning all public property to destruction. In these sea raids private property was scrupulously respected. The Russian journals did not so represent the conduct of the British; everything bad and barbarous was attributed to them; they were denounced as sacrilegious and inhuman. Whole sheets of the St. Petersburg newspapers were filled with pompous declamation concerning the degradation of England by the indiscriminate destructiveness of her marine. They piled Pelion upon Ossa, and overwhelmed us with mountains of sonorous writing. The following is a specimen our readers cannot fail to peruse with

interest; it will afford them a view of the easy facility of falsehood which the Russian scribes and their employer, the Russian government, have attained:—

“On the first occasion, it is true, the bombardment was not of long continuance. The assailants soon launched a boat, carrying a flag of truce, and bearing a written demand for the surrender of the convent, with its guns, arms, standards, and military stores, not forgetting the garrison—that is, the invalids—who were its inmates. But the Archimandrite Alexander, the superior of the convent, who had formerly filled the office of a military chaplain, and who, up to 1853, had been archpriest of the Marine Cathedral of Solombal, sincerely loved and respected by all who knew him, was not wanting in his duty as a faithful son of Russia and a worthy chief of that illustrious monastery. He rejected the dishonourable requisition of the enemy, and defended himself bravely according to the extent of the means at his disposal. After the rejection of their summons, the English commanders, for nine consecutive hours, maintained a tremendous fire on the sacred edifice, which was so protected by Providence as to sustain only inconsiderable damage. A battery, hastily constructed on a headland in the vicinity of the channel, and mounted with three 3-pounders, compelled the steam-frigates to quit their anchorage, and thus prevented them from making any further attempt to injure the convent, the walls of which were ancient and strongly built.

“It is evident that nothing but covetousness incited the English in this attack. Everybody has heard, through the description of travellers, of the great wealth of the convent of Solovetskoi, and the English crews hoped for a splendid prize if they could succeed in taking it. They would, nevertheless, have been egregiously mistaken in their calculations, for precautions had been previously used to place all the treasure of the convent in a place of safety.

“Nevertheless, the enemy did not go away entirely empty-handed. Four of the ship's crew landed in the little isle of Zaiatchy, one of the Solovetskoi group, and having forcibly effected an entrance into the wooden church, they broke open the sacred door of the altar, tore the consecrated cloth which covered it, plundered the poor-box, and also took away three small bells from the steeple, with which they regained their ships, which then left the channel, and steered towards the Gulf of Onega. On the 8th of July these same vessels were signalled in sight of the village of Liamitskaia, sixty-five versts from Onega. The only enemies they found here were five old men. All the other inhabitants had disappeared. Having killed two oxen, eight sheep, and several chickens, the English threw the old men three

Russian gold pieces, of five rubles each, and, loaded with provisions thus derisively paid for, they returned to their ships, which, on the evening of the same day, presented themselves before the Isle of Kiy, fifteen versts from Onega. In this island the English heroes covered themselves with new laurels. They burnt the custom-house, and also the buildings in which the *employés* and servants resided. By the light of this conflagration they directed their triumphant march to the convent of St. Croix, founded in that island by the venerable patriarch Nicoa. In this ancient but poor convent they found nothing in the shape of booty, but, to recompense themselves for their ineffectual attempt against Solovetskoi, they wished by any means to carry away something from St. Croix. They took, therefore, from the treasury ten gold pieces of five rubles each, also several articles appertaining to the poor brotherhood, and joined to this glorious booty a bell weighing six pounds, half-a-dozen old brass cannon, completely useless, having been kept for 200 years as antique specimens, and fifteen rampart muskets of a similar kind. Such were the precious and glorious trophies taken by the English in their campaign against the monastery of St. Croix. Soon, however, they awoke to a perception of the merits of the cannon, and, as if indignant at their blunder, they broke one in pieces, threw three into the convent well, and the remainder into the sea.

“Nevertheless, it must not be believed that they can always thus act with impunity against the inhabitants of the coasts. Desiring one day, in the village of Pouschlakhta, to make up the complement of the fresh provisions which they had taken in that of Liamtsa, they were disembarking under cover of their guns, and commenced, as is their usual custom, by opening a discharge of musketry upon the peasants. These latter, however, to the number of twenty-three, directed by two old soldiers who had re-entered the military service, and commanded by the government secretary of Volkoff, in conjunction with the chief of the district of the domains of Kholmogory, were not intimidated, but, on the contrary, so well returned the enemy's fire, that five were killed on the spot, independently of the wounded, while our compatriots were uninjured. At length, the smallness of their number having been discovered, they were obliged to beat a retreat, which they effected with order, retiring step by step, but still maintaining a resolute defence. The English, too fatigued to pursue them further, to revenge themselves for this resistance, set fire to the village, consisting of forty houses and a church, and then regained their ships, carrying with them a great portion of the effects of the inhabitants. The next day they burnt, near

the village of Luzma, three fishermen's vessels, laden with wheat—a worthy finale to all their naval exploits of this description.

"Such are become the glorious actions of English sailors in these days!"

Unfortunately we have little information from any English source of the details of the cruise during the latter part of July and August; and the Russian version spread through Germany and the United States, producing an unfavourable impression of the conduct of our gallant tars. The bombardment of the town of Kola, the site of which is on the river Kola, where the Toulom forms a junction with it, is not, happily, left to Russian chroniclers. Kola is a small but important place in Russian Lapland, north-west of the White Sea. As this fortified place was contiguous to Norway, it was always a source of uneasiness to the latter, as the Norwegians knew well how Russia approaches step by step, advancing her fortified outposts—now claiming a fishing-ground, now a pasturage; and when such concessions are made, they are speedily turned into strong places, bristling with cannon, and sheltering numerous military detachments. On the 21st, Captain Lyons, in the *Miranda*, was ordered to reconnoitre the river, up which, thirty miles distance from the sea, the fortress stands; and no praise is too lavish for the spirit, enterprise, zeal, and prudence displayed by that officer. The river is in some places narrow and winding, affording ample opportunity for defence, in many salient positions, against any vessels attempting its ascent. So shallow is it, that boats only were supposed capable of passing up so high as Kola; and this circumstance gave the Russians a sense of security which they would not have otherwise entertained. Captain Lyons boldly steamed up the stream; and, when prudence dictated his so doing, he sent boats ahead to take soundings, and facilitate his farther advance. During her first night's anchorage, it was easy for the enemy to have attacked her with such advantage that it is difficult to imagine how she could have escaped destruction. On the 22nd, she made her way to within 500 yards of the town by six o'clock in the evening, where she anchored; the latter part of her ascent was very formidable—she frequently ran aground, and, as buoys had to be placed in the river to guide her return, her upward progress was slow, and full of peril. The town was defended by a battery, mounting two guns, built of stone, and faced with sods to prevent the stone from splintering if struck with shells from mortar-boats, to which the place was deemed accessible. There was also a stockade of extraordinary strength, flanked with blockhouses, and loopholed for musketry and rifles. Lieutenant Buckley was sent to

the governor with a flag of truce, to demand an immediate and unconditional surrender. This being refused, the *Miranda* opened upon the defences, and soon crushed the batteries by her rapid and precise fire. The musketry of the stockade was found more formidable than the heavy guns of the batteries, but the shells from the ship fell within the stockade, rending the pallisading, and scattering the strong woodwork in splinters in every direction, making havoc among the soldiery far greater than is usual when defending masonry against either shot or shell. The place was maintained as long as there was any barrier behind which the soldiery could shelter themselves; but all temporary expedients failed, as the more regular defences had done, for the red-hot shot set fire to the town, and, as it was principally of wood, the conflagration soon became general. At this juncture the *Miranda* grounded within a perilous propinquity to the burning town, and could only be prevented from taking fire by having water continually poured on her decks and masts; her sails and rigging were kept also continually wetted. Captain Lyons sent the pinnace and two cutters ashore well manned and armed, and a smart land conflict ensued, which issued in the enemy being driven out of the town. In fact the whole population was now gone for the women and children were sent away before the bombardment, and the whole male population armed and assisted in the defence. The destruction of the place was now completed, and a heavy chastisement inflicted upon a garrison which held itself secure from all possibility of attack by an English ship. On her descent down the river it was found that the buoys had been taken up by the Russians during the combat; and it was only after the most skilful and arduous efforts of Mr. Williams, the ship's master, that the vessel, after repeatedly grounding, again reached the sea. Although several men of the *Miranda* were wounded when they landed to destroy with their own hands what their shot and shell and the conflagration did not reach, not one was killed; and on board the ship there was no one either killed or wounded. The loss of the enemy was very severe.

Having left the Kola River, the *Miranda* rejoined the *Eurydice* and *Brisk*; and receiving fresh directions from his chief in command of the *Eurydice*, Captain Lyons steamed westward about sixty miles to Litscha inlet, in the hope of capturing a number of merchantmen. Two schooners, laden with salt fish, and four empty luggers, was the only reward of this enterprise. Other small places were visited, and similar prizes made. Captain Lyons was in and out of every creek and indentation of the shores where ship or lugger

might be concealed or captured. By the end of September the Squadron was clear of the Arctic Sea, and the Russians immediately renewed the trade. The blockade commenced too late, and was raised too soon. Half-measures prevailed at home; and it was the mis-

fortune of our brave sailors, not their fault, if they failed to effect all that was expected at home. Under the direction of a patriotic, intelligent, and spirited admiralty, they would have achieved anything possible to skill or valour.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PREHENSIONS IN INDIA, CHINA, AND AUSTRALIA FROM ATTACK BY A RUSSIAN NAVAL SQUADRON.—OPERATIONS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN BY THE ALLIED FLEETS.—ATTACK ON PETROPAULOVSKI.

"There is no maritime power so ambitious as Russia to seize and fortify salient positions on every sea, whence the colonies or commerce of other countries can be menaced."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

THE Peninsula of Kamschatka is washed by the waters of the Pacific; and is a part of that vast region of northern Asia over which the czar holds sovereignty. A minute description of this region would hardly be appropriate to our pages. The Arctic and Pacific Oceans meet at Behring's Straits; and Russia possesses thence the whole coast of the Pacific to the disembouement of the Amoor River, and the bounds of the Chinese Empire. This coast is one of the most sinuous and intricate in the world, and comprises the peninsula above-named, and the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk. On the north-western coast of this sea is situated the town of Okhotsk. The town of Petropaulovski is built on the southern extremity of Kamschatka.

It is here necessary to direct the reader's attention to the Russian possessions on the American continent. The vast region of that continent lying to the north-west, and, like the portion of Asiatic coast already described, washed partly by the Arctic, and partly by the Pacific Ocean, is also in the possession of Russia. Along the immense extent of those shores there is but one town, which is called Sitka, to which there will be occasion to refer in the course of this History.

Early in the summer of 1854, orders were given to a British and a French squadron to cruise in the Northern Pacific. The object was not to attack the Russian towns on the Asiatic or American coasts, but to watch, and, if possible, capture or destroy a Russian squadron known to be in those parts. Serious apprehensions were entertained of injury to British commerce in the Chinese and Australian waters, as the Russian ships of war were sufficiently numerous to assail and capture our merchantmen in various directions. These ships were well manned and well commanded. The British squadron was under the orders of Admiral Price. He received intelligence of the declaration of war on the 1st of May, while he was off Callao, when he issued the following instructions to his squadron:—

H.M.S. President, at Callao, May 9th, 1854.

"The Rear-admiral Commander-in-chief desires to inform the captains, commanders, officers, seamen, and marines, serving on board Her Majesty's ships and vessels under his command, that he has received directions from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to comply with the orders contained in a letter received from Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, conveying the Queen's commands that we should forthwith commence and execute all such hostile measures as may be in our power, and not at variance with the orders passed by Her Majesty in Council, against Russia, and against all ships belonging to the Emperor of Russia, or to his subjects, or others inhabiting within any of his countries, territories, or dominions.

"In carrying out these instructions, the Rear-admiral desires to record his opinion that there will be much to be done upon this station by the squadron under his orders; that Great Britain has a right to expect from it a proper account of the Russian frigates that are known to be now upon the station, as well as of the numerous privateers that it is known soon will be.

"The Rear-admiral relies with confidence upon the assistance that will be afforded by each of the officers, seamen, and marines of the squadron towards fully and effectually carrying out all that their gracious Queen and country will expect of them; and as the time is now close at hand when some of the squadron may calculate upon being in action with some of the enemy's ships-of-war, he feels assured that all will unite in taking such steps as are necessary, by daily practice and other means, which, added to their characteristic bravery, will be calculated to render them not only superior to their enemy, but inferior to none in the world.

"D. PRICE,

"Rear-admiral, Commander-in-chief."

"To the Captains, Officers, Seamen and Marines, serving in the squadron on the Pacific station."

The delight of the officers and men was unbounded at the prospect of enterprise, and of rendering some service to their country. Their confidence in their admiral was complete; and under his command they would have met far superior forces without any doubt of success. The crews of the Pacific squadron did not partake of the "timid counsels" which on sea and shore so extensively paralysed the power of the allies.

When it was positively known in India that the parent country was at war with Russia there was a great outcry among certain classes of alarmists, and certain portions of the public press of that country complained of the unprotected state of its commerce. The *Hurkaru* ably reviewed those angry ebullitions of its contemporaries, and presented the precise state of affairs to the Indian and the British public. Its statements will give the reader an insight to the tone of public apprehension in India during June, 1854, and also exhibit plainly how little ground there was for it. When the tidings spread in India that a Russian squadron had appeared in the Straits of Malacca, the journal above referred to thus commented upon it:—

"A report has been brought from the Straits by the *Pekin* that the Russian fleet was off Singapore, and a facetious gentleman adds that it is on its way to Calcutta. A contemporary tells us that the czar's squadron in the Eastern seas 'consists of four or five ships, the largest a 60-gun frigate, the smallest an 18-gun corvette.' 'The squadron,' he thinks, 'should be looked after, if there be any means of doing so without danger.'

"We certainly agree with our contemporary that the Russian ships should be looked after, but we do not consider that any thought should be had regarding the danger. Risk must attend such an operation, which we feel pretty well sure will be undertaken if the Muscovite vessels be really moving in this direction; but we doubt if they would sail towards India, or even towards Europe, with a view of escaping into the Baltic. If safety be their object, they would better secure it by turning their prow towards the north-east, and seeking shelter in some part of the czar's Asiatic or American possessions; probably Okhotsk, from which place, we believe, the squadron alluded to has come.

"As for the 'means of chastising, dispersing, or capturing these ships,' should the squadron keep the sea and wage war against our mercantile shipping and commerce, we cannot admit that the English admiral does not possess them, and it strikes us that he is preparing for the trial by ordering the *Winchester* down from China to Singapore, where he has already the *Rapid* and *Rattler* sloops, the latter a screw

steamer. The *Spartan* and the *Lily* are also expected; and with these five vessels under his command we do not think that a British admiral will be deterred by any considerations of danger from looking after the Russian squadron. Our allies, the French, have several vessels in the China seas, and the East India Company can furnish both steamers and sloops, if not of any great power, still in some number. The whereabouts of this Russian squadron should certainly be ascertained at once, and its motions narrowly watched.

"As some of our mercantile friends may still be anxious upon this subject, we give a list of what we believe to be British ships of war in the Eastern seas:—

	Guns.
Winchester (frigate)	50
Spartan	26
Rattler (screw)	6
Rapid	8
Lily	12
Alligator	26
Bittern	12
Cleopatra	26
Comus	14
Contest	12
Grecian	12
Royalist	6
Salamander (steam sloop)	6
Syrix (steam sloop)	6
Serpent	12

"The above shows a force of fifteen vessels, mounting 234 guns. We have omitted the *Fox* frigate and *Hermes* steamer, being under the impression that they have been relieved. Besides these, there are some half-dozen vessels on the Australian station, and others at the Cape. The East India Company has about twenty armed steamers, and a dozen sailing-vessels, which, though all small, might still do some good service. Under these circumstances, discretion would be the best part of valour with the Russians, and we shall be surprised to hear that they have not made themselves scarce.

"The rumoured advent of the Russian squadron off Singapore appears to have caused some sensation here, for we learn that a petition to government in behalf of the mercantile community is contemplated, praying that armed steamers should be adequately equipped and dispatched for the protection specially of vessels employed in the trade with China. There are already, as we remarked the other day, several war vessels of the royal navy on the Indian station, and these would doubtless be sufficient for curbing the appetite of the Russian squadron for 'prizes.' Nevertheless, for the sake of public confidence, it would perhaps be advisable to detach one or more of our war steamers, either from Bombay or this presidency, to patrol the watery highways of the Bay of Bengal, and give timely information of any clandestine movements of the Russian

vessels, so that we may be prepared to take advantage of news of the declaration of war, which will doubtless arrive in Calcutta before it reaches the Russian commodore."

What a vast view it opens up to us of Russia's power and energy, when, from the frozen shores of Northern Asia and Northern America, she could send forth her war-ships, causing uneasiness to the two greatest maritime powers in the world, in the remotest seas where their commerce was conducted! The Bengal, Singapore, and Hongkong papers all concurred in stating that a squadron of five Russian ships, the largest a 60-gun frigate, the smallest an 18-gun corvette, was cruising in the Eastern seas, in order to capture English vessels; and all these papers described the tone of the *Hurkaru*, above quoted, as too confident. The *China Mail* stated that the Governor, Sir John Bowring, felt the danger so strongly that, in conjunction with the military and naval authorities, he was "devising plans for the protection of Hongkong." A Hongkong paper also stated that "when the *Lady Mary Wood*, in her last trip up, approached Woosung, she found the Russian ship, *Prince Menschikoff*, awaiting news from Europe; which having obtained, she started, no one knows precisely whither, but probably to some rendezvous in the north."

In Australia also great excitement was felt, under the impression that the rising cities of the "gold-lands" would be subjected to bombardment, and that the czar's naval officers would not be so squeamish about injuring private property as the allied admirals were at Odessa. The Australian settlers, however, did not content themselves with petitioning government for protection, like their Indian neighbours, but vigorously set about arming steamers, and putting their coasts in a state of defence; and had the czar's cruisers found their way thither, they would have met with daring bands of volunteers on sea and land to resist them.

Admiral Price set sail from Callao on or about the 12th of May for the Marquesas, a group of islands situated nearly in the centre of the Pacific. One of the islands, named Nukahiva, is occupied by the French, who had erected there a three-gun fort, barracks to accommodate a company of infantry, and considerable stores; the island is used by the French as a depot for their men-of-war and whalers. A French ship of war, generally a frigate, is always stationed at Nukahiva, the commander of the frigate being also *ex officio* governor of the island. Here the English ships, and also several French ships, continued during the month of June. The delay was ostensibly to gather strength, but the strength of the united squadron was sufficient to encounter any Russian force that was in these parts, or that might reasonably be

suspected of cruising in the Pacific. Had the united squadron proceeded, they would certainly have encountered the ships of the enemy and made prizes of them. The same fatal delay which characterised the governments at home, characterised their officers very generally abroad, and the command of the squadron in these seas was no exception to the rule. At last the little fleet, without obtaining much additional force, sailed northward for the Sandwich Islands, and made Honolulu their rendezvous, where the ships were watered, and ample stores of fresh provisions put on board. Here the admirals learned that, while they were loitering at the Marquesas, the Russian admiral had been before them in making Honolulu his place of rendezvous; and having gained there, from American merchantmen, full particulars of the strength and movements—or rather listlessness and inactivity—of the allies, he collected his little squadron, and sailed for the Russian settlements in Kamtschatka and America. The allied admirals found that the Russians had remained during a considerable portion of June in the harbour, or cruising about the Sandwich Islands, and only departed when the approach of the English might be calculated upon, and when it was unsafe to remain, either in quest of information, or in hope of capturing merchantmen. The strength of the Russian squadron was small: the *Aurora*, 44 guns; the *Dwina*, 20 guns; and the *Pallas*, a still smaller vessel. The first two sailed for Petropaulovski (town of Peter and Paul), in Kamtschatka, and the third for the Sea of Okhotsk, where it was anchored off the mouth of the Amoor River. The allies again loitered and lost time at the Sandwich Islands, as they did at the Marquesas, where they were closely watched by American agents. The Americans entertain a great jealousy of the French at the Sandwich Islands, in consequence of the attempts of the latter to impede the operations of the American Missionary Society. The king of these islands has a partiality for the religion and nationality of the Americans; but the French have incessantly menaced and cajoled the king and court by turns, and resorted to every dextrous artifice and intrigue to undermine American influence. Grave diplomatic correspondence between the great European and Transatlantic powers, in reference to their supposed mutual designs on these islands, has from time to time taken place. The French wish to extend a "protectorate" to them, as in the case of Tahiti; the Americans, more spirited than the British under the disastrous management of Lord Aberdeen, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs when the French seized Tahiti, declared that a French protectorate of the Sandwich Islands would be a *casus belli*. The Americans, however, were very desirous to "annex" these isles of the

Pacific, and thus justify an additional star in her national banner.

The British are unfavourable to either the protectorate or the annexation, but have opposed the latter much more heartily and much less justly than the former. Russia also looks with longing eyes to this island group. She conjectures that if her double-headed eagle could there build a nest, a predatory progeny might go forth against India and China, and against America, as fortune and events might favour. Neither England nor France has paid any attention to the Russian designs upon these islands. The czar is desirous, at a vast price, to purchase them from the king; but the United States is just as determined against a Russian occupation of the islands as against their occupation by either of the great powers of western Europe. France, however, has gained, by great expenditure and incessant missionary efforts, an influence second only to that of the United States.

At Honolulu the allied squadrons mustered their forces, and there the commanders of these squadrons remained, uselessly exchanging ludicrous courtesies with the half savage king who claims its sovereignty. As a specimen of the way the allied admirals wasted their time, the following quotation from the Honolulu newspaper will suffice. The paper is printed in English, and called the *Polynesian*; it is under American auspices—Americans always comprehend the power of the press. It is the issue of July 22nd, 1854. "An audience was given by his majesty, on Friday the 21st, to Rear-admiral David Price, and Rear-admiral Fevres des Pointes, on which occasion they were accompanied by the representatives of Great Britain and France, by the commanders of the several English and French vessels of war now in port, and by numerous other officers of the squadron, and also by Bishop Maigret, with a number of his clergy. Each admiral addressed his majesty to the effect that they visited the islands to refresh and recruit their vessels, and that they were happy to find his majesty's kingdom in a state of peace and order. They were gratified with the present opportunity of meeting his majesty, and of offering their best wishes for his prosperity. His majesty replied, reciprocating the pleasure expressed at meeting the British and French admirals, and was glad to find his islands afforded the necessary refreshments for ships-of-war, which he should be happy to welcome to his ports, of all nations. He alluded to his neutrality, which he should enforce, and which he desired to be respected. He also expressed his wish that the present war might be brought to a speedy conclusion, and that peace might again pervade the nations of Europe. His majesty availed himself of the offer of

the *Virago*, by Admirals Price and Des Pointes; and on Saturday, July 22, at eleven o'clock, embarked with her majesty the queen, Princes Liholiho and Kamehameha, Princess Victoria, the Kuhina Nui, ministers of state, members of the privy council and of the House of Nobles &c. The representatives of Great Britain, France, and the United States, and a large company of ladies and gentlemen of Honolulu, were also on board, which gave the whole excursion a social and agreeable character. The fine bands from the English and French flag-ships discoursed sweet music during the whole trip, and added not a little to the enjoyment of those on board. As the *Virago* passed out among the squadron, the yards of every ship were manned, and his majesty was saluted by both the admirals' ships at the same moment: and again on returning, the yards were manned; and every honour paid his majesty which could have been paid the greatest sovereign of Europe."

When ceremony and feasting had lost their novelty, the admirals at last sailed northward. The number of the allied ships was equal, four of each nation. The English squadron consisted of the *President*, a 50-gun frigate, Captain Burrige; the *Pique*, a 40-gun frigate, Captain Nicholson; the *Amphitrite*, a small frigate of only 24 guns, Captain Fredericks; and the *Virago* steamer, 6 guns, 300 horsepower, Commander Marshall. The French squadron consisted of *La Forte*, a 60-gun frigate, Captain de Miniac; *L'Eurydice*, a fast-sailing 32-gun frigate, one of a class which gave serious annoyance to the British navy in the last war, she was commanded by Captain Lagrandière; *L'Artimèse*, a corvette of 30 guns, Captain L'Evêque; and *L'Obligado*, brig, Captain Rosenavat.

In the British force the guns were of heavier metal, the crews more skilful, and composed of a better class of men. The French ships were of superior build, the guns more numerous, and the officers generally more scientific men.

On the 25th of July the combined squadrons left Honolulu, with the good wishes of its 15,000 inhabitants; nor did the American residents, who are numerous, withhold the expressions of their good wishes.

On the 30th the *Amphitrite* and the *Artimèse* were detached, with orders to sail to San Francisco, where it was reported that the *Dwina* was lurking in the hope of making prizes. It was also alleged that a large Russian frigate, the *Diana*, was in that harbour. Thither the detached ships sailed, and having made no captures, and encountered no enemies, rejoined the combined squadrons later in the season. They had, however, scarcely left San Francisco, when a Russian cruiser, which had adroitly

watched their movements and eluded their vigilance, entered the port, and subsequently gave chase to several British and French merchant ships without success.

The fact of war being declared was not known at Petropaulovski until the middle of July. The garrison began to prepare for defence, while the allies were lingering in port, and going in procession to his semi-savage majesty of Honolulu. The Russians were in earnest; they had a definite task before them, and they performed it with skill, energy, and singleness of purpose. The allied commanders acted like men who had received one set of orders ostensibly, and another and opposite set of orders secretly. If they had been directed from home to do nothing until the Russian ships were inaccessible, and the Russian ports put into an adequate state of defence, their conduct would be consistent, but on any other supposition their dilatoriness and want of promptitude were inexplicable.

Rear-admiral Zaniosko, the Governor of Kamtschatka, acted in all respects unlike the rear-admirals of the allies. He worked ceaselessly; within a short time his squadron returned, and were sheltered behind batteries thrown up under his orders with amazing celerity and admirable skill. Reinforcements were sent by the czar at the breaking out of the war, which marched through Siberia with extraordinary despatch, and great suffering and loss in consequence. They arrived sick, and unfit for duty, at the mouth of the Amoor, and were from thence conveyed across the Sea of Okhotsk to Petropaulovski. In a few weeks they were refreshed, recruited in health, and prepared to give the allied fleets a vigorous reception.

The town of Petropaulovski is built on the shore of a deeply indented bay. A long sand-bank runs parallel with the town, leaving only a narrow passage for vessels passing to and from the landing-place. The sand-bank so divides the bay as to make an inner and outer bay, and it completely protects the place from the immediate bombardment of a squadron. The assailing ships must pass through the narrow space left by the sand-bank, exposed to the fire of formidable batteries. It cannot fail to strike the most superficial readers or observers how skilfully the Russian government selects the position of such places as it requires for arsenals, docks, ports, and depots, and with what scientific resources the Russian engineers have fortified those positions. Until lately, the engineering talent of Russia, civil and military, was foreign; now some of the ablest military engineers in Europe are Russians by birth. In civil engineering the empire is still far behind its neighbours; British, French, and Germans, have accomplished nearly all the great works which have been completed, or planned those

in progress. The Russian government has inculcated hatred to foreigners amongst her people, but, at the same time, it has taught them to believe that the intellectual and military resources of foreigners ought to be employed for the honour and advancement of Russia. The formation of a navy was mainly due to British naval officers, particularly Scotchmen; and in the early advancement in military skill of the Russian army, British officers also greatly assisted, especially Irishmen. The De Lacys—of the same family as the British general, Sir De Lacy Evans—were among the most prominent of these Irish officers who rendered Russia effectual service. From whatever sources derived, the czars or czarinas never were in want of skilful minds to guide the naval and military energies of the country. Of late years naval engineering, as a distinct branch of science, has been greatly fostered at St. Petersburg; and on all the important positions upon the Russian coasts of the Baltic and Black Seas, in the White Sea, and the Sea of Okhotsk, men proficient in naval gunnery, and naval engineering, were stationed. Petropaulovski was well supplied with resources, material and intellectual. A brave and wise admiral resided there, as the chief city of the extensive government over which he presided; and well educated officers of engineers and artillery were distributed amongst the troops of the garrison. Every point capable of contributing to the defence was discreetly chosen and well fortified, and troops were posted so as to resist a landing wherever that was likely to be attempted.

It was far advanced in the summer when the allied fleet arrived, and the defences were at once carefully reconnoitred. The population was not more than 2000, and all the males were armed. What the number of the garrison was it is impossible to glean from the conflicting accounts which profess to afford any information. The number of guns mounted in the defence was about 144; the number borne by the ships exceeded that considerably, being 208. The two men-of-war already referred to as having sailed from the Sandwich Islands, in June, to obtain the protection of this harbour, were moored across the entrance to the inner bay, and their broadsides were so placed as to rake any vessels making way against that point. Altogether the defences were very formidable, and superior greatly to the force brought against them; for in addition to the number of guns mounted on the batteries, there were several companies of foot artillery and several troops of horse artillery in shore. One troop of horse artillery was placed in the skirt of a wood, so as to take the allies in flank, if they landed in that direction. The guns of this detachment were loaded with grape and canister, and would be able to deal a destructive fire upon any ad-

vancing force that might be landed, before any effectual attack could be made upon them.

Before the assault upon the place commenced, an event occurred of a painful nature, and which threw a damp upon the spirits of the whole expeditionary forces: Admiral Price committed suicide. There were no circumstances to lead any one to suppose that his mind had given way. It could not have been from any consciousness of incompetency, for he was an officer of experience and valour. He had expressed no fears for the result. It remains a mystery. The most reasonable surmise is that, whether from secret instructions derived from home, contempt of the enemy, or sympathy with Russia, as the great conservative power, having failed to pursue the enemy's squadron, or intercept its return to the stronghold to which it was so likely to repair, his conscience smote him that the sacrifice of life which would now be necessary to repair his neglect and want of vigour, would be put to his account at home, if not by the Admiralty, yet by the public press and the country; and, unable to endure the reproach which he foresaw would ensue upon the slaughter necessary to reduce Petropaulovski, and there conquer the ships which might have been elsewhere encountered with advantage, he resolved, rather than face the storm of public opinion, to deprive himself of life, and, to some extent, of responsibility. At all events, just as, on the 31st of August, the action was about to commence, upon a plan which he himself had commended to the French admiral, he went down into his cabin and shot himself. Had he been a Russian patriot, who unfortunately found himself in a foreign service, he could have done nothing better for his country. The death of the admiral threw the arrangements into temporary confusion. The command of the British devolved upon Captain Sir F. W. E. Nicholson, who consulted with the French admiral, and both officers agreed to pursue the plan of attack which the deceased admiral had originated. This plan was carried out in the following manner: the English frigates were towed into position, broadsides on towards the batteries. The *Virago* received the *President's* marines, which were landed in order to take what was called the Three-gun Battery, which commanded the first approaches of the ships. A body of British seamen landed with the marines, and both were supported by a detached party of French seamen. The enemy, perceiving the resolute aspect of the advancing parties, abandoned the battery, which was speedily entered, and the guns spiked. As the party returned to the steamer, they deviated from their previous track, bringing themselves under the fire of the Russian frigate *Aurora*. Meanwhile, the guns of the British frigates had dismounted

what was called the Five-gun Battery, which, being most within range of the ship's broadsides, made scarcely any resistance. The attention of both divisions of the fleet was then directed to the Fascine Battery, of eleven heavy guns. This battery was well situated for damaging the ships, having been erected on the main-land close by the water's edge. The *President*, with the French frigate *La Forte*, soon silenced this battery, but the gunners found shelter behind the slopes which descended from it to the shore, and the moment the ships drew out of range, they set about repairing the damage which had been inflicted. The ships were drawn off for the night, the crews expecting to resume the battle next day. So far the combat had been auspiciously although desultorily conducted; eighteen of the enemy's guns had been silenced, and many men slain, with very little loss to the allies—although a Russian account represents a body of troops as attacking the French sailors when the party retired from the three-gun battery, and putting them to the rout with much slaughter.

Great was the astonishment of the crews and of the garrison when, for nearly four days, the allied commanders lay before the place doing nothing, the Russians making every moment of the time available for the repairs of their batteries, and for adding strength to the defences in every direction. The confidence of the garrison was also greatly increased, for they naturally supposed that the fleet had suffered so much it became necessary to employ the interval in repairs. This was announced as a fact in the St. Petersburg journals, and profuse praise was bestowed upon the artillery officers, and men, who worked the batteries with such skill and energy as to inflict such extensive damage upon the ships as required four days to repair. No satisfactory explanation can be given of the supineness of the fleet. It is alleged that the commanders were disconcerted by having the dead body of Admiral Price on board during the action; that that circumstance accounted for the deficient energy displayed during the cannonade, and the unwillingness to renew the engagement afterwards. A new influence must have fallen upon the British navy, when the presence of a dead admiral on board depresses the crews of a fleet! Time was, when British sailors would have stood to their guns, although the best and bravest officers fell fast around them. Nor has that time departed—the crews of the British ships at Petropaulovski would have dared anything which British seamen ever dared, if they had been commanded by men of the old school. On the 1st of September, the *Virago* steamer took on board the body of the admiral, and buried it in the Bay of Tarinski. He was interred at the foot of a large tree, upon which

the sailors cut with their knives the initials of his name.

The energy of the commanders did not appear to revive when their fine feelings were relieved by the burial of their deceased chief, for they remained inactive to the 4th of September, except so far as mutual courtesies and consultations mitigated the crime of their inertness. It is alleged, however, that some information was supplied by an American skipper concerning certain unseen batteries, which determined the chiefs of the two squadrons to vary the plan of attack. They resolved to assault the north end of the town by land; at the same time the ships were to bombard certain batteries. Four hundred men from each division of the fleet were placed on board the *Virago*. This steamer also took *La Forte* alongside, and the *President* astern, and brought them in. The boats for embarking the troops being placed at the off-side, so that the disembarkation might be effected while the ships and batteries were engaged, and with as little observation from the latter as possible. The arrangement appeared altogether to be cumbrous and clumsy. Scarcely had the ships got within range of the batteries, than sad havoc was made by the latter among the masts and rigging of the former. The decks of the *Virago* were crowded with the landing party, as if the concoctors of the plan were as solicitous to expose them as they were, no doubt, uneasy at their exposure. The five-gun battery was, however, silenced by the *Virago* and *La Forte*. The *President* in the meantime anchored within 600 yards of "the Saddle Battery," so called by the British, because of its shape. This little battery engaged the whole force of the *President* for some hours. According to the Russian accounts, the damage done to the material of the battery was extensive, but there was but little loss of life. It was at last silenced; and the signal was given for the landing party to take to the boats—the English sailors under Captain Burridge; the French under Captain Lagrandière; the marines of both forces under Captain Parker.

The assailing body was divided into two parties: one was to ascend the hill called Nikolaiska, which overlooked the town from the north; the other was to take a road to the left, and storm the batteries which commanded "the gorge." Before either of these movements could be executed, or even attempted, the Russians, well posted, opened fire from their guns, and some of the assailants fell. The hill which the marines and French seamen were to storm was crowned with batteries, flanked with log-houses, armed with heavy guns, and sheltering musketeers. On the brow of the hill a Russian force of infantry

was drawn up, sufficient to dispute with musketry and bayonet the ascent of the marines. The movement of the latter was in fine order; and the spirit and courage of the men magnificent. On they pressed, under showers of grape and canister, rifle and musket balls; and as men fell the ranks closed in with the most perfect coolness and discipline, except as the jungle by which the hill was clothed impeded the order and celerity of their movements. It at the same time protected them from the fire above, receiving showers of missiles, which would have still more thinned their ranks, but also sheltering detachments of Russian rifles, who fired with impunity. The Russians posted on the brow of the hill did not await the charge of the bayonet, but withdrew behind their works. The advancing lines now divided, taking those works on either flank, as well as in front. Here Captain Parker fell, at the head of his brave marines, being the first man to top the hill. Lieutenants M'Cullem and Clements fell severely wounded. The gallantry of these officers had greatly sustained the men in the desperate assault, in which they had to encounter difficulties more formidable than the British at Bunker's Hill—so successfully surmounted, but not more heroically attempted. The men fell back when they saw their leaders fall, being uncertain as to the plan of attack to be pursued. They nevertheless repeatedly rallied, and were every time received with a fire from cannon and small arms within murderous range. In vain they persevered: they did all that the most chivalrous valour could do; but their officers had fallen, their ranks were thinned, the enemy was reinforced, and the storming of the batteries and log-houses became an impossibility. How to fall back with the least loss was the only consideration open to either prudence or valour. As they retired the enemy advanced; but so regular was the retreat, and so steady the discipline of the marines, that they effected the descent with a precision such as they might be expected to maintain in moving off parade. It was now found that the thickest parts of the jungle were occupied by more numerous bodies of riflemen; and the pursuers, dispersing among the jungle, kept up unseen a deadly fire. When they reached the beach, the enemy opened a well-directed fire of musketry against the boats, which were beaded with the balls. In the descent and embarkation many fell. Captain Lefebvre was killed, and Lieutenants Howard and Palmer were wounded.

The left attack was as unfortunate as the right. Captain Lagrandière led his party gallantly against the batteries in that direction; but it was like leading a forlorn hope: to come near the gorge was an impossibility. Cannon and small arms swept the approach, and the

stricken party fell back like their companions who stormed the Nikolaïska Hill, proving that they had the courage and discipline requisite to perform anything short of the impossible. The left attack was not persevered in with the same obstinacy as the right, and the loss was much less. Never did brave men under defeat cover themselves with more glory. They were borne away from the hopeless contest—

“ Few and faint, but fearless still.”

In the accounts published in St. Petersburg, no generous acknowledgment of such heroism was mingled with the exultation of victory. Those accounts were expressed in terms of cold-blooded satisfaction over the loss of the allies, such as the brave never employ towards a gallant but unfortunate enemy. There was much praise bestowed upon the courage of the Russians in this affair by certain portions of the British press. That they did not display cowardice is certain, but they made no opportunity for the display of valour. To keep up a murderous fire from jungle, blockhouses, and batteries, upon a body of men ascending a steep hill, impeded at every step by brushwood—a body of men not half the number of those who thus continued to fight under every description of cover they could make available—was no proof of courage. They might as well be canonised for their bravery because they fought at all. Had French or British troops been so posted, and the same number of Russians attempted to storm their positions, they would have bayoneted them down the hill—not a man of them would ever have reached their boats. Cunning, skill of arrangement, and avoidance of all exposure and hand-to-hand encounter with their antagonists, marked the defenders; a valour daring and dauntless, a chivalrous attachment to their officers, and willingness to sacrifice their own lives in their defence, characterised the assailants. The praise expended in western Europe upon Russian valour, in this as well as in other instances, has been more generous than considerate—or perhaps has been less pervaded by consideration or generosity than by political partisanship. Be the day far distant when it shall be thought a feat of valour for British men-at-arms to achieve so much!

The folly of the attack itself must be obvious to every thinking person, however unacquainted with military affairs. To storm such strong positions without any attempt to feel the way, and bring out a tolerable knowledge of the numerical force of the enemy, was as rash on the part of the allied officers as their conduct on the deep had been timid and temporising. On the element where adequate exertion might have enabled them to intercept the enemy, and where a generous rashness

would have enabled them to produce effects extremely destructive to the place, the commanders of the allies were slow, cautious, and indecisive; on land, where their resources were inadequate, they plunged 800 men recklessly into a fire of musketry from twice their number, sheltered in almost every conceivable form, and under close range from batteries armed with numerous guns of large calibre. No means were taken by those who planned or ordered the right attack to ascertain if the brushwood or jungle was occupied by the enemy; the men were urged on through every obstacle, as if marching up the hill was itself sufficient to clear the jungle of sharpshooters, and the crest of the ascent from the cannon and infantry which crowned it.

The 5th of September was spent in attending to the wounded, and burying such of them as died, and the gloom and despondency of both divisions of the fleet were extreme. There were no murmurings among the crews, but a wide-spread conviction prevailed among them that incompetency, which almost looked like treason, had brought disaster and disgrace upon their arms. Two officers were killed, and four wounded, all severely. Sixty men were missing, and about a third of the whole force was wounded, many of the men repeatedly. The escapes were wonderful; few of the whole landing party that did not carry away some mark of the enemy: caps, clothing, arms, knapsacks, were struck with grape-shot and musket balls. Had the enemy's aim equalled his opportunity, it is difficult to conceive how any could have reached the ships. After cruising about some days, all thoughts of resuming the attack was abandoned, and the fleet undertook the performance of other duties.

The loss of the Russians from the land attacks was very small, from the sea very heavy. The St. Petersburg journals reported it as being very trifling altogether, but it was obvious from the fleet that great damage was inflicted. The Russian ships (especially the *Aurora*) were much shattered. Several batteries were broken to pieces, three cannons spiked, and six times as many rendered unserviceable by the fire of the fleet. The Russians could not have lost less than 200 men in killed and wounded, judging from what was seen from on board the assailing squadrons.

Some notice of the unfortunate Admiral Price's history is here appropriate. He was an old man when he fell by his own hand. He had been half a century in the British navy. His first active services were at Copenhagen, in 1801. In 1806, when a midshipman, he assisted at the capture of four French frigates. In 1807 and 1808, he served in the Baltic. On board the *Hawk*, as lieutenant, he took part in the destruction of the French frigate

Amazone, and in the capture of a French convoy, and three brigs of war. In one of these exploits he was smartly wounded. When in command of the gig of the *Hawk*, he brought off several transports, and a 10-gun brig, from under batteries, and was again wounded. In 1815, he retired from active service, having seen little of the sea until appointed to the Pacific command, in which his career terminated so disastrously. He had seen much glory, performed brilliant services, and displayed considerable capacity. Twice he was made prisoner by the Danes, and many times he passed through extreme perils in his warfare against the French. All his exploits, however, had been performed when under orders, or when exercising inferior command. For the first time in his life he found himself in any important authority, after thirty years of repose, and in very old age; his promotion having quietly gone on in the way of seniority all the while. His mind was unequal to the emergency, and he first proved himself incapable of the promptitude and energy required, and then sank under the sense of responsibility. It is generally acknowledged among naval men that if he had health and physical energy, he was equal to the charge which devolved upon him; he had always previously proved himself a dashing, gallant, and skilful naval officer.

The intense state of alarm which prevailed throughout India when the allied squadrons failed to destroy the strongholds and ships of Russia in the North Pacific, may be exemplified by the following extract from the *Madras Athenæum*. It is written in playful ridicule of the exaggerated fears that prevailed, but it affords a graphic sketch of the way in which public apprehension and watchfulness against the enemy was manifested, which will afford the reader an easier insight to the state of mind in India on the subject than more grave accounts. "A sight more ominous than that of the *Flying Dutchman* to the storm-tossed sailor—than the notice of bankruptcy to the struggling tradesman—than the collector's camp to the Indian ryot—than the examining committee to the palpitating ensign—was offered to the gaze of the inhabitants of Madras on Sunday evening, in the guise of Russian colours, fearlessly displayed at the peak of a goodly vessel standing in, as it appeared to the various spectators, for the fort, Black Town, St. Thomé, and, in short, every spot on the coast where there were houses to be knocked down and treasure to be lifted. The major portion of the European population were at church, and ignorant of danger, but the alarm spread through the native quarters with the marvellous rapidity that has been so often commented on; and every kind of vehicle was put in requisition to convey mister, mistress, and the

misses and masters Ramasawney to places of safety. The governor, with a wise appreciation of the real character of the peril, ordered the town-major to go on board the steamer with a party of her majesty's 43rd and a detachment of artillery veterans; and Captain Thompson, 'whittling' the danger down to a 'point,' contented himself with merely ordering the men to be kept in readiness, whilst he prepared to pass the night on the *Bengal*, which kept a good look-out, and dispatched a boat to keep the enemy in sight. We can answer for it that there were sleepless pillows in many dwelling-places, where the roar of the surf penetrated; and, at daylight, the shore was dotted with eager spectators, straining with anxious eyes to discern whether the intruder was, as we had surmised in our 'extra,' a harmless trader, or a disguised ship of war, waiting with her accomplices outside, to rain bombs and bullets from Corvelong to Coromandel. The doubt was soon dispelled. The *Bengal*, having first ascertained that the lady passengers had been duly furnished with their morning cup of tea, steamed forth on her dubious mission, and to the lasting honour of the Peninsular and Oriental service, challenged, boarded, and captured the stranger, whom she took in tow, and anchored within musket-range of the Custom-house. The crew, sixteen in number, and all natives of Finland, were brought on shore, and the chief magistrate was appealed to, to find a place for their safe custody; when, to the infinite disgust of the captors, Mr. Elliot proclaimed her to be 'No prize!' On inspecting the ship's papers, it turned out that she was the *Idealett*, from Harlepool to Madras, laden with coal, and out from England 145 days. She was consigned to Messrs. Binny and Co.; and the London agents had written that they intended to apply for leave for her to go on to Moulmein, under the provisions of the recent order in council. When these documents were produced, there was nothing for it but to release the ship and crew, and inform the town-major and Captain Bowen, of the *Bengal*, that their labour had been all in vain. Whilst obliged to record this harmless termination of a fright—which was far more general than the public cares to own—we should be sorry to be suspected of a design to ridicule the efforts made to avert an apparent danger. Nothing was more likely than that a Russian man-of-war, disguised as a trader, should be sent in to reconnoitre the fort and town; and, in that case, the steamer might have found her heels not quite nimble enough to save her from capture or destruction. It is half a century since an enemy has threatened Madras; and the government owe it to the timid natives, as well as to their own reputation, to save the capital of the presi-

dency from the disgrace of being braved with impunity by a single vessel of war, steamer, or sailing ship. But for the accidental presence of the *Bengal*, our rulers would have been obliged to board the *Idealet* from a masulah boat, or allow her to come and go at discretion."

The activity of the Russian cruisers, where it was supposed British men-of-war were not likely to pursue, was worthy of a better cause. In the different Pacific ports where they touched, much surprise was expressed at the good seamanship on board these ships; the education and nautical skill of the officers also excited remark. At the close of the season the *Kamschatka*, especially, produced a sensation in the South American ports by her movements in quest of British traders. The *San Franciscan Sun* thus described her:—"It is now pretty generally understood that the Russian ship *Kamschatka*, which arrived in our harbour a few days ago, is a regular privateer, instead of a peaceful merchantman, as at first reported; her visit to our waters being for the purpose of obtaining stores, their supplies having been cut short by the capture of the ship *Sitka*. The *Kamschatka* mounts ten guns, and has a crew of 120 men, who appear to be under the best possible discipline. She is said to be an excellent sailer, and has been cruising in the Okhotsk Sea in search of English and French whalers, some of which narrowly escaped capture. She is a vessel every way calculated for the business in which she is engaged, and will no doubt make sad havoc among the French and English merchant fleet in the Pacific." The frigate *Diana*, referred to in a previous page, made her way to Japan, and was there destroyed, in harbour, by an earthquake. Notwithstanding the eager zeal of the enemy, the commerce of the allies suffered little.

It can hardly fail to strike our readers with surprise, how zealous *all classes* of Russians proved in the service of the czar in every port—from the Arctic Sea to the Danube, from *Kamschatka* to Armenia. What fires a whole people, living under a despotism, with so emulous a patriotism—from the frozen and monotonous shores of Russian Lapland to the beautiful hills and vales of Georgia? It cannot be the paternal character of the government under which they live, nor the commercial prosperity by which a free people may be enriched; it cannot be a traditionary pride in the liberty and honourable career of their ancestors, for whatever page of their history we turn over, we find them ground down by a barbarous oppression, and sunk in the most brutish sensuality and ignorance. In Geyer's *History of Sweden* (vol. i., p. 241), it is stated that reports respecting the condition of the Russians were made from time to time to King Gustavus Adolphus, in which the follow-

ing observations occur:—"There were two main causes of the weakness of Russia: one was the corruption of the clergy, whence the education of the people was wretched, so that gluttony and bloodshed were vices made matters of boast; the other was the foreign soldiery, for the Muscovites, although they hated everything outlandish, could effect nothing against foreigners without foreign aid. All that they accomplished was done by treachery and superiority of numbers. The indigenous soldier received no pay, wherefore he robbed; in the defence of fortresses he had always shown himself stout. . . . With respect to taxes there was no definite law, but the lieutenants extorted what they could, or took bribes for their remissness. The condition of the lower class in the Russian dominions was miserable, from four causes: through slavery, through the multiplicity of races, through the weight of imposts, and, lastly, through the number of festival days, which were consumed in debaucheries. The safeguards of laws were unknown. The peasants, who must labour five days of the week for their lords, had only the sixth and seventh to themselves. . . . Thralldom was regarded by the Muscovites not as a shame, but as an honour. All boasted of being the serfs of the Grand Duke. His will was law, even if he should command a man to slay his father or mother. That such a condition of things might be maintained, egress from the kingdom was forbidden them, out of fear that, if they came to foreign princes and nations, their civilisation might make slavery abhorrent to them."

There is little to add to the above description to complete the moral and physical portrait of the Russian people at this day; yet do we see them at *Sitka*, at *Petropaulovski*, at *Kola*, and at *Archangel*, as patriotic and as strenuous for the glory and aggrandisement of Russia, and the unrighteous triumph of the czar, as where they are overshadowed by his throne! The true solution of this is in the fanaticism of the people: the aggrandisement of Russia is the aggrandisement of their faith; the triumph of the czar is not only the triumph of their military and civil chief, but of the sacred head of their "holy orthodox Church." The Muscovite party is especially the party of nobles, priests, army, and people; the dissidents are only a philosophical coterie at *St. Petersburg*, or the Lutherans and Latins of the more recently acquired provinces, and who can hardly be computed as Russians, although subjects of the empire. A writer in *Berlin* thus conveys similar representations: "With the same muddle of religion and politics, the Muscovite party embraces the war as a godsend for the furtherance of their purposes, and reckons religiously on the assistance of Russia's patron

saint—St. George, the dragon-killer—to protect her from any eventual damage, as in 1812. On the other hand, victory over Mohammedanism would confer such a *prestige* and halo on the Russo-oriental Church, that the specific Russianism, or, as I have called it above, the Muscovite party, could proceed to extirpate Catholicism, and, what it abhors as much, Lutheranism. Russia would then, as an entire unmixed state, containing one nationality, and professing one creed, march forth, invincible in the strength of her faith, to the conquest of Europe.”

From the remote seas and shores whither we conducted the reader in the last two chapters, we now once again turn to scenes nearer home, and to our Western lands themselves. A history of the war would not prove to be what it professed, if it only narrated the battles fought, or traced out the policies of the contending nations. It is necessary to mark well the events which at home ran parallel with those abroad, to note every fact which indirectly bears upon the great struggle, and depict every phase and change of popular feeling.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOME EVENTS BEARING ON THE WAR.—AGITATIONS OF THE PEACE PARTY.—LAUNCH OF THE “ROYAL ALBERT.”—EFFORTS OF M. KOSSUTH TO CREATE A PUBLIC OPINION IN FAVOUR OF SETTING UP THE SUPPRESSED CONTINENTAL NATIONALITIES.—DESIGNS OF THE CZAR TO FORM AN ALLIANCE WITH AMERICA.—LOSS OF THE “EUROPA” TRANSPORT.—GALLANT DEATH OF LIEUT.-COL. MOORE.—THE FRENCH ARMY OF THE NORTH.—VISITS OF KINGS AND PRINCES TO BOULOGNE.—THE FRENCH EMPEROR’S PROCLAMATIONS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

“An honourable peace lasts long, but the dishonourable no longer than till kings have power to break them; the surest way, therefore, to peace is a constant preparedness for war.”—DR. EDWARD FOX (*Almoner and Secretary to Henry VIII.*)

DURING the entire spring and summer of 1854, the peace parties made great efforts to disgust the country with the war. Mr. Bright, with his usual vivid and startling eloquence, led the controversy on his side of the question. He denounced the government as fomenting war for rival purposes, and the people as sustaining it from a bloodthirsty, or, at all events, combative and vainglorious spirit. In the Commons he represented the burthens inflicted upon the British people, at the very outset, to be such that every man might be said “to carry a Turk on his back.” He predicted also that six months of war would throw the operative classes out of employment, cause famine among the poor, and lead to insurrection in our great cities. As Mr. Bright is as honest and earnest as he is eloquent, these speeches produced much effect; and as the grave and serious eloquence of Mr. Cobden, and the beautiful and impassioned eloquence of George Thompson, aided the agitation, the impression produced by Mr. Bright was extended, and many converts to the peace doctrine were made in the manufacturing towns of the north. Mr. Cobden was very prophetic as well as Mr. Bright; and both adopted language in denouncing the war party, as they termed the country, which passed the bounds of ordinary declamation, as well as legitimate discussion. The great services rendered by these eloquent and earnest men to their country, created a tolerance in the public mind towards their severity of denunciation creditable to popular gratitude. The result of these discussions,

however, was that the nation became more warlike than before, and more determined to exact from their government a vigorous prosecution of the contest. In vain Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright endeavoured to stem the torrent of national feeling for the war. These two gentlemen, so closely united, were destined to be proved false prophets, as well as to share in a common logical discomfiture. Their vaticinations were singularly unfortunate; none of them came to pass. The country was not ruined; our streets were not filled with revolutionary violence, or torn up, by rioters for bread; famine did not follow the war; and so far from national bankruptcy or the destruction of trade and commerce ensuing, that when 1854 closed, the imports and exports were greater than were ever presented by the trade reports before.

The main topic insisted upon by all the orators on the peace side was not, however, the national ruin it would produce: some insisted upon the sin of war—of all war, offensive and defensive; others upon the impolicy of this war, which they represented as being for what was called the balance of power, which they denounced as unreal—a mere chimera which no one could define—a political shibboleth which none but a certain school could pronounce. Mr. Bright challenged the noble Secretary of the Home Department, since premier (Lord Palmerston) in his place in the Commons, to give him, or the House, or the public, any idea of what it meant. The reply was one of the most happy ever given by the illustrious statesman, and

was received in the Commons with repeated bursts of admiration and applause:—"Why, sir, call it the balance of power, or what you will, the idea is one familiar to the mind of man, and which has influenced the conduct of all mankind from the earliest ages. The balance of power means, that a number of weaker states combine together, to prevent one strong one from acquiring a power which shall be dangerous to their liberties, their independence, and their freedom of action. It is the doctrine of self-preservation; it is the doctrine of self-defence, with this simple qualification—that it is combined with sagacity and foresight;—that you endeavour to prevent an imminent danger before it comes thundering at your gates. I know that the honourable member is so attached to his principles, that he thinks peace is of all things the best, and war of all things the worst. I happen to be of opinion that there are things for which peace may be advantageously sacrificed, and that there are calamities which nations may endure still worse than war."

So intelligent have the people become, and so free is discussion in our land, that the national purpose was invigorated by the discussions thus provoked. The more the popular will was resisted and obstructed by men in power, the more it grew in force; until, as the torrent, dammed up by temporary expedients, and bursting the insufficient barriers with accumulated pressure, so the mind of England rose resolutely but steadily against all restraints, and demanded a persistent war, until the aggressor should learn justice, or submit to its restraints.

Among the home events which most interested the public was the launch of the *Royal Albert*, at Woolwich, on the 13th of May. It was alleged that 60,000 spectators were assembled on the occasion. The river in front of Woolwich Dockyard was covered with craft of every size and description, decorated with flags, and having on board bands of music. Within the dockyard, there was a series of raised platforms facing an amphitheatre around the launch. Thousands occupied these platforms; amongst them the members of the Lords and Commons, the foreign ambassadors, the officers of the various departments of government, especially of the Admiralty and the Dockyard.

The ship which excited this interest was certainly a just cause of pride to the country—in the sense in which an individual or country may be proud of anything without vainglory. Her extreme length was 272 feet; length between the perpendiculars, 252½ feet; length of keel, 198½ feet; extreme breadth, 61½ feet; breadth for tonnage, 60½ feet; "moulded breadth," 59½ feet; extreme depth, 66 feet; depth of hold, 24½ feet. Her burden, 3726

tons, and her piercing was for 131 guns. Her screw-propeller was to be driven by trunk engines of 500 horse-power. Her armament has been thus described:—ten 8-inch guns, for firing shells or hollow shot, and twenty-six long 32-pounders; on the middle deck six 8-inch guns, and thirty 32-pounders; on the main deck, thirty-eight 32-pounders; and on the upper deck twenty 32-pounders. On the fore-castle she will carry a 68-pounder gun, weighing five tons, and capable of throwing round shot a distance of three miles.

Early in the afternoon the royal carriages arrived with the royal family. Her majesty "christened" the ship, as the ceremony is absurdly, if not very improperly termed; and the launch was effected while the strains of "Rule Britannia," and the shouts of the excited multitude, filled the air. The author of these pages made frequent visits to Woolwich during the preparations for this event, and was struck with the pride which was felt by all concerned in the dockyards, in their new *protégé*, and by the general expectation that this great castle of the deep would perform wonders of war. It was not then understood that the tiny mortar boat, and hulking raft battery, would be called more into requisition on the seas where our enemy skulked into every creek, and sought the shelter of every form of defence. This specimen of the naval might of Britain was towed down to Sheerness to be fitted for sea, and subsequently disappointed the great expectations entertained of her efficiency.

The eminent foreigner, Louis Kossuth, aided by Mazzini, and other refugees, Hungarian, Polish, and Italian, appeared at this juncture very prominently before the British public as advisers in reference to the conduct of the war. M. Kossuth was the most popular of these refugee agitators. He argued that England erred in allowing the progress of Russia to be so long unchecked; denounced the partition of Poland as a political crime; and held up the interference of the czar in suppressing the Hungarian revolution as an attack on constitutional liberty everywhere, which England, therefore, ought to have resisted.

These arguments were well received by the public, but the events were past, and could not be redeemed. In reference to the war of Hungarian independence, the friends of Lord Palmerston maintained that he did all which he could do; that Russia, in her interference, only sought to maintain the previous relations of Hungary to Austria, territorially considered, however injurious to liberty the aid she proffered to Austria might be: besides, France was unwilling to assist in the defence of Hungary; and England was not prepared to encourage a war of nationalities; some of which would, if they gained the independence they sought, be

is hostile to freedom as the tyrannies from which they might escape. It cannot be forgotten that when British sympathy encouraged the revolt of the Sicilians, it was repaid by acts of intolerance to Englishmen as cruel as those of the power from which the Sicilians had revolted. One of the first acts of the short-lived independence of Sicily was to make war against religious liberty. Greece, for which the protocols and monies of England were so recklessly spent, is a more intolerant and tyrannical state than that against which she rose. Belgium, liberated from Holland with the cry of civil and religious liberty on her lips, has since sought every opportunity to bind her emancipated hands with double manacles. A deeply-pervading hostility to religious and constitutional liberty pervades the mind of nearly the entire Belgian nation. We agree with the witty and eccentric Sidney Smith, that however generous it may be to think of the oppressed nationalities, it is dutiful to remember the overburthened English. A war for people whose first use of independence would be to infringe the independence of others, is neither sound in policy nor in ethics. In the love of liberty pervading Hungary we have entire confidence, and sigh for the wrongs inflicted upon the dauntless Magyars; but it is impossible to espouse the cause of the nationalities, and wage war for their restoration, against the allied despotisms of Europe. With a good cause, and a *just necessity* for war, England against all Europe; but however good the cause, unless the necessity for her participation in the quarrel, from interest or honour, could be made out, the duty of England is to use her moral influence for the oppressed, but to allow the sword to rest in its scabbard. We have no hesitation in saying that the policy of Palmerston has been more to the interest of England than that commended by Kossuth. With the latter we have more sympathy; in the former, more confidence. The policy of Kossuth is just, but for England at present impracticable; that of Palmerston is eminently practical, and not unjust. Were any English statesman to attempt the line of political action recommended by the great Magyar, he would be opposed by numerous, wealthy, and powerful sections of the community, and would not be supported heartily by the masses. He would engage England in a bloody and desperate struggle, unsupported by allies, without a hearty sympathy from the peoples, and with the despotisms leagued against her. A war with France, Russia, and the whole of Germany, for the purposes of restoring Poland to independence, Hungary to nationality, and to make petty republics of the Italian states, would be the maddest career upon which any British statesman ever set out. Whatever be the

greatness and resources of our country—whatever her valour, love of freedom, and sympathy with the oppressed—she is not called upon by any national, international, or social obligation to this desperate hazard. No man intimately conversant with the various sections of British society—religious, social, and political—would ever think of addressing to them such epistles as the majority of those written by Kossuth and Mazzini. These able and patriotic men are ignorant of the habits of thought, inculcated prejudices, commercial interests, spirit of caste, and religious earnestness of the whole people. They are misled by the tone of the *cliques* that surround them, and thus judge the British people erroneously. They have much to learn from the British people, and concerning them, before they can stand in the attitude of their public political instructors. An intimate knowledge of English history, great command of the English language, a political knowledge of England's foreign relations, and a philosophical acquaintance with the genius of her government, may be conceded to both Kossuth and Mazzini—especially the former; but there are religious and social elements which they have not penetrated, and without a knowledge of these—intimate and thorough—their speculations of what England will do, or ought to do, are crude and imperfect. The English people can more easily appreciate the point of view from which these gentlemen regard public events, than those who thus assume to instruct the English mind can appreciate the point of view from which England regards continental politics, and her own relation to them. As the people of England are always ready to do justice to the opinion of M. Kossuth, we shall give a specimen of his remonstrances and arguments on the policy and conduct of the war. We extract it from his famous speech at Sheffield:—

“You should insist to attain, by your present sacrifices, a true and lasting peace. Now, neither of these aims can be attained without Poland, Hungary, and Italy be restored to their national rights; and, especially, Russia's overwhelming power cannot be reduced without Poland being reconstructed an independent nation, with its national territory; nor can the integrity and independence of Turkey be secured without a free and independent Hungary. All these aims would be subverted by England taking despotic Austria for her ally. Then you would fight for Austrian despotism, and not for freedom. If there ever was a truth striking beyond any doubt, it is the truth that, except Finland, it is only in Poland, and by Poland, that Russia is vulnerable. Bombarding Odessa, Sebastopol, Cronstadt, taking Russian prizes, burning the Russian fleet (if you can get at it), nay, burning St. Petersburg

itself;—all this may be very noisy, good food for the newspapers; but it is merely a palliative—nothing of a permanent effect. The Russians might, perhaps, themselves burn St. Petersburg, as they have burnt Moscow: you will not be the better by it. If your purpose is to fight Russian despotism—if your aim is to check Russian ascendancy, and to reduce Russian preponderance—it is in Poland and by Poland that you must act, or you will never attain your aim—never. . . . Remember the campaign of Napoleon to Moscow, in 1812. Napoleon undertook to check the crowning ascendancy of Russia, just as you do now. And with all due regard for the Lord Raglans and Maréchal St. Arnauds, be it said, ‘the little corporal’ knew something about war. He knew that Russia, though not very formidable abroad, is anything but weak in defence at home. The force which he employed amounted to 600,000 men, 182,000 horses, and 1372 guns. What is the Anglo-French army in the East compared to this?—a Chobham camp-parade! He knew that it was not on sea that a decisive battle could be fought against Russia: he went on by land. He knew that, without a large cavalry, there was no possibility to hold a bivouac for twenty-four hours against a Russian army, and he took care to have much cavalry. He did not even neglect the pitiful expedient of substituting to Polish nationality the idea of Polish legions, just as you begin to do now in the East. Besides, he also looked for alliances, just as you do. Only, less a politician than a soldier, he addressed himself to wrong quarters; he addressed himself to Austria and Prussia, precisely as your government does. But he had stronger claims on the fidelity of Austria than you have. Having to dispose of the existence of Austria, he just pardoned her, saved her, and, to make the alliance sure, he married the daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Both Austria and Prussia yielded to the courtings of the mighty Cæsar, became his allies, and gave him two cavalry armies against Russia. You know the rest. Napoleon lost 552,000 men, 167,000 horses, and 1222 guns. One of his allies betrayed him on the battle-field; the other compromised him by inactivity; both turned against him, and sent him to die—a fettered giant, on the rocks of St. Helena. You have been taught by superficial professors in your schools, that it was the generals Frost and Famine which defeated Napoleon. No: he was defeated by having taken Austria and Prussia for allies.”

We concur with M. Kossuth, that the two great pathways to the heart of Russian power are Poland and Finland. We would place Finland first. To wrest that fine province from her, and constitute it a federal state with

Norway and Sweden—*tria juncta in uno*—would be the surest policy for the safety of western Europe. To reconstruct the kingdom of Poland would be to secure Germany from the rapacity of the Russ, and to render aggression upon Turkey by way of Europe impossible. But Russia would still remain a gigantic empire, and with numbers and resources sufficient to approach the Dardanelles through Asia. The Caucasian barrier against her should be preserved, and the littoral of the Euxine wrested from her for ever. Were the whole of the Dacian provinces—Bessarabia, Wallachia, Moldavia, Podolia—constituted an independent state, we are not sure that it would not prove as effectual a bulwark against her as reconstituted Poland, and at the same time subvert Austrian designs to grasp the entire course of the Danube, and enter Bulgaria. A cordon of independent nations, strong enough to resist her with such combinations as their positions would naturally create, would be the best preservative for Europe and Asia against the plague of Russian encroachment. No doubt this will arise out of the throes and heavings of nations which we now see upon the politically convulsed earth; but any attempt on the part of England to anticipate what the present workings of Providence appear ultimately to design, would be futile, and react in ruin upon herself. As well might Louis Kossuth preach to the United States of America a naval and military crusade against the feudalism of Europe. America is acting upon that feudalism by commerce, by intelligence, by her own moral grandeur, and increasing greatness; she might strengthen, but could not overthrow, European feudalism by any other action against it. God has not allowed it to be a part of the moral system he adopts in the government of the world, that any one nation can pursue a course of social and political propagandism, promoted by arms, even for the most righteous principle. It is absurd for M. Kossuth to denounce England for accepting the alliance of Austria because her government is despotic; it would be as wise for Turkey to refuse the alliance of the Western powers because they are Christian, or, as she deems them, infidel. England does not propose a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Austria; but she would willingly accept her aid for a specific purpose, and pursue her objects so far as Austria would unite with her, thereby making their attainment comparatively easy. Besides, France, the greatest continental power, not excepting Russia, must be consulted; and France refuses to exclude Austria from the consideration of the great questions now pending in the cabinets and on the battle-fields of Europe. England seeks not to be the dictator to the family of European

governments; she desires to act in harmony with them, observing international law, and preserving European order; but she hails with satisfaction the efforts to be free which the revolutions of oppressed nations display: her own government is founded upon the glorious revolution of 1688. The throne of Victoria rests upon a basis formed by that successful and legitimate revolt; and neither queen nor people can refuse their sympathy when Hungary and Italy rise in arms for liberty, although it may neither be right nor possible to interfere. Whatever her error in the past as to the progress of Russia, or the suppression of nations, there is now too much of the popular element in the English legislature for these things to have their like again. This very war has enlightened England, painfully but thoroughly, to the magnitude of such questions, and the dangers of such neglects.

The eloquence of M. Kossuth in contrasting the war of Napoleon I. with that of Napoleon III. against Russia is, we think, quite thrown away. Each acted according to the alliance naturally arising from the state of the world and the course of events. *Napoleon I. forced Germany on before him in his march to Moscow, as a tyrant and a dictator alike to Germany, to Russia, and to Europe; Napoleon III. invites all nations, of their own accord, to join issue with the despot who claims for his church, and himself, as its ecclesiastical head, the right to march through Europe on a crusade of fanaticism and oppression. Napoleon III. profits by the failure of Napoleon I. The former wars with his basis of operations on the sea, his ally being the greatest of naval powers; Napoleon I. acted with his basis of operations upon Germany, because Germany was to him conquered territory, practically a province of his empire, and his great enemy was that predominating naval power which is his nephew's ally. Russia could afford to burn Moscow, for while England was her ally, Napoleon could never conquer St. Petersburg. English generals guided her armies, English gold fed them on their own territory. But the czar cannot afford to burn either Moscow or St. Petersburg now, for both are menaced, slowly but surely, by the fleets and armies of the allies. If the two great capitals of Russia were now to be destroyed, either by aliens or by the torch of her own incendiary barbarians, and this were done before advancing fleets on the one hand, and advancing armies on the other, Russia would then be conquered; her fertile provinces and her resources lost, she, as an empire, would herself be lost. The allies would then only require to arm and help the vanquished nations which begirt the Russia which existed when Peter the Great ascended the barbarian throne. Thus deprived of her*

border provinces, Russia might be left with Archangel and Tobolsk for her capitals, the Arctic Ocean for her outlet, and the snow-clad steppes the home of her barbarous hordes. Tribes of Cossack robbers might roam over these at will; but for all the purposes of civilisation, and European independence, Russia might be considered as no longer a power. Truths put in partial and *ex parte* aspects, and adorned with a certain earnest and innate eloquence, characterise the Sheffield oration of M. Kossuth, but it enunciates nothing for which England need feel indebted to him, or by which England need be guided.

An event which deeply moved the compassion of the allies, occurred in the loss of the *Europa* transport. It left England with stores and ammunition for the Bosphorus, and a party of the Enniskillen Dragoons, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Moore. About ten o'clock on the second night after her departure, when about 180 miles from England, a startling cry was raised, "Fire in the forehold!" Captain Gardener ran below, and found the fire spreading in the "forepeak," where a large quantity of ship's utensils, cords, ropes, sails, tar, pitch, &c., had been stowed away. He immediately ordered the ammunition to be thrown overboard. The pumps, which had been fitted under the direction of government to obtain water from the tanks for the soldiery, had hose attached to them, and volumes of water were incessantly directed upon the flames. The soldiers and crew laboured with order and energy; but it was all in vain, the flames gained upon the ship rapidly, until no hope of saving her any longer remained. The scene at this juncture was most appalling. No one can describe a burning ship at sea except he who sees it. Let any person peruse the graphic and heart-stirring account given by the Rev. W. Blood, Vicar of Temple Grafton, of what he saw on the dreadful night he escaped from the burning *Amazon*, and he may form some conception of the scene of horror on board the *Europa*. Within half an hour from the moment the cry of fire rang through the vessel, the ship may be said to have been wrapt in flames. The conduct of Lieutenant-colonel Moore in this emergency was heroic. We remember nothing comparable to it except the conduct of the Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie, a congregational minister of Glasgow, on board the *Pegasus*, wrecked on her way from Edinburgh to London some years ago. Colonel Moore determined to remain on board the burning ship until the last man was saved. There stood the veteran, firm against all importunity to leave the ship, superintending with a noble dignity the embarkation of his men in the boats by which their only hope of safety was provided. The soldiers were like their chief;

the brave fellows remained as perfectly under his control, in the face of the most appalling death, as if in the barrack square. The life-boat bore five-and-twenty persons away in safety; during the night it was taken up by the barque *Marawam* of Dundee. Another boat, with twenty-six persons on board, rowed in the direction of a distant light, found to be on board a Prussian schooner, which received the distressed boat's crew on board, and treated them with great humanity. A third boat, bearing Lieutenant Black, the admiralty agent, the second mate, and some soldiers, was equally fortunate with its predecessors. But the largest boat of all could not be disengaged from the ship, for the usual reason on such occasions in British ships—previous mal-arrangement; and to this cause is to be attributed the loss of the manly and generous Colonel Moore and twenty-one others, whose courage, like that of the colonel, merited their country's deepest regret. It is remarkable that on board British ships, either warlike or mercantile, such bad arrangements exist in connection with the boats. The sailors of no other nation neglect so recklessly the precautions proper in this particular. Scarcely a British wreck occurs—particulars of which reach us—that we do not hear of the difficulty of disengaging the boats from the ship, because of the mode in which they are slung, and the want of practice on the part of the sailors in this matter. The providential escape of the Rev. Mr. Blood from the *Amazon*, already referred to, strikingly exemplifies this fact. This was one of the causes of the great loss of life then experienced. With proper arrangements few ships need be lost at sea by fire; and in case of vessels striking, or springing a leak, the crews should be all so well exercised in the rapid disengagement of the boats, as to secure whatever chance of safety boats may furnish. Loss of life at sea is caused mainly by the recklessness of our crews, the want of discipline in merchant ships, the neglect of boat arrangements, and the defective education and want of sobriety on the part of the masters in our mercantile navy. Lieutenant-colonel Moore, unable to make the large boat of the *Europa* available, was driven by the violence of the flames into the mizen channels, and there perished. Captain Gardener escaped, when the wind blew hard and a very heavy sea was on, by clinging to the mainmast with a number of soldiers. They were afterwards picked up in a most exhausted state. Truly it is not in the thunder of war only that our sailors and soldiers show their unrivalled fortitude:

"The wide-spread ocean with its solemn surge,
Lashing a thousand miles from shore to shore,"

has received into its depths from the wreck, hearts that beat as bravely in that awful mo-

ment as those who, when borne proudly on its bosom, perished in the battle.

In the latter end of May, the Emperor of the French addressed his senate in reference to his alliance with the Queen of England, and presented to them a copy of his treaty with the Britannic Majesty and his Imperial Majesty the Sultan. Reference has been repeatedly made to this treaty in the foregoing pages; this is an appropriate opportunity of presenting it to our readers.

Paris, May 2

Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French.

To all present, and to come, greeting:

On the report of our Minister the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,

We have decreed and decree as follows:—

ART. 1.—A treaty of alliance, destined to guarantee the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, having been signed at Constantinople on the 12th March of the present year 1854, between the French Empire, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Sublime Ottoman Porte; this treaty having been ratified, and the respective ratifications having been exchanged on the 8th of May, the said treaty, the tenor of which follows, will receive its full and entire execution.

TREATY.

His Majesty the Emperor of the French, and his Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, having been invited by his Imperial Majesty the Sultan to aid him in repelling the aggression directed by his Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias against the territories of the Sublime Ottoman Porte—an aggression by which the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and the independence of the throne of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan are menaced; and their said Majesties being fully persuaded that the existence of the Ottoman Empire, within its actual limits, is essential to the maintenance of the balance of power between the States of Europe, and having, in consequence, consented to give to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan the assistance he has asked for this object, it has appeared fit to their said Majesties, and to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, to conclude a treaty, in order to declare explicitly the intentions, agreeably to that which precedes, and to regulate the manner in which their said Majesties will lend assistance to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan.

With this view their said Majesties and H. I. M. the Sultan have named as their plenipotentiaries:—

Baraguay d'Hilliers, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe and Mustapha Redschid Pasha.

ART. 1.—His Majesty the Emperor of the French, and her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, having already, at the request of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, ordered powerful divisions of their naval forces to repair to Constantinople, and to extend to the Ottoman territory and flag the protection that circumstances would permit, their said Majesties engage, by the present treaty, to co-operate still further with his Imperial Majesty the Sultan for the defence of the Ottoman territory, in Europe and Asia, against the Russian aggression, and employing for this end such a number of their land troops as may appear necessary for attaining this object; which land troops their said Majesties will forthwith dispatch towards such and such points of the Ottoman territory as shall be judged expedient; and his Imperial Majesty the Sultan agrees that the English and French land troops, thus dispatched for the defence of the Ottoman territory, shall receive the same friendly reception, and shall be treated with the same consideration as the French and British naval forces already employed for some time in the Turkish waters.

ART. 2.—The high contracting parties engage, each on his part, to communicate reciprocally to each other without loss of time, every proposition that one of them might receive from the Emperor of Russia, whether

directly or indirectly, with a view to the cessation of hostilities, of an armistice or peace; and his Imperial Majesty the Sultan engages, moreover, to conclude no armistice, and to enter into no negotiation for peace, nor to conclude any preliminary of peace, nor any treaty of peace, with the Emperor of Russia, without the knowledge and consent of the high contracting parties.

ART. 3.—As soon as the object of the present treaty shall have been attained by the conclusion of a treaty of peace, his Majesty the Emperor of the French, and her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, will make arrangements at once for withdrawing immediately all their military and naval forces employed for realising the object of the present treaty, and all the fortresses or positions in the Ottoman territory that shall have been provisionally occupied by the military forces of France and England shall be restored to the authorities of the Sublime Ottoman Porte within the space of forty days, or sooner, if possible, to date from the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty by which the present war shall be terminated.

ART. 4.—It is understood that the auxiliary armies shall preserve the faculty of taking such part as may appear suitable in the operations directed against the common enemy, the Ottoman authorities, whether civil or military, not claiming to exercise the least control over their movements; on the contrary, all aid and facility shall be afforded them by these authorities, especially for their disembarkation, their marching, dwelling or encampment, their subsistence and that of their horses, and for their communications, whether they may act together or may act separately.

It is understood, on the other hand, that the commanders of the said armies engage to maintain the strictest discipline among their respective troops, and will cause to be respected by them the laws and usages of the country.

It is of course understood that property is to be everywhere respected. It is, moreover, understood on either side that the general plan of the campaign shall be discussed and agreed upon between the Commanders-in-Chief of the three armies; and that if a considerable part of the Allied troops should be in line with the Ottoman troops, no operation can be executed against the enemy without having been previously concerted with the Commanders of the Allied forces. Lastly, due attention shall be paid to every requirement, relative to the wants of the service, addressed by the Commanders-in-Chief of the auxiliary troops, whether to the Ottoman Government through the medium of their respective embassies, or, in case of urgency, to the local authorities, unless paramount objections, distinctly explained, may prevent its execution.

ART. 5.—The present treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Constantinople within the space of six weeks, or sooner, if possible, to date from the day of signature.

In faith of which, &c.

NAPOLEON.

A report was spread in America, and in England, that the czar was anxious to form a commercial treaty with the United States, and to concede Sitka (referred to in our last chapter), and, we presume, the remainder of Russian America, for a moderate sum. The czar wanted the sinews of war, and he knew that the United States was anxious to exclude all European powers from the American continent; but if he seriously intended the sale, it was as much to conciliate the good wishes of the Union, as to supply his exhausted exchequer. Dr. Cottman (referred to in the chapter on the operations in the Baltic) was alleged to be the accredited agent of the czar for this negotiation. It was also alleged that the doctor was to intimate to the presidential government that Russia acquiesced in the reported designs of the States against Cuba—"that Cuba belonged to the

Union by right of geographical position." This loose political morality is rejected by millions in the United States. That the people of the Union are, for the very reason the czar insinuated—*necessity* of geographical position (not "*right*")—anxious to see Cuba in federal political relation with the States, there is no doubt. Apart from any desires of the proslavery party, this feeling very extensively prevails. But the Americans do not desire to possess Cuba after the czar's fashion—to plunder it from its rightful owners, and then rob and oppress it. They would gladly enough promote a Cuban revolution, and if the revolted and independent Cubans wished for annexation, the Americans would hail the circumstance as relieving themselves from a peril—the occupation of Cuba by an energetic European government, a circumstance injurious to American power, and threatening to her independence. The czar's proposed negotiation, through Dr. Cottman, resembled his overtures to Sir Hamilton Seymour, in 1853. He offered a *quid pro quo*—the cession of Sitka, and his countenance, moral and physical, to the seizure of Cuba for a certain number of dollars, a loan in the American market, and neutrality, or privateering, during the war with Turkey and western Europe. The doctor, however, proved himself to be a very bad envoy. Russian negotiators know well when to bluster and when to persuade; the American did not; he was all bluster. Russian diplomats study more than other men the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*. But Dr. Cottman was all force, and no suasion. The doctor, too, overlooked the necessity of a good memory to persons of a peculiar tendency; for while he represented himself as spending a considerable time at St. Petersburg, Cronstadt, Helsingfors, &c., the American press proved the impossibility of his being in those places at all during at least a portion of the time, by the simple process of demonstrating that he was elsewhere, far away from the empire of his beloved friend, the amiable and liberal czar. Not only did Dr. Cottman indulge in rodomontade and abuse towards the allies, he made misstatements where (unfortunately) the truth would have even better served his purposes. There are few forms of the *suppressio veri* or of the *suggestio falsi* through which he did not run in his more specious and credible narratives; generally, however, the Russian agent was transparent in his attempts to assume the impartial American: the mask was so badly drawn on, that, irrespective of its own exaggeration, it betrayed what it was. One or two specimens of his style, quoted from a letter to the American minister in England, will suffice to give our readers a correct idea of the negotiator, the spirit in

which he conducted his pro-Russian negotiations, and the desperation of the attempt on the part of the czar, through Dr. Cottman and a few other Americans, to prejudice the great and free people of the United States against the allies and their righteous cause. Had this agency been successful, and the arms of America been enlisted on the side of the czar, from any jealousy to the alliance of western Europe, the result might have been disastrous to the cause of freedom all over the world. Writing of the English in the Baltic, Dr. Cottman remarks:—

“True, there is some reason for jealousy of the French—they have not committed a dishonourable act since they have been in the Baltic. The *prestige* of a Briton's name has fled from the Russian dominions. Fishing-boats, nets, tar-barrels, and deal boards have been burnt, simply because they trusted to English professions of respecting private property. The much-vaunted capture of prizes reduced to the comprehension of ordinary individuals, consists in a few Finnish smacks laden with salt, for curing fish on the coast of Finland; and these are the means employed for revolutionising Finland. Wherever there is a cannon the allies have slunk away like a sneaking dog from a sheepfold on the discovery of the shepherd. Witness the attack on places of so little consequence that no man in England ever heard of them until he saw the report of their being attacked by the allied fleets, which have been invariably repulsed, notwithstanding the gallantry of Eckness, Gamla Karleby, and Bomarsund, which tell a mournful story for Britons' pride. Old Bodisco, brother of the late Russian minister at Washington, commands Bomarsund, with about a dozen cannon, and, for fear he might use them if they approached too near, the fleet contented themselves by firing all day into his apple-orchard and among his trees, entirely out of reach of the old man's guns, but not of his wrath. More than one English flag has been brought to St. Petersburg as a trophy. I had expected to find in London a Russian flag at every corner of the street, captured by the fleet so much vaunted here before I left for Russia. I think there is an axiom, or a proverb, or something of that kind, which runs—‘A merciful man is merciful to his beast.’ England is frenzied with commiseration for the slaves of the United States of America, and consequently devotes her whole time to ameliorate the condition of the collier, who rarely sees the light of the sun from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. In a moment of excess of this humane consideration, she declined doing anything more at Odessa than burning a few hovels on the mole, and the deal boards in the lumber-yard, which were very convenient for exercis-

ing the Congreve rockets upon. They had no intention of injuring the city by the 2000 asphyxiant bombs thrown into it. The officers well knew that the asphyxising principle contained in the bomb would decompose the explosive principle in the capsule, and prevent the bursting of the shell, and, as they were useless, they concluded to rid the fleet of them.”

It is unfortunately too true that these sneers at the uselessness of many of the projectiles furnished to the Black Sea fleet had foundation. Mr. Woods, the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, made terrible declarations as to the disgraceful negligence, or criminal connivance, with the impunity of Russia, of certain officials at home. He proclaims it, as an indisputable fact, that shells were sent out, “*not ten per cent of which exploded!*” Some of these were made, he alleges, a quarter of a century ago, some before the conclusion of the last great war, and some even before that war began! The utterly unserviceable condition of these shells must have been obvious to any official under whose observation they came in their selection, embarkation, or transmission to the seat of war. There must have been extraordinary ignorance everywhere, or the most treasonable designs somewhere, within the range of official rank at home, in our government offices. True or false, the statements of Dr. Cottman failed to enlist America under the banner of the czar. The purchase of Sitka was not made; no American dollars flowed into the czar's exchequer. Cuba was not attempted upon the faith of his support; privateering was not encouraged nor adopted by the American people; nor did they wage against their natural allies suicidal battle for the deliverance of the man who in all the world would soonest betray them, who most hated their liberties, and envied their prosperity and greatness.

The question opened by Dr. Cottman, however, received the attention of both American and British politicians; and a considerable party in America discussed the propriety and policy of ultimately making this purchase from Russia. As it cannot be a matter of indifference to England what power possesses it, remote although it be, and inhospitable as are its shores, we give an extract from an article in the *New York Herald* on the subject, which will sufficiently indicate to our readers the light in which many Americans look at the question:—

“The Russian territory extends along the shore from a point near longitude 64° in the Arctic Ocean to Observatory Inlet, on the Pacific, being bounded on the south and east by the British possessions occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. It comprises all the best

whaling stations in the Northern Pacific, and, if annexed to the United States, would give our whalers an advantage which would at once enable them to defy competition. Again, in a political point of view, its acquisition would make us masters of the whole western coast of America, from the Arctic to the Mexican boundary, with the exception of that portion lying between 49° and $54^{\circ} 40'$ —say some 350 miles. We should thus surround Great Britain; and if, as seems likely to occur in process of time, the Hudson's Bay Company were dissolved, it would be manifestly for the interest of Great Britain, as well as the United States, that this intervening tract should be transferred by sale from them to us. In this event, our territory would stretch in one undivided line from the icebound oceans of the north to the line 32° , such a coast as no nation in the world possesses, and one which the natural tendency of the events now occurring in Asia cannot but render extremely valuable. Even if Great Britain refused to part with Vancouver's Island and the vicinity, the military value of these possessions would be manifestly diminished, to a very considerable extent, by our occupation of the coast, both north and south, including the whaling depot at Sitka, on the one side, and the mouth of the Columbia, on the other. We make no question, therefore, of the course which our executive should pursue in the present conjuncture. Our surplus funds could not be better employed."

About this time the terrible tidings of the cholera, ravaging fleets and armies at Varna and elsewhere in eastern Europe, arrived, and caused dismay amongst statesmen and citizens. The Emperor of the French addressed to his troops a proclamation of sympathy and encouragement, which increased his popularity at home, and cheered his troops abroad:—

"Soldiers and Sailors of the Army of the East!—You have not fought, but already you have obtained a signal success. Your presence and that of the English troops have sufficed to compel the enemy to recross the Danube, and the Russian vessels remain ingloriously in their ports. You have not yet fought, and already you have struggled courageously against death. A scourge, fatal though transitory, has not arrested your ardour. France and the sovereign whom she has chosen cannot witness without deep emotion, or without making every effort to give assistance to such energy and such sacrifices.

"The first consul said, in 1797, in a proclamation to his army:—'The first quality required in a soldier is the power of supporting fatigues and privations. Courage is only a secondary one.' The first you are now displaying, who can deny you the possession of

the second? Therefore it is that your enemies, disseminated from Finland to the Caucasus, are seeking anxiously to discover the point upon which France and England will direct their attacks, which they foresee will be decisive; for right, justice, and warlike inspiration are on our side.

"Already Bomarsund and 2000 prisoners have just fallen into our power. Soldiers! you will follow the example of the army of Egypt. The conquerors of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor had, like you, to contend against warlike soldiers and against disease; but, in spite of pestilence and the efforts of three armies, they returned with honour to their country. Soldiers! have confidence in your general-in-chief and in me. I am watching over you, and I hope, with the assistance of God, soon to see a diminution of your sufferings and an increase of your glory.

"Soldiers! farewell till we meet again.

"NAPOLEON."

During the autumn an immense army, entitled "the Camp of the North," was assembled along the coast from Boulogne to St. Omer. This army was evidently intended as a menace both to Belgium and Germany, in case of any treachery from these quarters. It was well known that the King of Belgium, married to a daughter of Louis Philippe, who is said to inherit the intriguing spirit of her sire, did not sympathise with the Napoleon dynasty; and connected as the King of Belgium is by family ties with the Emperor of Russia, and the leading German sovereigns, he was not likely to show France any sympathy in the war. In fact, Brussels had been, from the beginning of hostilities, one of the foci of Russian and Austrian intrigue. It was only second to Vienna in this particular. Berlin could not compete with it as a place of Russian spies, and the Belgian court was rather more in the interest of Austria than of Russia. It was thence such influences were expected to come, as popular jealousy attributed in England to the British court. The presence of a large army encamped along the northern shores of France, with the ships of England ready to convey them whithersoever the allied policy might ordain, brought King Leopold to his senses, and he became very desirous, in company with his nephew (the husband also of his niece), the consort of the Queen of England, to pay court to the subtle emperor whose orders that army was ready to obey. Napoleon, believing that he could turn the visit to account, made splendid arrangements to receive the husband of his ally, the Queen of England, and his *quasi* well-wisher, the King of the Belgians. On the 2nd of September, the august guests, and the still more august host, met. On that day the emperor

arrived at Calais: the King of the Belgians, accompanied by his son, the heir of his throne, the Duke of Brabant, was there received by him. The two royal personages remained for nearly an hour *tête-à-tête*, when it was said sundry explanations were given by his Belgian majesty of certain doings at Brussels, which had not been particularly palatable to the emperor, and these explanations were with much frankness of manner accepted. On Sunday the 3rd, their majesties proceeded to Boulogne, and the emperor issued the following proclamation to his troops:—

“Soldiers!—In coming to take the command of that army of the north, a division of which has so recently distinguished itself in the Baltic, I ought already to address you in the language of praise; for you have now for two months gallily supported the fatigues and privations inseparable from a similar agglomeration of troops.

“The formation of camps is the best apprenticeship to war, because it is the faithful image of war; but it will not profit all if the reasons of the movements to be executed are not brought within the comprehension of every soldier.

“A numerous army is obliged to divide itself in order to subsist, so that it may not exhaust the resources of a country; and yet it ought to be able to reunite itself promptly on the field of battle. Here is one of the first difficulties of a great concourse of troops. ‘Every army,’ said the emperor, ‘that cannot reunite itself in twenty-four hours upon a given point is an army badly placed.’

“Ours occupies a triangle, of which St. Omer is the apex, and of which the base extends itself from Ambleteuse to Montreuil. This triangle has a base of eight leagues upon twelve of height, and all the troops can be concentrated in twenty-four hours upon any point of the triangle whatsoever. These movements can be effected with facility, if the soldier is accustomed to march—if he carries with ease his provisions and ammunition—if each *chef de corps* maintains on the march the severest discipline—if the different columns which direct themselves by different routes have well reconnoitred the ground, and never cease to maintain a communication with each other—in fine, if each army does not obstruct the march of the other, notwithstanding the immense hindrance of a great number of horses and vehicles. The troops once arrived at the place indicated, it is necessary that they should understand each other, that they should protect themselves by a military position, and bivouac.

“This is what you are about to be called upon to put in practice. Without at present speaking of the engagements and manœuvres

of military tactics, you see how all is linked together in the art of war, and how much the most simple detail must contribute to the general success.

“Soldiers! the experienced chiefs whom I have placed at your head, and the devotion which animates you, will render the command of the army of the north easy to me. You will be worthy of my confidence, and, if circumstances should exact it, you will be ready to respond to the appeal of our country.

“NAPOLEON.”

“Boulogne, September 2.”

His Belgian Majesty could not await the arrival of his highness the Prince Consort of England, affairs of importance requiring his departure. The same evening on which the above proclamation was issued (which bore date the previous day), the King of Belgium embarked for his own dominions, accompanied by the Duke of Brabant.

The next day, the King of Portugal, with his brother, the Duke of Oporto, arrived *via* Paris. This visit was also said to be one of political import; and expectations were entertained in Great Britain and France that Portugal would join the alliance, and furnish a contingent of troops in the pay of England. This idea was also entertained in Spain, and much jealousy in the court, and in political circles, was manifested at Madrid. In the evening of the same day, the royal guests and imperial host visited the camp at Honvault, and the ordinary manœuvres of a review were performed by the troops, grandiloquent descriptions of which crowded the columns of the Paris and London press. The king, like his predecessor in these royal visits, went away the very day he arrived, and directed his course to his royal relative at Brussels;—for where is the European king with which his Belgian majesty has not some matrimonial connexion or affinity?

The next day Prince Albert arrived. As the English were very numerous at Boulogne, the demonstrations of welcome were particularly cordial, and the French took every occasion, politely and heartily, to show their sympathy with their allies. On the afternoon of the same day, the emperor and prince, on horseback, visited the camps at Ambleteuse, Wimereux, and Honvault. The next day a grand review was held in honour of the prince. The most remarkable incident of the day was the brief address of the prince to the French staff at its close. His readiness of manner, and facility of expressing himself in French, as he complimented the French officers and army, was very gratifying to our polite neighbours, and won “golden opinions from all sorts of men.” The evening of the succeeding day, the emperor

gave a grand ball in honour of his guest, which was as brilliant as the presence of kings and princes was likely to make it. The day following this, the troops, to the amount of 25,000, were engaged in a sham battle. The emperor himself and General de Schramm were the antagonists. The general menaced Boulogne from the direction of Calais; the emperor defended it. The emperor, of course, drove back the invading general, after a hard-fought and brilliant battle, which chiefly displayed, as it was intended to do, the emperor's military skill. The prince departed the same night, and his departure was the most imposing spectacle that had been presented to the multitudinous sight-seers who thronged Boulogne and its neighbourhood. The streets brilliantly lighted; the rich cavalcade, with helmets and arms gleaming in the thousand lights; the ceremony of departure; the booming of cannon in the darkness, as the little squadron of steam yachts attendant upon the prince bore away from the shore, were well calculated to excite the imagination of the soldiers and the multitude.

Thus terminated a series of royal visits at the Boulogne camp, which were calculated to give an aspect of solidity to the emperor's dynasty; to leave an impression of his power in Europe, as well as upon the minds of his own subjects; to engage the attention of other nations; to send afar off to the czar, in his cold palaces, the intimation that there was might elsewhere in Europe as well as in St. Petersburg; that the war into which rash counsels and ambition had plunged the Cæsar of the North, was not merely with the inheritors of Byzantium, and of its decline as well as its glory, but with the thrones and peoples of the energetic and mighty West—the most civilised, wealthy, and yet warlike nations in the world.

The encampment at Boulogne led to many critical comparisons, in England, of the armies of the two nations; and while much confidence was expressed in the superiority of British troops, on the whole, points of unfavourable contrast were seized upon and discussed. One of the subjects which engaged the attention of the British public in this way was the inferior military education of the officers of our army, especially of the staff. Dissatisfaction was felt at the mode in which the staff appointments were almost invariably made; and many persons acquainted only superficially with military things were, nevertheless, able to predict ultimate misfortune from these appoint-

ments. Lord Raglan, instead of selecting men of superior military education, surrounded himself with his own relatives, and young men of family and fortune, many of whom proved to be utterly incompetent to perform what they undertook, as might have been easily foreseen from their previous habits and attainments, of which Lord Raglan could not have been ignorant. Officers of superior military knowledge, and who had received the highest testimonials from our military academies, and from foreign military colleges, were disregarded or refused employment, while young men of "good connexions" had assigned to them appointments of responsibility. A place on the staff was the sure road to promotion, and hence influence was exhausted to obtain such, merely to make it a stepping-stone to increased personal advantage—advantage gained at the expense of the army and the nation.

The incompetency of the subaltern officers became also a matter of discussion: strange reports were current in France about the incompetency of this class, and especially in the Guards; and these reports found their way into English society, and awakened serious apprehensions. The evil might be remedied by the promotion of non-commissioned officers; but to this the commissioned officers offered systematic opposition, from contempt for the humble origin of this most useful class of public servants. On all these matters, "that indomitable man" (as Sir William Napier calls him), the Duke of Wellington, warned the army and the country a quarter of a century before. His words were:—"The name, the character, the conduct, the family and relations, the fortune, the situation, the mental acquirements of his men, are the sole thoughts of the Prussian subaltern, who carries into execution the discipline of the company to which he belongs, with the men of which he lives as companion, friend, and adviser."

We must now turn our attention to an uninviting field of contemplation—to the diplomatic world, and the intrigues which prevailed at the German courts. He who reads the history of this war will, however, have perused it to little purpose, as to any penetrating view of its origin and the causes of its continuance, if he neglect the study of this department of its records. Navies and armies were, after all, in the hands of the diplomatists; and in the protocols and conventions of the powers we see their motives and aims reflected.

CHAPTER XXX.

DIPLOMACY.

"It is now too late to save European freedom by mere diplomacy."—NEWMAN'S *Crimes of the House of Hapsburg*.

THE history of the diplomacy of the summer of 1854, in connection with the war, affords no very favourable exemplification of human nature. In France, ministers are not called to popular account as in England, but intrigue was busy there. Strong dissatisfaction with the French Minister for Foreign Affairs existed among the more liberal sections of the emperor's supporters; and the ultra-liberal sections of the community were furious against him for his real or seeming sympathy with Austria.

In England the people supported the government, although public confidence in Lord Aberdeen and his cabinet rapidly waned. The noble lord at the head of the government had an unfortunate tendency, in debate, to utter *mal à propos* eulogies of Russia, and expressions of confidence in the czar, which inflamed the public mind against him. Lord Lyndhurst denounced, in eloquent language, in the Lords, the inadequate character of the measures taken for the prosecution of the war; the reply of the premier was ill-tempered and undignified, and he enunciated principles which deprived him of all public confidence as a minister of her majesty in time of war with Russia. From February to August, during which the session of parliament lasted, the Commons supported the existence of the government, but perpetually blamed its acts. Lord Dudley Stuart, Mr. Hume, Mr. Roebuck, and other popular members, in patriotic and loyal language, denounced the shortcomings of the government; and called upon its members, by appeals to their honour and patriotism, to gird themselves for the conflict before them, and to wage the war of their country in a mode becoming its greatness. These appeals were in vain; the government was not in earnest; it professed much, and did nothing well. The common people nick-named it the "half-and-half" government; and the Lords and Commons afforded it a reluctant support. Changes were made in its distribution of members and offices in conformity with public demands; and Lord John Russell, who had no functions, accepted the important post of President of the Council. The departments of war and colonial administration being separated, the Duke of Newcastle, the Colonial Minister, retained the ministry of war, and Sir George Grey became the very inefficient administrator of the affairs of the Colonial Office. Intrigues in favour of a dishonourable peace were con-

stantly attributed to influential persons connected with the government; and the public lost confidence in the foreign agents of England, as well as in her cabinet at home. This state of feeling, well known abroad, no doubt weakened the influence of the English government in the diplomatic contests of the period.

Exertions were made by the allied governments, during the summer of 1854, to draw Austria into the alliance. At times these efforts seemed on the point of being successful, but something always happened which checked the apparent warlike aspirations of the young emperor. At one time it was the tone of the English parliament, at another of the English press: again, certain proceedings of both governments, which appeared like a desire to form a Polish legion, wounded the young emperor's sensitiveness. The indulgence given to Kossuth and Mazzini in England, and the freedom of speech and publication allowed to them, offended the Austrian army, government, and court; then the dissatisfaction was with the influence the allies exercised in Italy: anon, the Porte gave offence. At last, after sulking with the allies, some faint tint of promise would appear in the manner and expressions of the Vienna diplomatists—hopes that might be said to resemble in their faintness "the photographs of delicate marine plants." After all this versatility, the emperor would make some bold speech, or perform some gracious act; and Prussia would take alarm, and call upon Germany to remonstrate against the bellicose tendencies of the great southern power. This would bring the Austrian diplomatists with a whining tone to the allies, as though Austria was very much injured, very much to be pitied; and, instead of the Western powers manifesting any indignation, they should administer some sweet anodyne for the pains of an ally whose repose all were so willing to disturb. Then recriminations and explanations would take place between the Austrian government and the other governments all round, beginning with that of St. Petersburg, which would assure it that the aggregation of troops in Galicia and Poland were not intended as a menace to Austria, but only strategical, or precautionary, or for their easier support, or to repress some indications of a disposition friendly to the allies. Thus Austria was literally

"Everything by turns, and nothing long."

There was much to be said on her behalf as to her difficulties with Germany: the jealousy of Prussia, the seditious state of her provinces, the perils of an exposed frontier in presence of the best legions of the czar, the ruined state of her finance, and the pro-Russian spirit of her army; but, with all these allowances, her mode of procedure was artful, disingenuous, and selfish. She was ever grasping after special advantage, heedless of the general weal; full of empty bravado, yet constantly debasing herself by cowardly apprehensions. No great state, not actually at war, was ever beset with more real difficulties; and none ever met difficulties with less boldness, dignity, or honour. A specimen of these repeated tergiversations may be studied by the reader in the following picture of Austria, as seen through a Berlin medium, during the month of June:—

“All the news we receive from Austria coincides on one point, viz., that a sudden halt has intervened in the apparently energetic measures which the young emperor gave the world to believe he was about to take. The details of the cessation of the military preparations, and the marching of troops towards the north-east frontier, will doubtless, by the time you receive this, have been reported you from Vienna. One cause of a somewhat altered feeling on the subject of the war has been traced to a certain Bavarian influence, which the young emperor has very much at heart—but no great stress need be laid on this. Russia's assurances that the movements of her troops in Poland, and along the frontier of Galicia and the Bukowina, have no reference to Austria, and further, that her troops in the Danubian Principalities will not for the present advance beyond Silistria and Trajan's wall, but observe a defensive position along the Danube, seem to have met with some credence, backed as they are by the fact that the Russians are taking up a position on the Pruth and Sereth, and strengthening it. But more urgent ground for holding hands at present is to be found, according to Austrian views, in the general bearing of Prince Napoleon at Constantople, more particularly his advocacy and patronage of the plan for forming a Polish legion in Turkish Servia. The remonstrances made to him on the subject by Baron Bruck have been met by the prince in a very cavalier manner, and the result is a considerable advantage to the Russian cause, by this fit of Austrian paralysis.”

Justice demands that the character of the Austrian relations to the allies should not be read in the light of Frederick William's lamp only. Her defence against the imputation of time-serving, put in her own way, is necessary to impartial history. The *Triester Zeitung*, a publication in her interests, under the question of “Why does Austria delay?” written when

the allied armies were at Varna, thus puts the case *ex parte* for Austria. No maxim more just than that so often quoted, “*Audi alteram partem*,” the quotation of the *Triester Zeitung* fulfils that obligation:—

“At the commencement of the conflict, everybody believed and feared that Austria would go with Russia. It did not take place. Hereupon the very opposite extreme was demanded of Austria. This demand, however, required but little consideration of particular circumstances, in order to render its unreasonableness easily comprehensible; the more so, as even in England and France, a tedious state of transition became necessary until the real, or at least the ostensible friendship, was transformed into enmity. With regard to the object, Austria was perfectly agreed with the Western powers; and in respect to the means she adopted during the first stage of the question, precisely the same as was done by France and England. When the fleets of these latter powers approached the scene of hostilities, Austria assembled an armed force on the same point. At first, however, it was only a corps of observation, but the combined fleets had, during the whole of this period, themselves done no more than observe. Nay, more than this—the fleets had not, in the slightest degree impeded the operations of the Russian forces, whilst the exhibition of a large Austrian armed corps had an influence upon their actions which was of decided importance. The principle was unanimously laid down, that the struggle should—nay, must—be confined to the smallest possible space. For the interests of Europe at large, no less than for her own, it was held to be indispensable that Austria should uphold this principle as long as possible; for France and England could assist the Turks without the struggle necessarily exceeding the limits of the Turkish dominions. Even after the independent declaration of war issued by the two Western powers, it was held that the flames of war might still be restricted to the Ottoman and Russian dominions at least. The instant, however, that Austria takes an active part in the war against Russia, this limitation ceases. For the latter would at once transfer the fearful contest across to the Austrian territory; Germany would be also drawn into it; and thus it would gain an immense but an indefinite extension, and might lead to entirely unlooked-for results. England and France are now in the happy position of being able to fight the battle out on foreign ground, without having anything whatever to apprehend for their own territories; whilst Austria, on the other hand, has the painful certainty of having to see the dangers and horrors of the war introduced into her own dominions. To all this must be superadded the fact that Russia can employ against Austria weapons which would not be available against

England and France. On this head we need only remark, that there are living in Austria, at present, several millions of orthodox Greeks, and there are also no less than 16,000,000 of Slaves (or Slavonians) there."

In the fifteenth chapter, the reader will find copies of the conventions between Austria and Prussia, offensive and defensive; and also of the protocol formed at the Vienna conference of the 23rd of May, in order to reassure the allies, whose confidence had been shaken by the private treaty between Austria and Prussia. The Vienna and Berlin governments addressed a memorandum to the German Diet, which neutralised in a great measure the moral effect of that protocol; and showed that the policy of both courts was to confederate all Germany, for the purpose of sustaining either, in case events should lead it to proclaim a final neutrality, or to offer, on some pretext, an armed resistance to the allies.

The following is a true translation of the identical and collective memorandum relative to the Eastern question and Austro-Prussian Convention, which the Vienna and Berlin cabinets transmitted to their envoys at the Diet:—

The Envoys are charged with the following communication:—When the complications that had arisen in the East were discussed (*besprochen*) in this high assembly upon the 10th of November last, war between Russia and Turkey had, it is true, already broken out: but the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin were still entitled to cherish and express the hope that the united efforts of European powers would succeed in bringing about an understanding between the belligerent parties, and in maintaining the blessings of peace for the rest of Europe.

This hope has not, unfortunately, arrived at fulfilment. France and Great Britain have taken part as allies (*Bundesgenossen*) of Turkey in the war against Russia; and Austria, which had then (*damals*) strengthened its pacific hopes, even by readily reducing its army, has deemed it necessary now to place a considerable military force upon the southern frontier of her empire.

The High Diet (*Bundesversammlung*) will not accept a wearisome (*erschöpfende*) detail of negotiations and facts which have preceded the present state of affairs. These appertain partly to general publicity, or have been partly brought to the knowledge of individual governments.

Few observations will suffice to indicate and justify the point of view whence Austria and Prussia think they must make (*machen zu müssen glauben*) the present communication to their high allies.

Both Cabinets have agreed with (*sich begegneten*) those of Paris and London in the conviction that the conflict between Russia and Turkey could not be prolonged without affecting (*berühren*) the general interests of Europe, and those also of their own States. They acknowledged in common that the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the independence of the Sultan's government, are necessary conditions of the political balance, and that the war should, under no circumstances, have for result any change in existing territorial positions. The respective declarations and assurances of the belligerent parties offered a prospect of success to the mediatory activity of the Four Powers represented in conference at Vienna. The particulars of these negotiations, and the grounds of their failure, are apparent from the five protocols of this conference, which are herewith laid before the High Diet. The last of these shows that, albeit France and Great Britain have meantime entered into the war against Russia, the four Cabinets invariably

adhere to the principles proclaimed heretofore by them in common, and have united in regard to the basis (*princip*) on which to deliberate in common as relates to the appropriate (*geeigneten*) means for attaining the object of their endeavours (*einvernehmens*).

The august Courts of Vienna and Berlin have acknowledged, under these serious circumstances, an augmented summons to avail themselves conscientiously of the relations of most intimate confidence and long-preserved friendship, which bind one to the other, to test the dangers which have emanated from existing circumstances, within the circle of their power, and which require persisting (*nachhaltigen*) remedies. They have not been able to disavow (*erkennen*) that the prolongation of the development of military force on the Lower Danube is inconsistent (*unvereinbar*) with the most important neighbouring interests of Austria, and also with those of Germany. Not only will existing political state relations (*macht verhältnissen*) be menaced in a manner detrimental to Germany, but will most acutely prejudice the development of its material welfare (*materiellen Wohlfahrt in empfindlichster weise beeinträchtigt werden*).

Impressed with this conviction, the Courts of Austria and Prussia address themselves with confidence to their German allies.

They have already expressed to individual governments their intimate conviction, and they hold it to be their duty so to do also within the circle of the Diet, that the interests for which they answer in the midst of pending complications are, according to their very essence (*wesen*), also the interests of entire Germany.

It seems to them to be a requirement (*forderung*) of the political position of Germany—an element of her conservative (*erhaltenen*) policy—a condition of natural development for her national wealth—that in the countries of the Lower Danube there should exist a well-regulated (*geordnete*) state of affairs suitable to the interests of Middle Europe.

The industry and commerce of Germany open for themselves in the East a wider and more fruitful field for competition with other nations—a territory which must acquire greater importance for the estimation of German intelligence and manufacturing strength the more quickly articles of general cultivation and relations of traffic are extended. The material interests of Germany are susceptible of most powerful elevation through the great water channels to the East, and it is thence generally incumbent (*ein allgemeines Anliegen*) on Germany to secure, as much as possible, the freedom of Danubian commerce, and not to witness (*zusehen*) the material animation of water communications with the East repressed by restrictions (*durch Beschränkungen zurückgeedrängt*).

But the two Powers not only regard it to be the essential (*hohe*) general interest, but also the inviolable political duty of German federal governments to take care (*zuvahren*) that the pre-existing state relations of European great states shall not be altered to the prejudice of Germany by the present war. If the German Confederation was constituted in order that the national link of Germans should be maintained, and Germany exist in regard to external relations as a united global power in a political point of view, then will the strength of the Confederation have principally to prove itself amply sufficient against all local dangers within its range, and to determine the rank which people (states?) are henceforth to take among themselves.

The closely allied Courts of Austria and Prussia, while they maintain as European powers their point of view in its present position, think they have at the same time faithfully fulfilled their duties as members of the German Confederation. They therefore may (*dürfen*) entertain firm confidence that their high federal allies will all (*insgesamt*) be ready to adhere to the position assumed in common by them. Their mission is still at this moment that of preparation (*vorbereitung*) for all eventualities; and both august monarchs will certainly esteem themselves fortunate should coming events not entail the necessity of further intervention (*weiterer einschreitens*). Final decision still belongs to the future, and Austria and Prussia cannot intend to anticipate the judgment of their allies upon that which already, in the present state of affairs, calls for mature caution in favour of the general interests of Germany.

A double object, however, forms, under all circumstances, the groundwork of their present communication. They entertain for themselves (*junsich selbet*) the liveliest wishes to obtain the tranquillising assurance that the attitude which they have observed during the constantly increasing gravity or configuration of pending questions will meet with the approbation of their German allies. It has thus become a case of most urgent necessity that the decision of all members of the Confederation should be made known (*sich kund geben*) through the constitutional organ of its will and proceedings (*handelns*), and that they stand firm and true by each other under the probations which the approaching future may bring upon our common fatherland.

The more Germany shows itself in assured (*verburghter*) unity and undivided strength, with so much greater emphasis will she maintain the honourable position appointed for her, and contribute effectually to the promotion of universal peace.

Shortly after the two great German governments presented the foregoing memorandum to the Diet, their sovereigns met at Tetschen, and discussed the great subject *visà voce*. It is unnecessary even to conjecture the issue, but it became currently believed that much of the apparent opposition between the cabinets of these sovereigns was subsequently assumed the better to cover their real policy, and to evade the pressure of the Western powers upon them, to take their part in the general defence of Europe. About this time the governments of several of the minor German states drew up a memorandum of their opinions upon the war, and its bearing upon the interests of Germany. The document was wholly in the interest of the czar, and notoriously instigated by his agents. This document was called the Bamberg Memorandum, having been drawn up and signed at that place. The citizens of the inferior German states repudiated the whole affair, and it had no other influence than to draw down the ridicule of Europe upon the heads of its ostensible authors. To avoid the tedium of the document, we give instead an able analysis which had the reputation of being inspired by the English Foreign-office, and which places the whole affair in the light in which it was the policy of both the French and English governments to have it regarded.

"In that impertinent document, Bavaria, Saxony, and certain other states even more insignificant, assume the right of pronouncing an opinion on the colossal struggle in which they are neither able nor willing to take a part. The petty German governments recommend that Austria and Prussia should assume a more conciliatory and deferential tone towards Russia; and they declare that the demand for the evacuation of the principalities ought to be accompanied by a summons to the Western powers to effect a simultaneous retreat from the Black Sea and from the Turkish territory.

"It is an old saying, that reasoning is like a bolt from a crossbow, while opinion derives its force, like an arrow, from the strength of

the archer. And it is certainly true that, in international transactions, theory holds but a secondary place. In estimating the weight and value of a diplomatic declaration, the question is not, speaking generally, whether a proposition is sound, but whether it expresses the policy of a power capable of giving effect to its decisions. The late manifesto of the German Caucus is, however, equally insignificant in either point of view. No analogy can be more transparently false than the comparison between the czar's hostile occupation of the Danubian provinces, and the presence of the French and English forces in Turkey, for the aid, and at the request, of the sultan. It seems to be completely forgotten by the authors of the Bamberg note that the tripartite treaty between the Porte and the Western powers expressly provides for the withdrawal of the allied armies within six weeks after the conclusion of peace. The assumption that Russia has a right to the exclusive possession of the Black Sea is even more ignorant and offensive; and if the Dardanelles are hereafter to be closed to ships of war, England and France must first be satisfied that a renewal of the former treaties will conduce to their own advantage. The absurdity, however, of the suggestions offered to the two great German powers is almost lost in the extravagance of the pretensions which such an interference involves. Austria and Prussia, with large armies ready to take the field, necessarily command a hearing when they express an opinion on the affairs of Europe; but Bavaria and her confederates, who can neither aid nor thwart the belligerents, are merely transgressing their proper province when they affect to advise or to mediate.

"The contempt which these ill-judged proceedings irresistibly provoke, in no degree applies to that part of the German nation which has the misfortune to be parcelled out amongst petty and powerless states. The people of Saxony and of Suabia are equal, in all respects, to the inhabitants of the most civilised portions of Europe; but circumstances deprive their governments of all political weight, and lead them to favour a cause which is universally odious among their subjects. It is understood that the resolutions of the Bamberg conventicle have been directly suggested by Russia; and, in acknowledging the services rendered to Germany by the court of St. Petersburg, the minor courts virtually declare that they are supported by foreign protection, irrespectively of the wishes and feelings of the people. To the German nation Russia has rendered no service, except to threaten its independence, and to paralyse its action.

"The petty governments assert, in sounding phraseology, that the union of Germany would

render it impossible for the allies to continue the war. It would have been more to the purpose if, instead of making a statement which is both untrue in itself and replete with false assumptions, they had said that England and France would have been relieved from their painful and glorious task, had the great central nation of Europe been ready to do its duty. It is not by any wish of the Western powers that they have undertaken alone the office which no state could decline without sinking—temporarily, at least—into a secondary rank. There was no difference of opinion, in any quarter, as to the merits of the quarrel which Russia has forced upon Turkey. It was the interest of all governments to prevent a wanton violation of the peace by rendering war dangerous to the aggressor; and the destruction of the Ottoman Empire would be more immediately injurious to Germany than to the remoter nations of the West. Unfortunately, however, dynastic scruples paralysed Prussia, and Austria was, in the first instance, hampered by the untoward results of former transactions. The minor German states were helpless in their chronic insignificance, while their governments were, with few exceptions, dependent upon Russia. Under these circumstances, England and France assumed the post of honour and of danger, and they will certainly wait for no permission to accomplish the work which they have begun."

As a fruit of the conference at Tetschen, between the two great German potentates, the King of Prussia invited his imperial brother-in-law to meet him in one of the frontier towns of their dominions, for the purpose of a conference in the interests of peace. The *Suabian Mercury* thus notices the invitation:—"The last and most decisive step for the solution of the Eastern question has just been taken. The Count de Beukendorf is the bearer of an autograph letter from our sovereign to his august brother-in-law, in which he earnestly invites him to an interview on the frontier. All the non-official and semi-official refutations of this intelligence merit no confidence. It is on account of the projected interview that the Prince of Prussia is to be with the king at Königsberg. The inspection of the regiments of infantry in Prussia, and in the grand duchy of Nassau, is only a pretext. If the Emperor of Russia does not accept the invitation, and if the reply to the Austrian note of the 3rd be negative, the mobilisation of 150,000 men will take place immediately after the return of the king."

The czar did not accept the invitation, ill health really preventing him; but he sent a distinguished general of his staff to felicitate the king upon his good health, and to compliment his majesty in the name of his relative

and ally. It was supposed that the meeting was not one of mere ceremony, and that the general had authority to discuss with his majesty or his minister the topics in reference to which the czar was invited to the meeting. The Austrian summons to the czar to evacuate the principalities (elsewhere already referred to) was presumed to be the subject of the proposed conference. On that point the czar was advised by his physicians to hold no personal discussion, as the irritability into which all allusion to it threw him, acted injuriously upon his brain, and serious symptoms were occasionally manifested. Meanwhile troops were concentrated upon the Austrian frontier, and, to all appearance, Nicholas was determined, *per fas aut nefas*, to wage war for the glory of the orthodox Church, and his orthodox self, against the world. As his Prussian majesty could not discuss matters *viva voce* with the great emperor, he employed himself in replying to the Bamberg Memorandum, in terms apparently conciliatory, but bearing a *couchant* rebuke. The despatch amounted to a declaration that whatever Austria and Prussia agreed together to perform, the self-constituted Bamberg monitors of those powers had better consider as matters for conformity rather than criticism or counsel.

These memoranda from the great German powers to the small ones, and from the latter to the former, engaged the attention of the British legislature; and Lord Lyndhurst insisted in the House of Peers, that the object of the German powers altogether was to involve the allies in a guarantee for the integrity of Russian territory, whatever might be the issue of the war. Lord Derby supported Lord Lyndhurst in demanding from the government what was their policy in that particular. Lord Clarendon replied, in terms ingenious and plausible, but unsatisfactory; and Lord Aberdeen, without even the doubtful merit of being plausible, was still less satisfactory than his Minister for Foreign Affairs. The proceedings of the German governments, great and small, excited in England the uttermost distrust, and the supposed acquiescence of their own government in these measures still more crowned the unpopularity of the British ministry.

At last the reply of the cabinet of St. Petersburg to that of Vienna, touching the evacuation of the principalities, saw the light. In recording events connected with the expulsion of the Russians from Wallachia and Moldavia, such reference was made to the czar's reply to the Austrian summons as bore upon these transactions. But the document was intended by the St. Petersburg government as a pronouncement full and final upon the whole question of the war, and as to what terms of peace

would be admissible by Russia, it is therefore given below :—

COUNT NESSELRODE TO PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, ENVOY FROM RUSSIA AT VIENNA.

St. Petersburg, June 17 (29), 1854.

PRINCE.—Count Esterhazy has communicated to me the despatch in which his Cabinet invites us to put a stop to the actual crisis, by ceasing to extend our trans-Danubian operations, and by evacuating the Principalities at the earliest period possible.

Count Buol, pleading as the reason for this desire the Austrian and German interests, which would be compromised by the prolongation and extension of the struggle on the Danube, goes upon the assumption that our occupation of the Principalities has been the principal cause of the war. We must request him to make some qualifications to this assertion.

The occupation of the Principalities did not prevent negotiations from being commenced and carried on. It did not provoke the abandonment of the Vienna Note, the rejection of the propositions made at Olmutz, with the concurrence and approbation of Austria, any more than it prevented the complete alteration of all the anterior bases of negotiation; and, although all the endeavours after conciliation have since then failed, the Austrian Cabinet cannot be ignorant that this has resulted from incidents and motives more complicated; on the subject of which we prefer being silent at present, in order to avoid unpleasant recriminations. We have replied by our silence to the summons of France and England, because it came in an insulting shape, preceded by open provocation, and was destitute of all conditions of reciprocity. If war has resulted, it is but just to impute the cause less to the nature of our answer than to the tone and the terms which provoked it.

However this may be, if, in the opinion of the Austrian government, the prolonged occupation of the Principalities has been the cause of the war, it should follow that, upon the cessation of the occupation, war will cease by the very fact, seeing that hostilities will be suspended.

Is the Cabinet of Vienna prepared to give us satisfactory assurance on this point?

It cannot escape the attention of the Cabinet that, from the moment when the Porte declared war against us, and particularly since, the circle of the war, being transported beyond Turkey to our seas and shores, has been immensely enlarged; the occupation of the Principalities, whatever may have been its original character, has now become nothing else than a *military position* for us, the maintenance or abandonment of which must be wholly subordinate to strategic considerations. It is self-evident, therefore, that before depriving ourselves out of regard to the situation of Austria, of the sole point from which, pushing forward on the offensive, we have some chances left of re-establishing in our favour the equilibrium, which is universally against us elsewhere, we should know what securities Austria can offer us. For if hostilities continue—if the powers, freed from all apprehension in Turkey, are left at liberty either to follow us up on the evacuated territory, or to carry all their disposable forces elsewhere for the future, to invade our European or Asiatic shores, in order to impose upon us unacceptable conditions—it is evident that Austria will have asked us to weaken ourselves morally and physically by a sacrifice for which no equivalent is offered.

To demand of Russia to give herself entirely up to the mercy of her enemies, when they do not pretend to conceal their intention to destroy or diminish her power; to expose her to all the attacks which it suits their convenience to make, reducing her everywhere to the defensive; to take away from her, in short, every means of procuring a peace without ruinous or dishonourable conditions, would be an act so contrary to all the laws of equity, to all the principles of military honour, that we cannot but believe that such a thought could never enter into the mind of his Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph.

In communicating to us the protocol of the 9th of April, the Court of Vienna lays stress on the positive engagement which it has made with the Western Powers, to bring about by all its means the final evacuation of the Principalities; but, in making this engagement, Austria could

not give up the privilege of choosing the means best calculated for the fulfilment of her obligations, and this would be to place Russia in a condition to proceed to the evacuation with honour and security. The obligation even which she has contracted, gives her, on the contrary, the right of insisting that the other powers shall not hinder the success of her efforts by their demands. The same thing holds with respect to the Austrian and German commercial interests, which have been pleaded against the extension of our military enterprises. They authorise the Cabinet of Vienna to make use to the two Powers of the same reasons as those which she urges against us; for, if the interests of Austria and all Germany suffer for the moment by our operations on the Danube, *à fortiori* they will suffer, and still more heavily, like those of all neutral states, by the condition of things brought on by the maritime operations of France and England in the Euxine, the North Sea, and the Baltic.

Let the Austrian Government then, after weighing these considerations, come to an explanation with us on the subject of the guarantees of security which they can give us; and the Emperor may then, in deference to the wishes and interests of Germany, feel disposed to enter into negotiations touching the precise period of the evacuation. The Cabinet of Vienna may be assured beforehand that his Majesty shares, in the same degree as itself, the desire of putting as soon as possible an end to the crisis which hangs over all European affairs at the present moment. Our august master still wishes, as he always has wished, for peace. He does not wish, we have repeated, and we repeat again, either to prolong indefinitely the occupation of the Principalities, or to establish himself there permanently, or to incorporate them into his states—still less to overthrow the Ottoman Empire. With respect to this, he has no difficulty in subscribing to the three principles laid down in the protocol of the 9th of April.

(1.) *Integrity of Turkey.*—This point is only in accordance with all that has been enunciated by us up to the present time; and the principle will not be threatened by us as long as it is respected by those who are now occupying the waters and territories of the Sultan.

(2.) *Evacuation of the Principalities.*—We are ready to begin with this on receiving fitting guarantees.

(3.) *Consolidation of the Rights of Christians in Turkey.*—Setting out from the idea that the civil rights to be obtained for all the Christian subjects of the Porte are inseparable from religious rights—as is stipulated by the protocol—and would, in fact, become valueless to our co-religionists if in acquiring new rights they should lose the old, we have already declared that, if this were the case, the demands made by the Emperor on the Porte would be fulfilled, the cause of the dispute done away with, and his majesty would be ready to give his concurrence to a European guarantee for these privileges. Such being the disposition of the Emperor on the principal points indicated in the protocol, it appears to us, Prince, that it would not be difficult to accomplish a peace on this triple basis; or, at least, prepare negotiations for it by means of an armistice.

Your Excellency will be so kind as to express a hope of this kind to the Austrian Cabinet in communicating these despatches.

NESSELRODE.

That such a representation of the quarrel between the great powers should be permitted to go forth before Europe was impossible. This despatch of Count Nesselrode's was one of the most artful of his diplomatic papers, possessing the air of candour and dignity which that accomplished diplomatist knows so well how to maintain in the state papers and despatches committed to his management. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs was equally gifted in detecting the peculiar artifices of his Muscovite antagonist, in unveiling his designs, and unravelling his sophisms. To him the allied governments consigned the task of a reply,

designed to circulate throughout Europe and the world, and intended to confute the arguments and pretences the Russian minister had so ingeniously set up. The insertion of this document is not requisite; it is only necessary to say that it produced throughout Europe a strong conviction as to the justice of the allied cause. Austria also delivered an answer to the Russian despatch; and the following translation of the reply of Count Buol to the Nesselrode note of the 29th of June, shows that Austria had been doing its best to keep back the Crimean expedition:—

TO COUNT VALENTINE ESTERHAZY, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Vienna, July 9.

Prince Gortschakoff has communicated to me a despatch of M. the Chancellor of the Empire, which contains the answer of the Russian Government respecting the invitation which we felt called to address to it with the object of procuring the withdrawal of the Russian troops from Wallachia and Moldavia. In this answer Russia exhibits an inclination to enter into negotiations respecting the precise execution of this evacuation, on the understanding that we guarantee that the Russian troops shall not be molested in their homeward march, and that the powers shall not employ their disposable forces in an attack upon the Asiatic or European coast of Russia. The Russian Cabinet urges on us the consideration that it cannot voluntarily give up the only military position in which, supposing it to act on the offensive, there would be a prospect of restoring the balance in its favour. In one word, Russia desires that the evacuation of the Principalities shall have a general cessation of hostilities as its result. We cannot, of course, but regret that the Russian Court should have thought fit, in opposition to the remarks which we were compelled to introduce in our communication to it, to make the reception of our proposition dependent on circumstances obviously not under our control. Since, however, in our opinion, the request of Russia has its reasonable aspect, and his Majesty, our exalted master, holds it desirable to exhaust even the last means which appears calculated to bring about an understanding, the Imperial Cabinet will take pains to utilise this communication with the Maritime Powers, and the more so as in its connection it appears to convey an earnest desire to attain to an adjustment. But while you bring this to the knowledge of Count Nesselrode, be good enough to make him understand very clearly that, notwithstanding the conciliatory spirit which compels us to make this effort at London and Paris, we are compelled to insist upon the request in its fullest extent which we have directed to Russia, although we may not succeed in obtaining for our proposal that acceptance which we shall seek at the Maritime Courts. Please further to urge that, since the position which we have taken up in this affair does not empower us to exert a direct influence upon the military operations of the two Powers, our action is limited to recommending to their deliberate consideration the consequences which their decision may entail, and to represent to them that in our opinion all governments appear to us to be equally called to join together in their endeavours after peace, by making all sacrifices not positively irreconcilable with their honour and their interest.

(Signed) BroL.

Before completing this weary round of diplomatic logomachy, it is necessary to inform our readers that "another note" was presented to Russia by the Austrian government, recommending "the four points" as a basis of negotiations for peace. The Austrian note is a verbose document, and the recommendations it contains were weakly supported; yet it is

necessary to encumber our pages with it, as the after conduct of the war turned upon its demands. The following is the despatch addressed by Count Buol to Count Esterhazy, setting forth to the cabinet of St. Petersburg the four points laid down as a *sine quâ non* basis for an arrangement with Russia:—

Vienna, August 10.

I had the honour to make known to you, by my despatch of the 9th ult., the impression which has been produced on the Imperial Cabinet by the communications which Prince Gortschakoff was charged by his Government to make to it, as well as our intention to make known to the Maritime Powers the elements contained in those communications, which might serve as the bases for negotiations for the re-establishment of peace. Although we do not conceal from ourselves the difficulties of this mission, since the overtures of Russia only imperfectly respond to the demands which we ourselves had addressed to her, we have not yet considered it our duty to point out to the Maritime Powers in what spirit the Emperor, our august master, desired to see them received, in attaching a particular importance to the resolutions which those Powers might come to. We have reminded the Cabinets of Paris and London that the common efforts of the Powers ought to be invariably directed towards the re-establishment of a solid and durable peace. We have expressed to them the opinion that no Power ought to expose itself to the reproach of having neglected any means calculated to put an end to the horrors of war; and we have concluded that the Maritime Powers would conscientiously weigh the question as to whether the reply of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg did, or did not, contain the germs of an understanding which might lead to a definitive pacification. The Cabinet of the Emperor endeavoured to procure for the overtures of the Court of Russia a reception by the Maritime Powers, so that happy results might be obtained from them. We are, nevertheless, compelled to state that the first effect produced on the French and English Governments by the communication of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, has not answered our expectation. The French and English Cabinets persist in considering the evacuation of the Principalities as the preliminary condition of any understanding; and they are astonished that Count de Nesselrode should pretend that the integrity of the Ottoman territory will not be threatened by Russia so long as it shall be respected by the Powers who occupy the waters and territory of the Sultan. These Cabinets have warmly rejected the analogy which the despatch of the Chancellor of the Russian Empire seeks to establish between the presence of the allied troops, which was demanded by the Sublime Porte, and which took place in virtue of a diplomatic document, the effects of which must cease by common accord, and the fact of the entrance of the Russian troops on the Ottoman territory. As far as regards the religious question, the Courts of Paris and London think they see that, in the opinion of Russia, the religious protection which she pretends to exercise over the Greeks of the oriental rite ought to be founded on a European guarantee; and they cannot understand how the independence of the sovereignty of the Porte could exist with such a system. The Courts of France and England, while proclaiming the interest which they take in the amelioration of the condition of the rayahs, nevertheless think that the reforms which are to be introduced in the administrative regulations should emanate from the initiative of the Ottoman Government, and that any foreign action on that subject can only be in the form of good advice, and not by an intervention based on treaties which no power could sign without renouncing its independence. The Cabinets of Paris and London have, in fine, observed that the Russian Cabinet had avoided touching on that point of the protocol which ought to have excited its particular attention, and which was, in the opinion of those Cabinets, of the greatest importance, as it implied the necessity of sufficient guarantees against any fresh attacks upon the balance of power in Europe. The Governments of France and England think that the sacrifices which they have made are too great, and the objects they have

in view too important, for them to allow themselves to be stopped until they are certain of not having to recommence the war. From all these motives the Maritime Powers have thought it their duty to reject peremptorily any proposition which might lead to a suspension of hostilities on their part, and they have even hesitated to declare their opinion on the conditions of a treaty of peace, because those conditions depend too much on eventualities for them to be determined on at present. On our urgent representations, these Powers have, however, consented to make known at present, under the reserve of such modifications as circumstances may render necessary, the guarantees which appear to them indispensable to found solid bases for the re-establishment of peace, and the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and they leave to us the liberty, if we think proper, of declaring our opinion on the subject in our own name to Russia. These guarantees are pointed out in the identical note, of which the copy is subjoined, and which the representatives of France and England have addressed to the Imperial Cabinet, and as they agree with the principles laid down in the protocol of the 9th of April, they are consequently in conformity with our own views. The Imperial Cabinet, which sees no other practical means of entering on the path of negotiations than the acceptance of them by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, warmly recommends them to the serious attention of that Cabinet. In reading the present despatch to the Count de Nesselrode, and leaving him a copy of it, point out all the motives which speak in favour of an unreserved acceptance of the bases on which alone we think it possible to put an end to the calamities of war which have already cost so many sacrifices, and which must inevitably acquire increased extension. Austria sees in the free acceptance of these bases the only necessary condition for a solid peace, and the chance of a general understanding. If the Cabinet of St. Petersburg accede to the four guarantees in question, it may rely on our zeal for the serious representations which we shall address to the Maritime Powers, in order to induce them to open negotiations as soon as possible on these bases, and to obtain at the same time the suspension of military operations. We once more conjure the Court of Russia to consider the immense importance of the resolution which it is about to come to; and it is unnecessary for us to recommend you to employ all the means in your power, in order to cause that resolution to be in favour of peace. As the importance of the state of affairs will explain the impatience with which we await the reply that will be given to you by the Russian Cabinet, I beg you transmit it to us as soon as possible. Accept, &c.

BUOL.

The following letter was addressed by M. de Manteuffel, the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Baron de Werther, the Prussian Minister at St. Petersburg:—

Berlin, August 13.

I had the honour to transmit to you, with my despatch of the 5th inst., a copy of that which I addressed on the 29th ult. to the representatives of the King at Paris and in London, in order to communicate to those Cabinets our impressions on the Russian replies of the 29th and 30th June, and to express to them our hope that they would agree with us in seeing therein the elements of an understanding and of negotiation. Although we have not received either from London or from Paris any direct reply to these overtures, confidential and verbal communications which have been made to us will not allow us to conceal from ourselves that the manner in which the Governments of France and England appreciate the Russian declarations differs essentially from ours, and that there is little of a nature to offer to us a common starting point. It was particularly the prolonged presence of the Russian troops in the Principalities which, in the opinion of the Western Powers, would prevent them from attaching any practical value to the pacific enunciations of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The adhesion to the principles laid down in the protocol of the 9th April, did not, moreover, appear to them sufficiently complete, since it makes no mention of the guarantees which, according to

the same protocol, were to be sought for, in order to more closely attach the existence of Turkey to the general balance of power in Europe. The Cabinets of Paris and London have not concealed from us that in their opinion these guarantees ought to contain several principal points, which, subject to modifications dictated by events, would naturally form the indispensable basis for a negotiation of peace or armistice. These points were afterwards set forth in the identical notes which the representatives of France and England sent to the Cabinet of Vienna, and to which the latter adhered in its reply. In informing us of it, it announced to us at the same time that it considered them as being founded on the principles laid down in the protocol of the 9th of April, and that, consequently, it could not too warmly recommend its unreserved acceptance to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. I request you, Monsieur le Baron, according to the express order of the King, to give all the support in your power to this step of the Court of Austria. Our august master considers it to be dictated by a sincere desire to prepare the path of negotiations and a suspension of hostilities on all sides, and his Majesty also thinks it suitable to facilitate that result. The Emperor himself will be convinced of the necessity of obviating for the future the inconveniences and the dangers which both for Russia as well as for the repose of Europe, are attached to the institutions which form the public law of the Danubian Principalities and of Servia; and the enlightened solicitude of his Majesty for those countries will not fail to point out to him the advantages and benefits which would be secured to them by a collective guarantee of their privileges by the European Powers. The free navigation of the Danube cannot but be favourable to the real interests of Russian commerce; and although the obstacles to which it is subjected at the mouths of that river are not yet entirely removed, the enlightened spirit of the Emperor, and the reiterated declarations of his Cabinet, leave no doubt as to their firm intention to put an end to them promptly. As to the privileges of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, it is not only in adopting the protocol of the 9th of April that his Imperial Majesty has declared himself in accord with the principle of a joint and collective solicitude of the Powers for the condition of our co-religionists; the same idea had already presided over the overtures which the Cabinet of St. Petersburg made some time since on this subject at Berlin; and as the independence and sovereignty of the Sultan have been so frequently and so loudly proclaimed as being in conformity with the political views of the Emperor, his Majesty could not refuse his co-operation to the united efforts of the Powers to reconcile the amelioration of the condition of the rayahs with the interests of the Ottoman Government, by securing to the latter the initiative which it requires to maintain its independence and its dignity. The treaty of the 13th of July, 1841, was the result of such peculiar conjunctures, that its revision by all the contracting Powers cannot in principle meet with any difficulty; and Russia, as the Power adjoining the Black Sea, appears specially called on to unite in the examination of the important questions attached to it. Such, Monsieur le Baron, are the general considerations which induce the King, our august master, to desire earnestly that the Court of St. Petersburg should accept as the basis of an ulterior negotiation the above-mentioned points, such as they have been set forth by Austria, in accord with the Cabinets of London and Paris. Be pleased, therefore, to avail yourself of the kindness with which the Emperor deigned to honour you immediately on your arrival at St. Petersburg, and of the high confidence which M. de Nesselrode has testified towards you, to make the Imperial Cabinet comprehend the immense importance attached to its decisions, the broad perspective of peace which they may open to Europe, and the victorious effects which they must produce over the detractors of Russian policy, if they prove to its adversaries on which side really pacific dispositions are to be found. It is needless for me to mention, Monsieur le Baron, with what impatience we await your communication as to the reception and the effect of the present despatch, which you will please make known without delay to the Chancellor of the Empire. Accept, &c.

MANTEUFFEL.

The reply of Russia, which unhappily decided the continuance of the war, on an extended scale and with redoubled fury, was as follows:—

TO PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, AT VIENNA.

St. Petersburg, August 13 (26).

I have received and submitted to his Majesty the Emperor the communications which the Austrian Cabinet addressed to us on the 10th of August (new style).

In acceding to the desire which Austria has expressed to us, not to press further our military operations in Turkey, and to recall our troops from the Principalities of the Danube, we had exclusively in view Austrian and German interests, in the name of which this desire was addressed to us. The concession required, entailed the most important consequences upon us. As we have already remarked to the Austrian Government, it took away from us the only military point by which could be established in our favour an equilibrium of positions upon the immense theatre of operations in this war. More than this, it exposed us, irremediably, to the danger of seeing thrown, *en masse*, upon our coasts in Asia and Europe, in the Black Sea, the military forces of England, France, and Turkey.

Notwithstanding these inconveniences, and notwithstanding these evident dangers, we, keeping in view the interests of Austria and Germany, declared ourselves ready to retire voluntarily and completely from the Principalities of the Danube. We even renounced every condition of reciprocity on the part of our adversaries. We demanded absolutely nothing from them. We confined ourselves to expressing to Austria a desire to be informed by her what were the guarantees of security which she was individually in a condition to offer us; and, in fact, foreseeing that it was not in her power to assure us an armistice, we desired to know, if at least, after the evacuation should be completed, and that, consequently, the engagements contracted by her with the Western Powers would be fulfilled, we might reckon upon Austria ceasing to make common cause with those Powers with the object, publicly avowed, of bringing about the moral and material abasement of Russia.

At the same time, and in order to afford proof of our pacific intentions, we declared ourselves ready to adhere beforehand to the principles laid down in the protocol of the 9th of April.

In the place of replying directly to these questions, which were addressed to her directly, Austria thought it her duty forthwith to submit the business to the Western Powers, and to make her subsequent resolutions dependent upon them—resolutions which we expected from her alone.

It was evident that the sacrifice which we were ready to make, keeping in view her particular interests, and the interests of the whole of Germany, could not have any value in the eyes of France and England; and that those two Courts, whose object it is to humiliate and enfeeble Russia, by prolonging the war, would not show themselves disposed to enter upon a conciliatory course.

This, unhappily, is proved by the communication which Count Esterhazy has made to us.

In point of fact, the Austrian Cabinet now transmits to us, as the result of its conference with the Courts of Paris and London, new bases for peace, which, so far as form is concerned, have been prepared in a manner the least likely to secure an honourable adoption. And as to the meaning of them we cannot be deceived, seeing that, according to the avowal of the French Government, as it was unreservedly made by the official publication of its reply to the Cabinet of Vienna, "the interest of the European equilibrium" is made to signify nothing less than the abrogation of all our anterior treaties, and the destruction of all our maritime establishments, which, it is said, by reason of the absence of all counterpoise, are a perpetual menace against the Ottoman Empire, and the restriction of Russian power in the Black Sea.

Such are, however, the bases which the Austrian Government recommends to us; and though it exhorts us to accept them without reserve, it believes itself not the less bound to inform us, who are most concerned, that

the Maritime Powers do not consider them as definitively settled, and that they reserve the right to modify them at the proper time, according to the chances of the war. According to this, our acceptance of these bases would not suffice to afford any very certain prospect of the cessation of hostilities. The Austrian Government goes still further. It declares to us that, in its opinion, these bases result from the principles of the protocol, and that these are the necessary conditions of a solid and durable peace and, consequently, that it completely unites itself to, and has even entered into formal engagements with, the Western Powers, not to treat with us upon any other base.

Under these circumstances, it is useless for us to examine conditions which, while they are laid before us, are declared to be elastic and variable—conditions which, if they were to remain as they have been actually submitted to us, suppose Russia to be already enfeebled by the exhaustion of a long war, and which, if the force of temporary circumstances forced us ever to submit to them, so far from assuring to Europe a solid, and especially a durable peace, such as the Austrian Government appears to expect, would only expose that peace to complications, without end. In acceding as he has done to the principles laid down in the protocol, the Emperor certainly had not any intention of attributing to them the significance which has been here claimed.

The immense sacrifices which we were ready to make to the private interests of Austria and Germany, without receiving any compensation on the part of Austria, while the latter, instead of perceiving in this the means of disengaging itself from obligations incurred by it, hitherto having, on the contrary, felt it due to herself to unite with the Powers, our enemies, by yet stronger and more extensive engagements, we deeply regret that we are not able to give effect to her last communications. We consider that, in our present position, we have exhausted every measure of concession compatible with our honour; and our sincerely pacific intentions not having been regarded, it only remains for us to follow energetically the course which has been traced out for us by our adversaries themselves—that is to say, to leave, like them, the chances of war to determine a definitive base for negotiation.

The Austrian Government is already informed that motives arising solely from strategic necessities have engaged the Emperor to order his troops to withdraw behind the Pruth. Having thus retired within our own frontier, and standing now upon the defensive, we expect, from this position, that equitable overtures will permit us to concur in the desire for the re-establishment of peace, on terms consistent with our dignity and political interests, by deliberate proposals, avoiding all provocation to an increase of complications; but, at the same time, we are determined to defend with resolution our territory against all foreign attacks, from whatever quarter they may proceed.

Your Excellency will have the goodness to bring this despatch to the knowledge of Count Buol. Accept, &c.
(Signed) NESSELRÖDE.

The efforts for peace made by the German governments, in the hope of frustrating the allied expedition, and thereby leaving it still possible for them to soothe Russian pride, and by obtaining an armistice prolong the opportunities for negotiation, were now brought to a close, and other and sterner instrumentalities than protocols were about to be employed on the European shores of the Euxine. The Austrian cabinet, however, after a stormy and protracted sitting, decided that the Russian reply did not form a *casus belli*; but resolved to uphold the four points, as necessary for the restoration of peace, and the maintenance of the balance of power.

Frequent military consultations had been held in London, and at the French camp at



FIELD MARSHAL LORD RAGLAN, K.C.B. &c.

Boulogne, as to the plan of operations to be pursued with the army in Bulgaria; and when the cholera was so far abated that hope might be entertained for the returning health of the troops, it was resolved to direct them upon the Crimea, and, if possible, capture the world-renowned stronghold of the czar. We must,

therefore, conduct our readers once more to Varna, that they may accompany the great expedition thence; but before we describe that enterprise, let us give some portraiture of the men who led it, and the peculiarities of the country into which they conducted our gallant divisions.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LEADERS OF THE HOST.

"Gie me the plaid and the Tartan trews,
A plea that's just, a chief in the van
To blink wi' his e'e, and cry, 'On wi' me!'
Then turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can."—*Scottish Song.*

ONCE more at Varna! The plague-stricken troops are gathering health; an earnest yet hopeful expression is on every face. The fleet is ready to receive the troops, and bear them to a new destination, where not endurance only but active valour will be required. The mustering squadrons, and the tramp of war, are heard on every side; and amidst all the crowding of warriors, and the din of mighty preparations, venerable and resolute-looking men, with plumed hats, are riding to and fro directing everything, their sense of responsibility depicted on their thoughtful brows. It is our part, in this chapter, to give some account of many of the leaders, whose names have filled so large a space in the dread records of war. It will not be expected of us to give a memoir of every distinguished officer in the separate hosts. We can only select certain prominent men in the army of our ally, and give brief notices of them. In the British army, we shall select the names most familiar to our countrymen, or most illustrious by their merits. The first name that claims our attention is that of Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief of the British expeditionary army:—

LORD RAGLAN was descended from an ancient and honourable family, which was originally possessed of the title of Duke of Somerset. The Wars of the Roses were as detrimental to the house of Somerset as to that of Lancaster. In the wars of "the Stuarts," the house of Somerset adhered to Charles and James, although in the case of James II. no active support was rendered. Lord Raglan was the eighth son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort. He was born in Bedminster, in 1788, and was consequently in his sixty-seventh year when he took command of the British army of the East. In 1804, then a mere boy, he entered the army as cornet of the 4th Light Dragoons; after serving a short time in that regiment, he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and thence to a company in the

43rd Light Infantry, one of the most perfectly disciplined regiments of the day, and afterwards one of the most distinguished. On the 20th of September, 1810, he received his first wound, when, as the late Sir Robert Peel said in one of the best of his orations, "The tide of French glory was rolled back from the heights of Busaco." Very early in the Peninsular campaign, Lord Fitzroy Somerset (as Lord Raglan was then called) was placed upon the staff, and as military secretary to the Duke of Wellington was a most efficient officer, displaying always great personal daring. Few men in the army of the Peninsula had a finer courage than Lord Fitzroy Somerset. At Fuentes d'Onore, on the 3rd and 5th of May, 1811, he especially distinguished himself by brilliant valour.

Sir William Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, bears this testimony to his great usefulness:—"Lord Fitzroy Somerset, military secretary, had established such an intercourse between the head-quarters and the battalion-chiefs, that the latter had, so to speak, direct communication with the general-in-chief upon all the business of their regiments, a privilege which stimulated the enthusiasm and zeal of all. For, the regimental commanders being generally very young men, the distinctions of rank were not rigidly enforced, and the merit of each officer was consequently better known, and more earnestly supported, when promotion and honours were to be obtained. By this method, Lord Fitzroy acquired an exact knowledge of the moral state of each regiment, rendered his own office important and gracious with the army, and with such discretion and judgment that the military hierarchy was in no manner weakened; all the daring young men were excited, and being unacquainted with the political difficulties of their general, anticipated noble triumphs, which were happily realised."

On the 6th of April, 1812, he distinguished

himself at the storming of Badajoz. Amongst the foremost who stormed that fortress was seen, bravely fighting and encouraging the soldiery, Lord Fitzroy Somerset. He showed on that occasion eminent presence of mind, by pushing on to the stronghold of the place, San Christoval, and, securing the drawbridge, prevented the enemy from retreating to it, and prolonging, as they then would have been able to do, their resistance. On the following morning he received the submission of the governor. He was present at the battle of Salamanca, and a distinguished actor there also. Sir William Napier pays him the high compliment of saying that he was sure to be seen with his leader, the great Duke, at every point where the presence of the latter was most required. The battle of Vittoria was fought on the 1st of June, 1813. During this engagement he scarcely left the side of his great chief, except to perform some temporary service of intrepidity calculated to encourage and sustain the men.

When the French, driven upon the Pyrenees, disputed the passes with the allied armies, Wellington, the British leader, after effecting certain dispositions against Soult, who occupied the Vals de Zubiri and de Lanz, rode in great speed to the village of Loramen; and Napier gives a graphic picture of the success of Lord Fitzroy Somerset in keeping by the Duke's side when the superior horse of the latter enabled him to distance all the other members of his personal staff. At this moment the French general, Clausel, was perceived moving along the ridge for the village. Had the French secured this position, that of the allies would have been rendered critical. The Duke wrote his orders on a slip of paper to the general of the sixth division, committing it to his only attendant, Lord Fitzroy, who galloped out at one end of the village on his mission as the French galloped in at the other, while the Duke rode up the mountain to his troops. To the circumstance of Lord Fitzroy keeping up with the Duke, the latter owed it that he had the means of communicating with the sixth division, and of saving his army from an imminent peril. Through an overwhelming storm, Lord Fitzroy succeeded in reaching the division, and bringing it by the route indicated by the commander-in-chief, so as to communicate with the seventh division: thus materially strengthened, the Duke was able to deal two successive blows against Soult's forces, by which the plans of that sagacious general were paralysed. In both conflicts Lord Fitzroy Somerset bore his part. Soon afterwards he had an opportunity of rendering a great service to his country, and the incident that gave him the opportunity was one of the most happy episodes of the Peninsular War. The fortress of Pampeluna is the bul-

wark of the Pyrenees. It is the key of France to an army attempting to invade it from the north of Spain. Soult believed that it was strong enough to hold out without any succour from the army in the field under his command, and arranged his plans accordingly. Wellington, attended by his inseparable companion, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, was riding through a lonely mountain gorge, when they suddenly came upon a muleteer, who carried a secret despatch from the governor of Pampeluna, which he was ordered to give in person to Marshal Soult. The muleteer, seeing so brilliant an officer as Lord Fitzroy Somerset treating with deference, and as a superior, the officer accompanying him, at once concluded him to be the French marshal, and taking a piece of paper from a small ball which he carried in his mouth, handed it to his excellency. The Duke could not peruse it as it was written in cipher, but, handing it to Lord Somerset, remarked, "Ah, if we could only unravel this, it would give us some information worth knowing." Lord Somerset discovered it; almost at a glance he discerned the key of the cipher, and read the despatch, which communicated to Marshal Soult the fact that unless by a certain day the governor received relief, Pampeluna must be surrendered to the English. The Duke so laid his measures that no such relief could come, and Pampeluna fell with facility to the victor by the sharpness of Lord Somerset in discovering the cipher.

Entering France, the all-conquering Duke bore on in his career of glory until Nivelles, Orthes, and Toulouse, added to his greatness and renown. Through all these memorable struggles Lord Fitzroy Somerset was at his side, and ever prompt in the performance of his duty, always sagacious, and amongst the foremost of the brave. At the peace, Lord Fitzroy married the Duke of Wellington's niece, daughter of the Earl of Mornington, and was appointed secretary to the embassy of Paris. In his early youth, while only a lieutenant of cavalry, he was attached to the embassy for Turkey. He had a strong taste for diplomatic business; and, when chief of the British army, this propensity unfavourably influenced the discharge of his military duties. When the war broke out again, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the Duke's *alter ego*, was of course at his side in the Belgian campaign, where he was more than ever useful as the principal officer of the Duke's staff.

On the 16th of June, the bloody battle of Quatre Bras was fought. It was eleven o'clock before the Duke reached the field. Lord Fitzroy was by his side, and greatly assisted him in reconnoitring the enemy. Hence they both rode across to the Prussian position; and during their absence the battle of Quatre Bras began

On their return they were nearly captured by the French: the bullet of a brave fellow of the 92nd Highlanders brought down the nearest of their pursuers. Throughout the fierce fight of Quatre Bras Lord Fitzroy was exposed to innumerable perils, so frequently was he employed in bearing despatches across the field—the baseness of our Belgian allies causing an excess of anxiety and exertion to the Duke and his staff. Lord Fitzroy was, at last, desperately wounded. We shall give, in the Duke's own words, the catastrophe, in an extract from his letter to the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Fitzroy's brother. "I am very sorry to have to acquaint you that your brother Fitzroy is very severely wounded, and has lost his right arm. I have just seen him, and he is perfectly free from fever, and as well as anybody could be under such circumstances. You are aware how useful he has always been to me, and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him, and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down, and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired. I hope, however, that your brother will soon be able to join me again; and that he will long live to be, as he is likely to become, an honour to his country, as he is a satisfaction to his family and friends."

At the peace, in 1815, he was created a K.C.B., and was again restored to his early love, diplomacy, by being employed a second time as secretary to the Paris embassy. He accompanied the Duke of Wellington to the congress at Vienna as his secretary of legation. He also accompanied him in the same capacity to St. Petersburg, to congratulate the Emperor Nicholas on his accession to the imperial throne. He was on that occasion received by the emperor with almost as much distinction as the Duke himself. The czar formed a high opinion of him, and regarded him with much kindness and respect; and, in the esteem of the noble secretary, the czar was a prince of men. In 1823, being himself appointed on an especial mission to the court of Spain, he was received with great distinction, the result of his gallant services in the Spanish cause. While on his foreign mission he was secretary to the master-general of the Ordnance, to which post he succeeded in 1819, by the appointment of his old patron, the Duke. He remained secretary to the master-general until 1827, when he was made secretary to the commander-in-chief, which post he occupied for many years. While at the Horse Guards he had necessarily much influence in colonial affairs, as among the anomalies of our administrative business the Horse Guards and the colonies are brought, or

were then brought, into various undefinable relations. Lord Fitzroy Somerset was regarded with some dislike by the liberal colonial parties, his politics being always very decidedly and very obviously conservative. The evangelical church party and dissenters in the colonies were still more dissatisfied with his lordship, his leanings being very strongly in contravention of theirs. In 1818, he contested, on conservative principles, the borough of Truro, and was returned by a majority of one, but unseated on petition. He had a narrow escape of his life, for the mob smashed the doors and windows of his hotel, and handled his person very roughly. On this occasion, he showed the same cool courage and amiable temper by which he had been always characterised. He gradually rose by seniority in the army during the long period of years since he entered as a cornet, but never held any important command. On no occasion did he ever head a regiment in a detached encounter. At the storming of Badajoz he sustained the greatest amount of immediate personal responsibility. In 1830, he obtained the colonelcy of the 53rd regiment. In 1834, he was honoured by the University of Oxford with the degree of Doctor, to which his scholarly attainments entitled him. The Grand Cross of the Bath was conferred on him in 1847. On the death of the Duke of Wellington, in 1852, he was made master-general of the Ordnance; and shortly after, in the same year, was elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Raglan. He was also constituted a privy councillor, and appointed to the colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards Blue. For all these honours and emoluments he was mainly indebted to the influence of the court, with which he was a great favourite. He was one whom queen and prince delighted to honour. His agreeable disposition, courtly manners, and graceful way of transacting the business of his various offices, commended him to the esteem of every one.

On the breaking out of the present war, he was fixed upon as one of the very few generals of high rank young enough, or rather not too old, for an active command. Few men could have been found who had seen more of war, or sustained less of the importance and responsibility of command. He knew better than any other officer in the British service what were the duties of an aide-de-camp, a private secretary, or a chief of the staff; but no general in the service could possibly know less by experience of what the command of bodies of men, large or small, personally involved.

Seldom have we read of a man equally simple-minded and direct than Lord Raglan. He was as merciful and kind as he was brave. In all his domestic relations he was a pattern of virtue and tenderness. He had

several children. His firstborn, Major Arthur W. Fitzroy Somerset, was killed in India, while serving on the staff of Lord Gough, and displaying a courage as noble as that of his father. His second child was the present Lord Raglan, who is in his fortieth year. Besides these two sons, he had two daughters.

For the first time in his life holding an important command, his appointment was open to severe criticism. How that command was sustained will be seen in the progress of this History.

MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD, *Commander-in-chief of the French Expeditionary Army.*—He was born in the first year of the present century, and was consequently of the vigorous age of fifty-five when appointed to the command of the army of the East. At the early age of fifteen he entered the Gardes des Corps, and was soon transferred, as a sub-lieutenant, to a regiment of the line. St. Arnaud, however, quitted the army, and did not return to it until so late as 1831. He took an active part in the war of La Vendée; and on the pacification of that province was attached as aide-de-camp to Marshal Bugeaud. He was charged at that juncture with a delicate mission to the Duchess de Berri, and won her respect by his mode of conducting it. He served in Algiers with the rank of captain. At the siege of Constantina he so conducted himself as to win the decoration of the Legion of Honour; and continued to serve in Africa, rapidly rising in rank by no other aids than those of his distinguished services, which were rendered to a government which always rewards military merit, irrespective of the lineage or wealth of the deserving officer or soldier. He was much loved in Africa, and bravely followed by his Zouaves. In 1847, he was made a Major-general, and a Commander of the Legion of Honour. In 1850, he was nominated to the command of the province of Constantina; and won much honour by the way he discharged the functions of his office, both in the civil department and in the field. Having subdued the Kabyles in a manner which augmented his already great reputation, he returned to France; and was appointed, by the President of the Republic, general of the second division of the army of Paris, and soon afterwards was made minister of war. In 1852, he was made Marshal of France, and a senator, and decorated with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. He resigned the office of minister of war to command the army of the East, in a state of health which unfitted him for the gigantic task.

In a former part of this work we related that Madame St. Arnaud accompanied her husband to the East. She was in every way a person fitted to share his glory. She was rich,

and beautiful exceedingly, a person of the most fascinating manners, much attached to him, and an ardent admirer of his gallantry and genius. There were many ladies of rank, beauty, and accomplishments, who in both armies accompanied their gallant husbands; but Madame St. Arnaud was "the admired of all admirers:"

—"Velut inter ignes
Luna minores."

The assiduity of this lady in soothing the sufferings of her husband, who was literally dying of a painful disease when he assumed the command of the army, passes all praise.

GENERAL CANROBERT.—François Certain Canrobert was born in 1809, and is now (1856) in the forty-eighth year of his age. His department was that of Lot, and within a few leagues of the birthplace of another distinguished French general, Murat. He entered the military school of St. Cyr, but not until he was seventeen years of age, and remained there until he was in his twentieth year, a laborious student, and much respected, for his amiable deportment and good temper, as well as abilities and studiousness, by all his fellow collegians. He was appointed sub-lieutenant in a regiment of infantry of the line, and remained in that inferior rank four years before he succeeded in gaining his promotion as lieutenant. He remained for three years longer in garrison in France, when his regiment was ordered to Africa, in which he served for two years in the same military rank before he gained a company. During that two years he displayed in his humble position military qualities of high order. They were two eventful years to the French army and French interests in Africa. Abd-el-kader harassed the French troops; and the gallant Canrobert shared with his regiments in various brilliant exploits—combats, pitched battles, harassing marches, pursuits, retreats, victualling strong places, and assailing others, gave him opportunity to form his professional attainments in a good practical school, as at St. Cyr he had been enabled to study the theory of his profession with every advantage. When Generals Clausen and Setary directed the French operations in Oran, the regiment in which Canrobert served was most actively engaged, and the lieutenant participated in many dangers and fatigue. The same amiable, patient, and intelligent spirit which characterised him in college, endeared him also to his regiment; and his personal bravery was always as quiet and unobtrusively as it was bold and masculine. When appointed captain, his regiment was ordered to the province of Constantina, where the Duke de Nemours and General Daumémeret were ordered to avenge certain insults to French



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authority and honour. At an assault there he was wounded in the leg. He was then orderly officer to Colonel Cenilies, the old soldier of the island of Elba, who fell mortally wounded in the breach. While languishing of his wound, such was the confidence and respect entertained by the colonel for his orderly, that he recommended him to Marshal Valée as a man of very great promise, and deserving the notice and trust of that distinguished chief. He returned to France in 1839, decorated with the Legion of Honour, and was entrusted with the task of forming a Spanish legion, composed of the soldiers who had taken refuge with Cabrera upon the French territory. Sir William Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, represents the Spaniards as never making good soldiers, either when drilled in separate battalions or mixed with the British. It was then too true; but Canrobert found the means of accomplishing what Napier's friends in the Peninsula found to be impracticable; and the Spanish legion which he organised, served well in the French army of Algiers. In 1840, he was called to the camp of St. Omer; and having by this time been generally recognised in the army as an officer of talent, skilled in his profession, he was ordered by the Duke of Orleans to draw up a manual for the use of officers of light troops. In 1841, he returned to Algeria, with no higher post than when he had left it years before, although practically he had enjoyed the rank of chief of battalion in the Spanish legion. He attached himself to the light infantry upon his return to Africa, and engaged in many encounters with great honour. He had the good fortune to be placed under the immediate command of two officers from whom he could make still further professional acquisitions—Colonel Cavaignac, and Colonel St. Arnaud, with the latter of whom, as second in command, he afterwards went out to the East. At last an occasion arrived to proclaim to the whole French army the dauntless valour and genius of Lieutenant-colonel Canrobert, to which rank he had slowly made his way, considering his services and his conspicuous heroism and skill; but he never sought to push his own fortunes; and even in the French army a modest man is in danger of being taken at his own price, and passed over. Canrobert was eminently disinterested, and scorned to sue for promotion which he knew he merited, and which it was the duty of the state to confer; but matters in France were then under the cold shade of the house of Orleans—a branch of the Bourbons, who added to the tyranny of their race the hypocrisy and corruption of other dynasties. At the obstinate combat of Bahl, he, with 250 chasseurs, kept at bay 3000 men. The enemy charged repeatedly, with desperate

fury, but so skilful were the arrangements with which he marshalled his little band, that his numerous enemies fell back broken as the spray of the wave which dashes against the rock. He had not fought under Cavaignac and St. Arnaud in vain. Through his instrumentality, after eight months of harassing operations, and frequent bloody encounters, the pacification of that part of the country was secured, and Canrobert was raised to the rank of full colonel. In 1848, General Herbillier confided to him the command of a strong column, with which to attack the mountaineers of the Aures. The very first movements of the column were ordered so skilfully, and their action was so prompt, and, in a military sense, so peremptory, that the mountaineers were intimidated, and much blood spared, which a less skilful commander would have shed. Indeed, it was one of the marked characteristics of Canrobert, a perfect horror of bloodshed. Ever willing to spill his own blood for his country, with characteristic generosity, his noble nature could not endure to witness cruelty; and he would undergo any amount of personal anxiety, labour, and danger, to save the lives of even a few of his men. In this respect he deserves to be held up as a model for all men who succeed in the military profession. Soon after these exploits he became commander of the Zouaves, who literally revered him as if he were a prophet. Rude, wild soldiers, by no means particular about their own lives, or those of friends or enemies, they were the Bashi-bazouks of French Africa. At first they did not comprehend their new chief: his gentleness did not comport with their ideas of a leader; but when they saw him in battle, his fearless spirit ever seeking the path of danger, and yet his reports of the most heroic exploits so modest and unostentatious, these rough soldiers almost deified him; they would have followed him anywhere, whatever certainty of destruction might seem to await him. It would be difficult to find among all the fierce Zouaves of the African army, one who would not lay down his life for the gentle and modest officer whose commands they so tardily learned to obey.

In 1849, Colonel Canrobert won that high place in the estimation of European military men which he has ever since continued to hold. He had occasion to adopt vigorous measures of repression against the Kabyles, and the tribes of the Jurjura. While under the walls of Aumale, the French army was attacked with cholera. The conduct of the troops was one of great difficulty, from the activity of the enemy and the nature of the country; but these obstacles were greatly aggravated by the visitation of the pestilence. It was not in the swamps of the Dobrudscha,

or along the slimy Lake of Devno, that Canrobert first encountered that most formidable of enemies—his Zouaves in Africa were, of all the French army, the greatest sufferers. The havoc was terrible; and the men, who feared no human foe, were in despair. Then the noble qualities of Colonel Canrobert were conspicuous. His humanity, activity, intimate knowledge of his soldiers, and sedulous concern for their health and comfort, were displayed in a manner which commanded their gratitude, the gratitude of his country, and the admiration of Europe. On one occasion, he made the presence of this plague in his army a ground of demanding the surrender of a strong place. He threatened the superstitious enemy with infection, if they did not surrender—and the threat succeeded! While his army was in this state he arrived at Yaatche, which place he assailed. He himself led the assaulting columns; sword in hand, followed by four officers and sixteen soldiers, who volunteered to accompany him, he entered the breach. Of these brave men sixteen were killed or wounded around their leader. For this daring achievement he was nominated Commander of the Legion of Honour, a distinction of which every Frenchman who possesses it is proud, and to which every brave Frenchman fighting in his country's service aspires. It was not until January, 1850, that he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, a rank to which he had long before a just claim. He was appointed to a command in Paris suitable to his new rank, and was further honoured by the post of aide-de-camp to the Prince President of the Republic. He was promoted to the rank of general of division in 1853. Napoleon I. once said, "What can be done more for a man than make him a general of division? he is at the top of the tree." So did the first consul honour this grade; but as emperor he found other and greater distinctions to confer. Nor was the president of the new republic, when he became emperor, less dextrous in finding suitable distinctions for his faithful followers. Canrobert was not only made a general of division—he was honoured by the especial notice and favour of the imperial court; and finally sent to the East as second in command of the fine army to which France committed her fortunes in the oriental struggle. This was said to be at the especial request of St. Arnaud, but so entirely with the concurrence of the emperor and the voice of France, that the appointment to command-in-chief was placed in possession of Canrobert in case of anything happening to St. Arnaud, whose declining health gave fatal prognostication of the result. It has been whispered rather than reported through western Europe, that Canrobert holds a nearer affinity to the French emperor than the latter

cares publicly to acknowledge; that the first Napoleon and the interesting subject of this brief memoir bore a relationship which cannot fail to give the latter an influence with the emperor.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN, K.C.B.—For two hundred years the family of which Sir George is a worthy member has given heroes to their country, but, among them all, not a braver or honest man than he who was second in command of the British army of the East. He was born at Elgin, in Scotland, and was in his sixty-sixth year when the army landed at Varna; but the language might be very appropriately used concerning him—

"In years he seemed, but not impaired by years."

His appearance is very Scottish, having the thoughtful, meditative face so peculiar to his country. Yet he is not an intellectual-looking man, but has rather an anxious and careful look. In June, 1806, a memorable year in European politics, he entered the army as a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, and, in 1811, he obtained a company. He began his military career in Sicily, but went thence to the Peninsula, and with a brief intermission remained there, fighting his way with that gallant army to the Pyrenees. In the first battles in Portugal—Roliça, Vimiera, Almeida—he displayed activity and courage in the subsidiary ranks then held by him, and as he rose in promotion so did he rise in the esteem of the great commanders under whose orders he acted. At the battle of Busaco, he was engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand conflict with one of the personal staff of Marshal Massena, in which he was the victor. He distinguished himself greatly in the sanguinary struggle of Badajoz, where Lord Fitzroy Somerset (Lord Raglan) behaved so gallantly. Sir George was one of the officers who led the forlorn hope. When the British army passed the Pyrenees, he was still in the ranks, even to the gates of Toulouse, sharing in every action, and always proving himself brave and determined man. His promotion was very slow. He was neither rich nor titled, and his having fought with desperate gallantry, and conducted himself as a strict disciplinarian, could not atone for the want of those qualifications; young officers bought their way over his head, or were promoted for the which his country valued much more than any thing he possessed—high connexions. Valour and discipline were very good in their way and might do very well as grounds of promotion among vulgar republicans like the French, but he was a Briton, and was not a lord or a honourable, and therefore, notwithstanding desperate hand-to-hand encounters, forlorn hopes, storms, battles, fatigue, labour, the

minutest attention to duty, and the most unquestionable and even devoted loyalty, it was not to be expected that he should be promoted where men more highly connected were in the way.

In 1814, he at last obtained a majority, and became lieutenant-colonel the same year. It was a year of peace in Europe, and he had opportunity of making interest at home, which is, in the British army, a more natural way of gaining promotion than useful and self-denying services abroad. It was not, however, while at home that the great step of lieutenant-colonel was obtained, for, joining the ill-fated American expedition, he had a fair claim to the step when his senior officer was removed. By this time he had earned a very general acknowledgment of his military virtues, and on his return from America was employed in various staff employments, which were supposed to be a sufficient requital for his gallant services. Indeed, to do the government and the Horse Guards justice, there was no opportunity for promoting him; as so many young men of higher family than he was, entered the service when peace was proclaimed, they had to be provided for, and so he remained a lieutenant-colonel for seventeen years, witnessing innumerable instances of lords, honourables, and their connexions stepping over his head—men who had never fired a shot in their country's service except at a review. However, as this state of things was satisfactory to the British people as well as to their rulers, it is only the historian's province to regret that Lieutenant-colonel Brown had not "fair play." In 1831, he became full colonel, but not in a way to recognise his merits, but by brevet. Ten years longer he remained a colonel, and then, in 1841, was made a major-general, for a reason which was also satisfactory to the British people—a brevet in honour of the Prince of Wales! During that ten years, Colonel Brown witnessed many fresh accessions to the number of juniors entitled to command him, who had neither served their country in the field nor anywhere else. In 1850, on the death of Sir J. McDonald, he obtained the lucrative and honourable employment of adjutant-general from the Duke of Wellington, simply because the great Captain believed him to be the "fittest man for the place." Lord Hill had previously introduced him to inferior posts in the adjutant-general's department. Both these great generals respected him highly, and would have interested themselves in his promotion had he routine of the service allowed, but "it is very difficult in the British army" (as the Duke's once represented to have said) "to promote a man out of course." Very soon after Lord Hardinge assumed the chief command of the army, General Brown resigned his post of adjutant-

general. Some allege that this arose from the personal interference of an illustrious prince with the details of the army, and others from the sturdy general's objections to certain military reforms urged by the government in consequence of popular pressure. Neither Lord Hardinge nor General Brown were friends of reform. To conserve all things military they seemed to consider their great vocation. Even promotion, which went on so slowly with General Brown, he is satisfied is conducted on a safe principle, and would still stick to seniority and purchase, as the good old British system. The conduct of the general at Varna has been already criticised in a former chapter relating to events there; his career afterwards in this war will be noticed in future chapters. A braver or more humane heart does not beat in a soldier's bosom than throbs in the breast of this gallant martinet. His physical energy is prodigious; he merits higher honour from his country; and while lawyers, for being ministerial hacks and good parliamentary debaters, are promoted to the peerage, it is a pity that this glorious old veteran should be left with so little of honour or reward from his country after all he has dared, and done, and suffered on her behalf. Truly we are not as a people grateful to our defenders, or, if we feel so, we are deficient in adopting those means of expressing it which justice demands. General Brown would not be a suitable officer to select for the command in chief of an army, but in the army of Lord Raglan, as second in command, he was invaluable, by his vigour, industry, attention to military business, promptitude, and daring. He was eyes, hands, and feet to his chief, both at Varna and subsequently in the Crimea.

GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS, K.C.B.—This distinguished officer was in the sixty-seventh year of his age at the period to which our chapter refers. He is a native of Ireland. His father was a country gentleman of obscure position and very small property, whose family came to Ireland with Strongbow. His mother was of the De Lacys, who, as soldiers, distinguished themselves in the service of France, Austria, and Russia, and whose names frequently occur in connection with military exploits in the wars of Europe. He entered the army as a volunteer, and by his dauntless bravery obtained a commission, having been nominated to an ensigny in the 22nd foot on the 1st of February, 1807. In the expedition to the Mauritius, his valour was again distinguished, and he was promoted to a lieutenancy on the 1st of December, 1808. His conduct on this occasion made some noise in England, and was the talk of the army for some time. In consequence of the notice he attracted, he re-

ceived a pleasant appointment on the staff of General Malcolm, who had a diplomatic mission to Persia; but young Evans soon relinquished this for active service in the Deccan. He remained in India until 1810, during which time, in the operations against Amer Khan, he once more made himself the subject of general notice for his talents and bravery: still he remained a simple lieutenant. In 1812, he joined the army in Spain as a lieutenant of dragoons. In the retreat from Burgos he was in the rearguard, the cavalry of which suffered severely, in consequence of the heavy German horse having repeatedly given way before the charges of the French. Mr. Evans performed his part with valour, and although a novice in the cavalry, he displayed skill and judgment. His reputation was promoted by a series of exploits throughout that most disastrous retreat. He was wounded during the action in the Hernoza, but so zealous was the gallant lieutenant, that he kept the field, his wound healing, although a severe one, without a day's retirement on his part from active duty. At the battle of Vittoria he displayed his usual skill and courage, and rendered fresh services, so as to draw from the commanding officer of his regiment an especial expression of thanks. At Salamanca he attracted the attention of Wellington himself, who never displayed much zeal in the promotion of obscure and daring officers. Evans did his *duty* in the Duke's esteem, and was repaid by the Duke's confidence and respect. During the investment of Bayonne his horse was shot, and he suffered contusion from the fall. At the siege of San Sebastian he volunteered to act as an engineer, for which, by his superior education and mathematical knowledge, he was qualified, and there he led the assault. At Badajoz he led the forlorn hope. In every battle, from Pampeluna to Toulouse, Lieutenant Evans bore a part, and at Toulouse two horses were killed under him, and he was twice wounded. Will it be believed anywhere out of the British Isles, that this intrepid man—so often wounded, in perils so numerous, and rendering services so brilliant—remained, at the end of all his achievements in the Peninsula and France, a lieutenant still? Such is the mortifying fact—mortifying alike to the justice, gratitude, and pride of the British nation. If, however, like Sir George Brown, Sir De Lacy Evans suffered such flagrant injustice, there was this difference between the two heroes—the gallant Scot was an upholder of things as they were, reform was the destruction of “the constitution,” while the gallant Hibernian felt keenly the indignity shown to him, and hated the whole system of military promotion and corruption, lifting his voice against it whenever opportunity allowed.

After the peace with France, Evans went out with the expedition to America, under the command of his countryman, General Ross—an expedition which displayed the usual heroic qualities of our troops, but nevertheless added nothing to the renown of our arms. At the battle of Bladensburg, Lieutenant Evans had two horses killed under him, while acting a quartermaster-general. The arrangement of the forces made by him, obtained for him the thanks of the amiable and brave man who commanded and won that memorable battle. On the same day (the 24th of August, 1814) he reconnoitred the city of Washington, and proposed to lead a storming party against the place. This the general-in-chief acceded to, and that night Evans led in his party, and, after a severe conflict, executed his purpose. The booty of the British was very great—ammunition, cannon, stores; besides, the total discomfiture of the American forces, and the rout of the American government, were effected. General Ross, in his despatch, thus acknowledges the lieutenant's services:—“I must beg leave to call your lordship's attention to the zeal and indefatigable exertions of Lieutenant Evans, acting deputy quartermaster-general. The intelligence displayed by that officer in circumstances of very considerable difficulty, induces me to hope that he will meet with some distinguished mark of approbation.” No promotion for the hero who had captured Washington! He was brave, intelligent, and had rendered great services, but he had not interest—not even the general who commanded the army in which he served could procure for him any reward. In the following month, the British advancing upon Baltimore, were attacked by superior force. The Americans fought bravely as they always do. The superior military experience of the British alone secured the field. The Americans were defeated. General Ross fell upon the field of his glory. His success, however, did honour to the veteran lieutenant, for by this time Evans, if not an old man, was a very old lieutenant. In his despatch he thus notices the services rendered by Evans:—“I Lieutenant Evans, 3rd Dragoons, acting deputy quartermaster-general to this army, for the unremitting zeal, activity, and perfect intelligence displayed by him in discharge of the various and difficult duties of his department, I feel warmly indebted, and I beg to solicit through your lordship a promotion suitable to the high professional merits of that officer.”

On Lake Bergue there were several armed sloops, placed there by the Americans to defend the lake. Evans, as usual, volunteered to take part in a boarding expedition; and was the only military man who was e

gaged with the sailors. The Americans fought with their usual intrepidity, but the sloops were captured. Evans was rewarded with—what would our readers suppose?—a naval medal! General Keane, assuming the command, acknowledged the genius of Mr. Evans, and did his best to gain him some promotion; and no doubt would have succeeded, if brilliant services were the kind of thing for which British officers were in those days promoted. They marched upon New Orleans. The disastrous issue of that battle to the British is well known. It is curious that both armies were commanded by Irishmen—at least, General Jackson was the son of an Irishman. The British were signally defeated, and but for the skilful arrangements of Evans, the loss in both the action and the retreat would have been far more severe. General Keane thus referred to Evans in his despatch:—"The indefatigable zeal and intelligence displayed by Lieutenant Evans, of the quartermaster-general's department; entitle him to the most favourable consideration." After various other services in the American war, he returned to England, but received no promotion; until, being nine months at home, the government, shamed by the representations of the officers under whom Evans served, offered him a promotion and an insult together. He was made captain of a West India regiment!—safer to lead a forlorn hope. The injustice was gross. War with Napoleon breaking out again, and Evans being well understood at the Horse Guards, his services were demanded: good officers were in great request. The government appointed him once more on the staff of the army, and he took the rank of major *by brevet*. At the battle of Waterloo he earned great distinction. There was scarcely any portion of the field upon which Evans did not render some service. Any of our readers who have examined Colonel Sibera's model of the battle of Waterloo, will recollect that the moment selected in which to present the aspect of the field, is that when the French attack was made upon the right of the left, and the left centre, of the British line. The infantry stationed in that part of the field consisted of Belgians, who ran away, and of Picton's division of British infantry, to which Evans was attached on the staff. A brigade of cavalry, called the Union Brigade, consisting of the 1st Royal Dragoons, the 2nd Royal Scots Greys, and the 6th Dragoons, were also placed there, under the command of Sir William Ponsonby. The French infantry advanced upon that portion of the line, and as the Belgians fled, the British infantry division poured a storm of bullets upon the enemy, just as, advancing in column, they halted to deploy. Picton, understanding this usual fault of French infantry, received them in line, "in

the old way," as the Duke of Wellington expressed it in his letter to Lord Beresford. At this juncture also, as arranged with Sir W. Ponsonby, Evans, by raising his hat, gave the signal for the cavalry brigade to charge. Ponsonby did not see the signal, and Evans, by a happy assumption of command, caused the brigade to charge at the critical moment, by which means the deploying columns of French infantry were suddenly swooped upon by the cavalry, and their formation becoming impossible, they were sabred with immense slaughter, and 2000 prisoners were captured,—the French infantry running for protection to the English infantry from the all-devouring sabres of the desperate dragoons. This heavy cavalry brigade, afterwards supported by Colonel Ponsonby (brother of Sir William), at the head of a light dragoon regiment, cut through the attacking infantry, penetrated to the French lines, and cutting the harness of the artillery, and sabreing the horses (the men fled), forty pieces of artillery were rendered unserviceable the remainder of the day. Sir W. Ponsonby did not survive to do Evans the justice that gallant soldier would have so freely rendered. Picton also perished, and the command of the infantry division devolved upon Major-general Pack, who recommended Major Evans to the Duke of Wellington for his great services. But of what use was that to Evans? He had been an old acquaintance of the Duke's, who knew his merits well; but as his promotion was no part of the system, his grace would consider him rewarded by the consciousness of having done his "duty."

General Sir A. Clinton bore also to the Duke a eulogistic testimony of the services of Major Evans. Evans lost two horses at Waterloo; one was shot under him, another bore him off the field, and fell dead from a sabre wound in the head and neck. Major Evans was rewarded for Waterloo like every other officer, as a matter of routine; but his especial services received no acknowledgment. He received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel, and remained with the army of occupation in Paris, from which he returned in 1819. He was then put on half-pay, and remained unnoticed until his election for Westminster gave him influence and power. In 1835, Lord Palmerston, ever ready to discriminate merit, and to reward it as far as the fetters of the system allow, selected him to command the British Auxiliary Legion in Spain, raised in the result of the "quadruple alliance." The Duke of Wellington, who was consulted on this occasion, gave his unqualified approbation of the selection. Never was an officer more assailed by calumny than Lieutenant-colonel Evans (General in the Spanish service) while in command of the British legion. He rose above all aspersion,

and accomplished the objects for which he was designated to the command. His services met the approval of the government of the day. He was knighted, but his promotion in the army was only one step—he was gazetted to a colonelcy in 1837, having been twenty-two years a lieutenant-colonel! The best narrative extant of the services of the British Auxiliary Legion is that written by Mr. Alexander Somerville, who served as a colour-sergeant in the 2nd Scottish regiment. Mr. Somerville is an able literary man, and better known by his production entitled, *One who has whistled at the Plough*. His vindication of General Evans is complete. He describes him truly when he says, "His only fault as a general is, he is too good a man;" meaning too kindly in his nature, and too easily imposed on by unworthy adherents and followers. In the service of Spain, General Evans had part of his ear carried away. Never in any part of his career did he perform more daring exploits. On one occasion he stood upon a wall, encouraging the advance of his men, a mark for the rifles and musketry of the enemy. His operations in Spain were frequently obstructed by the treachery of the Spaniards, and the servility and corruption of the Spanish civil officials. But, notwithstanding all obstacles, he gloriously triumphed. An eminent review, opposed to the general in politics, thus expressed itself of him:—"No officer in her majesty's army has seen greater variety of service in greater variety of command; nor has any officer served in so many different fields of action." He was not made a major-general until 1846. When he was appointed to the command of a division in the army of the East, the opponents of the war revived the calumnies directed against him eighteen years before! To these he himself replied in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, the proper officer of the government through whom to make it. It is a model of a chaste vindication of his actions by a great general.

As member for Westminster, General Evans is very useful and popular. He speaks well, but is not an accomplished orator. He is a good citizen and an amiable man, as he is a brave soldier and a great general.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, EARL OF TIPPERARY, AND BARON CULLODEN, K.G.C.H., AND G.C.M.G.—His grace is well known to be the son of the first Duke of Cambridge, fifth son of George III., who married her Serene Highness Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, Princess of Hesse. His royal highness was born on the 26th of March, 1819, and succeeded his father as Duke of Cambridge, the 8th of July, 1850. The military history of his grace is soon related. His promotion, from his position to her majesty, is a mere matter of course. His particular department

of the service is the cavalry, although he is a colonel of the Scots' Fusileer Guards, and commanded the first division of infantry (comprising the brigade of Guards) at Varna. He is esteemed a good cavalry officer, and served as Inspector-general of cavalry with acceptability to the service. He has studied his profession minutely, and is a friend to the common soldier, by whom he is regarded with great attachment. He is a good-tempered, brave, and generous officer. His command of the first division of the British army of the East did him honour. When quartered in England and Ireland, he has repeatedly subjected himself to the march, and to other duties of the common soldier, that he might familiarise himself with their difficulties and inconveniences, and make himself practically acquainted with the best mode of redressing their grievances and supplying their wants.

PRINCE NAPOLEON JOSEPH CHARLES BUONAPARTE.—This prince, cousin to the Emperor of the French, commanded the 3rd division of the French army of the East. He is the heir-presumptive of the throne. He is the son of Jerome Buonaparte (brother to Napoleon I.) by his second marriage, which was with the Princess Frederika of Wirtemberg. He was born on the 9th of September, 1822, at Trieste. He had an elder brother, Jerome Napoleon, who is dead. The youth of Prince Napoleon was spent in various countries—Trieste, Vienna, Rome, Florence, Switzerland, and the United States of America. At a later period, he resided for a short time in Brussels. He took no active part in political affairs until the last revolutionary period of 1848. On the recall of the Buonaparte family from their long exile, the prince was elected to the Constituent Assembly, where he became the leader of the extreme republican party. On the assumption by his cousin of the authority and name of Napoleon III., the prince glided gradually into an imperialist, and assumes the rank of a member of a royal house as if he had never professed republicanism. It has been generally thought that his profession of extreme republicanism was a piece of family policy, adopted to blindfold the French public, to prevent the real republican leaders from attaining influence and power, and to play into the hands of his astute cousin, by whom such a trick of policy is supposed to have been devised. A real or pretended rupture between the President of the Republic and the leader of "the Mountain"—the future emperor and future heir-presumptive—was carried out for some time; but afterwards the prince-cousin became evidently a most trusted agent of the emperor, being engaged in affairs of delicate diplomacy and imperial confidence. Upon the Eastern expedition being determined upon, the prince sought and obtained a command, and

was appointed to the third division. He is said to be a good soldier, but not so patient and enduring as is desirable in a commander. His division at Varna was kept in a high state of discipline. His camp there was well described by the pen of a lady, the wife of a British officer, quoted in a previous chapter. She thus writes concerning the prince's quarters, and gives us some glimpses of his habits and the camp opinion concerning him:—"The prince did not mix so generally or cordially, it was said, with his officers, as was habitual with General Canrobert; yet he was always approachable, and had the reputation of being a studious rather than a clever man. He was said to wake soon after midnight, and, lighting a reading-lamp attached to his bed, devote some five hours before he rose to the study of science, particularly chemistry. He is slow in manner, and not remarkable for general intelligence. In appearance, though strikingly like Napoleon I., he is heavy and stolid-looking, his eyes being deficient in the expression so remarkable in those of the great First Consul. The bands of the regiments play alternately during the evening, as the prince is said to be especially fond of music. The 'Administration,' too, regularly practise, and rehearse every morning glees and solos, which they are called upon, in turn, to contribute to the amusement of the prince after his dinner. This practice, of under every circumstance looking for and cultivating external amusement, is peculiarly French; in our camps nothing of the kind was ever heard of." The prince did not mix much with the officers of the British army, any more than with his own; but no charge could be brought against his courtesy when circumstances brought him into their society. He seemed to think a certain dignity and distance necessary to his proximity to the French imperial throne.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.—The subject of this biographical sketch is the son of a Glasgow tradesman, who married a lady, the descendant of an old line, the Campbells of Ardnaher, in the Isle of Islay. While yet in childhood, Colin lost both his parents, but his education was provided for by two maiden aunts, his mother's sisters, whose Highland pride had been wounded because their sister had married a tradesman, and who rejoiced at the opportunity of bringing up their young *protégé* for a profession. Their means of doing so were scanty; but they were solicitous for their nephew's welfare, and did their duty by him like true women. They infused, however, a large portion of their own Highland pride and spirit into young Colin, who, nothing loth to imbibe it, became all that their hearts desired in this particular. He grew up, how-

ever, a frank, open-hearted, gallant lad, and with an intense passion for the army. In 1808, at the age of eighteen years, young Colin found himself gazetted to an ensigncy in the 6th regiment of foot, and was soon launched forth upon his career of usefulness and glory. Very few officers in the British army have been in half the number of battles in which Sir Colin Campbell has taken part. Even Sir de Lacy Evans, the late Sir Charles Napier, and the great Duke himself, could hardly have gloried in a greater number of conflicts. The first service of the subject of our memoir was in the army of his fellow-citizen, Sir John Moore. In the ill-starred advance, and terrible retreat of that army, Colin Campbell bore his part with honour; and at the battle of Corunna, by which that campaign was closed, and where so many men since famous in their country's service became notable, he too won some glory. He next went out with the Walcheren expedition, and was of course a participator in the sufferings entailed upon our army by an incompetent command, and an ill-chosen enterprise. From 1809 to 1814 he served in the Peninsula, and fought at the battles of Vimiera, Tarragona, Barossa, Malaga, and Osma. He took part also in the gallant defence of Tarifa, under the command of Colonel Gough, now Lord Gough. In 1813, the Duke of Wellington made a general order to receive volunteers for the assault upon San Sebastian; Colin Campbell joined De Lacy Evans and other heroic men in volunteering for that desperate deed. He was amongst the officers who led the attack upon the outworks; he led the "forlorn hope" against the fortress itself—an achievement perhaps as full of peril as any ever undertaken by a British soldier. He received two severe wounds, and earned a promotion which he had merited long before—that of a company. He was present at the splendid battle of Vittoria. In passing the Bidassoa, he was shot through the right thigh. After the Peninsular War he was placed on half pay, but, in 1825, he rose to the rank of major; and then a long period elapsed without promotion, for it was not until seven years later that he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1842, he became colonel and aide-de-camp to her majesty. When, in 1848, Lord Gough put himself at the head of the army directed upon the Punjab, the command of a division was given to Colonel Campbell. At the battle of Chillianwallah, in January, 1849, he commanded the infantry on the left of Lord Gough's position. He was wounded there; and his bravery elicited the highest eulogy. At the decisive and beautifully fought battle of Goojerat he commanded the same division, and fought with the same dauntless courage. He commanded the infantry in the

pursuit, under General Gilbert, for fifteen miles, in which he inflicted the heaviest chastisement upon the retreating foe. Her majesty honoured her aide-de-camp with the insignia of a K.C.B. In 1851, Sir Charles Napier solicited the assistance of Sir Colin as a brigadier. He performed many gallant exploits under the eye of Sir Charles, and won from that great general unmixed approbation. Subsequently he held a separate command in the neighbourhood of Peshawur, and had many severe contests, at the head of an inferior force, with the lawless tribes of the passes. Here he had the misfortune to differ in opinion with the political agents of the company; and refusing to command his troops in accordance with their views, he tendered his resignation to the commander-in-chief, and returned home. Upon his return many tokens of public respect were shown to him, and all were merited. Perhaps the most signal exploit in his whole history, previous to his command in the East, was at the battle of Chillianwallah. He there led the 61st regiment in a desperate charge against the enemy, which was the principal means of retrieving the fortunes of a doubtful day. The Duke of Wellington declared that it was one of the most memorable feats of arms ever achieved by the British army. When the British expedition to the East was determined upon, Sir Colin took the command of the Highland Brigade, the second brigade of the first division; how he commanded it in actual war this History will show. Sir Colin, although a lieutenant-general and a K.C.B., has not yet attained to the rank in the army his long and splendid services demand.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE EARL OF LUCAN, *Commander of the British Cavalry.*—George Charles Bingham, eldest son of the second earl by the third daughter of the late Earl of Fauconbridge. He was born in Hanover Square, London, but the family residence is Castlebar, county of Mayo, Ireland, of which county he is *custos rotulorum*. He derives his title from the village of Lucan, in the county of Dublin. He married the seventh daughter of the late Earl of Cardigan. He was elected an Irish representative peer in 1840, and was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Mayo in 1845. When in his seventeenth year, August, 1816, he was gazetted a cornet in the 17th Lancers. In 1818, he became lieutenant; in four years afterwards, captain; in three years, major; in sixteen months, lieutenant-colonel. In 1841, he became full colonel, and a major-general in 1851. He was appointed to command the British cavalry in the East, with the local rank of lieutenant-general. In 1828, he joined the Russian army on the Pruth in its descent upon Turkey, and served as a volunteer under

General Diebitch: a very singular antecedent for one resisting the same power in another invasion of Turkish territory. He behaved with gallantry in that campaign, and the czar conferred upon him the order of a Knight of St. Anne. He crossed the Balkans with Diebitch, commanding a brigade of cavalry. The noble earl never saw any other active service, but has been always desirous of a distinguished cavalry command, for which honourable ambition it is alleged that he expended £30,000 in purchasing his way up to a lieutenant-colonelcy. Various opinions are entertained of his lordship's competency to command a division of cavalry. General Bacon, an experienced cavalry officer, has arraigned his fitness for any cavalry command whatever. Mr. Russell, the *Times*' correspondent, gives a picture of his proceedings at Varna, which very much accords with General Bacon's views. Yet it is alleged that the late Duke of Wellington had a good opinion of his cavalry acquisitions, and sometimes consulted him. At all events, he was posted to the great command of the cavalry of the Eastern army, and has since afforded much incident for some future pages of this History, which shall be impartially told.

MAJOR-GENERAL THE EARL OF CARDIGAN, *Commander of the Light Brigade of the British Cavalry.*—James Thomas Brudenell, seventh Earl of Cardigan, born on the 16th of October, 1797, did not enter the army until the late age of 27. He was gazetted to a cornetcy in the 8th Royal Irish Hussars on the 6th of May, 1824. He was hardly eight months in the regiment when he was promoted to a lieutenantancy; eighteen months more sufficed to make him a captain. He had none of the dreary waiting and hope deferred for many long years, through battle and bivouac, like Generals Brown, Evans, and Colin Campbell; all went on smoothly with the noble earl. He was rich, and had power—the way to gain promotion in the British army. In 1830 he became major, and a lieutenant-colonel in four months after. In 1837 he succeeded to the earldom. He was born in Northamptonshire, and represented his native county a short time before his accession to the peerage. He commanded the 15th Hussars for some time, but quarrelling with Captain Wathen, a distinguished veteran officer of his regiment, a court-martial was called, which caused his retirement from the command of the regiment. He afterwards obtained the 11th Hussars, then in India, went out and “brought the regiment home,” and by his own munificence made it the best mounted regiment in the service. He was still very unpopular both as a man and an officer, yet he was always a dashing and generous soldier. He became involved in many contests with in-



MAJOR GEN. THE EARL OF CARDIGAN.

From an Photograph sent expressly for this Work.



GENERAL BESQUET

From a Photograph by R. L. Taylor

dividuals, was severely attacked by the public press, fought some duels, but eventually got clear off all the consequences of these *escapades*, and the public began at last to believe that his lordship was as much sinned against as sinning. His appointment to the command of a brigade of cavalry did not meet with the opposition which many expected. The people expected something dashing from the liberal and spirited earl; and amongst the soldiery he

had a high reputation as a brave, generous, and skilful officer, and a soldier's friend. The reconnaissance conducted by Lord Cardigan in the precincts of the Dobrudscha, already related, gave satisfaction to Lord Raglan; and while the army was at Varna confidence in the brigadier increased at home. How he fared in his future command, under more grave and urgent circumstances, will form an important episode in this History.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LEADERS OF THE HOST: CONTINUED.—COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION AND CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH AND FRENCH ARMIES.

"Leaders who furnished no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial."—SIR WILLIAM NAPIER'S *Assault of Badajoz*.

GENERAL BOSQUET.—He is the youngest general sent out by the French emperor with the army of the East, in some respects the most talented; and, taken as a whole, only inferior to Canrobert, if inferiority even to him may with justice be affirmed. When a youth at St. Cyr, Bosquet was distinguished by his close application to study, and the remarkable solidity of his character. Appointed as a cadet, he at once attracted the notice of his superiors, several of whom predicted his future eminence. He served in Africa, and there formed the friendship of Canrobert, which has ever since continued. Two men of so noble and generous a temperament could hardly meet as fellow-soldiers on the field of war and not be friends. Bosquet was noted in the earlier portion of his career for his reserve towards the common soldiery—a habit very rare amongst French officers, who generally allow a familiarity impossible in the other armies of western Europe; yet he was, next to Cavaignac, the warmest republican general in the army of France. In 1848 he joined the insurgents of Paris, and fought in the revolt for the establishment of a republic. The success then achieved by his party soon placed him at the head of a division. At the period of the *coup d'état* he refused all complicity with any of the political proceedings of the Buonapartists. When the president put to the vote of the nation whether he should assume the imperial title and authority, Bosquet and his whole division returned a negative vote. He was placed for that act in retirement by the successful candidate for the suffrages of France. When the war broke out General Canrobert represented to the emperor that there was no better soldier in France than his friend Bosquet, and that; although a republican, he bowed to the national will, and recognised the emperor as the nation's choice. The emperor acknowledged his claim, and nominated him to the command of a division. No division in the French

army, or in either army, was under such perfect discipline as that of Bosquet. At Gallipoli he had charge of the landing of the French troops, and signalised his capacity of organisation there, and while the allies lay encamped in that neighbourhood. He extemporised an admirable commissariat, converting his Zouaves, tractable in his hands, into commissaries. He instituted a post-office for the French army, which was worked with more regularity than that at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The market tariff was his plan; the selection of quarters, the naming of streets at Gallipoli, and the general order that prevailed there in all that concerned the French, were the result of this general's faculty of organisation. At Varna his division suffered less than any other, through his sagacity in selecting a salubrious position, and the sanitary regulations he ordained. In the events upon which we are about to enter, no man bore a larger share of glory than General Bosquet, and no man was more singularly fortunate in all the enterprises which he undertook.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE SIR GEORGE CATHCART, K.C.B.—The subject of this notice was the fourth son of the first Earl Cathcart. His birth was in the year 1794. At sixteen years of age he was appointed to a cornetcy in the 2nd Life Guards, but in little more than a year exchanged for a lieutenancy in the 6th (Carbineers) Dragoon Guards. He had served about a year in that regiment when his father was sent as British ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg, and he accompanied him as his aide-de-camp and private secretary. He partook of various duties in both these capacities in Russia, Finland, and Sweden; and during the invasion of Russia by Napoleon, young Cathcart attended upon the Russian emperor in various exciting and important scenes, and also carried despatches, at imminent peril of life, from one authority to another, where dispatch and secrecy were required. The courage shown

by Lieutenant Cathcart during all that momentous period was of the highest order, and his intelligence equalled his courage. Crossing rivers—riding a succession of horses which fell exhausted beneath him—pursued by French scouts—obliged to assume disguises—and conducting secret missions of the utmost importance, engaged young Cathcart's whole energies, until the great Napoleon, baffled by British gold and Russia's snows, rather than by the arms of Alexander, was driven back a fugitive to France. Lieutenant Cathcart had a share of the peril of eight pitched battles, and twice as many combats during the campaigns to which we have referred. At times the movements of kings and generals depended upon his celerity and courage in bearing with safety the despatches entrusted to him. Until Napoleon retired to Elba, Lieutenant Cathcart remained in connection with the Russian emperor, and was present with his armies. He thus gained experience in many countries, in secret diplomacy, and in numerous general engagements. At the battle of Lutzen, and during the days previous, and subsequent to that engagement, he spent twenty hours in the saddle. We recollect no instance of a British officer enduring the fatigue and constant service which Lieutenant Cathcart at that juncture endured. The Emperor Alexander frequently expressed both his astonishment and approbation at the toil and fortitude sustained by the British ambassador's aide-de-camp and secretary. At the battle of Bautzen, Lieutenant Cathcart showed prodigious physical strength and activity; he had been ten days without changing his clothes, nor had the saddle been taken from his horse for all that time; yet during the engagement, attached as he was to the Emperor Alexander's staff, great exertions were necessary, which he bore throughout the day with undiminished energy. He ran great risks during the conflict. In the grand charge made by the French general, Macdonald, he was nearly captured; and in the retreat the French skirmishers had many a shot at him—his duty and his daring bringing him frequently within range of the *tirailleurs*.

At the battle of Dresden, he was in actual communication with one of the staff of the Austrian general, Mesko, when that general and his corps had to surrender; Cathcart escaped through showers of musket balls, grape, and canister. When Moreau fell, Cathcart was present, and assisted the wounded general, bearing him on his arms for some moments. At the close of the war, Lord Cathcart was created an earl; but his son, whose services were so brilliant and useful, was not promoted. Two reasons were assigned for that—the rank bestowed upon the head of his family, and the fact that he had not served with the British

army, but rather in a civil capacity with the British ambassador,—his staff services with the Emperor Alexander being in the light of a volunteer. When Napoleon returned from Elba, George Cathcart was again called into active service; he was placed on the staff of Wellington, and fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and served with the British army in its march upon Paris and occupation of France. For the reasons above assigned he received no promotion. After the British army left France, he received a company in a West India regiment. At the close of 1819, he obtained a troop in the 7th Hussars. This gallant officer never was a favourite with the dispensers of patronage. He remained six years captain in the 7th Hussars before he attained to a majority, but in a month after he gained the great step of lieutenant-colonel, and went on half-pay. He served with the 1st Royal Dragoon Guards in Canada, in 1838; it was not until the end of the year 1841, that he attained the rank of full colonel. In February, 1846, he received an appointment of some emolument, being made deputy lieutenant of the Tower of London. In 1851, he succeeded in gaining the rank of major-general.

The disastrous colonial policy of Earl Grey involved our colonies generally in discontent, and the Cape of Good Hope in rebellion. Sir Harry Smith, a gallant and most able officer, had been unable to quell the rebellion of the Caffre tribes, from the inadequate means which the combined mismanagement of the Colonial Office and the Horse Guards left at his disposal. The government of the day treated Sir Harry Smith in the same disgraceful way they had treated the good and great Lord Gough—they sent out an officer to replace him; thereby making the implication that failure resulted from the general's incapacity, when it really resulted from their own. Major-general Cathcart was dispatched to the Cape, additional means were placed at his disposal, and he accomplished his task with distinguished success. His appointment was due to the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington, which fact alone silenced the outcry raised against him by men who had never rendered their country any very distinguished services. The late Marquis of Londonderry was the leader in the discreditable attack then made upon the experience and capacity of General Cathcart; although that nobleman, being a general officer, and well acquainted with the facts of the allied campaign from 1811 to 1814, had means of knowing that the Honourable George Cathcart merited his eulogy instead of his censure. He was as skilful in peace as brave and energetic in war; and his diplomatic experience, and the knowledge of men and of human nature acquired then, aided him in dealing with Caffres.

and colonists at the Cape. The government of Lord Derby was more prompt to acknowledge the merits of the conqueror of the Caffres than previous governments were to acknowledge his other services; he was made a Knight Companion of the Bath. While at the Cape he obtained the strange appointment, for an absent general, of Adjutant-general to the forces. He came home from the Cape just in time to receive the command of a division for the East. He had only opportunity to see the Queen and depart; and he appeared in the same tarnished uniform in the camp of the allies, which he had worn when dictating peace in the camp of the Caffres. His services in that army, and his sorrowful but glorious death, will form part of the narrative of coming chapters.

THE HONOURABLE BRIGADIER-GENERAL SCARLETT.—To this officer was assigned the command of the heavy cavalry brigade, as already mentioned in a previous chapter. This distinguished cavalry officer is the second son of the late Lord Abinger, who was so notorious as a lawyer and a judge. Mr. Scarlett was born in the last year of the last century, received his school education at Eton, and his university education at Cambridge. In the year 1818, his commission as cornet in the 18th Hussars was conferred upon him. No regiment in the service had more distinguished itself in the war with France; and at Waterloo, in the brigade of Sir Hussey Vivian, towards the close of the day, its conduct was very brilliant, capturing in the final charge many of the enemy's guns. It was such a regiment as the dashing spirit of young Scarlett would have chosen; and he was likely, in "Lord Drogheda's Horse," as the regiment was originally called, and under which designation it won its chief honours, to become a well-disciplined and efficient officer of cavalry. In consequence of some disturbance between the 18th Hussars and the 3rd Light Dragoons, when both regiments were quartered in Dublin, the former was disbanded and the latter sent to India "out of its turn." Mr. Scarlett was consequently placed on half-pay, but he very soon obtained an unattached lieutenancy in the 9th Lancers, and in December, 1822, exchanged into the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carbineers). His preference for the heavy cavalry was very decided. In June, 1825, he obtained a troop unattached, but exchanged back in about six weeks, having a passion for active service. While commanding a troop in the Carbineers he was noticed by the authorities at the Horse Guards for the efficient state in which he maintained both men and horses, and in 1830 obtained a majority, unattached. In about five months he exchanged into the 5th Dragoon Guards, commonly called "The Green Horse." The com-

mand of this regiment, as its lieutenant-colonel, devolved upon him in 1840; and in 1851 he became full colonel of the same regiment. The late Duke of Wellington repeatedly expressed his approbation of the state of Colonel Scarlett's regiment, and it was reported that the Duke honoured it so far as to declare that no other heavy cavalry regiment in the British army was equally efficient. When the expedition to the East was resolved upon, the Honourable Colonel Scarlett was requested to take command of a brigade. His regiment was then stationed in Ireland, and when called out for inspection it was numerically weak, sickness having for some time prevailed among both men and horses. This circumstance was remarkable, as the same thing occurred when the regiment was ordered to join the forces in Belgium, previous to the battle of Waterloo. At that time the corps was deprived of the honour of the campaign, but in 1854 so many men from other regiments volunteered into the 5th, in consequence of the reputation of the colonel, that the regiment soon mustered the proper strength, and joined the expedition. Brigadier Scarlett showed a noble generosity to the families of the men who thus volunteered, distributing a large sum of money among them; the sick men of his own corps, and the families of the married soldiers fit for service, received similar tokens of kindness. At Varna no cavalry regiment suffered so much as the 5th Dragoon Guards; and when the expedition to the Crimea was determined upon, the regiment, from sickness, was in an unfit state to proceed—thus a third time, on the eve of a great campaign, being pronounced unserviceable from the same cause. General Scarlett, however, brought the relics of his fine corps with him to the Crimea, where they proved their discipline and valour, as might have been expected, trained under so skilful and gallant a leader. The services rendered by General Scarlett to his country in the cavalry conflicts of the Crimea, will constitute a part of this History in an appropriate place.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL PENNEFATHER, C.B.—Brigadier John Lysaght Pennefather was born in the county of Tipperary, in Ireland, in the year 1800, and is the son of a clergyman of the Established Church. In 1818, he was gazetted to an ensigncy. He became a lieutenant, 1823; obtained a company, 1825; and a majority, 1831. In 1839, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and in seven years afterwards attained to a full colonelcy.

The principal services of General Pennefather, previous to the present war, were in India. He served there against the Ameers, as a brigadier, under the late Sir Charles Napier. At the terrible battle of Meannee, he acted as

quartermaster-general, commander of the infantry, and second in command in the little army under the orders of Sir Charles. No battle in the wars of India conferred more honour upon British skill and valour than that of Meannee. Brigadier Pennefather was shot through the body, but retained his saddle, and continued to direct the troops until the conflict terminated in victory. For his services he received the thanks of parliament, was promoted one step, and was made a C.B. and an extra aide-de-camp to the queen. Sir Charles, in a speech in London, acknowledged that to his second in command he owed the victory. General Evans had great confidence in the military capacity of General Pennefather, and was particularly solicitous to have him as one of the brigadiers of his division. Subsequent events justified this confidence.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TORRENS.—Arthur Wellesley Torrens was the second son of Major-general Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B., Adjutant-general to the forces. He was born on the 18th of August, 1809. The prince-regent made him his page of honour when he was only ten years of age. After remaining some time in that capacity, he was entered at the Military College, Sandhurst, where he passed through a series of examinations with much *éclat*. His commission followed as a matter of course; and he had the good fortune to obtain it in the Guards, in the year 1825. He was lieutenant and adjutant of his battalion from 1829 until, in 1838, a brigade of Guards was ordered to Canada, to which he was appointed brigade-major, although beneath the rank from which majors of brigade are generally selected. During the Canadian insurrection of 1838-9, his services were most efficient, and drew the attention upon him of Lieutenant-general Sir John Colburn, the commander-in-chief. His services upon the staff of the army in Canada were very various, and very honourable to himself and his country; yet he obtained no promotion, for, in 1840, it was by purchase that he gained the step of captain. The year following he was appointed to the command of the 23rd foot (Royal Welsh Fusileers). From that time until the breaking out of the present war his services were principally in the West Indies, where he repeatedly acted with great judgment and sagacity in a civil as well as military capacity. He was offered the lieutenant-governorship of St. Lucia in 1847; but his partiality for the profession of arms led him to decline the honour and emolument of such a post, and to remain in the command of his regiment. In 1851, he became colonel by brevet; January, 1853, he received the appointment of assistant quartermaster-general; and, at Chobham camp, in that capacity, had

again the honour of marked notice from Lord Colburn. General Evans and other senior officers also acknowledged his skill upon that occasion. He was appointed a brigadier in the division of General Cathcart, and joined his brigade at Varna.

COLONEL STRANGWAYS, Commander of the British Artillery.—Thomas Fox Strangways was born on the 28th of December, 1790. His father was the Hon. and Rev. Charles Redlynch Fox Strangways, son of the first Earl of Chester. Mr. Strangways entered the Royal Artillery, as second lieutenant, in 1806. He was a youth of much promise, and, after his appointment to a lieutenancy, pursued with zeal the study of gunnery, and also of fortifications. Within a few years after entering the service he became known throughout the artillery as an officer of scientific attainments, and thorough ardour in his profession. In 1812, he was attached to the Rocket Brigade, under Major Bogue, which was sent out to join the army of the Crown Prince of Sweden, acting against Napoleon. The sensation caused by the British Rocket Brigade will be familiar to all our readers, acquainted however slightly with the events in Germany at that period. Allies and enemies were surprised by the effects produced, especially at the battle of Leipzig. Major Bogue fell early in that action, and the command devolved upon Mr. Strangways, whose conduct of the brigade gained for him the notice of the allied sovereigns and generals, and decorations from the former. From his own government he received no reward. Mr. Strangways was engaged most usefully and actively throughout the great continental contest until Napoleon abdicated. He returned home, but received no promotion. In 1815, he joined the army of the Duke of Wellington, and fought at Waterloo, where he directed a gun with great effect upon the French throughout the hottest of the battle. Wounded by a musket-ball in the hip and back, he fell by his gun, and was borne, against his own remonstrances, to the rear. Eventually carried to Brussels, he languished for months, his death expected by himself, and predicted by the surgeons who attended him. At last his constitution rallied, and he was enabled again to do duty. The brevet which followed the battle of Waterloo conferred upon him a step. It was not until 1826, however, that he attained the rank of captain, after twenty years service, and having distinguished himself in the field many times by rare heroism, and superior military knowledge; and, after having received the thanks and eulogies of foreign generals, and the decorations of foreign sovereigns, fifteen years longer did this distinguished officer re-

main without another step, when he was included in the list of majors by a brevet. In five years he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, in which grade he had remained eight years when the war in the East rendered his active employment necessary; and he went out in charge of the Horse Artillery, and second in command of the artillery of the army, under Brigadier-general Cater. Shortly before the embarkation at Varna, General Cater was invalided, and the command devolved upon Lieutenant-colonel Strangways. While on board the ship which bore him to the Crimea, he received his appointment as brigadier, after nearly half a century's service to his country in peace and war.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADAMS, C.B.—This accomplished officer commanded the second brigade of General Evans's division in the expeditionary army. He was born early in the year 1805, and was eldest son of Cadwallader Adams, Esq., of Anstey Hall, Warwickshire, at whose death he succeeded to the family estates. At the age of seventeen he entered the army, and rapidly made his way, by purchase, to the command of a regiment. The 18th (Royal Irish) regiment of infantry was commanded by him in the Chinese war, and under his orders that corps, which had seen less warlike service than almost any regiment in the line, became very distinguished. When peace with China was negotiated by Sir Henry Pottinger, Lieutenant-colonel Adams exchanged into the 49th, which was ordered home. Immediately upon his arrival in England he married his cousin, Miss Catherine Adams, daughter of the well-known Vicar of Anstey. On the breaking out of the war, Colonel Adams was selected as a dashing and spirited officer, who had proved his ability to command, and appointed to a brigade with the approval of General Evans, and the confidence of his brother officers. Brigadier Adams was a great favourite with the men of his brigade, and of the second division generally.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EYRE.—On the 17th of April, 1823, this officer entered the 6th regiment of infantry as ensign, and had only served a year and a half when he attained the step of lieutenant. Another year and a half advanced him to the rank of captain, unattached. Within two years he exchanged to the 73rd Highlanders, in which regiment he commanded a company for ten years, after which he was promoted to a majority. Eight years service as major obtained for him the command of the regiment. The comparatively brief space of six years was passed by him as lieutenant-colonel, when he attained to the rank of full colonel. In February, 1854, he received his

command of a brigade in the army of the East. During the Caffre war, both under Sir Harry Smith and the Hon. General Cathcart, the subject of this brief sketch served his country with such gallantry that his sovereign honoured him with the distinction of a C.B. He had then given earnest of the success which, as a leader of the British army in the Crimea, he so signally achieved.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GOLDIE.—Brigadier Thomas Leigh Goldie was a native of the Isle of Man. He was the grandson of a distinguished general, and many of his name and kin served their country in the wars. The 66th regiment had the honour of opening to him a career of military renown; he entered that regiment as an ensign in 1825. After the very short service of six months in the lowest grade of rank for an officer, he received the step of lieutenant. In less than three years he was made captain, not from any particular services rendered by him, but because he had money and interest. He indeed merited promotion for his talent and assiduity, but other officers more distinguished had to wait twenty years for the rank he obtained in three,—although, during such long period of years, receiving wounds and hardships, and securing great advantages for their country. In ten years he became major, and in less than two years more obtained by brevet the rank of lieutenant-colonel. During the period of his promotion from captain to lieutenant-colonel, he gave great attention to the study of military science, and published several works on the subject, which aided his reputation. He served a short time in the Punjaub, under Lord Gough, and was regarded as the most skilful infantry officer of his rank in the army. He was one of General Cathcart's brigadiers in the army of the Crimea, but at Varna served under General Brown in the light division.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TYLDEN.—William Burton Tylden was a native of the county of Kent, where his ancestors for many centuries have held estates: he was brother to Major-general Sir John Maxwell Tylden, of Milsted Manor, in that county. His maternal grandfather was also a distinguished general, Sir Samuel Achmuty, G.C.B. The subject of this sketch was born in 1790, and, at the age of sixteen, entered the engineer department of the army as second lieutenant. In six months he succeeded in attaining the step of first lieutenant. During that brief period he attracted notice by his conduct while in garrison at Gibraltar, and was engaged on important services in Sicily. After spending five years in the grade of first lieutenant, he was promoted to a captaincy. Captain Tylden was the commanding engineer

at the capture of Fort Santa Maria, in 1814, and also in the battle of Genoa, under Lord William Bentinck; for his services in the latter action he was promoted to the rank of major, by the especial interposition of his lordship. In the Belgian campaign of 1815, he commanded the pontoon train; and in that service, and on the march to Paris, he merited and obtained the commendations of his great chief, the Duke of Wellington. Upon the establishment of peace, Major Tylden retired from active service, and gained no step until so late as 1837, when he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy; it was not until 1850 that he obtained the rank of full colonel. On the 21st of February, 1854, he was nominated a brigadier-general. He was one of the first officers who landed in the East, having preceded the expedition, and visited Gallipoli and Constantinople "on special service," to arrange preliminaries for the occupation of those places by the allied armies. Sir John Burgoyne, Brigadier Tylden's superior officer in the engineering department, and also the commander-in-chief of the army at Varna, entertained the highest respect for his genius and character, and he subsequently proved himself to be one of the most useful officers in the Crimean army.

COLONEL WILLIAMS, C.B.—Although this hero did not accompany the troops from Varna to the Crimea, he was attached to the eastern armies, and was one of the most useful and brilliant of our officers; it is but suitable, therefore, that a brief memoir of him should have a place in this chapter. William Fenwick Williams is an officer of artillery, to which arm of the service he was appointed July 14, 1825. After a service of little more than two years he became first lieutenant; and in three years afterwards was again promoted to the rank of captain. In 1840, Captain Williams was sent to Turkey as British commissioner, and remained there until 1843. In 1847, he took part in the treaty of Erzeroum, and rendered great assistance to the Turkish and Persian plenipotentiaries. By the judgment and temper which he displayed in the conferences, he contributed decisively to the adjustment of the pending difficulties. The next year he was again employed on a matter of delicacy connected with eastern affairs. He was then lieutenant-colonel, having been rewarded for his services in his first delegation by the rank of major, and for his usefulness in the treaty of Erzeroum by the brevet of lieutenant-colonel. In 1848, he adjusted the Turko-Persian boundary, and gave such satisfaction to his government, that he was nominated a Companion of the Bath. Soon after England declared war against Russia, Lieutenant-colonel Williams was a fourth time sent

to the East, was permitted to assume the local rank of full colonel, and appointed her majesty's commissioner with the Turkish army. He visited Bulgaria and the line of the Danube, facilitated at Constantinople the military business of the allies, and rendered invaluable services by his counsels in Asia Minor. As the struggle assumed wider proportions and a more determined character, the talents of Colonel Williams became more conspicuous; until at last, as future pages of this History will show, he became one of the most prominent actors on the eastern theatre of war.

THE HONOURABLE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PAKENHAM, *Assistant Quartermaster-general*.—The Hon. William Lygon Pakenham, heir-presumptive of the Earldom of Longford, in Ireland, was born in 1819, at Pakenham Hall, Westmeath, one of the family residences in that county. He entered the army in his eighteenth year, as an ensign in the 52nd light infantry regiment of the line. Twelve months afterwards he became lieutenant by purchase in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. After serving six years as lieutenant in that regiment, his promotion to a captaincy followed. He commanded a company in the same corps for eight years, and then attained to an unattached majority. When the war broke out he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, unattached, and was appointed to the staff as assistant quartermaster-general. His subsequent career was brilliant, and he finally attained to the important post of adjutant-general of the army of the Crimea. His usefulness as assistant quartermaster-general was very great, and attracted the notice of the heads of the army. In this capacity he was especially efficient in the embarkation of the troops at Varna, and their debarkation in the Crimea. He was made a Companion of the Bath for his services.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PAKENHAM, M.P.—Lieutenant-colonel Pakenham was the eldest son of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir H. Pakenham, K.C.B., and first cousin to the gallant officer of whom the previous brief notice is given. He represented the county of Antrim in parliament at the period when the expedition went out from England. His address to his constituents on that occasion produced a great sensation among them, by its manly and gallant tone. He seemed to have a presage of his early fall, which occurred on the bloody day of Inkerman, to the victory at which his valour and ability much contributed. He entered the Grenadier Guards as ensign and lieutenant in the beginning of the year 1838. After five years' service, he became captain by purchase; he was recognised even then as an officer of great

ability in handling infantry. His command of a company in the Guards continued for eleven years, during which his military spirit and attention to duty gave sure earnest of the distinction he was capable of earning in actual war. When the regiment was ordered to the East, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. By the staff of his division he was generally consulted; and his efforts to keep his men fit for duty, by a high state of discipline, were as much to be commended as the chivalrous valour with which he led them to victory. Such men justify the motto selected for this chapter, in application to the chiefs of the army which left Varna for the Crimean peninsula.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROSE.—Hugh Rose, Esq., joined the army as ensign in the 93rd Highland regiment of infantry, in June, 1820. In little more than a year he exchanged into the 19th infantry regiment, becoming lieutenant by purchase, and was in the same month placed on half-pay. He exchanged back soon afterwards, and was for three years lieutenant in the regiment, when he obtained a company. Little more than two years a captain, he became major, unattached, and remained in retirement for three years, when he exchanged into the 92nd Highlanders; he continued as a field officer of that regiment for more than ten years, conducting by his vigilance and example to its high state of discipline. In 1840, he was appointed consul-general in Syria, with the local rank of colonel. In this capacity he gained great experience in Turkish affairs, and during the absence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe from Constantinople, in 1853, Colonel Rose vigilantly watched the intrigues of Russia, forwarding to his government important intelligence, and offering such advice as only a man of profound acquaintance with Turkish politics, character, and affairs, could offer. His intelligence was slighted, and his advice disregarded, by Lord Aberdeen's government. Had Admiral Dundas, when in command of the Mediterranean fleet, entered the Dardanelles at the suggestion of Colonel Rose, Prince Menschikoff's mission to the Porte would probably have assumed a different aspect. The indecision of the sultan and his government, in the first instance, gave encouragement to the Russian envoy to make demands from which he could not afterwards recede without compromising the dignity of his sovereign and of his country. The presence of Admiral Dundas would have inspired the Porte with courage to resist from the first the haughty insolence of the czar's plenipotentiary. The counsels of Colonel Rose were all proved to be sound during the course of subsequent events, but neither admirals nor ministers paid atten-

tion to them. When war was proclaimed, the honourable post of queen's commissioner at the head-quarters of the French army was assigned to Colonel Rose, and the temporary rank of brigadier-general conferred upon him; subsequently he attained to higher honours, military and civil.

COLONEL SEYMOUR, *Adjutant-general of the Fourth Division.*—Charles Francis Seymour was the son of a gallant sire, and his grandfather was also a hero—few families more heroic and patriotic than that from which he sprung. The subject of this notice entered the Fusileer Guards as ensign and lieutenant in 1834, and took the command of a company in June, 1837. At the outbreak of the Caffre war, in 1846, the governor and commander of the Cape, Lieutenant-general Sir George Berkely, appointed Captain Seymour his principal aide-de-camp. He continued to serve in that post until the war terminated; he returned home, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in his own regiment. When Sir George Cathcart assumed the command of the forces at the Cape, during the next Caffre war, Lieutenant-colonel Seymour accompanied him (in 1852) as his military secretary, in which capacity he served with the greatest satisfaction to his chief. In 1854, when Sir George retired from the Cape colony, Lieutenant-colonel Seymour returned with him; and like his leader, to whom he was most affectionately attached, he tarried not to consult convenience or domestic advantage, but hurried to Varna just in time to join the fourth division as it embarked for the common destination. As adjutant-general of the division, great responsibility devolved upon Lieutenant-colonel Seymour, to which he proved himself equal. There was no man in the division, whatever his rank, upon whom General Cathcart more relied. On the fiercely-contested declivities of Inkerman he fell, pierced with Russian bayonets, over the body of his friend Sir George Cathcart, to defend whose life he in the most chivalrous manner sacrificed his own. Both were leaders "who furnished no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial."

With the notices above given we close these narratives. There were a few other officers in positions of prominence, and many who subsequently attained eminence, in the hosts that left Varna, but it is necessary to reserve our notice of them to other pages. For example, General Sir William Codrington assumed in 1855 the command of the British army before Sebastopol; but in September, 1854, at Varna, he had no other relation to the expeditionary army there than that of a volunteer, although holding in the general army the rank of colonel.

Under such circumstances, a sketch of his services and history is properly postponed.

It would be unfair, however, to pass from this chapter without some sketch of the professional history of one man from the sister service, to whom the expedition owed much of its order, safety, and success.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR EDMUND LYONS, BAET., G.C.B., K.C.H.—Sir Edmund Lyons was born in the year 1790, and is the second surviving son of the late John Lyons, Esq., of Antigua, and of St. Austen's House, Lymington, Hants.

In 1801, he entered the navy as a first-class volunteer, and it is a curious circumstance that his first service was on board the Mediterranean fleet—a division of the British navy which in ripper years he was destined to command. His first exploit of war, it is also remarkable, was at the Dardanelles, where, as a midshipman in the squadron of Sir John Duckworth's expedition, he had an humble share in demolishing the redoubt on Point Pesquies. In 1807, while still a midshipman, he sailed for the East India station, where he served under Captain Hart, and Admiral O'Brien Drury, to the former officer he was acting lieutenant. In 1809, he was appointed lieutenant of the *Baracoutta* brig, in which vessel he also served as acting lieutenant some time before receiving his commission. In August, 1810, at the capture of the island of Banda Neira, it was necessary to escalade the walls of the Castle of Belgrea, and Mr. Lyons was amongst the first who attempted this feat. When the *Baracoutta* brought intelligence of this success to Madras, Admiral Drury made Mr. Lyons his flag lieutenant. In 1811, an expedition was fitted out in India for the subjugation of the island of Java; and Mr. Lyons proceeded there in the ship commanded by Captain Hoare, to await the arrival of the forces to which the conquest was to be committed. During this period he performed an achievement of a daring character. He attempted, at the head of thirty-five men, to surprise and storm the fortress of Marock, mounting fifty-four guns, garrisoned by 180 soldiers, and defended by two gun-boats. The hazardous attempt was crowned with success. When the expedition arrived from India, he was entrusted with the command of a flotilla of gun-boats which had been captured; and afterwards served on shore in certain batteries which were opened against Fort Cornelis. In all these services he exhibited a dauntless intrepidity, untiring activity, and intense professional enthusiasm. His health failing under the fatigue of his extraordinary exertions, he was invalided, and returned home. The promotion of Captain awaited his arrival. When his health was restored, he took the command of the *Rinaldo*, in which he escorted Louis XVIII.

and the allied sovereigns to England. Soon afterwards he was posted, but remained unemployed for fourteen years, until 1828, when he was again entrusted with the command of a ship which was appointed for service in the Mediterranean. He subsequently blockaded the port of Navarino, and then directed the naval part of an expedition in which the French, as our allies, directed a military force against Morea Castle—the only remaining place of strength then held by the Turks in the Peloponnesus. He not only performed his part on his own element, but, landing, he served in the trenches, and exposed his person most heroically. Our allies, both French and Greeks, decorated the gallant post-captain with orders of distinction. In 1829, in command of the *Blonde*, he conveyed to Constantinople Sir Robert Gordon, the British ambassador to the Porte. Shortly after, Captain Lyons took that ship into the Black Sea, the first British man-of-war that ever entered it. His services in the Mediterranean for several years gave him opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the manners, customs, and institutions of the nations on its shores. From the Straits of Gibraltar to the Tauric Bosphorus, he knew seas and shores intimately, and was therefore enabled to render the greater services to his country in the present war. In 1835, when leaving the *Madagascar*, the last ship he had commanded previous to that date, he was knighted; previously he had been made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Redeemer, by the newly-established Greek government; and the insignia of the Order of St. Louis was accorded to him by the King of the French. In 1835, he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order. In 1850, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-admiral; and in 1854, at Beicós Bay, was second in command of the splendid fleet which was destined to bear the armies of his country to the perils and victories which opened upon their first campaign on the territory of the foe.

Having presented to our readers the foregoing historical portraits of the leaders of the host, this chapter may be appropriately closed by a comparative view of the two armies, British and French, of which the expedition to the Crimea was composed.

No two armies belonging to civilised nations could be more diverse in constitution and character. The classes from which the armies are taken differ much. The English soldiery are from a lower grade of the people. Few men enlist in the British army from military taste, who are of steady habits, and possess any tolerable prospects in life. This arises from several causes—one is the wretched pay; thirteen pence a-day is not likely to induce any



REAR ADMIRAL SIR EDMUND LYONS, BART G.C.B. &c.

From a Photograph sent early by Mr. Wm. H. W.

young man of sober and industrious habits, even as a servant, or town-labourer, to take up the life of a soldier. The recruit is told that he will have clothes, but these are actually paid for by "stoppages" from his thirteen pence; while he is cheated out of a portion of the money thus taken by receiving worse articles than he bargains for, and articles inferior to those which the country assigns to him. Mr. Robertson Gladstone, of Liverpool, has estimated—and based his estimates upon incontrovertible facts—that the clothes supplied to the army are £75,000 a-year worse in value than the country pays for. The author of the *Camp and Barrack-room* states that the recruits and young soldiers are subjected to impositions by the subaltern officers at Chatham. According to this authority, among other treacherous and fraudulent charges by which the poor soldier is robbed, he is made liable to a deduction from his pay for injured firelocks; the practice being to put into his hands stocks already damaged, and which must suffer more in further use, then to charge the young soldier for *all* the damage which the stock may exhibit. This author asserts, from his own experience, that having been four days in barracks at Chatham, each man was charged four pence for barrack damages. In this way, the sergeant affirms, so much as £300 per year is plundered from the men in Chatham alone. The British soldier is, on every pretence, mulcted of his pay. The country allows him too little, and that little he really never receives; robbery in various forms being practised upon him, of which the authorities are cognisant, and by which some classes of his superiors profit. Another cause of the unwillingness of the more educated and steady among the humbler classes to enlist, proceeds from the contempt with which the private soldier is treated. The meanest lance corporal must not be seen in company with a private soldier after he ceases to be a recruit. He must approach his officer as a Russian serf will approach the "Owner of souls." Even the most respectable non-commissioned officers must maintain a deference to the commissioned officers in the lowest ranks, as if they were beings of another order. It is not simply for the sake of discipline that a certain official dignity is maintained—but there is a haughty contempt among the gentlemen of the army for the common soldiers, which, in proportion as the latter have education, intellect, and spirit, must be galling. The hopelessness of promotion is a third cause of the reluctance of the better classes of the poor to enter the service. Very seldom does the non-commissioned officer obtain a commission. Recent regulations somewhat mitigate this fact, but even now it is sternly true. Men superior in *birth, education, military talent, and personal daring*, to any of the officers of their

corps have fought and bled, and frequently rendered the most signal services to their country, in the British army, without any promotion, and scarcely any notice. The late Duke of Wellington and the late Lord Raglan were conspicuous for their neglect of the brave but humble non-commissioned officers and soldiery. Sir Charles Napier, Lord Gough, and Sir De Lacy Evans used every effort to remove this ban from the humbly born, but were obstructed by the whole force of officialism at home and abroad. Never was an army composed so extensively of heroes as the British; never were men so superciliously treated.

Another cause of the unwillingness to enlist, is the general conviction that there is very little concern for the life of the poor soldier on the part of his superiors, except upon the field. The present war has tended to give to this impression greater intensity. When the colonels of regiments had the clothing of them, and pocketed large sums of money by the process, there was more ground for this feeling. In fact, horrible as the thing must appear to every Englishman out of the army, there was a direct interest on the part of the colonel in the neglect of the soldier when exposed to privation, sickness, and wounds. The Liverpool Financial Reform Association makes this statement:—"When a regiment goes abroad, becomes sickly, and is thinned by death, the clothing colonel to whom it belongs, and who remains at home, receives the money not required for sick or dead men as his own emolument." Whatever be the honour or even benevolence of our general officers, who are (or used to be before the late regulations) clothing colonels, such a system afforded a temptation that ought not to be placed in the way of any man.

When the recruit goes before the doctor to be examined, he is stripped in a cold room, and often treated with a contempt which has rankled in the hearts of some men ever after, causing desertion or insubordination. Often, when chilled with cold, leaving such examinations, the sergeant recommends the gin bottle as a remedy to the shivering novice, that he may himself get drunk out of the bounty-money. For this bounty many a recruit has enlisted, in the hope of having the sum to send to a poor mother, perhaps a widow; "to enable her to deal in a little something in her old days," as we once heard a simple and warm-hearted poor fellow say, who was plundered of nearly all his bounty to provide a "kit," which he supposed the country would provide for him, and to supply with drink the recruiting sergeants, who, when his money was spent, would hardly recognise him.

The flogging system deters recruits more than even bad pay, bad usage, and no promotion. Never was brutality anywhere more

degrading—unless indeed where the knout is used in Russia, or the cowhide with the American negro—than that inflicted upon the British soldiery. Many have died beneath the lash; very many have died of their subsequent suffering; perhaps a still greater number of the secondary consequences; for it is notorious that the organs of the chest, and the nervous system, according to the constitution of the sufferer, are generally injured by this inhuman treatment. The lash can never make a bad man a good soldier. It may inspire fear—it more frequently inspires recklessness; it may deter from certain offences—it more generally hardens the men who witness it, deprives of all self-respect the man who undergoes it, and familiarises the officers with uncompassionating tyranny.

To all these obstacles to his hopes, happiness, and honour, the poor man, who has a military taste and a good education, must add the conviction that even if he be promoted to a commission, his family, if he have one, will be treated with disdain by his brother officers. Never were the humble classes of this country, and the non-commissioned officers of the army, treated so contumaciously, in this particular, as by Mr. Sidney Herbert. In his place on the ministerial benches in the House of Commons, with that sneer which was always so ready upon his countenance when any popular interest or liberal measure was pleaded, he opposed the promotion of non-commissioned officers, by drawing a picture of gentlemen sergeants, whose wives had turned a penny by washing. Seldom has a more perilous sneer been uttered in the Commons, whether we view it as an insult to the rank and file of the army, or to the great numbers of civilians, not a few of them in parliament, who by humble industry and ability raised themselves from the humblest classes of the population. It can excite no surprise that men of feeling and spirit, who are poor, will not consent to serve in an army officered after the taste of Sidney Herbert, the late evil genius of the War-office, when it becomes necessary to arm the country against a gigantic foe.

From all the disadvantages above described, the French soldier is exempt. Although his pay is smaller than that of the English soldier, it is liable to no arbitrary deductions; and as in time of peace he is nearly always garrisoned in France or Algeria, his pay goes farther than the same amount with the English soldier. His habits too are more sober, which enables him to live with more economy. His kit is provided for him by government, and with admirable regularity and care. Flogging is never resorted to as a punishment. Mutiny would pervade the whole French army if one of those disgraceful scenes were to occur which

are so common in British regiments. Disgrace before his fellow-soldiers generally deters the Frenchman from crime; if he desert, his punishment is signal and terrible. Every educated French soldier looks forward to promotion; and if he do not secure that, he knows that after a fair term of service he will have a pension adequate to his support. The practice of discharging old soldiers a year or so before entitled to their discharge *with a pension*, so fraudulent and so common in the English army, is unknown in the French. The rule of promotion in the French army is perhaps too favourable on the whole to the inferior, or as we would call them, “non-commissioned officers.” For every cadet appointed from the military schools, two of the higher grade of sergeants are nominated; purchase is unknown. Thus the French soldiers have every incentive to duty; while ours, “under the cold shade of the aristocracy,” perform prodigies of valour, and perhaps perish unnamed, or live unrequited by the country their valour saves.

The mode of procuring soldiers in France is the conscription. Strange as the statement may appear to many who peruse these pages, the French are of a less military spirit than the British. In proportion to the population, more Englishmen voluntarily enlist than Frenchmen. Substitutes for conscripts cannot be procured at present in France under a sum of £160. Fond as the people are of military glory, and of military parade, its hardships and dangers are not so palatable as at a distance is supposed. The humble French are fond of their relatives and their homes, and are unwilling to leave them to flaunt the tricolour or in the hope of the epaulette. Even in the Polytechnic, the great majority of the pupils seek to avoid the military profession, and to enter upon the civil service to which the school introduces them.

If the English soldier were treated with the justice and liberality of the French soldier, our ranks could be manned to any extent that the severest war might require. The French will all fly to arms as national guards, to protect their cottages and little gardens; but they are not so willing as the youth of Britain to volunteer upon dangerous expeditions to foreign lands. There are no people in Europe more willing to serve their country in arms than the British, and none so willing if we except the Swiss and Hungarians. It is doubtful whether even the men of these nations would be found so ready to volunteer upon adventurous enterprises. The representations of the public spirit and patriotism of the British youth, made by Admiral Sir Charles Napier, in a speech upon the hustings of Southwark, are borne out by the history of all British military undertakings:—“If the soldier

return to his home after years of service, with rank if he have been entitled to it, with a substantial pension if disabled, there will be no want of volunteers for the army."

The systems of the British and French armies act as oppositely upon the hopes of the junior officers as upon the men. Without fortune and aristocratic influence, a British officer, however well educated and brave, has no hope of rising to eminence. Purchase and seniority rule promotion. In the French army seniority has its due share of influence, but is never allowed to impede the promotion of merit. In the British army few men reach the higher ranks until too old to act efficiently, if called on for active service in their grade—unless men of fortune or title, or who have the especial patronage of those so circumstanced. Hence, although England has a long list of general-officers, whose services have been most glorious, they are all too old for the toils of war. Her generals of high rank young enough to be useful are men who have bought their way up, and are unfit for high command.

The mode in which promotion takes place in the Guards, the aristocratic department of the army, illustrates the mischief of the excessive influence of the aristocracy. An ensign in the Guards ranks with a lieutenant in the line; this is counted quite fair, *because he pays twice as much for his commission!* A lieutenant in the Guards is a captain of the army; and a captain of the Guards ranks with a lieutenant-colonel of the army. The result of such an arrangement must be, that the general officers will mainly consist of men who have served in the Guards, and be therefore men of rank and fortune. On this whole system, the following indignant strictures were published by an able writer in the *Eclectic*, under a review of *Livret d'Homme de Troupe, Septième Bataillon des Chasseurs d'Orléans*:—

"The British purchase and half-pay arrangements, the beginning and end of our system, form a curious exemplification of the commercial spirit in military affairs—a strange combination of the Court and the Stock Exchange. The piquancy of this manifestation becomes striking in the privileged regiments of Guards. The purchase of a commission in the Guards is a good investment. A correspondent of the *Times* finds sixty-two connections of the peerage in the Grenadier Guards. In this regiment are relatives and connections of Lords Congleton, Holland, Besborough, Albemarle, Granville, Rokeby, Cardigan, Harborough, Hardinge, Raglan, Derby, Burlington, &c.; of the Marquises of Bute, and Thomond, &c.; and the Dukes of Buccleugh, Richmond, Devonshire, &c. Money and interest have been known to make men lieutenant-colonels in seven years. From a Return printed by the House of Commons in

1833, it appeared that an officer of cavalry in the Guards obtained the rank of a lieutenant-colonel in six years after he joined the army, and the command of a regiment when he had only been six years and five months on full pay in the service. The rank of lieutenant-colonel, while young, is the object of these noble soldiers; they know they cannot possibly all obtain commands, and few of them continue to serve; but they secure by this rank their promotions, and their half-pay gives them a fair return for their money. The basis of the whole business is an insurance and stock-exchange calculation. A commission in the Guards is a courtly connection and a comfortable investment. It is a beefeater's place made fashionable. They take their turns, at Dublin, Windsor, or London, and never of the frosts of Canada, or the flame-breezes of India. They roughed it indeed in the Peninsula, in Belgium, and in the Crimea; but generally they have permanent establishments in London, and they have never been subject to sudden removals, while uncertain of time and place. A battalion of the line supplies *two*, and one of the Guards (two companies weaker) *ten* to the list of generals. The Guards thus furnish more than half* the general officers; their seven battalions supplying seventy, while 106 battalions of the line give 126. The percentage of the casualties of officers in the line to officers of the Guards is four to one; and when the comparison is made between them and officers in India, the percentage of casualties is eight to one in favour of the Royal Guards. It would appear the more noble an officer is, the less he risks his life for his country; and the nearer he is to the court, the farther he is from giving the last proof of loyalty. Four thousand pounds a-year is allotted to the officers of the Guards, to enable them to entertain themselves and their friends with banquets whenever they mount guard at the Palace. Two-thirds of them are generally absent on leave; they report to the Gold Stick instead of the Commander-in-chief; and under the commanding officer and adjutant, all the duties are performed by the sergeants, the officers having only to fall into rank and walk, with their swords drawn, on parade. It is thus they play at soldiers in the courtly and fashionable circles!"

As might be expected from the comparison of the two systems, in these particulars the officers of the French army have a higher military reputation; while the officers of the British army are universally regarded as inferior to the men they command, except in personal bravery. The common soldiers (especially in our cavalry regiments), when they may speak with safety, will declare, almost to a man, that they have no confidence in the skill of their

* One-third?

subaltern officers; that the majority of them are young men of fashion, given to amusement, who pay no attention to their profession, and are unable to bring the regiment through its exercises; and that discipline mainly depends upon the non-commissioned officers, and such field-officers as are attached to their profession or have seen service. The men will bear a unanimous testimony to the personal gallantry of their officers. When the field-officers purchase their way up, they are generally as deficient as the subalterns; but it is the custom for most fashionable men, who enter the army for amusement, to sell out when they reach the rank of captain; so that officers who have experience, and remain in the service from professional zeal and ambition, are frequently found among the field-officers. With all these defects, the British regimental system, as a *plan* of discipline, is confessedly superior to the French.

We cannot resist the impression that were the whole English military system thoroughly reformed, so as to make promotion depend upon merit, and an honourable seniority where duty was adequately discharged; and were officers, professionally educated, selected for all staff appointments, instead of men of rank and property, irrespective of their capacity, the British army would soon surpass the French in military science, as it already does in fortitude, high sense of duty, and a spirit of daring enterprise. Its superiority in these particulars has often been recognised by Frenchmen. At the close of the last war, French generals were frequently heard to say, "If we had your soldiers, we could have conquered Europe."

Whatever be the political party which shall hold in its hands the destinies of this great

country, the public voice should sternly demand the immediate reform of army abuses, and the eradication of all vicious principles of military government.

There is a character of completeness in the organisation of the French army generally, which gives it a great superiority over ours *as an army*, however superior our regimental system may be. The extent to which effectiveness of detail and military foresight are carried, the following brief citation from a French military writer will illustrate:—

"Distributed throughout the collective army of France are eight companies, amounting altogether to 5000 men. In these companies are to be found handicraftsmen capable of every variety of useful labour. A colony of backwood settlers could hardly desire a more effective body of artisans and helpers to work upon a clearance, and elaborate all and everything connected with civilisation and eventual refinement. There are in each corps butchers and bakers; cooks and confectioners; carpenters, plasterers, painters, and glaziers; shoemakers, tailors, whitesmiths, locksmiths, blacksmiths, plumbers, well-sinkers, pump-makers, engineers and wheelwrights. In the general body of the 5000 are to be found civil engineers, levellers, hydrographers, draughtsmen, and designers, musicians and linguists. These constitute the *Corps de Génie*, and have everywhere proved most valuable annexations to the host of fighting men. They are all indeed in the latter category; but, certainly, he who can draw a correct ground-plan to-day, fight upon it to-morrow and write a lucid account of the redoubt's formation, and the success of the encounter which defended it, on the day after, is no mean man-at-arms."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CRIMEA: ITS SCENERY, HISTORY, AND THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF ITS PEOPLE.

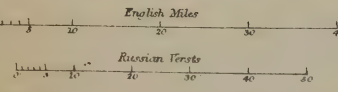
"But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree
Which, living, waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide fields revive
With fruits, and fertile promises—the spring
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."—BYRON.

THERE are but few good books extant which describe the Crimea. Dr. Koch is perhaps most generally quoted, but the work is superficial, and the writer allows an obtrusive and invidious nationality to deface his pages. His work is however of value for its geological and botanical information; and it contains some interesting discussions as to the probability that some of the events sung by Homer were imagined by the poet, in connection with this land of myths and traditionary stories

of wonder and terror from remotest time. Dr. Lyall, our own scientific countryman, has given some useful information as to the geological strata and superficialities of the country. Mr. Danby Seymour has written a good book concerning it. Dr. Clark is still an authority although his work is old. Captain Spence gives some light and pleasing sketches of the coasts, scenery, and general character of the country. Dr. Grant, Dean of St. Albans has written a history of the Crimea. Kohl



THE CRIMEA.



Longitude East of Greenwich



the German traveller, has produced a work, the general tone of which resembles that of his countryman Koch. Prince Anatole de Demidoff has written very elaborately and very heavily on almost every topic connected with the modern Crimea, although some of his sketches are not devoid of taste. In the year 1837, the prince projected a tour of inquiry, social and scientific, through all the countries of southern Russia. He proposed a mineralogical survey, from which he expected great results: the late emperor seems to have shared his anticipations, by the approval of his plans, and by authorising him to carry them into execution. The prince surrounded himself with a numerous staff of scientific men, geologists, practical miners, naturalists, engineers, draughtsmen, agriculturists, &c. They took with them boring apparatus and mining tools, weighing 80,000 lbs. The results were very disproportionate to the extent of the undertaking; the report as to the mineral riches of the country was utterly discouraging, and the prince proved himself to be rather a dull writer. A vein of officialism runs through the whole production; it appears like a mere report drawn up for the imperial eye. It was then a favourite spot with the emperor; he regarded the Crimea as one of the brightest gems in his diadem; to praise it was a passport to favour, and Prince de Demidoff paints everything in the colour of the rose, hinting that if the garden of Eden were not there, the place would have answered the purpose of that region of delight quite as well. The work of his highness is on the whole a very unfaithful one, and very clumsily executed, however much some parts of it are entitled to praise.

Other authorities, ancient and modern, may be consulted with advantage; but the really good works which treat on the Crimea, either scientifically, politically, or popularly, are few. Yet scarcely any geographical or topographical subject is more interesting at present. The war now raging within the small compass of the Crimean peninsula, will immortalise its associations: the words Crimea and Sebastopol will always arrest attention on the pages of the world's history. The most pleasing and popular work which we have met with, and to which we shall chiefly trust for our information while presenting to our readers the opinions and descriptions of various pens, is one that is but little known, having circulated chiefly among private friends. The work, published anonymously, is entitled *The Crimea*, and was written by a British lady, whose husband purchased property near the banks of the Alma—his sister having married the sultan, the representative of the khans of the Crimea. We believe this lady's husband, under the signature of "E. N.," afforded very valuable information to the public and the government

through the columns of the *Times*. Although the property of this family is jeopardised by this war, and their nephew, son of the late sultan, is an officer of Russian artillery, lately quartered at Simpheropol, about whose fate and that of his branch of the family they must be fondly anxious, yet throughout the book loyalty to fatherland is feelingly indicated. Our authoress describes her impressions of the country as to its beauties, drawbacks, and general peculiarities, not from a hasty survey, but from happy excursions, and *visits throughout its whole area during a long residence*. Hence, there is a vividness in her pen-and-ink sketches very enlivening and attractive; and one cannot rise from the perusal of *The Crimea*, without feeling that he really does know what sort of place it is. That sense of the actual which impresses with the idea that seeing could hardly add to the correctness of your notions, is just what Mrs. Nielson, in her own unassuming and natural manner, creates in the minds of the reader. Before presenting the descriptions or opinions of other writers concerning the country, it is necessary to afford a brief sketch of its geographical position and political importance.

A glance at the map of Europe will suffice to show the importance of the peculiar position of the Crimean peninsula. Projecting far into the Black Sea, it commands the disemboguing of the two greatest rivers whose waters mingle with those of that sea and the Sea of Azoff—the Don and the Dnieper. The Sea of Azoff and the Euxine are alike controlled by it. It seems as if designed for the standing-place of some great power, which as a sentinel should look forth towards the Danube and the Bosphorus, watch at once the shores of Asia Minor and of European Turkey, and hold in awe even the great metropolis of the Eastern world. Hence, it has always been an important position in past contests for power, from the first migration of primitive man from the table-lands of Armenia until the covenanted powers of western Europe planted there the standard of national independence, and compelled the modern Roxilani—more barbarous in many respects than their progenitors—to retire from the stronghold which their craft and treachery had secured. It is connected with the main land by the peninsula of Perekop, which is twenty miles in length, and three in breadth in its narrowest span. From this, its northern extremity, to Balaklava on the southern coast is about 130 miles, "as the bird flies." From east to west—from the strait of Yenikale, on the peninsula of Kertch, to Tarkhan, on the Gulf of Perekop, is about 210 miles. It is washed by the waters of the Gulf of Perekop on its north and north-western shores; by the Putrid Sea and the Sea of Azoff on its north and north-eastern coasts;

its other sea boundary is the open waters of the Euxine. For the purposes of either war or commerce, the power that possesses it has one of the most important positions in the world. The richest granaries in Europe are within easy sail of its shores, and the fairest provinces of the Turkish Empire may be menaced from its strongholds. As the swoop of an eagle from its eyrie upon the fold of the shepherd, so may the Russian swoop down upon Constantinople if a powerful steam navy be sheltered in the harbours of the Crimea, and armies be garrisoned there and on the neighbouring shores.

The scenery of the Crimea has not much variety of character, although very great variety of detail. Its northern portion is a steppe, often rich in soil, picturesque in spring and early summer, being variegated with the tulip, the crocus, and hosts of indigenous and beautiful flowers, and covered with grass or corn as it is committed to pasturage, or subjected to agriculture; in the late summer and autumn it is parched and burned up; and in the winter covered with snow, and exposed to the desolating northern blasts. Portions of it are also sand deserts, and others salt marshes. The southern division is a most wild yet beautiful region; huge mountains lift up their rocky brows into the sultry sun of summer, or are clothed with the accumulated snows of winter. These mountains are indented with many a glen and deep ravine, and cleft by waters which, falling in cascades from rock to rock, find their course through the lowlands, irrigating and blessing with fertility a soil the peculiarities of which so much need their presence. Where the highlands are less elevated and precipitous, the scenery is even more interesting: the country is undulated gracefully, and from the knoll to the mountain, all these undulations are clothed with beauty; within the scope of these elevations, and especially in their higher ranges, secluded nooks and deep dells are found, their sides covered with luxuriance, and within their pent up circles the huts of the Tartars and the gipseys are aggregated by the banks of some embryo river or gurgling brook. Over this part of the Crimea, within view of the shores of the Black Sea, are spread many magnificent estates and chateaux, the property of Russian nobles and officials favoured by the emperor. Some of these properties and mansions are unrivalled for beauty and magnificence: we question whether our own Chatsworth, or the proud home of our richest peer, the Marquis of Westminster, can vie with these palaces of the Russian princes in the Crimea. The lady whose book we have commended, and whose long residence by the Alma entitles her to write with authority, thus describes them:—"Leaving Yalta, the coast-road rises again, and continues its meandering course along the side of the hills through a rich and

beautiful country. Not far from the town is Livadia, the residence of Count Potolsky, with its beautiful gardens and refreshing fountains; and further on the empress's palace, Orianda, is seen nestling below, among rocks and wooded hills of every variety of shape and size. Indeed, at every turn new beauties open to view, and the huge masses of rock which overhang the road make the traveller pass in fear and trembling. Aloupka, the seat of Prince Woronzoff, stands in solemn grandeur; and the sight of it in the distance somewhat reminds one of home, but on approaching nearer its green granite walls, its orange and myrtle groves, and its clusters of dark cypress, tell of a warmer sun than we are favoured with in dear old England. The house is built in a castellated style, with numerous turrets, and is laid out to accommodate an immense number of visitors. There is an extensive library, and a large hall, in the style of the Moorish Alhambra. Exotic plants of all kinds fill the halls and covered galleries, making it really like fairyland. Terraces and shady walks lead down to the sea, where a neat little pavilion, for the accommodation of bathers has lately been built. Above the house is a garden, unique of its kind, combining within its limits grottoes, caverns, the crater of an extinct volcano, and huge grotesquely-shaped masses of rock, interspersed with fountains, cascades, artificial ponds, beds of flowers, and numerous shady walks and arbours. When the count (prince?) retreats to this his favourite residence, to rest from his labours at the Caucasus, he assembles a large party of friends at Aloupka, who spend the day very pleasantly in roaming about the gardens, or driving in the neighbourhood, while the evenings are usually spent in dancing to the music of a large band of musicians, who are always in attendance. The green-coloured granite of which this castle is built is very plentiful all along the coast, and where there are enclosures, which is not common thing, they are made of huge blocks of it, piled one upon another. Even the road is mended with it." The Prince Woronzoff referred to in the above extract is the nephew and kinsman of Mr. Sidney Herbert, and lately the official predecessor of Prince Menschikoff. A sketch of his history and character will be found in a previous chapter of this History.

With the quotation from Mrs. Nielson, Prince Anatole de Demidoff agrees in one of the best passages in his book, which is too striking and graphic for our readers not to peruse with pleasure. The road from Yalta to Aloupka and the scenes there presented to the traveller he thus describes:—"The road runs along the shore of the bay, and rises by a gentle ascent to the first hills which command the sea to the west, whence it reaches the base of the

rocks of the Yaila, which rise like a wall, 1800 feet high, extending from Yalta to Cape Ai-Todor. This road is smooth, and so easy that carriages can go at the utmost speed upon it. About midway up the mountains you meet with a number of villas on the roadside, one and all constructed with the most tasteful fancy. Here a small Asiatic palace greets you, with discreet blinds, and minaret-shaped chimneys; a little further, an elegant Gothic manor (house), or one of those pretty English cottages, covered with ivy, and surrounded with verdure that long retains its freshness. Sometimes you find a dwelling built entirely of wood, fancifully varnished, and almost hidden by its large verandahs; here a group of white and graceful turrets, there a mass of ruins; everywhere trees, grass, sparkling water, garlands of hawthorn, and beds of purple dahlias. The traveller advances thus along a road winding for a distance of fifteen versts by the side of the great ramparts of the Yaila; on his left the glittering and boundless sea; at his feet, sloping down to the shore, verdant declivities, covered with villas, beautiful vineyards, and winding pathways. Throughout its extent the road is protected, like a drive through an English park, by wooden barriers, painted white, which, though slight, prevent the head and eyes from suffering the dizziness so rapid a pace might occasion. Everywhere above are overhanging rocks, a 1000 feet high, from the crevices of which an abundant vegetation makes its way, and waves in the wind. But who can attempt to describe these lovely views as they deserve?"

The sternness of the northern section of the peninsula, beyond the Strait of Arabat, from Yenichti along the coast, he thus characterises:—"Still the same endless plain, the same tedious and flat horizon vanishing in the distance, in the midst of which how delightful a relief it is to chance upon a human being! . . . At the stations alone did we come in contact with living creatures. And what suffering did we not witness in these deserts, beneath those huts where disease exists in its worst forms, and medical assistance can never penetrate! These people, labouring under the most dreadful diseases, await without help and without hope the close of sufferings of which they cannot even calculate the extent—miserable examples of human patience and resignation. One poor old sick man, for whom we expressed our compassion, said, with honest and unaffected humility, that 'peasants were not sent into the world for their own pleasure.' And, certainly, if ever spot on earth was calculated to exercise the virtue of patience, it is this."

The greater part of the northern steppe is not, however, a desert; it is productive of

corn and herbage, and in some places richly so. Large flocks are fed upon it, and cultivation has been resorted to with success by industrious German settlers.

The climate in these two distinct regions of the peninsula is very dissimilar. In the northern department, the cold winds, sweeping from the plains of Russia, penetrate everything. No clothing, however thick, can resist it. When nearer to the pole by many degrees, travellers have not complained of a cold so penetrating and excessive. Sudden snowstorms often overwhelm the best provided travellers, as well as the Tartar marauders who make the wild steppe their home. In the rainy season, torrents descend from the skies, and the steppe is turned into a vast desert of mud, through which it would be vain to attempt to travel. From these causes, neither in the snowy nor rainy season can troops and provisions be transported from Russia, or from one portion of the Crimea to another, without prodigious labour, and great sacrifices of men, cattle, and material.

The climate of the southern portion, like its scenery, is delightful. Dr. Clarke, the justly-celebrated traveller, portrays both in one of the happiest efforts of his pen:—"If there exist on the earth a terrestrial paradise, it is to be found in the district intervening between Kutchuckoy—a village upon the most southern point of the Crimea—and Sudak. Protected by encircling alps from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and of situation. Continual streams of crystal water pour down from the mountains upon their gardens, where every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blissful territory. *The life of its inhabitants resembles that of the golden age.* The soil, like a hotbed, rapidly puts forth such a variety of spontaneous produce that labour becomes merely an amusing exercise. Peace and plenty crown their board; while the repose they so much admire is interrupted only by harmless thunder, reverberating in the rocks above them, or by the murmur of the waves upon the beach below."

The social condition of the people is far from satisfactory. There is great want of capital either to cultivate the soil or foster commerce. The presence of rich Russian nobles in their gay summer palaces, however it may tend to create during the season pleasant social retreat, and the civilisation of the people, and although it may add to the beauty of the favoured region all the embellishments of taste, it does not

much promote the general prosperity of the peninsula. Neither have the encouragements offered by the government to foreign settlers, especially British and German, resulted in the establishment of commerce, or the melioration of the wretched condition of the people. Dr. Lyall, the celebrated geologist, an impartial narrator, and a scientific and close observer, thus records his opinion:—"The Russian government is endeavouring to re-establish the prosperity of the Crimea, which its armies have desolated, 'by instituting foreign as well as Russian colonies—by building barracks and other crown edifices—by organising tribunals and a central seat of justice—by restoring ancient names—by forming a fleet, and by building and renovating towns, as Sebastopol, Simpheropol, Kaffa, and Kertch. But the population is gone, and the most useful and industrious people—the Greeks and the Armenians—have nearly all left the peninsula. Industry and commerce are no more, though the Crimea is surrounded with ports on the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff. Sebastopol may continue the great naval station of the south of Russia; Kaffa and Kertch may become fine small towns of crown edifices; and Simpheropol may boast of its tribunals, and its being the seat of a government administration; but the prospect of the Crimea ever regaining its importance under the Russians is very small.'"

There is a great want of skilful workmen; the Russian residents are overbearing and tyrannical, especially to the Tartars and Jews; they fraternise with the Greeks—such as are left of the Greek colony which the Emperor Nicholas encouraged at Balaklava. The Tartars prefer a nomadic life to any settled work; efforts to attach them to tillage, in a constant or extensive manner, have generally failed. They have a saying with which they always meet the most friendly persuasions and inducements, "The Jew has his bag, the Armenian his money-tables, the Frank his trade, and Providence has destined for the Tartar his waggon." The few Greeks resident in the seaports are crafty, fraudulent, and commercial. The Jews are a downcast and trampled race, except the Kairites, who have a settlement not unlike those of the Moravians in Europe. They are the most intelligent and interesting portion of all the people. They separate from the other Jews, living in a lonely district near the Valley of Jehoshaphat; their separation is religious as well as local. They reject the Talmud, and the verbal traditions of the other Jews, and hold exclusively by the written Scriptures. The origin of the word Kairite is a vexed question amongst philologists. Some derive it from roots which signify the written testimony. So many possible and im-

possible derivations have been struck out by the learned, that it would be unedifying and tedious to discuss the point. These Kairites are a most industrious, moral, and religious people. There is nothing in the social condition and the character of the Crimean population comparable in interest with the existence and social government of this strange Jewish sept by the Valley of Jehoshaphat. There they have peacefully and piously followed their tranquil avocations, only a few miles away, while the thunder of artillery reverberated around Sebastopol, and armed hosts met in deadly struggle upon the confines of their peaceful abode. In the valley a beautiful burial-place, of great antiquity and extent, receives the remains of this peaceful people. Many of them have their homes at Tchoufout Kali, a town occupied exclusively by their race. The meaning of the designation which the town receives is, the Jew's Fortress; and it is appropriately named, for it is situated on an isolated and perpendicular rock, many of the houses being built on the very edge of the precipice. The town is surrounded by a wall, the approaches to which are very steep, and defended by a gate, which is closed every night. The most treasured thing in the Jew's Fortress is a manuscript copy of the Bible, said by its possessors to be of great antiquity. The owners of the dwellings are obliged to go to Bagtché Serai to earn their livelihood, but return again to their rock. Frequently they are obliged to migrate altogether to other towns in the Crimea to earn a subsistence; but it is always their desire, go where they may, to obtain a resting-place at last in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

The gipseys are like their race everywhere else; so are the few Armenians in the peninsula. Next to the Kairite Jews, the most interesting inhabitants of the place are the remnant of the old Gothic settlers resident among the southern mountains. At all events, the German writers lose no opportunity of holding up to general admiration these relics of the Gothic incursion upon the Crimea.

No trade or particular branch of commerce flourishes in this land. Fruit is the principal production of the soil, which is sent in large quantities to St. Petersburg and Moscow, where it is highly prized, and which makes it dear on the spot where it is grown. Almost all kinds of fruit common to either the temperate or torrid zone are grown, and are of the most delicious flavour. The inhabitants breed sheep, cattle, and horses; camels are valued on the steppe. The pastures are infested with the vulture and the eagle, while the glens and dales of southern Crimea echo with the sweet voices of the birds of song. Rivers and marshes are most prolific in frogs

which have a singular mocking croak peculiar to the species in this country.

The diseases of the Crimea are such as are common in similar climates, and in countries imperfectly cultivated. Consumption carries off many near the steppe; fever and ague infest the neighbourhood of the marshy lands. Diarrhœa, and a peculiar low fever, known as the Crimean fever, are common all over the country, and dysentery often smites as a plague.

The antiquities of the Crimea are interesting, although not numerous; some of them are thus noticed by the lady already quoted:—“At the entrance to the peninsula of Kertch are still to be seen the ruins of a wall and ditch, running across the isthmus from north to south, which are supposed to have served as a defence to the ancient kingdom of the Bosphorus. On approaching Kertch, one is struck by the immense number of tumuli, similar to those met with all over the steppes, and which, from their appearance and form, are considered to be of the same origin. Every year search is made in one or more of these tumuli, and many vases, coins, and golden ornaments, distinguished for elegance of form and beauty of workmanship, have been disinterred. Statues also have been found in these tumuli, sculptured in the purest white marble, and in a style worthy of the best days of Grecian art. Many of these now ornament the Museum at St. Petersburg, while others are allowed to be retained in the Museum at Kertch, near where they so long lay concealed.”

The old Tartar capital, and its antique palace, may be classed under the head of antiquities; for the town itself is still what it was ages gone by, and everything in it now reveals what existed in the days of the khans of Crim-Tartary. Although the extract is long, we cannot refrain from making it, so graphic and well drawn is the picture the authoress and traveller last cited gives us:—“Leaving the Alma, we traverse a large plain, which extends as far as the top of the narrow valley in which Bagtché Serai, the ancient Tartar capital, lies concealed. But how shall I convey to the reader an idea of the situation of this singular-looking town? Suppose the middle section of a hill swept away by a torrent passing through it, leaving the banks on either side sloping outwards; and suppose that along these banks are a number of excavations and huge misshapen stones, as if the torrent had swept away the surrounding earth in which they were imbedded, leaving them so balanced that they look as if a touch would send them rolling into the valley; and suppose the bottom of the ravine, through which runs a streamlet, packed full of houses without any

seeming plan, and you have the picture of Bagtché Serai. It seems as if it had secluded itself on purpose to be out of the way of the modern march of intellect, and certainly it has succeeded. Centuries have made no change in the manners, customs, appearance, and intelligence of the natives, and generations have come and gone, and yet it is exactly the same town that it ever was. The principal street, which runs parallel with the little streamlet, the ‘Djourouk Sou,’ for nearly a mile, is so narrow that two carriages pass with difficulty. In the town nothing is Russian; all is Asiatic. All along the streets, in little shops which close at night with wooden shutters, which, when folded down, serve as a counter by day, Tartars may be seen busy at their respective trades. At short intervals along the streets are fountains showering forth their clear and refreshing streams, at which are groups of Tartars washing their hands and feet, previous to entering the mosque. Further on are hungry Tartars eating their *shisliki*, equally unmindful of the eager gaze of the little ragged gipseys boys, who watch every mouthful with envious eyes, and of the passing glance of the traveller, who wends his way slowly along the rugged and uneven street. The ancient palace of the khans is situated about the centre of the town; and after entering a covered gateway, guarded by Cossacks, the residence of the former rulers, with its many gardens, its harem, and its marble baths, lies open to view. All the elegance of oriental architecture adorns the fairy-like dwelling. Groups of fantastic birds, fruits, and flowers, interspersed with talismanic inscriptions, ornament the panels, and stand out in bold contrast with the dazzling white of the walls. Among the most striking of the numerous apartments is a large reception-hall, where the khan held his councils, at the end of which is a trellised gallery for the use of his ladies, and also a small room, luxuriantly surrounded by a broad divan, in the centre of which a fountain is continually throwing up its showers of the purest water; indeed, this Palace of Gardens—as its name signifies—might have been called the Palace of Fountains, as water flows everywhere. Two beautiful fountains, artistically carved in white marble, and ornamented with gilding and light-coloured paint, welcome you with their trickling sound as you enter the large vestibule. One of these is called the Fountain of Tears, and commemorates the grief of the beautiful Christian Countess, Marie Potolsky, whose beauty so enamoured Krim Gheri, the khan, that he caused her to be kept a prisoner within these walls. It really drops tears, and the stone upon which they continually fall is hollowed out like a basin. Passing through a garden we reach the harem—silent, sad, and

gloomy, whose trellised windows, marble halls, and high surrounding walls, give no very pleasing idea of the gaiety of the life of its former inhabitants. To the left of the principal entrance to the palace is the mosque, with its domes and minarets. A private entrance from the palace leads to a gallery, which was expressly kept for the use of the khan; and beyond the mosque, within an enclosure, lie the turbaned tombs of the ancient possessors of this palace."

Any reader solicitous to study more closely the antiquities of the Crimea, may consult Dr. Koch's account of the remains of ancient cities traceable above Balaklava and Sebastopol, and on the site of Theodosia (Kaffa).

The history of the Crimea is full of romantic interest. The first highly civilised race of which we have any authentic record as peopling its shores, is the Milesian. That acute and polished people connected with ancient Greece, by commerce, colonies, and arms, the farthest shores of what in remote antiquity was called the "Axine," or Inhospitable Sea, but what the genius of their leader caused to be known as the "Euxine," or Hospitable Sea. Previous to its conquest by the Milesians, the Tauri, the Cimmerians, and other wild races overran it, and roamed throughout the neighbouring countries with the ferocity of savages. The Milesians subdued these tribes to regular government, and girded the shores of the Crimea and of the neighbouring countries with cities, populous, opulent, and refined. In the names of places may still be traced the language of that people, whose vigour and enterprise carried them not only to the Tauric Bosphorus, but to Gaul, Spain, and Ireland, there also to found settlements, and leave even to this day the traces of their lineage and their presence in the relics of a distant antiquity. The cities founded by the Milesians, both on the eastern and western shores of the Black Sea, may be identified by the student of ancient history: Sinope, Trebizond, and many others retain their sites, and some their names. On the western shores the cities founded by the Milesians antedated those on the eastern coasts, contrary to the general impression now entertained. Odessus was built on the site of Varna; the modern Odessa, much farther north, has been fantastically called Odessa by the Russians, who are fond of giving the names of the great and flourishing cities of antiquity to their own arsenals and ports, whether established upon the same site or not. Near the mouth of the Dnieper was situated Olbio, or Olbiopolis (the Wealthy City). Next to Olbio was Cherson, just above where Sebastopol now stands. Some ruins of the ancient Cherson may still be traced. The city of Panticapæum finally surpassed in opulence and splendour all the Milesian cities.

This was situated on the opposite extremity of the peninsula. Kertch is now the poor substitute for the glories of the once mighty Panticapæum. Vast ranges of mounds, the silent resting-places of the remarkable people who once filled Panticapæum with opulence and taste, now testify how great the population of the Milesian Tauric capital. Gold coins, painted vases of exquisite workmanship, gold ornaments tastefully and richly chased, medals, bracelets, and numerous other remains of a people of high civilisation, and who cultivated a luxuriant taste, are still excavated from these sepulchres and buried houses.

From the Tauric Bosphorus this people penetrated through the Sea of Azoff to the mouth of the river Don, and established there commercial relations with the wild tribes of the interior. Then as now, corn was the chief produce of these countries; and the Greeks for ages maintained this commerce, until Athens became the granary for the cereal crops gathered from beyond the Cimmerian Bosphorus. Many hundreds of years before the Christian era the Milesians flourished where now, in the allied hosts, their Gallic and British descendants display a valour not unworthy the noble race from which they sprung. It is also a curious circumstance that those of the allies who are of Gothic origin find in the Crimea a people of the same race, who have resided there for centuries beyond a thousand years, and who hate the yoke of the barbarous Roxilani. After centuries of opulence and peace, these colonies had to contend against the perpetual incursions of wandering tribes from the north of the Caucasus, and from the vast steppe north of Perekop; and finally the great Mithridates, the world-famed king of the Bosphorus, held his sway in the Tauric Chersonese. With the death of that indomitable man, who defied the arms of Rome in the greatness of its power, fell for a long period the glories of the Cimmerian Bosphorus.

The space we can devote to this subject allows us not to follow the adventurous Greeks in their commercial enterprises, founding cities and subduing peoples. On the eastern shores of the Euxine, the Emperor Justin built a city, which he called Sebastopolis; the Russians, in building an arsenal near the ancient Chersonesus, borrowed the name from the famous city of the opposite shores to grace their ambitious designs. The ancient Sebastopol was on the Circassian coast, where Dioscurios, now desolated, afterwards stood. Hence Goths, and innumerable other hordes of barbarians, eventually swept over the classic realm. The monuments of genius, taste, and enterprise were swept away, and the rude foot of the desolating northman and Asiatic trod down the fair work which brave and tasteful

hands had consolidated and adorned. So early as the tenth century the Russians made a conquest of the Crimea, under the sanguinary hypocrite Vladimir, fit prototype of the blood-thirsty and ambitious Nicholas. That tyrant did not know how to preserve his conquest: the Tartars overran the whole of the regions proximate to the Crimea, and conquered the Russians, almost extinguishing them as a race. The Genoese made a distinguished figure upon this ever-changing theatre of conquest, and once more great and flourishing cities arose. This people were, however, too selfish to establish a civilisation as refined as the Milesians, conferred upon these regions so many centuries before. When we come to notice various cities and military positions in the course of this History, we shall have occasion to refer to the Genoese, and therefore pass over for the present a more minute notice of their historical connection with the Crimea. Peter the Great commenced the modern career of Russian aggrandisement. When he ascended the throne, there was no maritime outlet except the icy shores of the Northern Ocean. In 1721, the land now occupied by St. Petersburg was acquired. In three years afterwards, accessions of territory from the Turks began rapidly to be made—a large tract of country north of the Crimea was ceded by the sultan. In 1783, the Crimea and the country between the Sea of Azoff and the Caspian, were wrested from the Porte. In 1792, the country round Odessa; and in 1812, the territory of Bessarabia, south of the Crimea. From Turkey and Persia territory was rapidly wrested on the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea from 1802 to 1829; and thus the Crimea became the advanced post of the Russian armies and fleets in the czar's designs upon Constantinople, while the shores all around it were under the shadow of his eagles.

England witnessed this progress with more or less of apprehension, according as Russia appeared to exercise her power in alliance with British policy, or in opposition to it. But no means were taken by successive governments to guard against the perils to which western Europe was at last aroused by the haughty mission of Prince Menshikoff.

In the examination before the Sebastopol Committee, it appeared from the evidence of Sir James Graham and the Duke of Newcastle that the government could glean no certain information as to the strength of Sebastopol, or the Russian forces quartered in the Crimea, before the expedition set out from Varna. Lord Raglan and Admiral Dundas sent home diverse accounts, and the government received from other quarters accounts differing from those supplied by its officers. At the very time this ignorance prevailed as to the strength and character of the fortifications, perfect plans

lay at the Admiralty, which it appears to have been no one's business, from the First Lord down to the junior clerk, to know anything about! Certainly, such plans had been deposited there, and ought to have been treasured as most precious documents until the hour arrived, which was sure to come, for their use. Dr. Clarke, the traveller, gives the following description of the stronghold, and makes the startling statement that he had himself deposited in the Admiralty complete plans which he brought away under imminent risk of detection and death:—

“The great Bay of Aktiar, upon which the Russians, in the time of Catherine II., bestowed the fantastic name of Sebastopol, also bears the name of *The Roads*, and here the Russian fleet is frequently at anchor. It is the Ctenus of Strabo.* The harbour upon which the town was built, about twenty years ago, has been appropriated to the reception of Russian ships of war. There are other ports, such as the Careening Bay, the Bay of Quarantine, &c. The Crimea does not afford timber for building ships, although there is always a sufficient supply for repairs. The fleets of the world might ride secure, and have convenient anchorage in the great harbour; and in any of the ports vessels find from twenty-one to seventy feet depth of water, and good anchorage. To the Russian navy it is one of the most important possessions, yet such was the surprising ignorance or carelessness of their government, that for some time after the capture of the Crimea the advantages of this place were not discovered. The plan of the harbour somewhat resembles that of Malta.”

The following note is appended to the text above quoted:—“Had the English fleet made a visit to Aktiar (Sebastopol) during the expedition to Egypt, which I have reason to believe was part of the instructions given to the commander-in-chief, they might have struck a blow which would have prevented all the subsequent treachery experienced from Russia, almost without firing a gun. Such was at that time the state of the peninsula. I presented to the British ambassador and to Lord Keith an accurate survey of the coast, with all the soundings in the Bay of Aktiar (Sebastopol) and the entrance to the roads, as well as the situation and quality of the magazines, artillery, and storehouses. This document was confided to my care by one who wished well to the British interest, and I brought it from the Crimea at the hazard of my life. Such a stroke at that time had been amply merited on the part of Russia; but the affairs in Egypt did not terminate soon enough to allow of its being carried into effect. I have, therefore, deposited the papers in the Admiralty-office,

* Strabo, Geog. lib. vii.

and only engraved the principal chart as a communication for the subject of these papers."

It will interest the reader to add to the foregoing description one from the pen of the world-renowned Heber, Bishop of Calcutta:—"Aktiar, so called from its white rocks. The old town stood, as we were told, on the north of the harbour, where there are no remains of any consequence. No vessels are built here, as the timber must all be floated down the Bug or Dnieper. A regulation had been made, prohibiting merchant vessels the entrance into the harbour, unless in positive distress—a strange way of proceeding, when compared with the general policy of European governments. The reason assigned was the embezzlement of the public stores, which were sold to the merchants by the government officers, almost without shame. The effect has been to check entirely the prosperity of the town, and to raise every foreign commodity to a most extravagant price. Even provisions cannot be brought by sea without a special licence. This information I derived from the port-admiral, Bandakof, and from an English officer in the Russian service. The natural advantages of the harbour are truly surprising; and the largest vessels lie within a cable's length of the shore. The harbour is divided into three coves, affording shelter in every wind, and favourable situations for repairs, buildings, &c. On a tongue of high land, between the two southern creeks, stand the Admiralty and storehouses, and on the opposite side is the town. The principal arm of the harbour runs east, and is terminated by the valley and little river of Inkerman. There are some formidable batteries, and the mouth of the harbour is very easy of defence. The old and unserviceable cannon are broken into small pieces, by being raised to a great height, and suffered to fall on a bed of masonry, and then sent, as we were told, to Lugan, to be new cast. To build a ship in the Black Sea costs half as much again as to construct it at Cronstadt, the wood coming from so great a distance."

A *minute* account of its fortifications is reserved for a more appropriate page. The names of places glanced at in the above sketch of the Crimea will all occur again in the progress of the war, and it will better diversify the subjects of each chapter if occasion be taken then to describe them.

Having given a general outline of Crimean history, it remains on this subject only to show how the Crimea came into the possession of Russia, and the general spirit in which it has been governed by that power.

In the third chapter, the occasion upon which the Crimean khans were proclaimed independent of the sultan was pointed out. The

acquisition of their independence was associated with a Russian protectorate. The *modus operandi* on the part of Russia was the same as in the case of Georgia subsequently, and the results similar; and in both cases the policy, and the mode of carrying it out, resembled the policy and proceedings of the Emperor Nicholas in his negotiations with Turkey concerning Wallachia and Moldavia, and his usurpations in those territories. After the Crimea became independent of the Porte, Russia exercised furtively and gradually more and more influence in her character of protector, until Potemkin, the nefarious agent, minister, and favourite of Catherine, planned and executed the seizure of the peninsula by Russian arms. It would be impossible for any brand of infamy to mark sufficiently to the world the base, bad character of Potemkin. There seemed no deed, however diabolical, too bad for his mind to entertain, or his hands to execute. Where a course of procedure less glaringly wicked and revolting would as well have answered the purposes of his own and his sovereign's ambition, he seems to have preferred the more evil course: and thus proceeded on his career, until, personal and political, the number of his crimes were beyond computation, and their character beyond description. Dr. Clarke records in fewest words, and with most impressive effect, the success of Russia in her designs upon the Crimea:—"By the last treaty of peace which Russia made with the Turks, prior to the conquest of the peninsula, Shahin Ghireh, of the family of the khans, who had been a prisoner and a hostage at Petersburg, was placed on the throne of the Crimea. This was the first step towards the overthrow of that kingdom. From the moment of his accession, the Russian minister in the Crimea, an artful and designing foreigner, well chosen from Potemkin's list to execute the plans he had in view, began to excite the Tartars against the khan, raising commotions among them, buying over the disaffected, and stimulating the people to frequent insurrection. In the meantime he insinuated himself into the good graces of the khan, teaching him to do whatever might be most unpopular in the eyes of his subjects. Among other dangerous absurdities, he prevailed upon the khan to place everything in his establishment upon a Russian footing; to discipline his troops after the Russian manner; to build frigates on his coast, filling his head with preposterous ideas of the navigation of the Black Sea. Thus he incurred enormous expenses, which compelled him to drain his subjects of their money, and increased their murmurs. The Russian minister, equally active on both sides, lost no opportunity to encourage the follies of the khan, or to augment the disaffection of the



Engraved by H. Neumann.

CATHERINE II.

Empress of Russia, born 1729, died 1796.

nobles. The work succeeded to his utmost wishes, a revolt took place, which soon became general; and the terrified khan was persuaded to fly, first to Kaffa, and afterwards to Taman. Then it was that the last master-stroke of political intrigue was effected. The khan was prevailed upon to call in the assistance of the Russian troops, who were eagerly waiting the proposal, and as eagerly acceded to it. Thus a Russian army was suffered to enter, unmolested, into the heart of the Crimea. Under pretext of punishing those who had rebelled against the khan for a revolt they had themselves excited; they put to death whomsoever they thought proper, took possession of the strongholds, and practised their usual excesses. The Tartars, some by compulsion, others by entreaty, and a still greater number by terror, were driven from their country, and compelled to seek elsewhere a residence. The khan returned to Karasubazar, where the Russian army was encamped, and there, in the presence of the Russian troops, was persuaded to order his nobles to be stoned to death; his pretended allies feasting their eyes with the slaughter of men whom they first induced to rebel against their sovereign, and afterwards caused to be butchered for having complied with their desires. Thus the deluded khan, and his still more deluded subjects, alike the dupe of designing wretches whom they had allowed to take possession of their country, began at last to open their eyes, and endeavoured to rid themselves of an alliance so fatal in its consequences. It was too late; the khan was himself a prisoner in the very centre of the Russian army: and the rest of their conduct towards him exceeds in depravity all that had preceded. A proposal was made to him to resign the crown of the Crimea, to quit the peninsula, and to attest, by his sign-manual, that the individuals of his family, in which the throne was hereditary, were for ever rightfully deposed. The khan received the insolent proposal with the astonishment and indignation which it merited; but he was reminded, that being indebted to the Russians for his kingdom, he ought to resign it whenever it might accord with their wishes. The reasoning was arbitrary, but very effectual when it is enforced at the mouth of a cannon, and an unfortunate prince, to whom it is addressed, remains prisoner in the camp of his enemies. In addition to this proposal, conditions were annexed, that instead of being deprived of his dignities by compliance, the khan should have his residence in Petersburg; that he should hold a court there of much greater splendour and magnificence than he had known in the Crimea; that he should be allowed an annual pension of one hundred thousand roubles, be enriched by all manner

of presents, enjoy the luxuries of that great capital, and partake in the amusements which the magnificence of Catharine constantly afforded; that no restraint whatever should be put upon his person, but that he should be at full liberty to act as he might think proper. The khan saw the snare into which he had fallen, but there was no method of liberating himself. He retained, however, sufficient firmness to persist in a refusal; in consequence of which force completed what entreaty was unable to accomplish. He was dragged a prisoner to Kaluga, a wretched hamlet upon the river Oka, yet ranking as the capital of a government of the same name, and a thousand versts distant from Petersburg, from which place he was not permitted to move. In this miserable condition, finding that neither his pension was paid to him, nor any single engagement fulfilled which the Russians had made, he insisted upon going to Petersburg, but was told it could not be permitted. At last, giving himself over entirely to despondency, he exclaimed, 'Let me be delivered a victim to the Turks; they will not refuse me, at least, the privilege of choosing the manner of my death, since my enemies have resolved on my destruction.' The unparalleled cruelty of the Russians suggested the propriety of acceding to this request; they rejoiced to hear it made, because it offered an easy method of getting rid of one whom they had pillaged, and whose presence was no longer either necessary or desirable. They placed him, therefore, upon the Turkish frontier, where he was taken, and, being afterwards sent to Rhodes, was beheaded. If it be now asked what the Russians have done with regard to the Crimea, after the depravity, the cruelty, and the murders by which it was obtained, and on that account became so favourable an acquisition in their eyes, the answer is given in few words. They have laid waste the country; cut down the trees; pulled down the houses; overthrown the sacred edifices of the natives, with all their public buildings; destroyed the public aqueducts; robbed the inhabitants; insulted the Tartars in their acts of public worship; torn up from the tombs the bodies of their ancestors, casting their relics upon dunghills, and feeding swine out of their coffins; annihilated all the monuments of antiquity, breaking up alike the sepulchres of saints and pagans, and scattering their ashes in the air."

Having presented to our readers the characteristics and history of the theatre upon which the armies of Russia and the allies were destined to meet in a strife so terrible, the opportunity is suitable for giving a general view of the condition and resources of the enemy which we were about to combat.

We are at war with the largest empire

upon the face of the earth; not indeed the most populous, but covering a total area of the greatest magnitude, containing the greatest variety of unworked resources, and assuming the most menacing attitude. There existed great ignorance of this empire, of its history, and of its people, among us. We were never at war with any power of which we, as a people, knew so little. Of Nepaul, Burmah, and China, we knew far more when engaged in hostilities with them than we did of Russia at the beginning of this war, or when our armies landed upon her shores. Something has been done to dispel this ignorance, so far as the character and power of its government is concerned, but we have not even yet measured the colossus in its proportions, nor examined with sufficient care the territory it bestrides. We have been alike accustomed to overrate and underrate the power of Russia: to overrate it as to its capacity for remote conquests, and to underrate it as to its capacity for developing itself upon contiguous territories, and effecting sudden swoops beyond them, always absorbing within itself some portion of the country upon which it overflowed, as the retiring wave carries back into the ocean some portion of the soil over which in its emergence it so rapidly swept. We, as a nation, certainly overrated the means of Russia as to the "sinews of war." Although her partisans in England have written and spoken so perseveringly to make us believe them more considerable, our present experience proves that, contrary to the prevailing opinion, we have also overrated Russia as to her resources in men. The men of Russia are property; the emperor cannot exhaust them without a direct impoverishment of their owners; as much so as if a slave-owner in Virginia were despoiled of his negroes, and they were driven to market for some one else's benefit, or consumed in the ranks of war for the interest of the general government. To be rich in men was far more important to a state in other generations than it is now—important although it ever must be. The Huns, Goths, and Tartars were rich in nothing but men, and such resources availed for the overthrow of Europe, and the appropriation of all other forms of wealth. The distinguished Arab captive lately liberated by the French emperor was mainly struck in his journey through France by the number of men, and exclaimed, "Had I all these men, I would do anything; I would conquer the world." The experience derived from the wars of his race and creed taught him this, and all the ravages of the heathen nations taught the same lesson; but numbers do not now bear the same relation to the means of conquest as when the art of war was ruder. All other things being equal, numerical superiority is of course deci-

sive; but, without a proportion in other warlike resources commensurate with numbers, they cease to be formidable, and may become an element of weakness and an occasion of defeat. No barbarous nation can now run over civilised territories and subdue civilised peoples, where superiority of material, and capacity to wield it, are on the side of greatly inferior numbers. The enemy we combat is not so great in available numbers as we were wont to think; and these are not composed of independent warriors, such as wandering Arab or predatory Huns: they are serfs of the soil, and cease to wield the mattock when they take the lance—thus leaving behind them untilled fields and untended lands, impoverishing the country from which supplies must be derived if they go forth at all. Unless Russian war issue in a speedy conquest, defeat most terrible is the result; the baffled armies of the czar fall back upon reserves, themselves without the necessities which make armies; and, even within the confines of their own land, they become a mere military mob, or at least an irregular force, like their own wild Cossacks, fit only for a desultory defence. If this view of the case be correct, then Russia is dangerous to Germany, Turkey, Persia, and the Scandinavian nations; and must, in the nature of things, absorb their territories, as they are weakened by natural wars, bad government, or internecine divisions, such as Russian policy is ever promoting; but in the face of any great nation really united to resist her, and possessing an enlightened system of finance, she is powerless. Even Austria, were her people patriotic, her government popular, and her resources made available, would prove an overmatch for Russia and be more likely to wrest territory from her than to become the victim of her encroachments. Another delusion under which we have laboured is, that in that vast empire there was unity. We knew that it was made up of subdued races to a great extent; but we presumed that the policy of denationalisation pursued by Russia had been effectual, and that even Poland was crushed in heart as well as fettered in limb; that the most hopeful son of that bleeding land could sing no more—

"Thou wilt not yet, dear Poland, perish!"

But recent events are teaching us that deep in the soul of all the down-trodden nations which Russia calls her provinces, there is a hatred to her yoke. Poland gasps for one more struggle—

"Too blest to be
Even for one bleeding moment free."

The Finlander rejoiced to see the flags of western Europe floating over the waters of the Baltic; the Russo-German hates the Slave

with all the hereditary antipathy of the German to that hapless race; even the Tartars of the Crimea were ready to embrace the ranks of the allies the moment they appeared on their strand; and the Cossack, the very name which we identify with everything essentially Russian, sits uneasy in his saddle with the eagle of Russia for a banner—from the Hetman to the savage who crouches on his wild horse behind his spear, the Cossacks—especially the Cossacks of the Don—hate the central government of St. Petersburg. Nor are the Russ united among themselves. The Kremlin scowls upon the newfangled glories of St. Petersburg; the genuine Muscovite regards with suspicion the mixed race of St. Petersburg; he looks upon that capital as a Germano-Russian city—and to be Germanised in any way is the one thing a true Russian would hate, if he could do more than despise it. In contending with the czar, therefore, the enemy we were about to combat was not at the head of an innumerable host; had not in his hand the treasures of a great nation; was not in his military system formidable for protracted warfare; and did not rule an empire of united and contented races. We have but to conduct the war with spirit, enterprise, dignity, and skill, and the *prestige* of his name and of his glory must vanish, to deceive and beguile the nations of the earth no more.

At the period of the expedition, the *Constitutionnelle* contained an article in harmony with these views, in which the case was thus forcibly put:—"One of the pretensions of Russia is to possess an effective military force of at

least 800,000 men, and which, according to some official returns, would even reach the figure of 1,200,000 men. It can easily be conceived with what idea the Russian government puts into circulation such figures. But if history be considered, it will be at once seen that this force never existed except on paper. At the period when Russia was attacked on her own territory, when her nationality was at stake in 1812, she had scarcely 200,000 men on foot. In 1813, she had great difficulty in sending 151,000 men into Germany, and in 1815, all the Russian troops that had passed the Rhine, concentrated at the camp of Vertus, only gave 120,000 men. It was, therefore, only under the influence of the gravest circumstances that Russia, for the last half century, succeeded in once getting into the field 200,000 men; and even then, as we have said, it was when she was attacked in the very heart of her territory. In her enterprises abroad, she has never disposed of more than 150,000 men. That is about the number, we believe, of the army charged to act in Turkey, and to meet events on the shores of the Black Sea; and as Russia is obliged to defend herself beyond the Caucasus and on the Baltic, at the same time that she is obliged to augment her forces in Poland, we doubt that the army of the Danube can easily repair its losses. Let no one, consequently, be deceived by the exaggerations of a government which is colossal only in the extent of its territory, and which is, on that very account, obliged to scatter its forces on various points to resist powers who dispose of the sea."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EMBARKATION OF THE EXPEDITION FROM BULGARIA.—LANDING AT OLD FORT.

"War tries the strength of the military framework; it is in peace that the framework itself must be formed."—SIR WILLIAM NAPIER'S *Peninsular War*.

THE period agreed upon in the councils of the chiefs for the embarkation of the armies at last arrived; but the frequent postponements had been attended with the greatest peril, for the equinoctial gales blow fiercely over the Black Sea from the middle of September for nearly a fortnight, and while they prevail, no fleet can ride the troubled waters of that sea, nor can any description of naval operations be performed. Even during calm, it is frequently as foggy on the Euxine as in the British Channel, or the Irish Sea, when the season is far advanced.

The wisdom or folly of undertaking so great an enterprise at that season of the year has been much discussed ever since the committee of inquiry, called for by Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons long afterwards, embraced

this among the number of subjects which it investigated. The cabinet ministers who planned the expedition were examined. They all concurred in their testimony that the cabinet at the time believed that the expedition was wise and necessary, and its objects feasible. Sir James Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, always dogmatical, was very emphatic in declaring his persuasion that the right time had been chosen, and that everything was conducted in the right way. The Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, were all of opinion that had the attempt upon the Crimea been abandoned on account of the advanced period of the season, Sebastopol would have been greatly strengthened before spring, and the whole of the coasts of the Crimea placed in a state of most formid-

able defence. Their impression was that the land defences of Sebastopol were so weak that a *coup de main* on the part of the allied commanders would succeed; that the troops to defend it were numerically much weaker than the allies; and that while yet the autumn weather lasted, there was time enough to take Sebastopol. It was their intention that the armies should find winter quarters there, or so many of the troops as might be necessary to garrison it, while the remainder could be withdrawn by the fleets to the Bosphorus, and there winter.

The ignorance, infatuation, want of general concert, and of serious concern for the great interests depending, which the cabinet displayed during their examination by the Roebuck committee, is a fearful exemplification of the saying that "it is surprising with what little wisdom the world is governed." It appears to us that the expedition was necessary, and that, although late in the season, it would have answered all reasonable expectations had the army been properly supplied with the material of war, commissary, medical, and engineering requisites. Had the contingencies of a protracted siege and a winter encampment been considered by the Western governments as they ought to have been, there would have been earlier success and greater glory. It is also our opinion that the Crimea was the right place in which to strike the blow. So long as the mighty arsenal of Sebastopol existed, to protect the vast fleet which found shelter behind its granite defences, the enemy would never give in, even although Bessarabia and Podolia were wrested from him, and the Russian armies of Asia were driven back from Fort Nicholas to Tiflis; for independent of the strategical importance of cutting off the Crimea from Russia, the moral influence of such a conquest would be felt in the very heart of the Russian population, as there is no conquest of which they are so proud, nor from which they hope so much for future aggrandisement and glory. We concur with Dr. Koch when he observes, "The allies have now recognised the value of the Crimea in a political as well as a strategical sense. Severing the Crimea from the Russian Empire, in spite of its slight value in a mercantile or agricultural respect, is like cutting through the artery by which she maintains her preponderance in anterior Asia. Russia's efforts are directed to the south, and Peter the Great was the first to recognise this fact. To gain ground there, Catherine II. undertook expensive and dangerous wars. It is known only too well in St. Petersburg that the empire of the East was once offered to a Russian grand-duke."

For a short time before the embarkation, the troops were busily employed making fascines

and gabions. The brushwood which so thickly abounds along the shores of the lake, and the banks of the river near to which the troops had been encamped, supplied them with ample material for that purpose. Vast piles of these had been heaped up near Varna. The Sappers had run out piers of a temporary nature to enable the troops and material to embark with more facility. Transports were ordered up from the Bosphorus, and numerous detachments of troops, which had been still quartered there. The Bulgarian peasantry came in groups, with their wives and daughters, to look upon the spectacle; for the tidings had spread from Varna to Shumla, and along the line of the Danube near to Hirsova, among the humblest of the people, that the mightiest armament the world had ever seen was about to leave their shores to act against Odessa or Sebastopol. The problem was to be solved, which, in the opinion of these people, was a most abstruse one, whether the czar, the great political chief of the orthodox Church, was not altogether omnipotent. Preparations of a personal nature by the soldiery and their leaders might be noticed in every division; and both men and officers began to speak of the brave companions in arms which in such numbers fell upon the pestilential slopes of the encampments, and to whose graves they were about to bid a last adieu. Seventy-two of these graves were near the encampment of the brigade of Guards; the rest of the army was decimated. The cholera still lingered about the host, breathing upon the face of the sleeper, who would awake to endure the last agony; and touching with the cold finger of death the brave, active, and vigorous in the full glow of life. The tidings of embarkation checked the pestilence, the excitement of the troops had a salutary effect, and notwithstanding weakness and sickness, never was an army more eager to encounter an enemy. A distinguished Cavalier, exiled from his country, once said, that although he hated the Roundheads, he was proud of his country when he looked upon their fine line of battle, and heard their joyous shouts when they faced the enemy. The old British blood still throbbed through the veins of the pestilence-stricken soldiers of the army of Bulgaria; and the announcement that they were going in quest of the enemy thrilled through their ranks with an electric animation.

It was on the 23rd of August that the first division moved towards the sea, and they were speedily followed by all the other divisions.

The state of the army as to its health and its general fitness for a campaign on an unknown and hostile shore, may be judged by the following account of the troops as they appeared to a civilian upon the eve of their embarkation:—"On Wednesday last, the 2nd brigade of the

light division marched in, and proceeded to embark at the piers on the south side of the bay. Of the regiments composing it, the 19th seemed to be the strongest and most in working order. Many of the 88th were still suffering from illness, and dropping out of the ranks or almost tottering under the weight of their kits, but they would come on in spite of their weakness. The regiment suffered another heavy loss on the march from Aladyn to Varna. Major Mackay was seized with cholera on the route, and died in a few hours. The deceased officer was a great favourite with the regiment, and they carried his body with them on the march till they could inter it with a little decent solemnity after their halt. His remains rest in a field by the wayside, about three miles from Varna. The 19th embarked on board the *Courier*; the 88th on board the *Orient*. The Rifle Brigade, 2nd battalion, is broken up, and distributed among the various vessels carrying the regiments of the division—one company to each of the eight ships. Soon after the Guards embarked in the *Simoom*, Captain Patham, a few cases of cholera appeared among the men, and, as some of her crew and her former captain had died of that disease, it was deemed expedient to shift the Guards to other vessels. Two companies were sent on board the *Vengeance*, and orders were given to Lord George Paulet to prepare for the reception of 500 more on board the *Bellerophon*."

The process of embarkation displayed the abilities of the generals of divisions and brigades, and also of other staff officers. Among all, General Sir De Lacy Evans was honourably conspicuous. An eye-witness relates, "The 2nd division embarked in excellent order. Sir De Lacy Evans, his brigadiers, Pennefather and Adams, and his staff, were on the beach before nine o'clock. The first brigade, the 30th, 55th, and 95th regiments, and the second brigade, the 41st, 47th, and 49th regiments, constitute a very fine division, which has suffered less from sickness than any other division of our army. They moved with great regularity down to the rude piers, and embarking regiment after regiment, on board the long steamers, were soon put on board their respective transports."

The troops were well supplied with milk, eggs, butter, fowls and other products of the farm as they arrived at the bay and embarked; these were eagerly bought up and paid for—the country people comparing the British very favourably in this respect with both their French and Turkish allies. As the British embarked, they sailed directly for Baltschick Bay, where the principal part of the allied fleet awaited them. The cholera was again ravaging the fleets, and the troops experienced renewed visitations of the pestilence as the transports came up with the royal navy.

What had occurred at an early period of the ravages of the disease at Varna was now common at Baltschick: the dead bodies cast into the sea, with shot tied to their feet, rose to the surface—the feet downward because of the weight, but the ghastly heads floating upon the surface of the sea, and presenting an appearance the most appalling. Some of these hideous carcasses floated about the accommodation-ladders of the transports, as if watching the embarkation of the soldiers, and foreboding the doom to which so many of them were hastening. It was on the 5th of September that the blue jackets of the navy and the red jackets of the army began to mingle, and cordial were the greetings with which the wearers of the former received their more gaily-apparelled comrades of the sister-service. The 6th was occupied as the 5th had been—in arranging, embarking, and arriving at Baltschick. During this short time, sailors and soldiers in great numbers perished in that bay: the slopes of Aladyn were not more fatal to the men than ship-board within the waters of that picturesque inlet.

The French marched from Varna to Baltschick, defiling along the hills which overlooked the winding and devious strand, and embarked directly from their boats. The Turks followed the French, proceeding on board their own squadron. The feeling of all departments of the allied armies was an intense impatience to move on to their destination, and exchange the monotony and sickness which hung over and around them, for active campaigning and feats of arms. Moribund although the czar considered the Turkish empire to be, none of the troops of the allied hosts were more eager to meet the enemy than those of the Ottomans. On Thursday, the 7th of September, the day dawned in beauty and brightness—a day pre-saging hope and victory. Adverse winds had prevailed on the 6th, and the night of the 6th and 7th, but with the morning sprung up a favourable breeze, and the mighty armament made sail. Splendid was the scene upon which the autumn sun of that morning arose, as the white sails fluttered in the wind, or the smoke emitted by the steamers sailed aloft, as if signalling adieus to the empire of the sultan from the argosies of his allies seeking the coasts of his aggressor.

More numerous armies may have crossed the Euxine, but never such a fleet, and never such a host as fleet and army united presented on that day. Each steamer towed two transports; a squadron of men-of-war led; each flank was guarded by a martial squadron; the other vessels followed, crowded with troops of high courage and high hopes. The transports were ships of large tonnage and splendid build, unrivalled in the world. The East Indiaman, the old frigate, some old seventy-fours, and craft

of every size and name, formed the great naval crowd which hurried over the yielding and silent Euxine. It was a day of serene beauty, the breeze sufficient to accelerate the movements of the ships, but not to agitate the water, which seemed to repose in tranquil majesty, as if proud of the ensign of power it bore upon its bosom. The author of *A Trip to the Trenches* thus writes concerning the Black Sea:—"It is supposed by the learned that in Homeric days, or even later, the Aral and Caspian Seas formed an immense lake, joined to the Ποντος Εὐξείνος, or Hospitable Sea, which was then entirely excluded from the Mediterranean by a narrow isthmus formed by the Cyanean Isles across the entrance of the Bosphorus. An irruption of these volcanic isles is supposed to have opened this passage through to the Sea of Marmora, and at once to have considerably deepened the Mediterranean, and lowered the Black Sea, so as to have isolated the Palus Mæotis, or Putrid Sea, and separated the Aral from the Caspian. According to Strabo and Eustathius, this occurred about 1500 B.C. That it did occur can scarcely be doubted; but the exact date is, I should suppose, imaginary."

On the 9th the armament anchored off the Isle of Serpents, the place previously appointed for a general rendezvous. "The Isle of Serpents" is situated off the mouth of the Danube. When the vast fleet was at anchor there, the sight was most imposing, whether by day or night. The 10th of September was a Sunday, and the fleet remained at anchor. The sea was smooth as glass, not a wave rippled its surface. Never was Sabbath stillness felt more tranquilly amidst the rural scenes of peaceful England than throughout that armed host. The sun shone brightly over the mustered squadrons, and from the decks of the ships that composed them its light was reflected from many a gay and brilliant uniform. There were assembled in naval array ten English sail of the line, sixteen French, eleven Turkish, 100 frigates and smaller vessels of war of these navies, 200 steam-ships and sailing transports. Other craft attended upon them, making an armada of 700 ships. Religious service was conducted during the forenoon of the 10th on board the various ships, after which there was much visiting, and the sea seemed alive with boats passing and repassing throughout the fleet. In the evening the bands played, and as the air and water were singularly still, the music softly floated over the whole area covered by the armament, producing an effect at once soothing and exciting, and awaking associations the most opposite in the breasts of the brave men who listened and thought of homes they might never see, and future triumphs they might never realise.

At night the scene was more striking still. Lights gleamed from the portholes of the war ships, and the postern lights, hoisted at the main and fore throughout the transport service, shed over the sea a strange influence. Most writers have compared the scene to a great city, with its thousands of lamps gleaming. The comparison is unhappy, for during the night a gentle breeze sprung up, and the vessels were all more or less in motion. The lights seemed to pass and repass before the eye, to ascend and descend with most fantastic motions, as if strange meteors played around the spot, attracted by some power in the sea beneath. This meteor-like glancing and glimmering to and fro were aided in the general effect by sudden flashes of light gleaming from the decks of the ships as signals, or as aiding the occupations of those on board. On the 11th the fleet made way, the tall spars pointing to the heavens as the ships glided off upon the still, smooth waters.

There existed at this time considerable difference of opinion as to the proper place for landing. It is even alleged that the allied chiefs were not unanimous in the opinion that a landing was practicable anywhere, or that if a landing were effected, anything could be done to satisfy the expectations of Europe, or to humble the enemy. "The timid counsels" so emphatically alluded to subsequently by the French emperor certainly existed, not as some insinuated from personal fear, but from an overwhelming sense of responsibility, in view of the magnitude of the stake and the hazard of the undertaking. A conference had been held on board the *Caradoc*, between the generals-in-chief and admirals, at which it was determined that they should proceed to examine the coast of the Crimea from Cape Chersonese to Eupatoria, in order to determine where a landing was practicable. The *Caradoc* steamed forth upon this reconnaissance, carrying the council of war. So near did she sail to Sebastopol and other portions of the coast that the Russian officers were seen in front of their troops, bringing their glasses to a focus, in order to inspect the ship and the wearers of the brilliant naval and military uniforms on her quarterdeck. The British officers raised their hats, which courtesy was returned with an air of constrained formality. When the council of chiefs returned, they kept their opinions very much to themselves, for even admirals and general officers were uninformed of their intentions or speculations.

In the afternoon of the 11th, the fleet were signalled to rendezvous off Eupatoria; but its progress was much slower, as squalls arose, and a sharp head-wind impeded the advance. It is generally represented, in descriptions of the progress of the fleet, that from Varna until the troops landed the weather was uninterruptedly

calm. This is an error; the whole of the 11th of September, from early in the afternoon, was squally and threatening; the smoke from the steamers hung low above the ships, or was carried eddying away fitfully, as the gusts rose or fell, forming a new and curious spectacle to the observers. The French did not make the same steady way as the British, their squadrons fell out of sight on the 11th until towards sunset, and on the 12th at sunrise they were again invisible. Our allies managed matters on land very much better than they did at sea. Their services on shore were often opportune and important to the British, but on "blue water," the latter were able to return adequately any favours thus received.

The sunset of the 12th was particularly lovely, as that time of the day generally is in the Black Sea. No variety of colour can be well imagined comparable with those which tinted the western horizon as, from the masts-heads and rigging, men and officers gazed upon the glorious prospect, until night gradually wrapped its mantle over all. The advanced squadron arrived on the night of the 13th off Eupatoria Point, and anchored until the morning of the 14th, when the place was taken possession of. Eupatoria is a name borne by the place so designated from a remote antiquity. It is called Genlev by the Tartars, Kosloff or Korsloff, by the Russians. The population consisted of Kairite Jews, Tartars, Armenians, Greeks, Russians, Cossacks, and Germans, principally, however, of the first two nationalities named; it amounted in numbers to about 10,000. It is a very pleasant little place. To the south, low hills add to the picturesque effect, although there is but little foliage on their slopes. Northward there is a low plain, covered with rank pasturage; a good road extends across northward to Perekop; another passes southward a short distance by the sea, and then winds around the low hills that are clustered to the south, and takes the direction of Simpheropol. The town itself looks pretty from the sea. The houses are either built of a soft white stone, or of wood painted white; the tiles of the roofing are painted a bright red colour, but do not resemble the tiled roofs of Shields or Newcastle, in England, begrimed with smoke. Minarets, always effective in aiding the picturesque in eastern cities, shoot up into the skies; and away on the low hills beyond, not less than fifty windmills were counted, giving an aspect of busy life and comfort to the place, unusual to the towns on the shores of the Black Sea.

On the 14th, early in the morning, Lord Raglan sent a flag of truce on shore; and the 20th British regiment, and detachments of marines, were ordered to prepare to land. The flag of truce demanded that the garrison lay

down their arms and surrender the place. The reply was, that there were no arms to lay down; and as to the place, there it was for his excellency to do what he pleased with. It was at once taken possession of, and thus the British flag was the first of the allied standards planted on the Crimea. It has been generally represented that our French friends had that honour at Old Fort; but Eupatoria was first taken possession of by Lord Raglan, and the British flag floated above its domes and minarets. The people seemed pleased with the change; they crowded the beach to behold the squadrons, and welcomed the troops cordially. All marketable commodities were freely disposed of at fair prices, and the Muscovites beheld with rage and envy the good understanding at once established between the invaders and the Eupatorians. This easy conquest was merely intended by Lord Raglan to divert the attention of the enemy from the place in which he had concerted with the other chiefs to make the debarkation. He did not foresee how important Eupatoria might become in the future conduct of the war. Were it not for the want of water in the great steppe between it and Simpheropol, and between it and Perekop, Eupatoria would appear to be the best basis of operations for the conquest of the Crimea; and we cannot but feel persuaded that if the contest continue until force cause one of the contending parties to evacuate the peninsula, Eupatoria will occupy a more prominent place in the plans of the allies, and assume a very great strategic importance in the decision of the struggle. On the 14th, the movements of the fleet began at a little after two in the morning; as they proceeded along the coast the sunrise was singularly beautiful. At that season a peculiarly soft and rich sunrise betokens storms in the climate of the Crimea. A stormy day, also, frequently follows a more than usually gorgeous sunset. Such a sunset the allied fleets witnessed the previous evening. It was well described by an officer in a letter to his friends in the following terms:—"It was one of those rich calm evenings, clear and golden, like the masterpieces of Claude, bright and surpassing in its loveliness. Like the close of day in all unhealthy climates, not a breath stirred—not a sound broke the intense stillness. To judge by the heavy silence, every one throughout the vast fleet seemed absorbed in the beauty of the scene, till the quick heavy booms of the sunset guns re-echoed in a thousand tones from cliff to cliff, dispelled the illusion, and among the long loud notes of cavalry trumpets and infantry bugles, the flags of all the ships were struck; the striking of the 'watches' kept up a constant chime of bells throughout the fleet, now swelling into a heavy toll, now

dying away into a mere tinkling, as the French transports to leeward took up the signal, and marked how the hours flew which yet intervened between the death-struggle of the allies and the enemy. At nine, infantry bugles, in vessels three miles at sea, blew lustily to recall stragglers, and at midnight the silver trumpets from cavalry transports wound clear and long their melancholy notes, proclaiming to the assembled squadron that none of their men were absent. So the night passed on, the wind in the meantime freshening, and going round more in our favour every hour."

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 14th the debarkation commenced. The place chosen for it has been described very differently, except as to its main features; having examined a number of different accounts, and compared them carefully with maps of the line of coast, we pronounce the following to be by far the most correct as well as interesting:—"The place thus selected for our landing is a low strip of beach and shingle, cast up by the violence of the surf, and forming a sort of causeway between the sea and a stagnant salt-water lake, one of those remarkable deposits of brackish water so frequent along this shore of the Crimea, and which abound close to our present quarters. The lake is about one mile long and half a mile broad, and when we first arrived, its borders and surface were frequented by vast flocks of wild fowl. There is another sheet to the south of us, and there is another to the north, between our camp and Eupatoria. The causeway is not more than two hundred yards broad, and it leads, at the right or southern extremity of the lake, by a gentle ascent, to an irregular tableland, or plateau, of trifling elevation, dotted with tumuli or barrows, such as are seen in several parts of England, and extending to the base of the very remarkable chain called, from their shape, the Tent Mountains. Towards the sea this plateau presents a precipitous face of red clay and sandstone, varying in height from 100 to 150 feet, and it terminates by a descent almost to the sea level, at the distance of nearly two miles from the shores of the lake. Thence, towards the south, there is a low sandy beach, with a fringe of shingle raised by the action of the waves above the level of the land, and saving it from inundation. This low coast runs as far as the eye can reach, till it is lost beneath the base of the mountain ranges over Sebastopol. The country inland, visible from the decks of our ships, is covered with cattle, with grain in stack, with farmhouses, and seems capable of producing enormous quantities of live stock and fodder. The stubble fields are now covered with wild lavender, southernwood, and other fragrant shrubs, which the troops are busily collecting for fuel, and which fill the air with an aromatic perfume. As we cruised down

towards Eupatoria, we could see the people driving their carts and busy in their ordinary occupations."

Before the landing was attempted, Cossack videttes, with a mounted officer, were seen upon the shore, the officer carefully sketching the forces of the invaders, and apparently noting down the positions of the fleet in a memorandum-book. He was frequently within range of the ships' guns, but no shot or shell was thrown, and he quietly, and apparently without apprehension, continued his notation. The morning and day of the 14th were extremely favourable to the landing, which was effected by the French in great order and rapidity, who, as they landed, planted the tricolor, and sent out skirmishing parties to their front. Our allies debarked about two miles lower down the coast than the British; their naval means of effecting a good debarkation were very inferior to those of the English, but such was the skill and organisation with which everything was conducted by them, that their work was rapidly accomplished, and in the most beautiful order and complete security. On the part of the English the landing was managed, up to the point of placing the troops and material on shore, still more efficiently than by their French neighbours, but there the comparison in their favour ended. On shore there was much confusion and disorder, and had the enemy offered resistance, the British would have been placed at a great disadvantage as compared with the French. The maritime portion of the arrangements were confided to Admiral Lyons, and nobly did he execute what was committed to him. The entire responsibility rested upon him, the Admiral-in-chief, Dundas, and the General-in-chief, Lord Raglan, quietly looking on. Sir George Brown ably seconded Sir Edmund Lyons; and these two indomitable men seemed to be gifted with ubiquity, so wondrously did their presence seem to pervade every department. Sir Edmund Lyons proved himself a man of the highest order of capacity for arrangement and command, from the first signal for sailing from the Bay of Baltschick until the last soldier was placed ashore at Old Fort.

While the French were anticipating the British in the general landing, a squadron of the ships of the latter effected an important diversion off the mouth of the Katcha. The *Sampson*, *Fury*, and *Vesuvius*, which had been so active throughout the operations of the Black Sea fleet, supported by a French squadron, stood in where a camp of 6000 Russians crowned a height. The *Fury* and the *Vesuvius* opened fire, but the camp being a mile distant from the sea, and the draught of the steamers being too heavy to allow them to get close in, the shot and shell fell short. The *Sampson*, however, succeeded in throwing shell after shell

among the tents of the camp, and the officers of the squadron could perceive through their glasses that great execution attended the bursting of these missiles; several of the shells exploded among the horses, causing great confusion and destruction. Having thus engaged the attention of the enemy, as if a landing were contemplated, the squadron withdrew; meanwhile the allied armies were ascending the sandy beach at Old Fort.

A small detachment of men, in a boat of the *Britannia*, commanded by Captain Vasey, first landed under a low cliff, where they remained; while a company of the 23rd Fusileers,* with the commanding officer of their regiment, and the general of their division, Sir George Brown, landed further up. Of this party, Sir George was the first to jump on shore. He was speedily followed by his staff, and by the quartermaster-general, and at once proceeded to reconnoitre the surrounding country. While he was doing so, a curious scene presented itself to those who were on board some of the ships. The *Times'* commissioner witnessed it, and thus graphically portrays it:—"Suddenly a Cossack crouched down, and pointed with his lance to the ascent of the cliff. The officer turned and looked in the direction. We looked too, and, lo! a cocked hat rose above the horizon. Another figure, with a similar headdress, came also in view. The first was Sir George Brown, on foot; the second we made out to be Quartermaster-general Airey. The scene was exciting. It was evident the Russian and the Cossack saw Sir George, but that he did not see them. A picquet of Fusileers and riflemen followed the general at a considerable interval. The Russian got on his horse, the Cossacks followed his example, and one of them cantered to the left to see that the French were not cutting off their retreat, while the others stooped down over their saddle bows and rode stealthily, with lowered lances, towards the Englishmen. Sir George was in danger, but he did not know it. Neither did the Russians see the picquet advancing towards the brow of the hill. Sir George was busy scanning the country, and pointing out various spots to the quartermaster-general. Suddenly they turn, and slowly descend the hill—the gold sash disappears—the cocked hat is eclipsed—Cossacks and officers dismount, and steal along by the side of their horses. They, too, are hid from sight in a short time, and on the brow of the cliff appears a string of native carts. In about five minutes two or three tiny puffs of smoke rise over the cliff, and presently the faint cracks of a rifle are audible to the men in the nearest ships. In

a few minutes more the Cossacks are visible, flying like the wind on the road towards Sebastopol, and crossing close to the left of the French lines of skirmishers. When we landed, we heard that Sir George Brown had a near escape of being taken prisoner. He was the first to land, and pushed on without sending videttes or men in front, though he took the precaution, very fortunately, to bring up a few soldiers with him. The Cossacks, who had been dodging him, made a dash when they were within less than a hundred yards. The general had to run, and was only saved from capture by the fire of the Fusileers. The Cossacks bolted. The first blood spilt in this campaign was that of a poor boy, an arabjee, who was wounded in the foot by the volley which dislodged them."

As the troops landed, they were at once marched up from the sandy shore to the plateau above the lake, except the 4th division, who bivouaced for the night on the shingly beach.

Seldom have men suffered more than the British troops did on that night of rain and storm. They had no shelter. Many of them had but recently recovered from cholera, dysentery, or fever; they had but little refreshment, and no tents. Sir George Brown lay down under a waggon, and the Duke of Cambridge, who had been in ill health, but insisted on accompanying the expedition, found shelter beneath a gun-carriage. Seldom was an army less fit to encounter an enemy than the British on that dreadful night. The French had their tents all pitched, and whatever comforts may cheer the soldier's bivouac during inclement weather were brought ashore. The Turks even were handy enough, and had sufficient organisation to bring their tents; and both the allied forces were encamped with regularity and order. The sufferings to which the British were exposed cost many lives. Officers and men incurred illness and disease from which many never recovered, and perhaps there was no regiment in the army but lost some men from cholera or fever that night or the ensuing day. The men stood or lay drenched to the skin, for no ordinary covering could protect against the descending deluge. Officers of experience, and accustomed to the severest privations which old campaigners could relate, declared that the sufferings of that night exceeded them all.

The hardships and dangers were not confined to those on shore. An officer whose detachment had not landed thus describes the duty he was called upon to perform, and the perils to which he was exposed:—"At night the rain came down in torrents, and the troops on the beach were drenched. Bad as their situation was, I envied it. At eight in the evening I had left the transport with another officer in a man-of-war's boat, which, assisted by two others, towed astern a large raft,

* The *Times'* correspondent, and several others copying him, represent the regiment first landing as the 7th Fusileers. Lieutenant Peard, and other military writers cognisant of the fact, affirm it to have been the 23rd Fusileers.

formed of two clumsy boats boarded over, on which were two guns, with their detachments of artillerymen, and some horses—two of my own among them. The swell from the sea was now considerable, and made the towing of the raft a work of great labour. As we approached the shore, a horse swam past us, snorting, and surrounded by phosphorescent light, as he splashed rapidly by. He had gone overboard from a raft which had upset in attempting to land. The surf was dashing very heavily on the sand, though it was too dark to see it. Fires, made of broken boats and rafts, were lit along the beach, and a voice hailed us authoritatively to put back, and not attempt to land, or we should go to pieces. Unwillingly the weary oarsmen turned from the shore. The swell was increasing every moment, and the raft getting more and more unmanageable. Sometimes it seemed to pull us back, sometimes it made a plunge forward, and even struck our stern, while the rain poured down with extraordinary violence. It was a long time before we reached the nearest ships, which were tossing on the swell, and not easily to be approached. The first we hailed had already a horseboat alongside, with Lord Raglan's horses, and needed assistance; and two or three others which we passed were unable to help us. By this time the raft was fast filling with water, and the men on it much alarmed; and our progress was so slow, that we took at least ten minutes pulling from the stern to the stem of the *Agamemnon*. At length a rope was thrown us from a transport near, whose bows were rising on the swell like a rearing horse; and getting the artillerymen who were on board her out of bed, we hoisted in our horses and guns—but the gun-carriages, too heavy for our small number of hands, were lashed down to the raft, which was allowed to tow astern of the ship, and which presently sank till the water was up to the axles, when the *Agamemnon* sent a party and hoisted them on board, and the raft shortly went to pieces. A horse, which had been swimming about for two hours, was also got safely on board. It was a grey, said afterwards to have been given by Omar Pasha to Lord Raglan. The next morning the surf abated, and we were all landed without accident, as were a great many other guns and horses, under the superintendence of Captain Dacres of the *Sanspareil*, who was indefatigable in carrying out the arrangements of Sir Edmund Lyons, and who was warmly thanked by Lord Raglan for his exertions. Assembling from the beach to the level of the common, we saw the allied army spread along the plains in front, the French on the right. Plenty of country waggons, full of forage, driven by peasants in fur caps, with their trousers stuffed

into their boots, were ranged alongside of the artillery camp, some drawn by oxen, some by large two-humped camels."

The same author gives the following useful information:—"The army being thus landed, it will be well to describe shortly its composition and material. A division of infantry, under Major-general Cathcart, had joined us from England just before we sailed from Varna. The English army in the Crimea then consisted of four divisions of infantry, each division consisting of two brigades; each brigade of three regiments. To each division of infantry was attached a division of artillery, consisting of two field batteries; each battery of four 9-pounder guns, and two 24-pounder howitzers. The brigade of light cavalry was also embarked, the heavy brigade remaining at Varna. With the cavalry was a 6-pounder troop of horse artillery. In all, the British mustered 26,000 men, and fifty-four guns; the French 24,000 men, and I believe, about seventy guns; the Turks 4500 men, with neither cavalry nor guns. The food supplied to the English troops by the commissariat was of very good quality. A ration for an officer or soldier was 1 lb. of meat, 1 lb. of bread, 2 ozs. of rice, $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of sugar, 1 oz. of coffee, and half a gill of rum, for which $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. was paid. The ration of meat was at one time increased to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; but when provisions became scarcer this was discontinued. The ration for a cavalry, artillery, or staff horse, was 10 lbs. of corn, and 12 lbs. of hay or straw; for a baggage animal 8 lbs. of corn.

"A number of carts of a peculiar construction had been provided at Woolwich, to contain small-arm ammunition in reserve for the infantry. These, being found too heavy, were left at Varna, and the cartridges, packed in boxes or barrels, were carried on pack-horses, a great number of which had been purchased for the British government in Tunis, Syria, and Turkey. An ambulance corps, provided with light spring-waggons, containing layers of stretchers and seats for the sick and wounded, was also left behind; and disabled men were either carried on stretchers by hand, or in arabas, the common carts of Turkey and the Crimea."

The condition in which the British army found itself when the embarkation was completed, and the march in an enemy's country began, was pitiable in the extreme. There were no tents; the officers had no horses, except a few ponies, bought by them at a nominal price from sailors, marines, Zouaves, and Turks,—all of whom, it is to be feared, procured them in marauding excursions, and by depriving the poor Tatars who owned them of their property without any compensation. These ponies were very serviceable,

not only on the march, but long afterwards at Sebastopol, when they carried ammunition and food from Balaklava to the trenches. They were shaggy stout little creatures, sure-footed, and possessing wonderful spirit and energy, they seemed never to tire. The soldiers were without their knapsacks; the medical men without proper supplies of medicine, bandages, or other adequate means of either medical or surgical treatment. Destitution and disorder reigned in the British camp, so far as any arrangements were concerned that were not directly military; while the French exhibited an organisation nearly perfect.

The main cause of all the deficiencies was an incompetent staff. Scarcely any of the staff officers had a complete military education, the great majority of them no military education whatever. They were for the most part relations or friends of the general officers, and appointed to staff situations because an easy opportunity of promotion was by that means secured. Throughout the combats and battles that succeeded, rewards were lavished upon these staff officers, who suffered little privation, and saw but little real service; while the hard-worked regimental officers, many of whom distinguished themselves nobly on the field and in the trench, were not even mentioned in the despatches. The British commander-in-chief himself set the example of nepotism and favouritism. In his recommendations for promotion, he placed the favoured staff officers high on the roll of merit, some of whom had literally rendered no service; while the most brilliant achievements of the humbler commissioned and the non-commissioned officers were frequently neither recommended for reward, nor their heroism so much as named. Even when General Evans called attention to a certain sergeant of his division, as deserving the protection of the commander-in-chief, and the favour of his sovereign, the commander-in-chief did not think proper so much as to name him in his despatch. Five of Lord Raglan's own nephews were on his staff, and all of course received rapid promotion.

Even if the system in the camp and on the field of battle did not operate unfavourably in the promotion of the deserving, and the general care for the poor soldier, whether sick, wounded, or in health, the spirit which prevails at the Horse Guards would obstruct the melioration of the soldier's condition, and the just distribution of the honours and emoluments which the country is willing to bestow. Never did unfairness predominate more at the office of the commander-in-chief than since this war commenced. When, at a later period, Lord Panmure became war-minister, that single-minded man did much to correct abuses, and

to direct the stream of royal patronage in the right direction; but even his influence, and the power vested in his office, have not been sufficient to overrule, or even extensively to counteract, the fatal bias of Horse Guards' officialism.

Lord Hardinge, the present commander-in-chief at home, has the reputation of being a gallant soldier, and of great presence of mind in the field. He merits this opinion. At Corunna, Sir John Moore died in his arms; and Captain Hardinge had on that day won the notice and confidence of his chief. The battle of Albuera was gained by Colonel Hardinge. A happy disobedience of command on his part saved for us the honour of the field; his directions to Colbourn's brigade, so well executed by Colonel Colbourn (now Lord Seaton), turned the fortunes of the day. In the Belgian campaign of 1815, he was attached as British commissioner to the Prussian army, with the rank of brigadier. He displayed intelligence, military parts, great physical endurance, devotion to the service, and a dauntless contempt of danger. In India, in the first Sikh campaign, as second in command to Lord Gough, he exhibited courage and address of the highest order, and obtained the most eloquent eulogy ever pronounced by Sir Robert Peel upon any officer. As a man of business his merits are high. His Irish secretaryship and his paymastership of the forces were additional claims to the confidence of his party, if not additional laurels to his wreath. But with all this, Lord Hardinge has one blemish which is a blot upon his fair fame—he is essentially a party-man. He has belonged to that section of the cabinet constituted by the Peelites, but is a far less liberal politician than any of them. Sometimes we notice public men who, although not liberal politicians, are liberal men, and the converse of that is often seen; but Lord Hardinge is neither a liberal man nor a liberal politician. He has the soul of a hero, and the heart of a red-tapist. He will do the most glorious deeds for his clique, his faction, his profession, exemplifying sorrowfully the line,

“And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.”

The disparagement, morally and politically, which has befallen him by his sanction of poor Perry's persecution, cannot be obliterated by deeds of arms or official efficiency. It is plain that the public has nothing to hope from him, whatever his military *éclat* may be. If our soldiers are to be fed and clad, tended in sickness, and rewarded for gallantry—if officers without fortune are to rise in the grades of their profession, because of fitness, the British people must themselves effect all this, by causing their voice to be so heard in the legis-

lature as to make it unsafe for any man, whatever his rank, to dispense to favourites and men of personal or political connexions what right and justice claim for others.

At the outset of the Crimean campaign an opportunity is presented of placing before our readers the state of military education in England,—the relation it bears to the general condition of the army,—the discouragement which educated officers meet with from the government and the Horse Guards, unless they happen also to have money or connexions,—and the almost uselessness of the expenditure hitherto incurred by the country for its military schools. An officer who has seen active service for six years in the cavalry, and six years also in the infantry, thus writes upon this subject:—

“Until the commencement of the present century England possessed no public school for the education of infantry and cavalry officers; neither had she an efficient staff, nor the means of creating one. To supply the first of these deficiencies a military school was, in the year 1810, established at Great Marlow; while to provide for the second a similar institution was, in the year 1799, founded at High Wycombe, and subsequently removed to Farnham. These two schools, now united at Sandhurst, constitute the junior and senior departments of the Royal Military College. The governor of this college is invariably a general officer; and to him, under the control of a supreme board, are entrusted its interior economy, discipline, and general direction. The supreme board consists of the commander-in-chief, the heads of the principal military departments, and such general officers as her majesty may appoint. The senior department is stated in the royal warrant to be established ‘for the purpose of instructing officers in the scientific part of their profession, with the view of enabling them better to discharge their duty when acting in command of regiments—the situation in which they can best recommend themselves to us, and be entitled to hope for advancement in the higher stations of our service, and, at the same time, of qualifying themselves to be employed in the quartermaster-general and adjutant-general’s departments.’ In earlier times the senior department had its own military staff; General le Marchant and Sir Howard Douglas were attached to it, and General Jarry—who had been on the personal staff of Frederick the Great, who had served during the Seven Years’ war, and who was a most distinguished officer—acted as scientific instructor. Professors for fortification, mathematics, and languages, were also attached to the school. At the present moment there are but two professors attached to the senior department. M. Narien, the senior professor of

mathematics, teaches, in addition to his own proper branch, fortification, gunnery, tactics, and castremetation. The other professor teaches military surveying. Languages are taught by the professors of the junior department, provided for and paid by the cadets, though there is full scope and ample demand for their undivided exertions in the junior school. The number of officers studying at the same time in the senior department was originally limited to thirty, which limit was, in the year 1820, reduced to fifteen, and each of them paid £30 per annum for their education. The conditions required of a candidate for admission are, that he shall not be under twenty-one years of age; that he shall have served with his regiment three years abroad, or four years at home; and that he shall be thoroughly versed in the tactics of that branch of the service to which he belongs. He must also be familiar with the elements of algebra and mathematics, and of the Latin, French, or German language. Those students who have been educated at the junior department of the college, are expected to complete their course of study in three terms of six months each. Those who have been educated elsewhere are allowed an additional term. Every student is examined at the end of each term, and if his progress be unsatisfactory, he is recommended to join his regiment. The final examination is held before the supreme board, at the end of the pupil’s term of residence. Those who succeed are presented with certificates, to the effect that they are duly qualified to undertake the duties of staff officers.”

Here then is an institution founded expressly to educate our officers for that all-important branch of the army, the staff. In its earlier years it sent into the service many most valuable officers who served with distinction; and during the Peninsular war, when the general staff was most efficient, the officers appointed to the quartermaster-general’s department were almost invariably chosen from those who had received the benefit of this education. Why then was the staff of our army so disgracefully inefficient at the commencement of the present war? Why did not that army benefit by the efficiency of the men thus trained for such appointments? and why did it happen that out of 221 officers thus employed in the British army in 1854, two months after we had declared war against Russia, fifteen only had been trained in the senior department of Sandhurst? The answer is disgraceful alike to our military system and to those who direct it. To the system, because, although we provide the school and educate the officers, we do not insist upon their being afterwards employed on those duties for which they have especially qualified themselves—their claims are futile and

their time is wasted, because the commander-in-chief and the generals in the field may appoint on the staff whomsoever they choose, without reference to qualification or service. To those who direct the system, because favour and interest count for everything when they should count for nothing; and because the raw lad, who has just been gazetted, is certain of winning the race against the best officer Sandhurst ever produced, if he have interest at the Horse Guards, the cabinet, or even with the general officer commanding a division or brigade.

"The officers of the staff enjoy all the advantages of the army, such as higher pay, greater promotion, distinction, superior comfort, and lighter as well as more agreeable duties. It would therefore be but fair that its appointments should be held out as prizes, to be bestowed on officers of the greatest merit, or those who have rendered the most distinguished services, and above all on those only who are fully qualified. If the staff were so constituted, no other portion of the army would grudge the advantages it must possess, and merit would be certain of meeting with its due reward. But so far is that from being the case, that although 216 officers obtained certificates of qualification at the senior school at Sandhurst, in the period from 1836 to 1854, only twenty were employed on the staff during the whole of that time, and of these twenty, many, *ex. gr.*, Sir W. Gorum, Lord Hardinge, General Bainbridge, obtained their certificates long before the first-named year. In the year 1852, there were but seven officers on the whole staff of the British army who had passed through the senior school;—when such encouragement was held out to military genius and successful industry, what wonder is it that the senior school has fallen rapidly into a state of decadence, and that, at the present moment, there are but six officers availing themselves of its advantages? Let me give two instances of the benefit afforded by the senior school during the Peninsular war, as appeared in the evidence before the Sandhurst Committee. General Bainbridge, who lately commanded in Ceylon, was sent some time before the battle of Salamanca to make a survey of three or four square miles. He surveyed this country galloping from point to point, either dismounting or not, and 'stop pointing,' and taking 'shots' as they are called on his paper by the eye alone, without any instrumental survey. In two hours and a half he had completed the survey. It was all extremely rough but sufficiently clear. He brought it to Lord Wellington, explained to him the various steps, and the plan was approved. During some portion of the time he was making the sketch he was under fire from the French skirmishers. The position was not actually taken up, but it was very near the spot where the battle of

Salamanca was shortly afterwards fought. In what position would the gentlemen of Lord Raglan's family staff have been placed had a similar service been required at their hands? When a military force was preparing for foreign service in the year 1808, a general officer, a friend of Sir Howard Douglas, then director of the senior department, came to him at High Wycombe, and said that he had been appointed to the command of a brigade, and knew not what he might have to do in the course of service; perhaps in the operations of a siege, with the nature of which he was quite unacquainted. He knew infantry might be called upon to cover the opening of the trenches, to cover the formation of parallels, to guard the trenches, to furnish working parties, to oppose and drive back sorties, and to assault the enemy's works; but he was totally ignorant how he should act in such cases, and entreated Sir Howard Douglas to give him at least some general notion of approaches, parallels, and formation of gabions and fascines, saps, and the other processes of attack and defence. Sir Howard instructed an intelligent carpenter to make one of the large models which are now at Sandhurst, in constant use for the lectures on the attack and defence of a half hexagon of Vauban's first system. He then gave his friend a very useful and considerable idea of such matters, illustrated by reference to the model. The friend soon afterwards served at a siege, and when afterwards he met Sir Howard, he told him that he should never forget the few days he was shut up with him in the model room; and that it was impossible to conceive the confidence which that instruction gave him, from a feeling that he understood something of the operations in which he was engaged. That such knowledge might have been obtained with advantage by many who have served before Sebastopol, may be inferred from Sir Howard Douglas's curt and pithy reply to a question of Colonel Dunne, who asked, 'Have not a great many of those men who have gone out without any previous knowledge of fortification acquired practical knowledge under fire in the trenches?' Answer—'Yes, and many lives have been lost in consequence.' But the whole question is virtually set at rest; the superiority of Sandhurst officers for the staff, and the practical neglect of them in time of peace, are admitted by General Wetherall, adjutant-general, the Horse Guards' witness, and himself a pupil of the senior school. He says (I put the questions and answers into a narrative form) that latterly a very great preference has been shown to staff officers educated at Sandhurst; that this preference was on account of the supposition that they were better fitted for staff appointments, which supposition arose from their having had a better education; that

this supposition was as correct ten years ago as it is now, only the Sandhurst pupils did not get the benefit of it. Surely comment on such an admission is superfluous. Thus do our

military authorities neglect to form the framework of the staff during peace. What wonder that when war tries its strength it tumbles to pieces."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MARCH FROM OLD FORT UPON THE ALMA.—BATTLE OF THE ALMA.—SCENES AFTER THE BATTLE.

"Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
Amid the scene of slaughter as we stood,
Where armies had with recent fury fought,
To mark how gentle nature still pursued
Her quiet course, as if she took no care
Of what her noblest work had suffered there?"—SOUTHEY.

THE French, as already recorded, debarked about two miles lower down the coast than the place at which the debarkation of the British took place. Having thrown out skirmishers, they advanced across the plain until their left and the British right came into proximity. The light division was on the extreme right of the British position; next them the first division, and the second to the head of the marshy lake already noticed. Behind these divisions, on the ground enclosed by the lake and the sea, the remaining divisions of the British army were encamped, and the stores and material of war behind all, nearest to the beach. About two miles in front of the British line there was a handsome Russian villa, surrounded by clumps of trees and some green plots, with considerable outbuildings in the rear. The first movement of the British was to secure this range of buildings, and a detachment of the rifle brigade occupied them, supported by some French light infantry with guns. The British light cavalry bivouacked by this place, which was well suited for the purpose; they immediately threw out detachments in skirmishing order, and the officers made reconnaissance of the surrounding country. To the left of the army, beyond the lake, another outpost was promptly established by the rifle brigade, supported by some of the Fusiliers of the same division. This outpost commanded a Tartar village, and the inhabitants received their martial neighbours with every token of good will. The Tartars of the surrounding country came down fearlessly to the encampment with oxen and arabas for hire; camels and ponies also, to carry either packs or riders. It is unaccountable how little use the commander-in-chief or the commissariat made of these advantages ready to their hand. Drovers of sheep, and honey, butter, milk, and eggs, were brought in abundance by the people, who made an extempore bazaar along the lines of the allies.

On the 18th a troop of the 11th Hussars advanced some distance into the country, for

the purpose of a reconnaissance previous to the march. Seven troops of Cossacks were engaged also in observing the movements of the allies; the Hussars, preserving skirmishing order, slowly retired before them. It left no favourable impression of the valour or efficiency of the Cossacks, when so small a detachment of British light cavalry retired from the presence of so large a body with impunity. The Hussars, thanks to the liberality of Lord Cardigan, and not to "the regulation price" of British cavalry horses, were admirably mounted; and they literally played with the Cossacks, as the latter, on their rough-looking but strong and agile little horses, attempted a pursuit. These Russian irregulars sat their horses with perfect ease, and managed their fiery little steeds dextrously. They were compact, short, sturdy-looking fellows, and carried lances of fourteen or fifteen feet in length. Had all our light cavalry been mounted like the 11th Hussars, their services would have been more useful both in the Dobrudscha, when reconnoitring the corps of Luders, and in the advance of the allied armies to the lines of Alma. But amongst all the other mal-arrangements of our army, the men of the light cavalry are too large and too heavy generally for that branch of the service, and the horses are too small, and not sufficiently fed. The following paragraph from an "Ex-Hussar" embodies in a short space the reforms in dress, accoutrements, and mounting, required in our light cavalry:—"1. For the pantaloons, as at present worn, must be substituted the pantaloons buttoning or tying at the ankle, with the Hessian drawn over it. 2. The substitution of the helmet for the present shako and Busby. 3. Either getting rid altogether of the present steel scabbard, or lining it with wood in such a manner as to protect the edge of the sword from being blunted, discontinuing, at the same time, all needless drawing of it. 4. Taking away the stocks. 5. Discarding the Hussar pelisse. 6. Discarding the lance. 7. Getting rid of everything that requires much cleaning,

uch as polished steel and brass, and pipeclayed elts, substituting for the latter brown or black elts. 8. Diminishing in every possible way the weight a horse has to carry—even our light cavalry ride from seventeen and a half to eighteen stone. No horse can work to advantage under such a weight. Those only who have practical experience know what marvellous things a horse can do when put to it under a fair weight, and how little he can do when overweighted even by a few pounds. Every horse in the cavalry ought to be above his weight—a margin to make up for bad food, &c. The reverse of this is the case; most of them have three or four stone too much on them. 9. The present Hussar and Light Dragoon saddle must be exchanged for one sitting closer to the back—more in the form of the common hunting saddle. The present saddles gall the horses badly.”

The late Captain Nolan probably attained to greater perfection in the discipline and handling of cavalry, especially light cavalry, than any officer in either of the allied armies, and his suggestions have, as far as they have been carried out in the British service, done much good; for while our men are not to be surpassed as swordsmen or horsemen, the system and its administration in that branch of the army still require much improvement.

During the few days that elapsed between the landing and the march, the men suffered exceedingly from an insufficient supply of water. A solitary spring supplied them; the water was brackish; and the soft margin was trodden down by the innumerable feet which frequented it, almost turning the water into mud. Dysentery and diarrhoea were extensively created by this cause, especially after the exposure of the troops on the inclement night of the 14th. During the three days before marching from Old Fort many of the men died of cholera. The dews at night were heavy; the sun was fierce by day; and the men as ill-prepared as an army could well be for these sudden transitions, so unlike the climate of their own lands. The men generally bathed in the sea during the hottest part of the day, and in many cases cramp or cholera speedily followed; the medical men do not seem to have interposed to prevent this pernicious practice. At midnight, on the 18th, orders were given for the army to be prepared to move by daybreak on the morrow. An officer of the 20th regiment records in the following terms his experience on coming into camp the next morning:—“We now marched into camp, and when we arrived, we found all hurry, bustle, and confusion. *Uncooked* rations were served out to the men, which some were unwilling to carry, while others, in the hurry to stand to their arms, were unable to obtain their portion. This

was a great pity; for I believe half the men of our regiment started without water in their kegs, to which in a great measure must be attributed the number who fell out during the march. The well was too far from the camp to allow them to fetch it that morning before they commenced their march; and considering the total absence of water in our line of march, *it should have been provided, and boats sent ashore with it from the ships, a very few of which would have been sufficient for their wants.* Our men thus started uncomfortably, and without their breakfasts, *for which no time was allowed them.* I fortunately had a small piece of cold boiled pork and biscuit in my haversack; this, and a pull at my water-barrel, composed my *déjeuner*. On arriving at head-quarters, we found our general, Sir George Cathcart, waiting for us, and were all much inspired by his active and soldier-like appearance. As soon as the waggon-train and commissariat carts arrived, and had passed on to some little distance, we marched. It was a very hot sultry morning, and the sun struck down on our poor heads with unusual violence. Our pace in marching was obliged to be regulated with great judgment, as we were on a vast plain, without even a drop of water, or shade of any kind. A more monotonous country I never beheld, and we had fifteen miles of it. It was nine o'clock before the whole of the army was prepared to march, *being delayed by the inadequate transport provided for the stores, baggage, &c. Many of our men fell down in the ranks, attacked by cholera, or from becoming faint and exhausted for want of water.* If they recovered shortly, they followed us with the rear-guard; but if not, they were left to the tender mercies of any passer-by. It was certainly much to be lamented that we had no ambulance waggons for these poor sick fellows who fell out on the march; for had they been carried a mile or two, or had a drink of water, I have no doubt half of them would have rejoined their companies. Ambulance-carts ought surely to have attended each brigade, and each should have carried some medicine, particularly when the cholera was likely to affect the army. The medical officers in general carried a small bottle of brandy and flask of water, which they gave the men, and were thus enabled to do much good. Some of our poor fellows actually came to me, and on their knees besought me for a drink out of my flask; and I am happy to say that I managed to relieve a few of them. I found in our brigade that the men of the other regiments fell out almost ten to our one.”

When, at a later period of the campaign, the government appointed a commission to inquire into the causes of so much suffering and loss of life as befell the British army from Old Fort to the end of the first winter before Sebastopol,

Sir John McNeil and his brother-commissioner could extract no answers from Quartermaster-general Airey, and his assistant, the Honourable Colonel Gordon, son of Lord Aberdeen, in reference to these and similar disasters, except that the rules of the service only required such and such distribution of camp utensils, apparel, &c.; that the men were not, in their opinion, so badly off; and that the transport of necessaries was no business of theirs. The chief of an army, and his quartermaster's staff, who could move the men upon such an enterprise, in such a climate, without water in their flasks, medicines, conveyances for the wounded, or almost any necessary, might well be incapable of proceeding against the greater difficulties before Sebastopol.

If the opinion of Marshal Saxe be sound, that "the best general is he who best feeds his soldiers," the test will be a severe one for the reputation of the British chief. A late general of the East India Company's service, well known as a political economist, and who had seen many campaigns, once said to the author, "The first duty of a general is to provide supplies for his men; British soldiers will always fight if their generals will see that they are fed. The officer chief in command of an army should leave nothing to commissaries or contractors; he should *command* everything, and bend all circumstances to the proper supply of his soldiers with food, shelter from the weather, and prompt medical assistance in sickness and in the field. No ability for military command can ever, in the long run, make up for neglect of these duties and precautions."

The following was the order of march :—

CAVALRY—8th, 11th, 17th.

LIGHT DIVISION. ARTILLERY. SECOND DIVISION.
FIRST DIVISION. ARTILLERY. THIRD DIVISION.
CAVALRY. COMMISSARIAT TRAIN.
FOURTH DIVISION. FOURTH DIVISION.

REAR GUARD.

The divisions were composed as follows :—

LIGHT DIVISION (commanded by Sir George Brown), 7th, 19th, 23rd, 33rd, 77th, and 88th regiments.

FIRST DIVISION (commanded by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge), the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Fusilier Guards, 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders.

SECOND DIVISION (commanded by Sir De Lacy Evans), 30th, 41st, 47th, 49th 55th, and 95th regiments.

THIRD DIVISION (commanded by Sir Richard England), 1st, 4th, 28th, 38th, 44th, and 50th regiments.

FOURTH DIVISION (commanded by Sir George Cathcart), 20th, 21st, 46th, 57th, 63rd, 65th, and 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

CAVALRY DIVISION (commanded by Lord Lu-

can), 4th, and 5th Dragoon Guards, 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 13th, 17th Dragoons and 11th Hussars.

The sight of the advancing hosts was most imposing. The men marched by double columns of companies from the centre of divisions, the artillery on their right. Never did a finer day beam upon the march of a great army; not a cloud could be descried within the horizon, and the whole heavens were of the softest azure; the morning sun shone as if in sympathy with the glorious spectacle that moved beneath his smile. The steppe was studded with grassy hillocks, and many of the officers of the advance guard and of the general staff assembled there, and beheld with surprise and delight the proud military array. On it swept over the dotted plain, as if in a grand review: it seemed a holiday spectacle for kings to gaze upon. The camps at Boulogne or Aldershot could present no such scene of military pomp: for this army was invested with all the grandeur that is connected with the association of a great host advancing to battle. There was a strange stillness, which was an element in the sublimity of the scene. No military music smote the ear with the boldness of its strains; no shrill trumpets challenged the warlike spirit of the listeners—hardly a tap of the "discordant drum" broke the uniform quietness; no tramp of warlike march, or rumble of rolling guns, resounded over the plain; for wheels, and hoofs of cavalry, and tread of men, all seemed muffled in the tall wild grass that flourished on the steppe. The great host seemed as if impelled by some mighty instinct to pursue a common course to a destination where events awaited it, so momentous that nature suppressed every utterance until she should find vent for her pent-up emotions in the cheer, the charge, the shout of defiance to the foe, and at the moment of glorious victory in

"The wild hurrah, that rattled o'er the plain."

The march continued without any appearance of an enemy, except a few Cossack videttes, until the army arrived at the Baganak, which is a sluggish stream, easily fordable, and presenting no obstacle to the advance of troops. The army filed across by a bridge, the light division, as had been usual in the campaigns of the Iberian Peninsula, taking the lead of the other infantry divisions; the cavalry forded the stream in various directions, and galloped on to a rising ground which might have concealed the proximity of the enemy. Scarcely had the light cavalry ascended the acclivity, when Cossacks showed themselves on the ridge, who precipitately retreated as they saw the British approach; the Hussars quickened their pace, which assumed the rapidity of a pursuit as they mounted the crest of the rising ground,

and charged down its southern slope. The horse-artillery, perceiving this movement, a troop hastened to join the cavalry, and soon afterwards the guns opened upon the Russians. The light division, advancing at a run, crested the ridge of the ascent, and drew up in line as spectators of the scene in the wide steppe below. Two thousand Cossacks, with a numerous and well-appointed horse-artillery, drew up as if to dispute the progress of the advanced guard of the allies; their guns opened, which were replied to by the few 6-pounders which had arrived at the front, and our cavalry, just half the number of the enemy, offered battle. Some shot and shell fell among our guns and cavalry; seven men were wounded, and several horses were rolled over upon the plain. It was afterwards ascertained that twenty-five men and thirty-five horses belonging to the enemy were hit. The carbines of the 11th Hussars principally inflicted this loss, for being so well mounted, they rode in small detachments very near to the Cossacks, and fired, retiring with impunity. Lord Raglan ordered a halt, and the Cossacks kept at a distance from the guns and carbines of the British. The army took up a position behind the slopes of the slight acclivity which the light division had surmounted, the cavalry were recalled, and the troops bivouacked. Patrols of cavalry were again sent forward, and observed the Cossacks slowly ascending another acclivity, upon the ridge of which the enemy showed himself in strength. Towards dusk, the right of the Russian line extended itself cautiously; and a movement against his flank being apprehended by Lord Raglan, the divisions on his extreme left had to abandon their bivouac fires, and fall back until that wing rested upon the Bulganak, presenting a front upon the left of the line sufficient to give a satisfactory reception to any meditated attack.

The first night of the march southward was spent quietly. The soldiers on the extreme left again piled up such materials as they could collect for watch fires. Groups gathered round them until a late hour, and talked of home, and kindred, and country, of the enemy, and the morrow. Some died by those bivouac fires on that calm and lovely night, as its dews fell upon the sleepers; for the British had no tents—they lay upon the bare earth, wrapped in their greatcoats, such as had the good fortune to possess them. At this time there were good blankets in store, of which the government had provided a liberal supply, but a small portion of which ever reached the soldiery: Quartermaster-general Airey, and his assistant, the Honourable Colonel Gordon, being of opinion that the men could keep themselves warm by huddling together, and did not require extra supplies of blankets. Rugs of an excellent

quality had also been supplied by the home government, but the men never got them, for the sapient reason that there was nothing said about rugs in the regulations of the service. The next morning many men had to drop behind from sickness, and as there were no ambulances, and no arrangements for their safety, a portion of them must have perished on the steppe. This would have been the fate of others, perhaps of all, but for the generous sympathy of our allies, not only French but Turks.

The advance of the army in the way it now proceeded was a violation of all the old rules of war, but an innovation justified by all the circumstances of the case. In war it is an axiom that an army must not advance without establishing points of support, with which the communications must be sedulously preserved. The place for the debarkation of stores should, by precedent, have been entrenched and occupied in force while the army proceeded. A body of troops should also have been detached to the extreme left, to prevent the enemy from outflanking the advancing army, and throwing themselves upon its lines of communication. In the present march, the attendance of a powerful steam navy obviated the necessity of these precautions. The army had a *movable* point of support in its fleet, and therefore did not require a place of arms in its rear. Its line of communication was in fact the coast; its basis of operations was the sea. If the enemy had attacked the left wing in overpowering force, it would have fallen back, so that the army might form a line parallel with the sea, and under cover of the guns of the fleet. If a general action were fought in such a position, the vertical fire of the ships would prove destructive to the enemy, as no force of field-artillery could compete with them. Our French allies rested their right wing upon the sea, while the extreme left of the British extended upon the wild steppe; and the whole army operated in perfect confidence that it could advance or re-embark as the fortune of war, and the exigencies of its condition, might determine.

On the morning of the 20th, as day dawned, columns of smoke were seen ascending in different directions from Tartar villages burnt by the receding Cossacks; and not only were the villages destroyed, but the peaceful people were plundered and maltreated by their ostensible protectors. Colonel Beckwith, an officer of merit, was borne through the camp at early dawn to the sea-shore, and placed on board a boat belonging to the *Orinoco*, in which ship he died; cholera attacked him soon after he lay down by his watch-fire. Officers as well as men arose from the damp long grass stiffened and chilled, and the troops, officers and men,

looked haggard and worn, as if they had undergone the hardships of a protracted campaign. The first sounds, on the morning of the 20th, were those of the tools of the sappers, miners, and pioneers, as they levelled the banks of the Bulganak, to make a passage for the artillery; the hum of voices crept along the line as the men stood to their arms; rumours that a general action might in a few hours be expected ran through the divisions, and all were busily discussing its probability when Marshal St. Arnaud appeared in front of the British. He had been to the Russian post-house, where Lord Raglan held his quarters, to confer upon the expected operations, and as he rode along the British front he was enthusiastically cheered. He appeared to inspect the appearance of the troops with deep interest, and seemed struck by the sickly and chilled aspect which they bore. His own soldiers had comfortable tents, their rations well cooked, and served out with regularity and system; the British were in nearly as much confusion as the morning before, in the preparation of their hasty repast, and many marched on without any refreshment whatever. Lieutenant Peard, of the 20th regiment, returning from a picket by the banks of the Bulganak, relates that, but for a pot of coffee shared with him by the quartermaster of the regiment, he believes that he must have sunk down exhausted at the beginning of the march. Marshal St. Arnaud seemed much pleased with the reception given him by the English soldiery, and it appeared also to gratify Lord Raglan, for his fine countenance was lighted up with a glow of confidence and pleasure. Passing the 88th regiment (the Connaught Rangers), the marshal exclaimed, "English, I hope you will fight well to-day!" the expression seemed to grate upon the ears of that fire-eating corps, and a voice half angry loudly exclaimed from the ranks—"Sure, your honour, we will; do we not always fight well?"

At length the allies began their march, over ground similar in character to that which they had already traversed; the horizon, however, being more frequently bounded by the ridges of elevations gradually ascending from the steppe, but not deserving the appellation of hills. The scene of the advance was even more picturesque and brilliant than the day before; the long lines of bayonets glistening in the sun were most imposing, the sabres and lances of the cavalry flashing above them, and, out at sea, the fleets moving onward to afford support when required: the whole presented a sight most gorgeous—it was a grand moving panorama, never to be forgotten by any whose fortune it was to be spectators. As one solitary grassy ridge after another was overtopped, and the line of the river Alma approached, the

excitement of the host increased, for it was whispered throughout the army that the Russians had resolved to defend the passage of the Alma, and had occupied its overlooking heights in formidable force. The French moved along a good road by the sea-shore; the Turks marched partly in reserve of the French, and partly in advance of the British right, for the line presented an oblique front as it moved, the coast line being the most direct. A little before noon the Turks in advance of the British right approached a jutting elevation, where a sharp, steep cliff descended to the shore. Suddenly a steamer opened fire, sweeping the edge of the cliffs with its guns; there was no enemy in sight, but the vigilance of the sister-service was thus exercised, lest a concealed force might there dispute the advance of the Turks from a favourable position. The troops moving upon the Alma by its disemboisement here passed it, and took up a position upon the left flank of the enemy. Soon afterwards the British topped the last of those grassy ridges which we have already described, and the scene of the approaching conflict was at once presented to view in its natural beauty and the artificial array of war. The plain from the slopes of this ridge was level for more than a mile, where the ground dipped towards the river, forming a valley rich in vegetation, and clothed with orchards and vineyards.

On the opposite side of the river arose a double line of heights. The first were high, steep, green hillocks, covered with plateaux, upon which masses of Russian troops were posted, and powerful batteries commanded the whole of the low grounds on the southern banks of the Alma. Behind these fortified plateaux rose another range of elevations, steeper and more rugged, but communicating by paths and tracks with the smooth knolls on the range below. On this second range reserves of infantry were posted, and some batteries. Masses of cavalry occupied the knolls in support of the infantry, who were ranged behind the batteries. Along the whole front of the British this was the character of the Russian position.

From the French lines the aspect of the enemy's position was different. The double range of elevations were there also to be seen, but the lower range was more precipitous, naturally stronger, and requiring less assistance from art to resist an attack. From the steepness of the sides of these knolls, guns could not well be placed in battery by their defenders; but they occupied the plateaux with fieldpieces and infantry, without cavalry, for which the nature of the ground was not so suited as on the line opposed to the British. On the second range of heights reserves of infantry were also posted, as in front of the

English. The two ranges merged as they approached the sea, where the bank terminated in a cliff almost perpendicular, traversed only by a narrow path, up which it was impossible to pass except in single file. Along these paths the Turks crept, and found no enemy, as the Russians either deemed the summit inaccessible, or knowing that any troops posted there would be attacked by the guns of the fleet, they did not occupy it. The enemy had for three weeks been leisurely preparing these lines for a desperate defence; they were the Torres Vedras of Prince Menschikoff, the Russian commander-in-chief. He fortified to the utmost a position which nature had, as we have shown above, made most formidable to an assailing army, whatever its numbers or quality. The Russian batteries were generally armed with 24 and 32-pounders, which were supported by howitzers. The declivities to the river's bank were occupied with skirmishers, armed with two-groove rifles, carrying a solid conical ball seven or eight hundred yards. Trees were felled and laid across the track over which the troops must advance when storming the positions; and piles of wood were set on fire as soon as the action commenced, drifting clouds of blinding smoke into the faces of the assailants. How troops could conquer such a position may well excite the astonishment of all who make themselves acquainted with it. How any general of skill could lose such a position before an army storming it in front, is also justly a matter of astonishment. We feel convinced that had the allied armies been placed upon those heights, the whole force of Russia could not have expelled them.

It was remarkable that the Russians displayed no colours, as our army afterwards learned lest a single stand should by any chance be borne off by the allies. The British and French displayed their standards, and the fire of the Russians was incessantly directed upon them; hence many officers fell who had the perilous honour of carrying their country's ensigns on that bloody day. The confidence of the Russian chief and of his troops was so high, notwithstanding that he was so careful of his colours, that he had invited parties of friends from Sebastopol to witness how his batteries would sweep the enemy from the level banks of the northern side of the river. Many ladies were actually at the head-quarters of the Russian army, and witnessed the approach of the allies, which was described as magnificent from that point of view. The celerity of movement on the part of the French, and the compact and solid appearance of the red masses of the British contrasted, so as to make up the picture as a whole with the more impressive effect. When the ladies saw that the allies

were not swept from the field by Prince Menschikoff's batteries, but were pressing with determined resolution over the boundary which separated the contending hosts, they thought it time to retire and consult their safety, which soon rendered a rapid flight necessary, contrary to all the vain-glorious promises of the redoubtable Menschikoff, and the cherished but delusive expectations of protection from the holy Vladimir.

About noon the French light division came in sight of the village of Almatamak, and soon after the British light division sighted the village of Busliak, both situated on the right bank of the river. The advance of the British, as they arrived upon the ridge from which they first beheld the enemy's position, was in this order: It came on in columns of brigades; on its left the cavalry, and detachments of artillery; on its right was the extreme left of the French army: an area of five or six miles was occupied. The light and second division led; the first (the Guards and Highlanders) and third followed; the fourth was in reserve. The leading division was about a mile in advance of the heads of columns of the fourth division. The action may be said to have commenced about noon, by the French fleet cannonading the heights, which they continued to do for an hour and a half without any loss, but inflicting considerable injury upon the Russians, the shells bursting among the masses of the Russian infantry. This enabled the French light infantry to scale the heights and take the enemy in flank; and for a considerable time their advance was but little impeded by his fire. A body of Russian infantry formed in a hollow was unseen by the French, and was just about to open fire upon them, under circumstances which would have given them great advantage, when a succession of shells from the ships burst over and among them, and in their hurry to escape from the position, they were exposed to a desultory but still deadly fire from the ascending tirailleurs. So rapidly did the Zouaves clamber up the steep precipices, that the enemy was outflanked before any well organised resistance could be made to the daring intruders. Accustomed in Africa to make war among the Arab fastnesses, the Zouaves seemed quite at home in the peculiar duty that devolved upon them, and displayed in its performance the most dauntless courage. They had to encounter one very formidable obstruction. On the top of the ascent there was a small building, used by the Russians as a signal station, and which was not completely built, the scaffolding standing against the walls and near the roof. It afforded an excellent position for the defence; from the scaffolding and the eaves, from every aperture, and from behind the walls of the

fabric, the Russian riflemen kept up an incessant fire. Many of the Zouaves fell around that building as they made one desperate attempt after another to storm it. After several destructive repulses, the place was gained; it was carried by the bayonet, the Russians remaining and maintaining their fire until the Zouaves, entering the building, and climbing the scaffolding, by hand-to-hand encounter terminated the struggle in victory. The Zouaves continued to mount upward, sending before them their leaden heralds, until at last the highest point was gained, the tricolour floated over sea and cliff, and the imperial eagle of France looked proudly over the still contested heights. The appearance and costume of the conquerors have been thus described:—"The Zouave wears a sort of red fez cap, with a roll of cloth at the base to protect the head; a jacket of blue cloth, with red facings, decorated with some simple ornaments, and open in front so as to display the throat, and a waistcoat or under coat of red comes down to the hips. Round his waist a broad silk sash is folded several times, so as to keep up the ample pantaloons and to support the back. The pantaloons of scarlet cloth fit close over the hips, and then expand to the most Dutchman-built dimensions, till they are gathered just below the knee in loose bagging folds, and almost look like a kilt. From the knee to the ankle the leg is protected by a kind of greaves made of stout yellow embroidered leather, laced (with black stripes) down the back, and descending over the shoe. The whole costume is graceful, easy, and picturesque. The men (natives of France, and not Arabs, as many suppose) are young smart fellows, about five feet six inches in height, burnt to a deep copper tint by the rays of an African sun, and wearing the most luxuriant beards, moustaches, and whiskers; it is, however, hard to believe these fierce-looking warriors are Europeans."

While General Bosquet and his Zouaves were storming the face of the cliff, so as to take the Russian army in flank, other divisions of the French were fording the river, to form a junction with him, as his division soon became hard pressed on the plateau, to which they had forced their way. Canrobert, with his own division, and a brigade from General Forey's, crossed the river, where the boats of the French fleet had ascertained in the morning that it was fordable, near the village of Almatamak. Opposite the ford, as the boats' crews had also ascertained in the morning, there was a path by which men or mules could ascend, but only in single file. Up this steep Canrobert's division gallantly made their way, dragging their guns up with incredible toil, being all the while exposed to the fire of the

Russian sharpshooters, and occasionally to that of the Russian fieldpieces on the lesser plateau. Prince Napoleon's division, which was still more to the left, nearer to the British, found another ford, with a similar path ascending immediately from it, but more devious, and winding round nearly to the same spot of the heights to which the track conducted by which Canrobert pressed his ascent. General Canrobert and the Prince making good their ground, driving the Russian riflemen through the cover, Marshal St. Arnaud sent the remaining brigade of Forey's division nearer to the mouth of the river, where crossing they ascended the cliffs from the sea-shore, supporting Bosquet's fatigued and overtasked soldiers. Thus, from three different points, all converging, the Russian left flank was assailed; and, in spite of batteries, the unremitting fire of the rifles from the ravines and cover of the rocks, the volleys of musketry from the infantry drawn up in line, and the demonstrations of heavy cavalry and lancers in support of the other arms of the defence, Canrobert and Prince Napoleon made their upward progress; while Forey's second brigade, unopposed, quickly gained the summit, and poured in upon the Russian flank volley after volley of musketry; the scattered Zouaves of General Bosquet's division were enabled to reform upon the brigade of Forey: and thus the left wing of Prince Menschikoff, taken in front and flank in the most masterly manner, had but little chance of securing a victory, even if the British had been less successful. The Zouaves were still fighting around the telegraph when the first battalions of Canrobert's division arrived to their assistance; and the telegraph was stormed at the moment these battalions made their way, over piles of dead and wounded, to the assistance of their comrades. Farther on to the left, the French bravely seconded the actions of their extreme right; the river was forded, the Russian rifles were driven from beneath the shelving rocks, grap and canister showered into the gullies within which they found shelter; and up the hillsides, exposed to the fire of some splendid batteries of brass guns, 32 and 34-pounders, the French, under the immediate command of St. Arnaud, forced their way. No praise could exceed the merits of the French staff. Too ill to take a more active part himself, St. Arnaud gave clear instructions, which his staff saw executed with punctilious accuracy. These gentlemen rode among the divisions, giving directions, and preventing the slightest irregularity; so that the French moved with the celerity of deer, and with the regularity of clockwork, in the accomplishment of every order given by their chief.

According to the plan of battle agreed upon



NATIVE OF THE ALMA.



between the allied commanders, the attack by the French upon the Russian flank and left wing was to precede, in order, the attempt of the British to storm the heights of the enemy's right and right centre. When Bosquet should make good his ground, and the footing he might secure upon the heights be followed up by larger masses of the French, so as to engage seriously and anxiously the Russian left, putting Prince Menschikoff in alarm from being outflanked, then the British were to profit by the confusion and alarm of the Russians, and storm the heights in their front. Before the British moved to the attack, Prince Menschikoff attempted to execute, in reference to them, the same manœuvre which, on his left flank, the French practised upon him. He detached a powerful force of cavalry and artillery, in fact, the whole of his reserves, for the purpose, upon the left flank of the British. To counteract this danger, Lord Raglan directed the cavalry and a strong detachment of horse artillery to hold them in check; but the light division, and the Guards and Highlanders, were not entirely free from apprehension in that direction, as the enemy's cavalry were four to one in relation to the force under Lord Lucan, and the Russian artillery also possessed a great comparative preponderance. The Earl of Cardigan displayed great activity and excellent management during this operation. Captain Nolan also rendered great services by his superior proficiency in cavalry tactics. To his judicious suggestions it was mainly due that so small a force kept at bay a force so large at a conjuncture so critical. His personal courage was conspicuous; riding out sometimes unattended, or accompanied only by a single orderly dragoon, he reconnoitred the enemy, and vigilantly anticipated every movement.

We have already shown how the action gradually crept along from the sea to the centre of the allied line. While the last movements of the French which we have described were taking place, the British right, advancing, came under fire of the batteries on the knolls which formed the first range of heights in the defence. General Pennefather's brigade of General Evans's division first felt the fire of the enemy. Throwing out the light companies, the enemy's skirmishers retired, setting fire in their retreat to the hamlet which was in front of the Russian centre, but on the right or northern bank of the river. The smoke of the burning hamlet concealed the Russian position, preserved it from the more accurate fire of the British artillery, and prevented the infantry from carrying into effect with certainty any plan they might have formed for storming the heights in that direction. The enemy's artillery having previously secured the range, had

only to fire through the accumulating smoke. General Pennefather caused his men to lie down behind the burning dwellings, and by this means secured them from the overwhelming fire which was directed along the plain sloping to the river. It was the design of General Evans to pass through the village, and ford the Alma at that point; but the conflagration frustrated this plan, and the brigades, separating to the right and left, passed round the flaming hamlet, and took the stream. Pennefather took the right, nearest to the French left, dashed bravely through the eddies which at that point deepened the current, and commenced the terrible ascent under showers of destructive missiles of every sort. General Evans in person wheeled round the left of the burning houses with the other brigade of his division, stimulating the men by that display of heroic courage for which, during fifty years of active service, this most distinguished officer is renowned. The light division passed into the valley, to General Evans's left; this division moved furtively forward, making every cover available, after the manner of light troops, and springing forward when there was the least lull in the roar of the enemy's artillery. Directly in front of the light division was a terrible battery of eighteen brass guns, which had practised the range for days before, and which literally swept the approaches to the river, tearing up the ground in every direction, and sending balls through the ranks of the battalions, which now cautiously but eagerly pressed forward to the struggle. They forded the river in the most difficult place that could have been selected; the bank was abrupt, so that the men had to drop into the water, and, as they did so, sunk to the shoulders; some had to swim, and the wounded, in many instances, sunk to rise no more in life. To the left of the light division, the first division, under the Duke of Cambridge, came up in support at the juncture when the struggle was fiercest. Sir Colin Campbell, who commanded the Highland Brigade, and Sir George Brown, who commanded the light division, displayed great courage, and put forth prodigious exertion; indeed, all the generals of division and brigade rode in front of their men, waving their hats, and intrepidly encouraging the advance, their horses foaming with toil and excitement as their riders spurred them up the perilous ascent. Yet on they go—

“The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.”

Both Sir George Brown and Sir Colin Campbell had their horses killed; but both heroes, although contused, led their men, like Ney at Waterloo, sword in hand and on foot, amidst

storms of fire such as seldom has been directed against an attacking host.

The contest in front of the light division assumed a most sanguinary and even doubtful character. The battery before them was covered with an epaulment, the only battery except one other on the rear of the extreme right which was so protected (a thick low bank of earth is thus technically termed). This battery swept the whole British line, and was most skilfully worked. There was not a British regiment in action that did not suffer from its fire. A wide road, lined on either side by a stone wall, separated the first and second divisions (those of the Duke of Cambridge and General Evans). This road led to a bridge, near which also a ford gave facility for the passage of the river. Upon this spot the crossing fire of the Russian batteries converged, showering incessant destruction all around; nor could the troops of either division which reached that spot have lived a moment there, had it not been that the ground suddenly slopes upward in a direction opposite to the Russian line of fire, so that the balls glanced off in the angle of accidence, smiting only those who were immediately near the spot where they fell. This formidable fire was counterbalanced to some extent by the British batteries, under Captains Franklin and Turner, which were brought up behind the village. But few men of either battery escaped the struggle. Their fire was marked by the most splendid precision, every shot falling into the 18-gun battery, and causing its fire to slacken. While the struggle was maintained by the second and light divisions, and the Russian batteries were mowing down our men as the sickle of the reaper removes the corn, Lord Raglan, whose personal courage throughout the day reflected upon him the highest honour, crossed the river between the French left and the British right, whence he could see the Russian batteries in reverse. To that position he ordered two guns to be moved, and opened upon the Russian batteries and the infantry of their centre. This occurred just as the Russian left was driven back by the united efforts of Bosquet, Canrobert, and Prince Napoleon. The effect was most telling: these two guns were worked with consummate skill, and great rapidity of fire; every shot told. Lanes were literally opened through the Russian battalions, causing the artillerymen to falter; and the batteries also suffered, several of the guns being quickly dismantled. Two British field-batteries, stationed on the left, were brought up to the second division; and unlimbering on the side of the road already described, also opened upon the 18-gun battery, and the infantry stationed to support it.

The position of the Russians on that part of

the defence now became desperate. Assailed in front by four British batteries, served in the perfection of artillery practice, taken in reverse by the guns under the immediate direction of Lord Raglan, and the French pressing forward on the left flank with a destructive fire of artillery and musketry, they began to retire. While yet they were preparing to remove the cannon from the 18-gun battery, Brigadier-general Codrington led his brigade to the epaulment under a terrible fire of musketry, and bursting in, charged the enemy with the bayonet. Captain Bell had the honour of capturing the first gun. The masses of Russian infantry in support poured in volleys of musketry; and after the brigade lost 600 men, it was forced to retire from the unequal conflict. At this critical juncture the Duke of Cambridge, with his division, arrived, and Codrington's brigade, forming under cover of its attack, advanced again to the charge. The Guards and Highlanders divided, the one entering by one flank of the battery, and the other at its opposite side. Each brigade seemed eager for the honour of the danger, but Sir Colin Campbell, waving his hat, cried aloud to his men, "We'el hae nane but Hieland bonnets here!" and his brave Highlanders, as if the words were an inspiration, dashed onward with a deafening cheer; and as the Guards secured the recaptured guns, the Highlanders, bringing their bayonets to the charge, rushed upon the Russian infantry, who turned and fled before they felt the steel. It was afterwards said by the prisoners that they took them for cavalry, because of their strange dress; and not being able to form to receive cavalry, turned and fled. Codrington's brigade was again upon the track of the enemy, and passing over the spot where so many of their gallant comrades fell, they opened a destructive fire upon the Russian infantry; and other regiments coming up, a line was formed upon the ground by the brigades of Guards, and those of Codrington and Pennefather. The Highlanders, more to the left, were menaced by cavalry. At this period the Russian infantry reserves, which had earlier in the action attempted to outflank the British left, now advanced upon the tried troops who stood panting and exhausted upon the bloody slopes their matchless valour won. The moment was critical; Lord Raglan observed it, and anxiously inquired from the commandant of artillery if some guns could not be brought up the slope so as to open fire upon the Russian column. Being answered in the affirmative, the order was given, and skilfully executed. Just as the dark compact Russian column descended the slopes where the decimated and toil-struck brigades were ready to receive it, and contend for the maintenance of the position they had won, the

guns ordered up by Lord Raglan played upon it with destructive energy, rendering it impossible for any formation to be preserved; the column ultimately turned, and, covered by the cavalry, withdrew. Another dense mass of Russian infantry seemed resolved upon an obstinate defence, when it halted in a ravine upon the British right, close to the outflanking French. This body of troops halted, as was afterwards learned, not from gallantry, but stupidity; their commander became bewildered, as he was in imminent risk of being placed between the French and British. He was not only puzzled himself, but he puzzled his enemies by the simplicity of his conduct; for Sir De Lacy Evans, who was upon the extreme right of the army, twice commanded the British guns to be silent, fearing that they were firing upon our allies. The Russians, taking heart, delivered a volley of musketry, and received in return shot and shell from the English cannon; causing terrible havoc among them. They fled, pursued by the artillery—the infantry was too much fatigued to follow; but as the body of the enemy's infantry retired from the scene of battle, they lost great numbers of men from the fire of our guns. The Russians were now swept off their positions along the whole line from their extreme left; but they made front on the rear of their extreme right, being greatly favoured in the operation by the aid of their cavalry. Our own cavalry, so useful in the earlier stages of the action, in guarding the British left flank, made no effort to harass the enemy at the close of the struggle. The honour of finishing the battle of the Alma fell to the lot of the Highland brigade; they stormed a battery of seven guns in the rear of the Russian right. This battery, referred to before as being covered by an epaulment, opposed to the Highlanders a heavy and death-dealing resistance; but it was carried by Sir Colin and his blue bonnets at the point of the bayonet. The last stand made by the Russian infantry was in front of the Highlanders, after they had stormed the 7-gun battery; it was an unfortunate attempt to redeem a lost day, for the whole brigade threw in a close volley upon them, which covered the field with the fallen where the stand was so vainly made. Yet notwithstanding the signal success of our infantry, the Russians carried away all their guns but three; this they were enabled to effect by the numbers and efficiency of their cavalry. Lieutenant Peard complains, in his interesting narrative, "that we had plenty of cavalry, but not where they were wanted." Marshal St. Arnaud, in a private letter, bitterly deplored the want of a few squadrons. The 1000 British horse might have harassed the enemy, especially as the horse-artillery pursued until

they were themselves in danger from the Cossacks. Too much was expected from Lord Lucan's weak division of troopers by his critics, but beyond doubt too little was attempted. Guns and prisoners might have been captured, and if not to any very great extent, yet the beaten foe would have been still more disheartened if any show had been made of a cavalry pursuit.

Lieutenant Edwards, of the artillery, captured a Russian general at the close of the day, who was hiding himself, crouched beside his horse, which had thrown him. Lord Raglan rode up and addressed the general, who admitted that the Russian army numbered about 50,000 men at the beginning of the action. He said no man in the Russian army believed that the position could have been stormed by the allies; and then pausing, as if to account for their success, he added, "But we came to fight men, and not devils!" The principal trophy was the carriage of the Russian commander-in-chief, Prince Menschikoff. The St. Petersburg papers have since denied that the commander had any carriage, alleging that the equipage captured belonged to a civil servant of distinction, sent with despatches to the military chief. Be this as it may, Prince Menschikoff's papers were found in it. In a copy of a despatch to the emperor, discovered amongst them, the prince assures his majesty that if his position on the heights of Alma were not altogether impregnable, it would at least detain the allies three weeks.

The battle was seen from the fleet, and the descriptions given by those who beheld it from that point of view represent the scene as magnificent. There seemed no ebb of battle; the tide rose upward until its resistless wave swept every impediment away. Mr. Layard, the distinguished Eastern scholar and antiquarian, and not less distinguished as a patriotic member of the House of Commons, was on board the *Agamemnon* while the heights were stormed. The author of *Eothen* rode with Lord Raglan's staff throughout the day; Mr. Russell, the *Times'* correspondent, and other literary gentlemen of note, also shared the dangers of the field, as military amateurs, or in the performance of their duty as correspondents to the press.

Prince Menschikoff retired from the field much chagrined and humbled, but with exclamations of furious hatred to the allies, and thirst for revenge. This bigoted and tyrannical man, in his selfwill and over confidence, committed great military faults, and thereby lost a position one of the easiest to maintain which an army ever occupied. Long after the military and naval career of the prince had closed, and that of his autocratic master had also terminated, the succeeding czar,

Alexander II., bitterly upbraided the obstinacy of judgment and general incompetency of the humiliated chief. The occasion of giving a brief notice of the Menschikoff family here presents itself. We quote an American serial of superior reputation for the literature of war and politics:—"The first Menschikoff has now been more than a century dead, yet there are those alive who can say that they have seen him face to face, fresh in colour, and in form as when he lived. After the death of Catherine I., he, with his whole family, was banished to Siberia. He died in exile at Berezov, in 1729. No stone, not even a wooden cross, marked the place of his last abode. But tradition preserved a record of it, and in 1821 the curiosity of a governor of Tobolsk caused his remains to be disturbed. At Beresow (in nearly 64 degrees of north latitude), beneath a few feet from the surface, the ground never thaws; and Menschikoff's body having been deposited in this region of perpetual ice, was found, after he had been ninety-two years entombed, perfectly unchanged. The greater part of his apparel, his eyebrows, and his heart, were transmitted to his descendants. If they could have reanimated the brain of the *ci-devant* pieman, and bestowed it upon his princely descendants, the gift might have been of some value. The first Menschikoff had some features in common with his descendant, who was lately used as an instrument to set the world together by the ears. It seems generally admitted that the rude seaman sent to Constantinople is a sincere bigot, and that craftier men, relying upon his bigotry and rudeness, employed him on a mission where such qualities were sure to provoke a quarrel. The first Menschikoff preserved, amid all his changes of fortune, the deep devotion of the Russian *mujik* to his church. During his exile at Berezov he was incessant in his endeavours, by acts of voluntary humiliation, to make atonement for the more questionable acts of his prosperous days. He worked with his own hands at the erection of the first small wooden church reared at Berezov; he officiated as sexton in it after it was finished; and, at his own request, his body was deposited before its door, where every worshipper must tread over it on entering, without any mark to show where it had been placed."

The strategic and tactical conduct of the Russian forces at the Alma, and the general incompetency of the Russian officers, have been thus criticised by another American publication of note:—"The Russian army has among its officers the very best and the very worst men, only that the former are present in an infinitesimally small proportion. What the Russian government thinks of its officers it

has plainly and unmistakeably shown in its own tactical regulations. These regulations do not merely prescribe a general mode of placing a brigade, division, or army corps in action, a so-called 'normal disposition,' which the commander is expected to vary according to the ground and other circumstances, but they prescribe different normal dispositions of all the different cases possible, leaving the general no choice whatever, and tying him down in a manner which, as much as possible, takes all responsibility from his shoulders. Any army corps, for instance, can be arranged in battle in five different ways, according to the regulations; and at the Alma the Russians were actually arrayed according to one of them—the third disposition—and, of course, they were beaten. The mania of prescribing abstract rules for all possible cases, leaves so little liberty of action to the commander, and even forbids him to use advantages of ground to such an extent that a Prussian general, in criticising it, says—"Such a system of regulations can be tolerated in an army only the majority of whose generals are so imbecile that the government cannot safely entrust them with an unconditional command, or leave them to their own judgment."

On the part of the allies the battle was conducted with equal skill and valour. Perhaps less loss of life might have occurred if the British had not attacked quite so soon. The arrangements between the two generals-in-chief required that the French should make good their ground upon the left flank of the enemy, so as to engage him in a contest of such a nature as would greatly lessen his capacity to resist the British upon his right and centre. Before the French had perfectly accomplished the task assigned to them in these arrangements, Lord Raglan, becoming impatient, ordered the troops to advance. The object of his lordship was to diminish the probability of loss of life, as the men were suffering much, where they lay upon the ground for cover from the fire of the Russian batteries, when this order was given. It is likely that had the order been delayed, the second and light divisions might have been spared many of their braves who fell in crossing the turbid Alma, and in ascending the fortified steeps beyond. The allies were greatly favoured by the weather; never did a finer day show light to warriors. Had not the morning been so serene, the boats would not have been able to go in and sound the fords, and examine the cliffs, nor the ships to direct so steady a fire upon the steeps which faced the sea. The whole field of action presented facilities for the attack, the ground being hard and dry, which conduced to success. This was strikingly exemplified by the narrative of Colonel Hamley, in the following

reference to the fact, when at a subsequent period he compared the various events and circumstances of the campaign:—"A review of the past convinces me that with the means we had the course taken was a right one, and that we may consider ourselves fortunate in having been impelled into it. Throughout the war very little foresight is apparent, if any has been used. There has been little opportunity for free action, and once begun, all seems the result of sheer necessity, like the descent of a *Montagne Russe*. The chance character of the campaign is notably illustrated by the state of the weather on the day and hour when I write this—noon, on the anniversary of the Alma. Last night, the anniversary of our bivouac on the Bulganak, was a night of winter's cold, storm, and rain; and to-day the dreary drenched plains are thick with mud, while over them still whistles a chilling wind, driving sharp showers before it. Had that season been as this, we should have advanced upon the foe, not as then, with a bright sun and a firm soil, but over boggy plains, our limbs, cramped by the stresses of the previous night, scarcely enabling us to lift our mud-laden feet to the margin of the Alma, where we should have found a turbid, swollen flood, instead of a clear stream, while the vineyards on its overflowed banks would have been a vast swamp. Such circumstances might well have changed the fate of the day and the war."

The sun set on the 20th of September upon sorrowful scenes on the banks of the Alma. The whole field of combat was strewn with the wounded and the dead. On the right bank most of the wounded British had been borne to the rear during the engagement, but in the vicinity of the stream, and close around the ruins of the burned hamlets, killed and wounded men of the light and second divisions were numerous. Ascending the slopes the red-coats lay thickly, especially in patches where the range of the enemy's guns was sure, and around the contested batteries sad havoc had been made among our brave men. About the 18-gun battery and its epaulment there lay a heap of British fallen, and on the slope ascending to the most hotly-contested spot numbers of the men of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the 23rd Royal Fusiliers, and the 33rd, or Duke of Wellington's Own, had fallen. In some of the ravines and gullies formed by the action of the rivulets which seek the current of the Alma, might be seen small groups of our soldiers who had died in every attitude of struggle, and surrounded by generally thrice their number of Russians. These British soldiers had been fallen upon by superior force, detached from their battalions, and sold their lives dearly, as the scene of conflict proved. To the far left of the British position, where

the Guards stormed the battery, which, like the 18-gun battery to the British right, had an epaulment, there was a line of shakos marking where a whole rank of the gallant Guards were swept down beneath grape and canister as they advanced to the storm. Farther to the left, a few Highland bonnets marked the spot where the brave Scots had closed the fight, pouring the final volley upon the wavering foe. If the appearance of the field testified that the British had won a difficult victory, it also proved the severity of the Russian loss. The Russians mainly fell by round-shot and the bayonet. Our musketry did comparatively little execution, the infantry having pressed on through storms of shell and shot, relying on the bayonet, our artillery covering their approach, and tearing asunder the dense columns of the enemy's infantry when attempting to support his batteries. There was no part of the field where the British had left their killed and wounded, except the right bank and the left margin of the river, where the Russian dead, dying, and wounded, were not far more numerous. The 18-gun battery was choked with piles of Russian slain; the resistance here was desperate, and in and around this blood-stained spot the British bayonet had inflicted extensive slaughter. In one of the ravines or gullies already referred to there lay a heap of the enemy, where it would seem as if they had been caught as in a trap, and had fallen under heavy discharges of musketry. On the plateau to the extreme right of the enemy's position, where the heavy column had formed which was so opportunely broken by the guns directed against it under the immediate orders of Lord Raglan, a very great number lay about the field horribly mutilated by round-shot; and to the extreme Russian right about fifty lay dead in line, who had fallen under the last volley of the Highlanders.

Near the sea the aspect of the field was similar, except that the proportion of Russians who had fallen before the arms of our allies was not by any means so large; but on one spot—the telegraph station—the dead of both French and Russians lay thickly strewn. The entrance was barred by fallen Russians, and in every compartment of the building they covered the floor. Some hundreds of killed lay in a hollow near at hand, presenting a sight which might appal the stoutest heart. The French set up a large stone on the plain beyond the signal tower, on which they inscribed "*Victoire de l'Alma*."

The 21st and 22nd were spent in removing the wounded, or dressing their wounds where they lay. The French removed their wounded with the greatest care, in ambulances suitable for such a purpose; every surgical and medical

appliance was available; the most perfect order and organisation marked everything. In fact, our allies were ready to march in pursuit of the Russians on the morning of the 21st; Marshal St. Arnaud being of opinion that it was desirable to do so, in order to prevent them taking up a still stronger position on the heights of the Katcha river; but Lord Raglan was unable to move until the 23rd, as his army was nearly entirely destitute of all that an army ought to have in such circumstances. There seemed to have been no foresight, no organisation; many perished of their wounds upon the field where they fell, and many died on board ship, because of the delay in attending to them, and the miserable condition in which they were placed when surgical aid was at last provided. Richer in the resources of peace or war than our ally, our army felt poverty-pinched and wretchedly provided in every way, and the result was delay at a moment when, had the enemy been followed up as Marshal St. Arnaud was prepared to follow him, he would have entered Sebastopol disheartened and broken, and our army might possibly have entered with him. Lord Raglan, in a despatch subsequent to the engagement, gave the following unsatisfactory reason for the destitution of his army:—

“My anxiety to bring into the country every cavalry and infantry soldier who was available, prevented me from embarking their baggage-animals, and these officers have with them at this moment nothing but what they can carry, and they, equally with the men, are without tents or covering of any kind. I have not heard a single murmur. All seem impressed with the necessity of the arrangement; and they feel, I trust, satisfied that I shall bring up their bat-horses at the earliest moment. The conduct of the troops has been admirable. When it is considered that they have suffered severely from sickness during the last two months; that, since they landed in the Crimea, they have been exposed to the extremes of wet, cold, and heat; that the daily toil to provide themselves with water has been excessive; and that they have been pursued by cholera to the very battle-field, I do not go beyond the truth in declaring that they merit the highest commendation. In the ardour of attack they forgot all they had endured, and displayed that high courage, that gallant spirit, for which the British soldier is ever distinguished, and, under the heaviest fire, they maintained the same determination to conquer as they had exhibited before they went into action.”

It would be difficult to conceive of anything more absurd than the first sentence of the above extract. In order to bring every available man into the field, all are brought there in such a plight, as to field equipage, that a large number cannot be expected to be “available” after

the first day of hard weather, and so totally unprovided with means to succour the wounded that, upon the first field of victory, hundreds perished who would otherwise have lived to serve their country. The statement in the same extract, that no man murmured, was true as to any unmanly repining, or unwillingness to encounter the severest hardships which the service of their country required; but was far from being true as to the feeling men and officers entertained of the arrangements which left them to undergo such misery, while Frank and Turk were provided with tent and transport, and the ambulances of our careful ally showed what ought also to have been provided in the British army. If the anxiety of Lord Raglan to bring every available man into the field caused him to leave everything but men and arms behind, how deficient in zeal for his country and the allied cause Marshal St. Arnaud must have been, in taking care to secure means of transport, tents, ambulances, and medical stores! We have no hesitation in pronouncing which course was the more worthy of a great general and a zealous patriot,—the vast number of lives saved in the army of St. Arnaud, and the number of British lives saved by his assistance, sufficiently decides.

Many of the wounded Russians were conveyed to Odessa, Admiral Deans Dundas addressing to the governor of the place a letter, requesting that on the score of humanity they should be received as non-combatants until exchanged. The condition in which these poor wounded prisoners were delivered up to the governor was horrible beyond description. The St. Petersburg journals, not knowing that the British soldiers were no better off, denounced in angry and indignant terms the mock humanity of landing men whose wounds were bandaged with hay and straw, so that gangrene supervened in almost all cases, scarcely any having received any medical or surgical treatment that deserved the name. It was not, however, want of humanity on the part of the British nation, as the St. Petersburg authorities subsequently acknowledged, which caused the barbarous scenes witnessed at Odessa upon the landing of these wounded men; it was the incapacity of those to whom the British nation entrusted its affairs at home and abroad.

When the British army commenced its march from the Alma, Dr. Thompson bravely remained with the Russian wounded who lay behind upon the field, without a tent to shelter him, tending with unwearied assiduity his fallen foes. This heroic and humane man died of cholera soon after he reached Balaklava. The pestilence followed our armies to the Alma; it actually sought its victims upon the field of battle; and brave and useful men, high upon

the lists of authority and renown, perished from its stroke, who had escaped the carnage of the conflict. Among these was Brigadier-general Tylden, of the Engineers, one of the most useful officers in the British army. Numbers of the men fell victims to the pestilence on the night of the 20th, and on the two following days.

The moral influence of the victory was felt by all the armies engaged. The Russians were awed and astonished at the daring of the allies, especially of the British. The French were loud in their praises of the dauntless heroism of their English competitors for fame. St. Arnaud is represented to have said, "It was well you

English had to storm the heights in front; no other troops could have effected it in such a manner." Canrobert exclaimed, "Could I but have the honour of commanding an English division for a single campaign, I should attain my highest ambition!" These panegyrics were deserved; never men fought with finer courage, or sense of duty more stern. The contempt of danger was such, that were we to attempt to give any extensive narrative of its display, our records would read like pages of romance—

"Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE COMMANDERS.—TIDINGS OF THE BATTLE BORNE THROUGH EUROPE.—THE DESPATCHES OF THE GENERALS.—EXPRESSIONS OF APPROBATION TO THEIR ARMIES BY THE ALLIED GOVERNMENTS.—SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH TROOPS, AS EVINCED BY THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MEN.

"Oh forget not the field where they perished,
The truest and best of the brave."—MOORE.

THE congratulations of the commanders of the allied armies, of the generals of divisions, and the officers and men generally, formed an interesting episode in the events after the battle. Each host was full of admiration at the skill and bravery of the other. Perhaps the British were more struck with the skill than even the heroism of their allies, while the French expressed unbounded praise of the intrepidity of the English. In the previous chapter it was noticed that Lord Raglan anticipated the time agreed upon for the British attack. It is curious that just at that moment St. Arnaud became anxious for the division of Bosquet, and for the troops of Canrobert's and Forey's divisions which had been sent to support it, and directed one of his staff to urge upon Lord Raglan an immediate and vigorous advance, as the Russians were pouring down in support of their extreme left in numbers sufficient to overwhelm the French troops there opposed to them. Great was the satisfaction of St. Arnaud when he saw the divisions of Generals Evans and Brown rising from the ground, where they were recumbent, to escape the enemy's shot and shell, and, as he expressed it, "Like a sea of fire surging upwards against the batteries of the foe, destroying every obstacle to its course." Frequently did the French marshal revert, in conversation with the staff of both armies, "to the inspiring sight of the British advance." These encomiums were justified, especially when it is remembered that the troops were not veterans; for few of them had ever been in action before, although most of the generals and superior

officers, and many of the regimental officers, had been made acquainted with battle in India and at the Cape.

The divisions of Generals England and Cathcart (the third and fourth) having been kept in reserve, took little part, but had a complete view of the whole action; and the generals, officers, and men of these divisions, were filled with admiration at the valour displayed by their countrymen. They were also struck with the hardihood of many of the soldiers of the second, light, and first divisions, who, wounded early in the conflict, were carried to the rear, but when their wounds were dressed, limped back to follow their regiments into the thick of battle, or "falling in" with the reserve divisions, waited for the moment when they might again be brought to the charge. Several of these brave fellows crept far to the front of the third and fourth divisions, and lay on the grass watching the fight, and cheering as loudly as their weakness permitted when they saw their comrades rise from rock to rock, conquering their way up every steep, in the face of batteries and the dense columns of infantry by which they were supported. Marshal St. Arnaud, writing home to his government, expressed the highest opinion of British valour; he represented them as having fought "like gods;" the enemy represented them as having fought "like devils:" each in his own temper, and with his own view of the spirit that actuated them, bearing testimony to the fierce and indomitable courage which the English infantry and artillery displayed. The encomium passed by Marshal St. Arnaud upon

the British commander-in-chief was also deserved. "The bravery of Lord Raglan rivals that of antiquity; amidst an incessant shower of balls and bullets his coolness never forsook him." The estimate formed by the British chief of the French commander was thus expressed in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle: "I will not attempt to describe the movements of the French army—this will be done by an abler hand; but it is due to them to say that their operations were eminently successful, and that, under the guidance of their distinguished commander, they manifested the utmost gallantry, the utmost ardour for the attack, and the high military qualities for which they are so famed."

While the allies had thus new grounds for mutual admiration and esteem, the naval and military character of the enemy fell in the opinion of both. The plan of battle on the part of Prince Menschikoff was bad; the strong positions were only well defended so long as the Russian troops were under the impression, which their officers had before inculcated, that they were impregnable. As soon as they saw the indomitable spirit of the British conquering obstacles which Menschikoff deemed insurmountable, they removed their guns, to protect which they fought desperately,—as one of the maxims of the Russian army is never to lose a gun to the enemy, whatever number of men may be lost in its defence. As soon as the guns were brought off, under the protection of their powerful cavalry, the infantry became completely disorganised, and fled *en masse* at the approach of the British horse-artillery.

On the field, after the battle, the conduct of the wounded Russians was infamous. Many of our men and officers were murdered by them while engaged in assisting them by binding their wounds or offering them refreshment. A writer who made himself conversant with these circumstances, by collating a great number of different accounts, thus reviews the information furnished to him, both as to the generosity of the conquerors and the ingratitude of the vanquished:—"Nothing could exceed the kindness of the British officers towards the Russian wounded, which was in some instances responded to in the most ferocious way. One man fired at and deliberately wounded an artilleryman, who had just given him some water to quench his thirst; an indignant Guardsman immediately knocked his brains out. Another instance is mentioned of a Russian soldier, severely wounded, soliciting of a marine some water to drink, and whilst he was in the act of turning him round, the ungrateful wretch shot him dead; the marine's comrade instantly revenged it by killing him at once. But the most melancholy instance of

the sort was that of Sir A. Young, who was shot by a wounded Russian, to whom he was about to offer a cup of water. Of the Russians wounded, about 700 were placed in a vineyard near the river, and provisions were sent them by the English general, even when our men were dying from the want of proper attention."

The tidings of the battle excited the most lively joy as they were borne through Europe, except amongst the armies and in the courts of Germany, southern Italy, and the Netherlands. The officers of the Austrian and Prussian armies could scarcely be restrained from wearing some emblems of mourning. The courts of Berlin and Vienna in vain endeavoured to suppress their chagrin. In Munich, Dresden, and other petty capitals of Germany, the feeling produced among the royal circles was dismay. But in no cities in Europe did sympathy with the beaten Russ show itself so openly as in Athens, Naples, and Florence. Otho and his queen drooped in despair; "King Bomba" shut himself up, refusing to be seen even by his courtiers. The Duke of Tuscany could scarcely be restrained, by the Austrian minister reminding him of the consequences, from insulting such British subjects as were at Florence. At Brussels the court played a double game; congratulating the Western powers, but leaving the courts of Germany and Russia the impression that an imperious policy alone dictated these words of friendship, that in reality the disaster to the czar wounded deeply so discreet a monarch and admirer of legitimacy as Leopold. At the Hague a profound silence was observed by king and court, but both mourned over the misfortunes of the czar. The people of all these capitals, with one exception, rejoiced in the victory. In Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy, the courts were alarmed and scandalised at the ebullitions of enthusiastic sympathy with western Europe. At Athens the people shared the despondency of their prince, but gnashed their teeth upon the French and English in the spirit of assassins. In the defeat of Russia on the heights of the Alma they only saw the probable hopelessness of their expectations, that through Russia an intolerant ascendancy of the Greek Church in Europe and the East would be in time established.

When the news reached Constantinople, the seraglio seemed to lose its sullen aspect—its silent abodes echoed with joy. The gravity of the Turk yielded to the inspiring tale of victory, even when borne by a Giaour; and in the bazaars, and by the shores of the Bosphorus, eager groups listened while British and French detailed the events of the battle, and pointed out its results. As the wounded came

to Constantinople, they were treated with hospitality, and even reverence, almost realising Goldsmith's picture of

"The broken soldier kindly bid to stay."

The rejoicings at Stamboul were communicated to the Turkish provinces with unusual rapidity, and met with a similar response. At Alexandria, more especially, public manifestations were encouraged by the authorities; and the pasha skilfully adapted them to the tastes of Europeans. The Egyptian viceregal court, encouraged by the intelligence, sent renewed proffers both of men and money to the great padishaw; and all over the vast dominions of the sultan a revived loyalty arose upon the news of the victory of the Alma. Some dissatisfaction was felt that the Turks took no prominent part in the battle; but it was shown that not more than three-fifths of the British had been engaged, and a proportion of the French not much larger, and this satisfied the honour of the Turkish government and army.

At Malta, Corfu, Gibraltar, the Ionian Isles, in the fleets, and wherever throughout the Mediterranean, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Euxine, a sailor or soldier of the allies was found, the victory of the Alma was celebrated, and the health of the men who won it toasted in terms of exuberant joy and eulogy. A graphic specimen of the feeling excited as the intelligence spread is given by the author of *A Month in the Camp*. "It was ten o'clock in the morning of the 30th of September; we had anchored in the Golden Horn, when a barge, full of red-fezzed, loose-trousered soldiers, was rowed by. 'Look at those lazy Turks!' cried somebody. 'Those are not Turks,' said a gentleman, who had just come up the ship's side; 'they are *Zouaves*, wounded at the Alma:' and, in a moment, he was telling us the glorious tale! I leave you to imagine the effect of such a recital in such a scene. There, with her rich argosies, her full-domed mosques, and spear-like minarets, lay Stamboul, coveted of czars—

• • • • • 'Teterrima belli
Causa.'

Yet no one thought of her: every eye was fixed on the narrator, or followed the receding forms of those who had bled in the conflict he was describing; while the faces of the listeners burned as if they already felt the breath of war."

The rejoicings in France surpassed those in the East. Our mercurial neighbours celebrated the event, as they have always been accustomed to honour great victories, by reviews, illuminations, processions, music, and theatrical performances. Wherever the English appeared, in Paris or the French provinces, at the fêtes

which were given to commemorate this great success, they were welcomed with enthusiasm, and the highest compliments paid to the valour of their nation.

In the British Isles, the joy was not less heartfelt, if the manner of expressing it was less tasteful. Both Houses of Parliament honoured the mighty brave. The queen manifested deep feeling on the occasion, and the whole royal house of England wept for the fallen heroes while they exulted in victory. The distinguished courage of the Duke of Cambridge, the first time he was ever under fire, gave great satisfaction to the court and to the country, and congratulations and addresses, almost too numerous to receive, were presented at Cambridge Lodge, Kew, to their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, the mother and sister of his royal highness, whose anxiety to hear of his safety was so happily followed, not only by the tidings they longed for, but also by accounts which proved that, in the hour of trial, their dear relative had shown himself an honour to his country. Her majesty, who shared deeply in the family anxiety for the safety of her royal cousin, also participated in the pride which his family and his country felt in the manner in which he had conducted himself upon his first field of battle. Seldom has a prince been placed, in his first feat of arms, in a situation so trying, or in a command so responsible, and his royal highness justified the confidence placed in him. Her majesty, no doubt, remembered the early morning when, from the windows of Buckingham Palace, she and her consort and children waved their kinsman and his gallant Fusiliers a tender adieu; and thankful was her kind heart to know that he had passed unscathed through the bolts of battle, cheering on to victory and deathless fame the brave men to whom the recollection of her kind adieus was an incentive to heroic deeds when, far away, her honour was to be sustained. Linked in inseparable fate, her renown and theirs was interwoven, and the majesty of her name and the glory of her standards was not committed to her gallant Guards in vain. It has been represented by some writers, who seem eager to bring high rank into contempt whenever an apparent opportunity may be seized upon for so unworthy a purpose, that the Duke's courage faltered upon the field, and that he meditated a retreat, from which he was only prevented by Sir Colin Campbell momentarily assuming the command. This is a faithless perversion of what occurred. The line of the brigade of Guards was much broken in ascending the heights, to storm the epaulmented battery on the Russian right, and the Duke for a moment contemplated doing what Brigadier Codrington

had to do a short time before at the 18-gun battery, to retire and re-form, and what General Bosquet's division had to perform under the protection of the brigade of General Forey. Sir Colin Campbell perceiving that, as there were no immediate supports, such a policy would have been unwise, advised his royal highness to preserve the advance; and, addressing himself to his brigade in terms calculated to stimulate his Highlanders, he led them on, sword in hand, to the desperate assault. The experience of Sir Colin was of course much greater than that of his grace, who showed his discretion in attending to the counsel of such an adviser in so great an emergency; but Sir Colin himself could not have shown more personal courage than his royal highness, who, hat in hand, cheered on his men with the most dauntless bearing in the face of every peril.

The metropolis and the provinces vied in alacrity to bestow honour upon the achievement, and the men who performed it. The civil authorities proclaimed the victory in the chief places of public resort in the City; the Duke of Newcastle communicated with the London daily papers, furnishing the telegraphic despatch in the first instance, and afterwards the more detailed intelligence. In the several cities, groups of men were gathered at every public place of resort, to hear what any had to tell or to read of the great event. The area of the Liverpool Exchange had never before been so crowded on occasion of the intelligence of a victory. The metropolitan cities of the sister countries displayed similar eagerness for the news, and exultation in the joy it brought. In the Dublin Theatre, boisterous cheering indicated the popular satisfaction. It was natural that the Dublin and Edinburgh populations should join their acclamations to those of the great metropolis, as the most conspicuous heroes among the generals were from Ireland and Scotland: Evans and Pennefather are Irishmen; Brown and Campbell, Scotch. This circumstance also gave pleasure in England, as it tended to equalise somewhat the honour of the three countries, and soften down any little jealousies which the superior power and wealth of England may create in the sister lands.

Pervading the congratulations and rejoicings throughout the British Isles, there was a religious feeling that did honour to the country. While due homage was rendered to British courage, there was universal acknowledgment of the providence of God, and on the Sabbath which succeeded the arrival of the telegraphic announcement of victory, thanksgivings were offered up in the churches of every, or almost every, denomination of Christians. No appointment of a day of thanksgiving was required—the spontaneous gratitude and religious feeling of the churches made one. We cannot but

believe that the prayers offered and the public addresses delivered on that Sabbath had great influence in causing the people to feel that the war was a just one, and ought to be prosecuted with fortitude, self-sacrifice, and an humble dependance upon the approval and assistance of God. This feeling of thankfulness throughout the country, as well as the sense of triumph was sustained and increased upon the arrival of the despatches, in which the magnitude of the victory was made more apparent than it had been by telegraphs, or other fragmental and desultory news. The first despatch written was by the commander of the French army, who, pitching his tent upon the spot where the carriage of Prince Menschikoff was captured, dated his report from the field of battle. The next day the marshal sent a more full and complete despatch, dated from the bivouac of the Alma; and the day following supplemented this intelligence by another despatch from the head-quarters at Alma. These accounts were received in England with intense satisfaction. The brilliant tone of the marshal, his warm tribute of praise to his British coadjutors, and the fact that these graphic and spirited compositions were written by a man dying of a torturing disease, drew the attention of all classes to them. The following are accurate copies of these most interesting papers, followed by the scarcely less interesting despatch of Admiral Hamelin, Commander-in-chief of the French Black Sea fleet. As Admiral Hamelin is commonly represented to have been born a British subject—a native of the county of Louth, in Ireland, our readers will take the more interest in the distinctions he so honourably won in the service of our ally, and in the accounts transmitted by him of the operations of the allied forces:—

Field of Battle of Alma, September 21.

SIRE,—The cannon of your majesty has spoken; we have gained a complete victory. It is a glorious day, sire, to add to the military annals of France, and your majesty will have one name more to add to the victories which adorn the flags of the French army.

The Russians had yesterday assembled all their forces, and collected all their means, to oppose the passage of the Alma. Prince Menschikoff commanded in person. All the heights were crowned with redoubts and formidable batteries. The Russian army reckoned about 40,000 bayonets, from all points of the Crimea; in the morning there arrived from Theodosia 6000 cavalry and 180 pieces of heavy and field artillery. From the heights which they occupied, the Russians could count our men, man by man, from the 19th to the moment when we arrived on the Bulganak. On the 20th, from six o'clock in the morning, I carried into operation, with the division of General Bosquet, reinforced by eight Turkish battalions, a movement which turned the left of the Russians and some of their batteries. General Bosquet manoeuvred with as much intelligence as bravery. This movement decided the success of the day. I had arranged that the English should extend their left, in order at the same time to threaten the right of the Russians, while I should occupy them in the centre, but their troops did not arrive until half-past ten. They bravely made up for this delay. At half-past twelve the line of the allied army, occupying an extent of more than a league, arrived

on the Alma, and was received by a terrible fire from the tirailleurs.

In this movement the head of the column of General Bosquet appeared on the heights, and I gave the signal for a general attack. The Alma was crossed at double-quick time. Prince Napoleon, at the head of his division, took possession of the large village of Alma, under the fire of the Russian batteries. The prince showed himself worthy of the great name he bears. We then arrived at the foot of the heights, under the fire of the Russian batteries. There, sire, commenced a real battle along all the line—a battle with its episodes of brilliant feats of valour. Your majesty may be proud of your soldiers; they have not degenerated: they are the soldiers of Austerlitz and of Jena. At half-past four the French army was everywhere victorious. All the positions had been carried, at the point of the bayonet, to the cry of “*Vive l’Empereur !*” which resounded throughout the day. Never was such enthusiasm seen; even the wounded rose from the ground to join in it. On our left the English met with large masses of the enemy, and with great difficulties, but everything was surmounted. The English attacked the Russian positions in admirable order, under the fire of their cannon, carried them, and drove off the Russians. The bravery of Lord Raglan rivals that of antiquity. In the midst of cannon and musket shot, he displayed a calmness which never left him. The French lines formed on the heights, and the artillery opened its fire. Then it was no longer a retreat, but a rout; the Russians threw away their muskets and knapsacks in order to run the faster. If, sire, I had had cavalry, I should have obtained immense results, and Menschikoff would no longer have had an army; but it was late, our troops were harassed, and the ammunition of the artillery was exhausted. At six o’clock in the evening, we encamped on the very bivouac of the Russians. My tent is on the very spot where that of Prince Menschikoff stood in the morning, and who thought himself so sure of beating us that he left his carriage there. I have taken possession of it, with his pocketbook and correspondence, and shall take advantage of the valuable information it contains. The Russian army will probably be able to follow two leagues from this, and I shall find it to-morrow on the Katcha, but beaten and demoralized, while the allied army is full of ardour and enthusiasm. I have been compelled to remain here in order to send our wounded and those of the Russians to Constantinople, and to procure ammunition and provisions from the fleet. The English have had 1500 men put *hors de combat*. The Duke of Cambridge is well: his division, and that of Sir G. Brown, were superb. I have to regret about 1200 men *hors de combat*, three officers killed, fifty-four wounded, 253 sub-officers and soldiers killed, and 1033 wounded. General Canrobert, to whom is due in part the honour of the day, was slightly wounded by the splinter of a shell which struck him in the breast and hand, but he is doing very well. General Thomas, of the division of the prince, is seriously wounded by a ball in the abdomen. The Russians have lost about 5000 men. The field of battle is covered with their dead, and our field hospitals are full of their wounded. We have counted a proportion of seven Russian dead bodies for one French. The Russian artillery caused us loss, but ours is very superior to theirs. I shall all my life regret not having had with me my two regiments of *army chasseurs*. The Zouaves were the admiration of both armies; they are the first soldiers in the world.

Accept, sire, the homage of my profound respect and of my entire devotedness.

MARSHAL A. DE ST. ARNAUD.

Head-quarters, Bivouac of the Alma, Sept. 21.

M. LE MARÉCHAL.—My telegraphic despatch of yesterday gave you a brief summary of the results of the battle of the Alma. The accompanying sketch, hastily done as it is, will give you a more complete idea of it. From it you will be enabled to judge of the difficulties which we have had to overcome in the capture of those formidable positions. The course of the river Alma is winding, with steep banks, and with fords few and difficult of passage. The Russians had posted in the bottom of the valley, covered with trees, gardens, and houses,

and in the village of Bouliouk, masses of sharpshooters, who were well covered, armed with rifles, and who received the heads of our columns with a galling and continuous fire. The flank movement of General Bosquet, commanding the second division, and which that officer executed on the right with much intelligence and vigour, had fortunately prepared the forward and direct march of the two other divisions, and of the English army. Nevertheless, the position of that general officer, who for a long time found himself alone on the heights with a single brigade, might be endangered, and General Canrobert had, in order to support him, to make a vigorous turn in the direction indicated in the sketch. I had him supported by a brigade of the fourth division, which was in reserve, while the other brigade of the same division, following General Bosquet, proceeded to support him.

The third division marched right to the centre of the position, having the English army on its left. It had been arranged with Lord Raglan, that his troops should make on their left a flank movement, analogous to that which General Bosquet effected on his right, but, incessantly menaced by the cavalry, and with great numbers of the enemy’s troops posted on the heights, the left of the English army had to give up the execution of that part of the plan.

The general movement began at the moment when General Bosquet, protected by the fleet, appeared on the heights. The gardens, from which an incessant fire of Russian sharpshooters poured, were before long occupied by our troops. Our artillery moved in turn up to the gardens, and began to cannonade the Russian battalions which were *echeloned* along the declivities in support of their retreating sharpshooters. Our troops, pressing on with incredible boldness, followed them along the slopes, and I lost no time in moving my first line across the gardens. Each man passed where he could, and our columns ascended the heights under a fire of musketry and of cannon which was powerless to arrest their march. The crest of the heights was crowned, and I sent out my second line to the support of the first, which dashed onward to the cry of “*Vive l’Empereur !*” The reserve artillery was in turn carried along with a rapidity which the obstacles presented by the river and the steepness of the ascent rendered extremely difficult. The battalions of the enemy, driven back upon the plateau, soon opened their guns and musketry on our lines, but which terminated in their definitive retreat, effected in very bad order. A few thousand cavalry would have enabled me to convert that retreat into a regular rout. The night came on, and I prepared to establish my bivouac with water in our neighbourhood. I encamped on the field of battle, while the enemy was disappearing from the horizon, and leaving the ground strewn with his dead and wounded, besides the large number he had already taken off. While those events were passing on the right and centre, the lines of the English army crossed the river in front of the village of Bouliouk, and advanced to the positions which the Russians had fortified, and where they concentrated considerable masses, for they had not judged that the steep declivities comprised between that point and the sea, and covered by a natural ditch, could be occupied in force by our troops. The English army encountered therefore a strong and well organised resistance. The combat which it opened was of the warmest, and does the highest honour to our brave allies. In short, M. le Maréchal, the battle of the Alma, in which more than 120,000 men, with 180 pieces of cannon, have been engaged, is a brilliant victory, and the Russian army would not have recovered from it if, as I have already observed, I had had cavalry to pursue the disorganised masses of infantry who were retiring from before us loose and scattered. This battle proves, in the most striking manner, the superiority of our arms at the very commencement of this war. It has in a great degree weakened the confidence of the Russian army in itself, and especially in the positions long previously prepared, and on which they awaited us. That army was composed of the sixteenth and seventeenth divisions of Russian infantry, of a brigade of the thirteenth, of a brigade of the fourteenth division of reserve of the foot chasseurs of the sixth corps, armed with rifles throwing oblong balls, of four brigades of artillery, two of which were mounted, and of a battery drawn from the reserve park of

siege artillery, comprising twelve pieces of large calibre. The cavalry was about 5000, and the whole force might be estimated at about 50,000 men, commanded by Prince Menschikoff in person. It is difficult for us to estimate the loss of the Russian army, but it must be considerable, if we may judge by the killed and wounded that they could not take off, and who remained in our hands. In the ravines of the Alma, on the plateaux in front, on the ground forming the position taken from the enemy by the English troops, the earth is strewn with more than 10,000 muskets, haversacks, and other articles of equipment. We devoted the whole day to burying their dead in all directions where they were found, and in attending to their wounded, whom I have ordered to be transported with our own men on board the ships of the fleets, to be conveyed to Constantinople. All the Russian officers, generals included, were clothed in the coarse great-coat of the soldiers; it is, therefore, difficult to distinguish them in the midst of the dead or of the few prisoners we have been able to make. Yet it appears certain that there are two general officers among the prisoners made by the English.

The battle of the Alma, in which the allied armies have reciprocally given pledges which they cannot forget, will render closer and more solid the bonds which unite them. The Ottoman division, which marched to the support of General Bosquet's in its turning movement, performed prodigies of rapidity to reach the line along the road on the sea-shore, which I had traced out for them. It was not able to take an active part in the battle which was going on in front of it, but these troops exhibited an ardour at least equal to our own; and I am happy to be able to tell you the hopes I found on the co-operation of those excellent auxiliaries.

Every one has gallantly done his duty, and it would be difficult for me to make a selection between bodies of troops, officers, and soldiers, who have shown most vigour in action, and who deserve to have particular mention made of them. I have already noticed the important part taken by the division of General Bosquet in its turning movement, during which his first brigade, established alone on the heights, remained for a long time exposed to the fire of five batteries of artillery. The first division mounted the heights by the steepest ascents with an ardour of which its chief, General Canrobert, gave it the example. This honourable general officer was struck in the chest by the bursting of a shell; but he remained on horseback till the close of the action, and his wound will have no disagreeable consequences. The third division, led on with the greatest vigour by his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, took the most brilliant part in the combat fought on the plateau, and I have had the pleasure of addressing to the prince my congratulations in presence of his division. General Thomas, commanding the second brigade of this division, was severely wounded when leading on his men to the attack of the plateau. The second brigade of the division of General Forey, when advancing to the support of the first division, under the orders of General d'Aurelle, nobly figured in the combat. Lieutenant Poitevin, of the 39th regiment of the line, placed on the telegraph building, which formed the central point of the enemy's defence, the colours of his regiment. He met a glorious death at his post. He was struck by a cannon-ball. During the whole of the battle the artillery performed a principle part, and I cannot sufficiently praise the energy and intelligence with which that select corps conducted it. In a future report, the materials of which I am now collecting, I shall lay before you the names of the officers, the sub-officers, and soldiers, who have merited the honour of being mentioned in general orders. I shall append to it a prayer for the rewards which you will certainly find to be merited.

Accept, M. le Maréchal, the expression of my respectful sentiments.

A. DE ST. ARNAUD, *Marshal*,
Commanding-in-chief.

Head-quarters at Alma, Field of Battle of the Alma,
Sept. 22, 1854.

M. LE MINISTRE.—My official report gives your excellency the details of the glorious day of the 20th, but I cannot allow the courier to leave without saying a few

words about our brave soldiers. The soldiers of Friedland and of Austerlitz are still under our flag, M. le Maréchal. The battle of the Alma has proved that fact. We witness the same impetuosity, the same brilliant bravery. One can do anything with such men whenever you inspire them with confidence. The allied armies have taken positions that were truly formidable. When examining them yesterday I saw how favourable they were to resistance, and, in truth, if the French and English had occupied them, the Russians never could have taken them. Now that we are more calm, and that the information which reaches us by means of deserters and prisoners becomes more precise, we are enabled to ascertain the loss inflicted on the enemy. The loss of the Russians is considerable. The deserters speak of more than 6000 men. Their army is demoralised. On the evening of the 20th it was cut in two. Prince Menschikoff, with the left wing, marched on Bagtché Serai; the right wing moved on Belbek. But they were without food, their wounded encumbered them, and the road is strewn with their wounded. It is a glorious success, which does honour to our troops, adds a fine page to our military history, and gives to the army a feeling worth 20,000 more men. The Russians have left on the field of battle near 10,000 haversacks, and more than 5000 muskets. It was a regular rout. Prince Menschikoff and his generals were loudly boasting on the morning of the 20th, in their camp, which I now occupy. I believe that they are rather crestfallen by this (*qu'ils ont un peu l'oreille basse*). The Russian general had demanded at Alma rations for three weeks. I suspect that he will have stopped the convoy on its way. Your excellency will be able to judge how much display there is in all Russian affairs. In three days I shall be before Sebastopol, and I shall be able to tell your excellency its just value. The feeling and spirit of the army are admirable. The ships which are gone to Varna for reinforcements of troops of all arms have left since the 18th. They will reach me at Belbek before the end of the month. My health is still the same. It keeps up, between suffering, crises, and duty. All this did not prevent my remaining twelve hours on horseback on the day of battle; but will not my strength betray me? Farewell, M. le Maréchal. I shall write to your excellency from before Sebastopol.

Adieu, M. le Ministre,
A. DE ST. ARNAUD, *Marshal*.
Commanding-in-chief the army of the East.

FRENCH NAVAL DESPATCH.

Ville de Paris, Sept. 23rd.

On the 21st of September I hastened to send you a telegraphic despatch of the brilliant victory which our troops have gained over the Russians on the river Alma. I have it in my power to-day to add some further details, and, in order that you may understand them, I enclose you two sketches. The first explains the intended plan of attack of the combined armies decided on the 19th for the following day; the other shows the positions on the Alma where our troops attacked the left and centre of the Russian army in sight of the fleet, which movement was supported by shells from the steamers. Your excellency has only to glance at the first drawing in order to appreciate the value of this plan in a military point of view. Accordingly, it was agreed on that the second division should march along the sea-shore, cross the Alma at the ford, which had been sounded by the boats in the morning, and carry the heights of the extreme left of the enemy, protected at the same time by eight steamers that I had placed in a position to bear on this point; whilst the first and third divisions, under the marshal's orders, were to attack in front the enemy's centre, and the entire English army was to turn the extreme right. This operation was executed almost as it had been planned, although our troops, after crossing the Alma, had to climb cliffs almost perpendicular, where our African soldiers gave extraordinary proofs of agility and daring. It was chiefly owing to these wonderful acts of intrepidity and speed, and, I must also add, to the terror caused by the shells from the steamers among the enemy's cavalry on the extreme left, that General Bosquet's division operated with such brilliant success, and was able to

attack the centre an hour after the commencement of the action. On the other hand, the marshal's two divisions, after a very sharp action with the enemy's rifles on the banks of the Alma, were ascending with the same boldness those natural ramparts where the enemy's centre was posted in the greatest security. In the meantime the English army, instead of turning, as at first intended, the extreme right, made a vigorous attack on the strong intrenchments of the right. The Russians, besides numerous fieldpieces placed in battery along their lines, had also on this spot twelve 32-pounders, which our brave allies succeeded in capturing after a terrible loss. In short, the attack commenced at half-past twelve, and all the positions were carried at half-past three; the Russian army was in full retreat, and the several corps of which it was composed were in the utmost confusion, covering the positions which had just been taken with their dead and wounded. The want of cavalry prevented our taking thousands of prisoners and a great number of cannon. The casualties in the allied armies were, I regret to say, very serious, in consequence of the strong positions which they had to carry; our loss, in killed and wounded, amounts to about 1500, and that of the English from 1500 to 2000. The road between the Katcha and the Alma was nearly covered with the enemy's dead, not to mention the thousands which remained on the field of battle. Three of our steam frigates have been dispatched to Constantinople with our wounded, having also on board some of the enemy, who are treated like our own soldiers. To-day we accompany the army, who are marching on the Katcha.

I am, with profound respect,
Your excellency's obedient servant,
HAMELIN.

It was not until the 23rd, when the army had begun its march upon Sebastopol, that Lord Raglan wrote his despatch, when his head-quarters were established upon the Katcha river. He was anticipated by the commander-in-chief of the British fleet, who dated his on board the *Britannia* the morning after the battle. The communication of Admiral Dundas, although dated before Lord Raglan's, is in reality supplemental, as the admiral had chiefly to do with events after the conflict was over; we therefore present first that of the military chief. There is one passage in it which we quoted and commented upon in a previous page, but which it is necessary, in order not to mar the completeness of the despatch, to preserve. His lordship refers to an enclosure of the nominal lists of killed and wounded, which we omit, as unnecessary to the records of history, and occupying an amount of space which our pages cannot afford. The orders of the day, of both the French and British chiefs, and the minor divisional reports, we also omit, so as to preserve for a more general record of events, the space which we can command. The despatch of the British general is longer than such documents usually are in the British army. It is, however, a masterly *exposé* of the plan and general character of the conflict, and it is said that the Emperor Nicholas pointed it out to his generals as a model. Happily their victories were not sufficiently numerous to give them occasion for its use. The despatch of Admiral Dundas, written on the 21st, was followed on successive days by others, which furnish much light as to the

movements of the allied armies, and the *rationale* of their proceedings. On the 23rd, Admiral Dundas dispatched intelligence from on board the *Britannia*, while off the Katcha, which contained the important observations of Captain Jones, of the *Sampson*, made the previous day at the entrance of the harbour of Sebastopol. The reader is presented with correct copies of all these important papers, in the order indicated above.

Head-quarters, Katcha River, Sept. 23rd, 1854.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have the honour to inform your grace, that the allied troops attacked the position occupied by the Russian army, behind the Alma, on the 20th inst.; and I have great satisfaction in adding that they succeeded, in less than three hours, in driving the enemy from every part of the ground which they had held in the morning, and in establishing themselves upon it.

The English and French armies moved out of their first encampment in the Crimea on the 19th, and bivouacked for the night on the left bank of the Bulganak, the former having previously supported the advance of a part of the Earl of Cardigan's brigade of light cavalry, which had the effect of inducing the enemy to move up a large body of dragoons and Cossacks, with artillery. On this the first occasion of the English encountering the Russian force, it was impossible for any troops to exhibit more steadiness than did this portion of her majesty's cavalry. It fell back upon its supports with the most perfect regularity under the fire of the artillery, which was quickly silenced by that of the batteries I caused to be brought into action. Our loss amounted to only four men wounded. The day's march had been most wearisome, and under a burning sun; the absence of water, until we reached the insignificant but welcome stream of the Bulganak, made it to be severely felt.

Both armies moved towards the Alma the following morning, and it was arranged that Marshal St. Arnaud should assail the enemy's left by crossing the river at its junction with the sea, and immediately above it, and that the remainder of the French divisions should move up the heights in their front, while the English army should attack the right and centre of the enemy's position. In order that the gallantry exhibited by her majesty's troops, and the difficulties they had to meet may be fairly estimated, I deem it right, even at the risk of being considered tedious, to endeavour to make your grace acquainted with the position the Russians had taken up. It crossed the great road about two and a half miles from the sea, and is very strong by nature. The bold and almost precipitous range of heights—of from 350 to 400 feet—that from the sea closely border the left bank of the river, here ceases, and formed their left; and, turning thence round a great amphitheatre or wide valley, terminates at a salient pinnacle, where their right rested, and whence the descent to the plain was more gradual. The front was about two miles in extent. Across the mouth of this great opening is a lower ridge at different heights, varying from sixty to 150 feet, parallel to the river, and at distances from it of from 600 to 800 yards. The river itself is generally fordable for troops, but its banks are extremely rugged, and in most parts steep; the willows along it had been cut down in order to prevent them from affording cover to the attacking party; and, in fact, everything had been done to deprive an assailant of any species of shelter. In front of the position on the right bank, at about 200 yards from the Alma, is the village of Boulouk, and near it a timber bridge, which had been partly destroyed by the enemy. The high pinnacle and ridge before alluded to were the key of the position, and, consequently, there the greatest preparations had been made for defence. Half-way down the height, and across its front, was a trench of the extent of some hundred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery, armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right position. Artillery, at the same time, was posted at the

points that best commanded the passage of the river and its approaches generally. On the slopes of these hills (forming a sort of table-land) were placed dense masses of the enemy's infantry, while on the heights above was his great reserve, the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 45,000 and 50,000 men.

The combined armies advanced on the same alignment; her majesty's troops in contiguous double columns, with the front of two divisions covered by light infantry and a troop of horse-artillery; the second division under Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans, forming the right, and touching the left of the third division of the French army, under his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon; and the light division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, the left; the first being supported by the third division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, and the last by the first division, commanded by Lieutenant-general his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

The 4th division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, and the cavalry, under Major-general the Earl of Lucan, were held in reserve, to protect the left flank and rear against large bodies of the enemy's cavalry which had been seen in those directions.

On approaching near to the fire of the guns, which soon became extremely formidable, the two leading divisions deployed into line and advanced to attack the front, and the supporting divisions followed the movement. Hardly had this taken place when the village of Bouliouk, immediately opposite the centre, was fired by the enemy at all points, creating a continuous blaze for 300 yards, obscuring their position, and rendering a passage through it impracticable. Two regiments of Brigadier-general Adams' brigade, part of Sir De Lacy Evans' division, had, in consequence, to pass the river at a deep and difficult ford to the right under a sharp fire; while his first brigade, under Major-general Pennefather, and the remaining regiment of Brigadier-general Adams, crossed to the left of the conflagration, opposed by the enemy's artillery from the heights above, and pressed on towards the left of their position with the utmost gallantry and steadiness.

In the meanwhile, the light division, under Sir George Brown, effected the passage of the Alma in his immediate front. The banks of the river itself were, from their rugged and broken nature, most serious obstacles, and the vineyards through which the troops had to pass, and the trees which the enemy had felled, created additional impediments, rendering any species of formation, under a galling fire, nearly an impossibility. Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown advanced against the enemy under great disadvantages. In this difficult operation he nevertheless persevered; and the first brigade, under Major-general Codrington, succeeded in carrying a redoubt, materially aided by the judicious and steady manner in which Brigadier-general Buller moved on the left flank, and by the advance of four companies of the Rifle Brigade, under Major Norcott, who promises to be a distinguished officer of light troops. The heavy fire of grape and musketry, however, to which the troops were exposed, and the losses consequently sustained by the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd regiments, obliged this brigade partially to relinquish its hold.

By this time, however, the Duke of Cambridge had succeeded in crossing the river, and had moved up in support, and a brilliant advance of the brigade of foot-guards, under Major-general Bentinck, drove the enemy back, and secured the final possession of the work. The Highland brigade, under Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, advanced in admirable order and steadiness up the high ground to the left, and in co-operation with the Guards; and Major-general Pennefather's brigade, which had been connected with the right of the light division, forced the enemy completely to abandon the position they had taken such pains to defend and secure. The 95th regiment, immediately on the right of the Royal Fusiliers in the advance, suffered equally with that corps an immense loss.

The aid of the Royal Artillery in all these operations was most effectual. The exertions of the field-officers and the captains of troops and batteries to get the guns into action were unceasing, and the precision of their fire materially contributed to the great results of the day.

Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England brought his division to the immediate support of the troops in advance, and Lieutenant-general the Honourable Sir George Cathcart was actively engaged in watching the left flank.

The nature of the ground did not admit of the employment of the cavalry under the Earl of Lucan; but they succeeded in taking some prisoners at the close of the battle.

In the detail of these operations, which I have gone into as far as the space of a despatch would allow, your grace will perceive that the services in which the general and other officers of the army were engaged were of no ordinary character; and I have great pleasure in submitting them for your grace's most favourable consideration.

The mode in which Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown conducted his division, under the most trying circumstances, demands the expression of my warmest approbation. The fire to which his division was subjected, and the difficulties he had to contend against, afford no small proof that his best energies were applied to the successful discharge of his duty. I must speak in corresponding terms of Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans, who likewise conducted his division to my perfect satisfaction, and exhibited equal coolness and judgment in carrying out a most difficult operation.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge brought his division into action in support of the light division with great ability, and had, for the first time, an opportunity of showing the enemy his devotion to her majesty, and to the profession of which he is so distinguished a member.

My best thanks are due to Lieutenant-general Sir R. England, Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, and Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, for their cordial assistance wherever it could be afforded: and I feel it my duty especially to recommend to your grace's notice the distinguished conduct of Major-general Bentinck, Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, Major-general Pennefather, Major-general Codrington, Brigadier-general Adams, and Brigadier-general Buller.

In the affair of the previous day, Major-general the Earl of Cardigan exhibited the utmost spirit and coolness, and kept his brigade under perfect command.

The manner in which Brigadier-general Strangways directed the artillery, and exerted himself to bring it forward, met my entire satisfaction.

Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne was constantly by my side, and rendered me, by his counsel and advice, the most valuable assistance; and the commanding royal engineer, Brigadier-general Tylden, was always at hand to carry out any service I might direct him to undertake. I deeply regret to say that he has since fallen a victim to cholera, as has Major Wellesley, who was present in the affair of the previous day, notwithstanding that he was then suffering from severe illness. He had, during the illness of Major-general Lord de Ros, acted for him in the most efficient manner. I cannot speak too highly of Brigadier-general Estcourt, Adjutant-general, or of Brigadier-general Airey, who, in the short time he has conducted the duties of the Quartermaster-general, has displayed the greatest ability as well as aptitude for the office.

I am much indebted to my military secretary, Lieutenant-colonel Steele, Major Lord Burghersh, and the officers of my personal staff, for the zeal, intelligence, and gallantry they all, without exception, displayed.

Lieutenant Derriman, R.N., the Commander of the *Caradoc*, accompanied me during the whole of the operation, and rendered me an essential service by a close observation of the enemy's movements, which his practised eye enabled him accurately to watch.

I lament to say that Lieutenant-colonel Lagondie, who was attached to my head-quarters by the Emperor of the French, fell into the enemy's hands on the 19th, on his return from Prince Napoleon's division, where he had obligingly gone, at my request, with a communication to his imperial highness. This misfortune is deeply regretted, both by myself and the officers of my personal staff. The other officer placed with me under similar circumstances, Major Vico, afforded me all the assistance in his power, sparing no exertion to be of use.

I cannot omit to make known to your grace the cheer-

business with which the regimental officers of the army have submitted to most unusual privations. My anxiety to bring into the country every cavalry and infantry soldier who was available prevented me from embarking their baggage animals, and these officers have with them, at this moment, nothing but what they can carry, and they, equally with the men, are without tents or covering of any kind. I have not heard a single murmur. All seem impressed with the necessity of the arrangement, and they feel, I trust, satisfied that I shall bring up their art-horses at the earliest moment.

The conduct of the troops has been admirable. When it is considered that they have suffered severely from sickness during the last two months; that, since they landed in the Crimea they have been exposed to the extremes of wet, cold, and heat; that the daily toil to provide themselves with water has been excessive, and that they have been pursued by cholera to the very battlefield, I do not go beyond the truth in declaring that they merit the highest commendation. In the ardour of attack they forgot all they had endured, and displayed that high courage, that gallant spirit, for which the British soldier is ever distinguished, and under the heaviest fire they maintained the same determination to conquer as they had exhibited before they went into action.

I should be wanting in my duty, my lord duke, if I did not express to your grace, in the most earnest manner, my deep feeling of gratitude to the officers and men of the royal army for the invaluable assistance they afforded the army, upon this as on every occasion where it could be brought to bear upon our operations. They watched the progress of the day with the most intense anxiety, and as the best way of evincing their participation in our success, and their sympathy in the sufferings of the wounded, they never ceased, from the close of the battle till we left the ground this morning, to provide for the sick and wounded, and to carry them down to the beach—a labour in which some of the officers even volunteered to participate; and at which I shall never cease to recollect with the warmest thankfulness.

I mention no names, fearing I might omit some who ought to be spoken of; but none who were associated with me spared any exertion they could apply to so sacred a duty. Sir Edmund Lyons, who had charge of the whole, was, as always, most prominent in rendering assistance, and providing for emergencies.

I enclose the return of the killed and wounded. It is, I meant to say, very large; but I hope, all circumstances considered, that it will be felt that no life was unnecessarily exposed, and that such an advantage could not be achieved without a considerable sacrifice. I cannot venture to estimate the amount of the Russian loss. I believe it to have been great, and such is the report in the country. The number of prisoners who are not hurt is small; but the wounded amount to eight or nine hundred. Two general officers—Major-generals Karnoff and Shokanoff—fell into our hands. The former very badly wounded.

I will not attempt to describe the movements of the French army—that will be done by an abler hand; but it seems to me to say that their operations were eminently successful, and that under the guidance of their distinguished commander, Marshal St. Arnaud, they manifested the utmost gallantry, the greatest ardour for the attack, and the high military qualities for which they are so famed. This despatch will be delivered to your grace by Major Lord Burghersh, who is capable of affording you the fullest information, and whom I beg to recommend to your especial notice.

I have, &c.,

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

RAGLAN.

ATTACK OF THE RUSSIAN INTRENCHMENTS ON THE ALMA BY THE ALLIED ARMIES.

Britannia—off the Alma, Sept. 21st.

SIR,—In my letter of the 18th inst. I reported to you, for the information of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that the allied armies were ready to move, and I now beg you will acquaint their lordships that, on the morning of the 19th, they marched to a position about 10 miles north of the Alma river, where they halted for the night; the French and Turks on the right, close to

the sea, and the English to the left, about four miles inland. The Russians, with some 5000 or 6000 cavalry and artillery, and 15,000 infantry, made a demonstration north of the river, but retired on the approach of the armies, and recrossed the river at sunset.

About noon on the 20th the allies advanced in the same order to force the Russian position and intrenchments south of the Alma. This was effected by four o'clock, the Russians retreating apparently to the eastward of the main road to Sebastopol. The Russian left fell back before the French very rapidly, and their batteries on the right were carried by the bayonet by the English. Our loss has necessarily been severe, and is estimated at about 1200 killed and wounded; that of the French at about 900. The Russian loss has also been great. Two general-officers and three guns were captured by our men; but we have few prisoners beyond the wounded, in consequence, it is believed, of our deficiency of cavalry.

Lieutenant Derriman, of the *Caradoc*, accompanied the staff of General Lord Raglan during the action, and I also sent Lieutenant Glynn, of this ship, to convey any message to me from his lordship.

All the medical officers of the fleet (excepting one in each ship), 600 seamen and marines, and all the boats, have been assisting the wounded, and conveying them to the transports that will sail for the Bosphorus as soon as possible.

I believe it is the intention of the allied forces to move to-morrow; and the *Sampson*, which I detached last night with the *Terrible*, off Sebastopol, has signalled that the Russians were retreating on Sebastopol, and that they have burnt the villages on the Katcha.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral.

The Secretary of the Admiralty.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FLEETS AND ARMIES.

Britannia—off the Katcha, Sept. 23.

SIR,—I beg you will inform the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that since my letter to you of the 21st instant, the men and boats of the fleet have been employed in bringing from the field (about four miles distant), and carrying on board the transports, the English and Russian officers and men wounded in the battle of the Alma, as well as the sick of the army. All the medical officers of the different ships have been zealously and usefully occupied in attending them, and I have been obliged to send several assistant-surgeons in the vessels with the wounded to Constantinople.

The *Vulcan* and *Andes*, with 800 wounded and sick, sailed for Constantinople yesterday, and to-day the *Orinoco* and *Colombo*, with 900, including some sixty or seventy Russians, will follow. Another vessel (by the request of Lord Raglan) with about 500 wounded Russians, will also proceed under charge of the *Fury*, to land them at Odessa.

On the night of the 21st inst. the Russians made a very great alteration in the position of their fleet in Sebastopol. I enclose a report made by Captain Jones, of the *Sampson*; and I propose attacking the outer line the first favourable opportunity. Captain Jones also reports that great exertions appear to be making to strengthen the land defences, as well as those by sea. New batteries on both sides of the port have been erected, defending the entrances and line of coast. One to the north has heavy guns of a range of 4000 yards, two shots having passed over the *Sampson* when nearly at that distance.

Provisions for the army have been landed, and the forces move on to-day towards Sebastopol, accompanied by the fleets, which have anchored off the Katcha.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral.

The Secretary of the Admiralty.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FLEET IN SEBASTOPOL,

Made on September 22nd, 1854, by Captain L. T. Jones, C.B., of her Majesty's ship Sampson.

Moored across the entrance of the harbour, from north to south, are the following vessels:—

1, a frigate, at northern extreme; 2, a two-decker; 3, a three-decker, with round stern; 4, a two-decker; 5, a two-decker; 6, a two-decker without masts, quite light, and appears to be newly coppered; 7, a large frigate.

ARTILLERY CREEK.

The topgallant-masts of these are on deck, and sails unbent.

The ship without masts is lying across Artillery Creek; inside is a two-decker ready for sea, and bearing an admiral's flag at the mizen.

HEAD OF HARBOUR.

The ships at the head of the harbour, which had hitherto been lying with their broadsides to the entrance, are now lying with their heads out.

1, on the north a two-decker; 2, a two-decker; 3, a two-decker; 4, a two-decker; 5, a two-decker; 6, a three-decker at the entrance of the Dockyard Creek; 7, a three-decker bearing an admiral's flag at the fore.

Above these are two ships; one appears to be a line-of-battle ship, and the other a frigate.

STEAMERS.

Five steamers under the northern shore. Three small steamers at the head of the harbour, and four in Careening Bay.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Dockyard Creek shuts in with Northern Fort bearing S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Observed about 500 infantry marching towards the town from the direction of Balaklava.

Noticed about sixty men employed on brow of signal hill, and carrying mould from brink of cliff to Square Fort. 3.45 p.m.—Cape Constantine and ships in one bearing, S. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.

On the day after Admiral Dundas's despatch was written, he transmitted another to the Admiralty, conveying the extraordinary intelligence of the sinking of the Russian ships at Sebastopol. On the 22nd the admiral had learned from a deserter that the vessels were bored and plugged, ready to be sunk at a moment's notice on the withdrawal of the plugs; and as the allied fleet moved along the coast, in line with the army, Prince Menschikoff's order was obeyed, and several ships of the grand Black Sea fleet of the czar were sunk across the entrance of the harbour, effectually preventing the entrance of a hostile fleet. On the south side of the harbour the remaining squadrons were moored, so as to open fire in defence of northern Sebastopol, which it was supposed the allies would attack. Captain Drummond, on the morning of the 24th, ascertained the truth of this bold stratagem, for he saw the mastheads of that portion of the Russian fleet barely appearing above the water. The captain reported that the entrance was completely closed, except a narrow space under the north shoal battery. The ships thus voluntarily destroyed were, one fine vessel of 120 guns, two 84's, two 80's, two 40-gun frigates, and a number of smaller craft, frigates, brigs, and schooners of war. Captain Drummond persevered in his reconnaissance after he had made himself sure of the destruction of this portion of the Russian navy, and discovered that within the barrier of sunken ships there were two powerful booms, and that

eight sail of the line were moored east and west within the inner boom, of which three had been "heeled over," to give their guns elevation to sweep over the land northward of the harbour. This intelligence was communicated from Admiral Dundas to Lord Raglan, and materially influenced the determination to attempt the celebrated flank movement which we shall hereafter record. Admiral Dundas's despatch (which for brevity's sake we omit) conveyed in detail all these particulars, which the Admiralty made known to the country, exciting great surprise amongst all, regret amongst many, that our tars were not likely to come into collision with those of the enemy, at all events at sea; yet the general public rejoiced that the Russians, with their own hands, had demolished so large a portion of the fleet it cost them so much to construct, and that without bloodshed, or loss of a single ship of ours, the navy of the foe was already vanquished.

In answer to these despatches, the French Emperor sent a spirited address to his valiant army, expressing his unbounded admiration at their heroism, his sympathy with their sufferings, his anxiety to mitigate those sufferings, and his complete satisfaction with their deeds. This address was followed by the distribution of medals and badges in great profusion, and an extensive promotion throughout the French army of the East. Queen Victoria did not content herself with the manifestation of sympathy and satisfaction at home, she also sent to her noble army the expression of her admiration. The Duke of Newcastle conveyed to Lord Raglan what was well known to be her majesty's real feeling:—"The patience with which the regimental officers and men bore without a murmur, the unusual privations to which they were necessarily subjected after they landed in the Crimea, has elicited her majesty's warmest sympathy and approval. Their sufferings from disease before that time were such as might have subdued the ardour of less gallant troops, but have in their case only proved that in the hour of battle they remember nothing but the call of duty. Her majesty feels additional pleasure in thus recognising the noble daring of her soldiers, and sympathising in their victory, when she reflects that that courage has been evinced, and those triumphs won, side by side with the troops of a nation whose valour the British army has in former times admired and respected in hostile combat, but which it has now, for the first time, tested in the generous rivalry of an intimate brotherhood in arms. Her majesty trusts that the blood of the two nations, so profusely shed on the banks of the Alma—a subject of deep regret to herself and her people—may consecrate an alliance which shall endure for

the benefit of future generations, when the remembrance of this battle-field is hallowed by gratitude for the consequences as well as the glories of victory."

Many instances of individual heroism occurred at the battle of the Alma, rivalling the most glorious days of English chivalry. The correspondent of a French paper relates that an English sergeant, having just planted a camp flag, in order to mark the position to be taken up by his corps, a Russian soldier sallied out, shot the sergeant, and bore off the flag as a trophy; another British sergeant, who happened to have armed himself with a revolver, pursued the Russian, shot him, recovered the flag, and ran back to his regiment under the fire of the enemy, which was magnificently directed upon him; he reached the advancing line of English infantry, and fell before it pierced with seven balls. He saved his flag, avenged his comrade's fate, and having cast the flag into his own ranks, fell down dead, a noble sacrifice to nationality and duty.

Lord Raglan was so pleased with the personal courage of Sir Colin Campbell, and the gallantry of his brigade, that he rode up to him on the field at the close of the engagement, thanked him for his zeal and bravery, and inquired if there was anything he could do to gratify him. The reply of the gallant Highlander was characteristic—"Let me wear the Highland bonnet instead of the general's cocked hat." The permission was granted with a smile of surprise and pleasure, and the next day Sir Colin appeared with the bonnet and plumes, exciting in his Highlanders the wildest expressions of astonishment and delight. Sir Colin afterwards wore the bonnet throughout the campaign.

The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers suffered more than any other British regiment. Both Sir George Brown and Brigadier Codrington were in front of them through the hottest of the fight; it was while cheering them on Sir George's horse was killed. The brave old chief went down suddenly in a cloud of dust and smoke, but leaping up cried, "Twenty-third, I am all right, follow me; I will remember this day to you!" Major Norcott of the Rifles seemed to have a charmed life. When the brigade got over the stream, they crept up the abrupt sides of the southern banks in a crowd—any formation was impossible. Here he displayed activity and intelligence, meriting the encomium of Lord Raglan in his despatch. This officer, while a young lieutenant on service in the West Indies, and at a time of peace, attracted universal attention by his military taste and capacity, when his father, Major-general Sir Amos Norcott, commanded in Jamaica, where Mr. Norcott's battalion of the brigade was quartered. At the

Alma he justified the remark of one of his own poor soldiers—"His honour was like a flame, shooting in every direction." Another poor soldier described his brigadier, Major-general Pennefather, as "riding in front, with a wall of lightning before him." The escape of General Pennefather from either death or wound is one of those extraordinary instances of how the bravest frequently escape, as if the dangers they courted respected and shunned them. Some, however, seemed as if fortune had reserved all her frowns for that day. One officer, whose foot was shot off, retired to the rear, had his leg bandaged, insisted on remounting and again riding to the front, and was ultimately shot through the heart. A poor soldier of the Connaught Rangers went to the rear with his left hand hanging by the skin from the arm; presenting himself to the surgeon, he said, "Be quick, docther, and dress my hand, for I want to have another poke at the Rooshins!" The hand was amputated and bandaged; seizing his musket with the other hand, he hurried to the front, and fell amongst those who stormed the redoubt crowned by the 18-gun battery. Lieutenant-colonel Chester, seeing that Ensign Anstruther had fallen, took up the colours, and was waving them above his head, when he was severely wounded by a musket ball; falling backward into the arms of his servant, the latter bore him to the rear, when another shot extinguished life, while yet in the arms of his brave and attached retainer.

A private soldier of the 7th Fusiliers, leaping out from the front of his regiment, bayoneted two Russians in their leading column, and escaped unhurt. This regiment was principally made up of recruits who had been a short time previously enlisted at Manchester. However prevalent peace principles may be with the inhabitants of that city, the Russians had no reason to concede to it such a reputation, for the Manchester men in the 7th Fusiliers fought with desperate valour on the bloody day of Alma. Many of them were from the labouring Irish, who are very numerous in that city. Captain Monk of this regiment was fired at from a musket so close to his head that he with his hand turned the muzzle of the gun, he then ran his enemy through the body; a Russian officer cut at him with his sword, which he parried, and with a blow of his fist knocked this antagonist down, while his sword parried a bayonet thrust from a Grenadier, whose rear rank man shot the captain through the heart.

Time would fail us to particularise the deeds of individual daring which marked the progress of that desperate fight. The spirit of the British may be best seen in the letters written by officers, non-commissioned officers, and sol-

diers who took part in the conflict. The following letter, from a private of the Welsh Fusiliers, shows how extensively that regiment suffered, how bravely its soldiers fought, and what a fine *esprit de corps* pervaded it:—"Our regiment belongs to the light division. We (the 23rd) were in front of the rest. The Russians were on the hill before us, and there was a river at the foot, and a large village. The hill was so high above the village that they could fire over it at us. They set the village on fire, which caused great smoke between us and them, which prevented us seeing them well; but they were too far from us to fire at them, so the artillery opened fire upon them. There were Russian foot soldiers who kept up a brisk fire upon us, but we could not see them because of the smoke. The French and Turks were on the right of us, but the fleet fired at the Russians that were on the hill close to the sea, and so the French got a good chance of getting up to the top, and there they worked away properly, driving them towards us. We then made a charge on the village, ran through the river, and got under the hill. We now crept a little way up the hill, then held up our colours, gave a loud cheer, and began firing at them. We all got up together, and drove them back. We then took one of their forts, with three brass guns, and two general officers, and won the battle in spite of them. Dear mother, I am shot through the thigh, but by luck the ball has not touched the bone. Burrows is shot through the calf of the leg. Bill Evans has lost his right arm. Blever was not hit, and was quite well when I left him. I wish I were well again, that I might join my regiment. There will be some hot work at Sebastopol. Our lads are longing to be there."

Some of the private letters of men and officers narrate the most touching scenes. An officer, describing the field after the battle, saw in one spot a Russian officer, in a sitting posture, stiffened in death, and a little dog between his legs, which refused all kindly overtures, and could not be tempted from its dead master's feet. Near this spot another Russian officer, quite a boy, had died in the attitude of prayer, with clasped hands and kneeling.

A medical officer, describing the death of two British officers, brothers, paints the following affecting scene:—"You have heard of the melancholy death of poor Captain and Lieutenant Eddington, of the 95th. They were brothers, and so attached to each other, that the whole regiment respected them—I may rather say, loved them. Lieutenant Eddington exchanged into the 95th a few months ago, that he might share danger and risk death by his brother's side. Captain Eddington fell first, with a ball in his chest, and was left for a few

moments on the hill side, whilst the regiment which had been thrown into disorder, fell back to re-form. The whole troop witnessed his brutal murder. A Russian rifleman knelt down beside him, and whilst pretending to raise his canteen to the wounded man's lips, deliberately blew his brains out. A shout of rage and hatred burst from the whole regiment, and at the same moment they again charged up the hill, Lieutenant Eddington many yards in advance, crying for the men to follow, and apparently mad with grief and excitement. He fell beneath a perfect storm of grape-shot and rifle balls; his breast was absolutely riddled. The same grave holds them both; and their spirits, let us hope, have entered upon an eternal peace in the presence of God."

The exposure of the 33rd regiment (the Duke of Wellington's) may be judged of from the fact that their flag was riddled with musket balls and grape; fourteen sergeants fell defending the regimental and queen's colours. A sergeant, writing to his wife, thus describes his hair-breadth escapes:—"I was on the colours; when the regiment advances in line three sergeants advance six yards in front, so as to keep a good line; therefore, you see, we were on the top of the hill first; and, to tell you the truth, I thought I should have been blown off the face of the earth, such a storm of grape and canister was directed against us from the batteries. I think I was on the hill for about forty minutes before I was knocked down. The first shot I felt was a musket ball that struck my bayonet, which split the ball, and one part of it hit me on the middle finger of the right hand, and the other on the third finger of my left hand, but they did me no harm. Another ball struck the rosette of my black cap, and carried it away, and half of the strap, and split my cap down to the peak. Another ball cut a piece out of my pocket, but never hurt me, thank God. I got struck on the elbow with a bit of a shell; it did not hurt me, but burnt me a little; I have a blister on my elbow about the size of a sixpence. Another ball cut a bit off the leaf of my pouch, and another I got in front of my black cap, a little to the right of the cap-plate, and rather below it; I was in the act of kneeling down when it struck me, and turned me completely over." It must not be supposed by the reader that this was a singular case of marvellous escape; numbers of men and officers were the true relators of the like; and among the wounded many had been hit repeatedly, and portions of the clothing of hundreds of soldiers were torn away who escaped without a wound.

The following letter from an officer of the Guards to a relative at home gives an eloquent view of the dangers incurred, and the heroism displayed:—"I hasten to write a few lines to

tell you that I am safe and well, knowing how anxious you will be after hearing that we have had an action with the Russians. Accounts of the battle you will see in the papers, much better describing it than any I could give, as I could see nothing beyond what was going on in my own brigade. That, you will see, was in the thickest of it, as the returns of our casualties will prove, our loss being very severe. The march from Kamischli to Bulganak, where we bivouaced on the night of the 19th, and again from Bulganak to Alma, was the grandest spectacle I ever saw. The whole army, French, English, and Turkish, advanced in battle array for that distance over a plain as smooth almost as a lawn, and with just sufficient undulation to show one at times the whole force at a *coup d'œil*. My division was on the left, and we were about three miles from the sea; the fleet, coasting along abreast of us, completed the picture. About twelve o'clock, on the 20th, on crowning a ridge, we came all at once in sight of the Russian army in an intrenched camp beyond the Alma, distant about three miles. Immediately we appeared they set fire to a village between us and them, so as to mask their force by the smoke. We continued advancing steadily, halting occasionally to rest the men, till half past one, when the first shot was fired, and soon after the rattle of musketry told us that our rifle skirmishers were engaged. Our divisions then deployed into line, and we stood so for about twenty minutes, an occasional round-shot rolling up to us, but so spent that one was able to step aside from it. Wounded men from the front soon began to be carried through our lines to the rear, and loose and wounded horses began to gallop about. At last we were ordered to advance, which we did for about 300 yards nearer the batteries, and halted, and the men lay down. We were now well within range, and the round-shot fell tolerably thick, an occasional shell bursting over our heads. After standing steady for about twenty minutes, the light division (who were in line in front of us) advanced again, and we followed. The Russians had put posts to mark the ranges, which they had got with great accuracy. We now advanced to within 200 yards from the river, and 700 from the batteries, and halted under a low wall for five minutes, till we saw the light division over the river, when we continued our advance in support of them. On crossing the wall we came into vineyards, and here the cannonade was most terrific, the grape and canister falling around us like hail—the flash of each gun being instantly followed by the splash of grape among the tilled ground, like a handful of gravel thrown into a pool. On reaching the river, the fire from a large body of riflemen was added—

but the men dashed through, up to their middle in water, and halted on the opposite side, to re-form their ranks under shelter of a high bank. At this moment, the light division had gained the intrenchment, and the British colour was planted in the fort; but ammunition failing them, they were forced back. The Scots Fusiliers were hurried on to support them before they had time to re-form themselves, and the 23rd retiring in some confusion upon them, threw them for a few minutes into utter disorder. The Russians, perceiving this, dashed out of the fort upon them, and a frightful struggle took place, which ended in their total discomfiture. For a minute or two the Scots Fusiliers' colours stood alone in the front, while General Bentinck rallied the men to them, their officers leading them on gallantly. At this moment I rode off to the Coldstreams, through whose ranks the light division had retired, leaving them the front line. They advanced up the hill splendidly, with the Highlanders on the left, and not a shot did they fire till within 150 or 200 yards from the intrenchments. A battery of 18 and 24-pounders was in position in our front, and a swarm of riflemen behind them. Fortunately, the enemy's fire was much too high, passing close over our heads; the men who were here killed being all hit on the crown of the head, and the Coldstreams actually lost none. When we got about fifty yards from the intrenchment, the enemy turned tail, leaving us masters of the battery and the day. As they retired, they took all their guns except two, and a great many of their wounded. In spite of this, the ground was covered with the dead and dying, lying in heaps in every direction on what may be called the glacis, and inside the intrenchments they were so thick that one could hardly avoid riding over them; but the excitement of the victory stifled for a time all feeling of horror for such a scene, and it was not till this morning, when I visited the battle-field, that I could at all realise the horrors which must be the price of such a day. Most fervently did I thank God, who had preserved me amid such dangers! How I escaped seems to me the more marvellous, the more I think of it. Though on horseback (on my old charger), my cocked hat and clothes were sprinkled all over with blood."

An assistant-surgeon of the Rifles thus strikingly conveys his experience, professionally, and as a soldier:—

"A few lines: that must be all. The papers will tell you about the victory. I cannot describe to you my own feelings on being in battle for the first time. I went up the hill with the men as they were ordered to advance. The Minié balls showered past us like rain, coming with a whistling wind; they dropped round us, twisting in the ground, or carried off

an epaulette, or knocked out a tooth, or cut off a finger or an ear; now and then a brave fellow dropped down with a bullet in the heart, or the brain, but it was perfectly miraculous that any man escaped alive out of such a fire. . . . In less than ten minutes my place was back again at the hospital of the brigade. It was called hospital by courtesy. There was besides myself, Surgeon —, and we had the charge of over 200 wounded comrades. The poor fellows were brought in one after the other, and there they laid waiting their turn to have balls extracted and limbs amputated. You know what is called field-day at the hospitals in town. Perhaps an amputation or two, with half-a-dozen surgeons to assist, if necessary, and a hundred surgical eyes looking on. Can you imagine our field-day on the banks of the little river Alma?

"If God spares me again to see old England, I shall probably never more witness as much practise in my whole lifetime as I saw there in two hours. The pluck of a soldier no one has yet truly described. They laugh at pain, and will scarcely submit to die. It is perfectly marvellous, this triumph of mind over body. If a limb were torn off or crushed at home you would have them brought in fainting, and in a state of dreadful collapse; here they come with a dangling arm or a riddled elbow, and it's, 'Now, doctor, be quick, if you please! I'm not done for so bad but I can get back and see!' And many of these fellows with a lump of tow wrung out of cold water wrapped round their stumps, crawled to the rear of the fight, and with shells bursting around them, and balls tearing up the sods at their feet, watched the progress of the battle. We had no time to get the mangled limbs out of sight as they were cut off, and the grass was completely covered with them by three o'clock in the afternoon. They were the first objects the wounded saw as they were brought in. The steamers are now off with hundreds of the wounded men to Scutari and Constantinople. May God go with them half the way. You may think this a strange wish, but nearly half of them *must* perish before they get so far. Many are being shipped off who are mortally wounded; and they have not medical necessaries on board sufficient for five out of every fifty sufferers."

In the letters of our poor privates a spirit of noble devotion to queen and country is breathed, and some of them, in rough but expressive language, afford a clear insight to the dreadful realities of a battle. We subjoin a letter of this character:—

"The last letter I wrote I thought I should not go further up the country, but in two or three days after I wrote we were on board the ship *Simoom*. We stayed in harbour eight days, until all the troops were on board, and

then we sailed across the Black Sea for Russia, and we were nine days going. We did not sail fast; we joined the remainder of the fleet at Baltschick Bay, stopping one night there for fresh water, and cruised about the sea to see if there were any of the Russian fleet out, but we saw none all the way. They were afraid to come out to us, for our shipping looked like a little town across the sea. We all landed safe on Russian land. On the 14th of September we marched four miles, and then halted for four days until all were ready, and on the 19th we marched to meet the enemy. We marched from four in the morning until five at night, and then we met with a few of the Cossacks. A few of our cavalry had a slight skirmish with them, but they soon made the best of their way off. Very good judgment. There were two or three men wounded and one horse killed. All was quiet very soon, and we began to make a little fire as soon as we could, without wood or coal, to cook our meat and tea. It was on a large mountain, and there was no tree or hedge in sight, as in England; but there were thick-stalked weeds and thistles, so we cut them down. The remainder of the night I spent, as usual, in smoking, and not drinking, sleeping as well as could be expected for we have no tents now to keep the weather from us. We lay down dressed, with our firelocks by our side, ready to meet the enemy in a moment, and the next day was a regular killing day with us. We marched early on the morning of the 20th; we marched a long distance, and then we could see the Russian on a mountain, and then we took a good march to be within gunshot of them. They commenced firing, I think, first, but we were soon exchanging shot with them, and we kept firing at each other for about four hours. There were two brooks to cross when firing, and they had built two bridges for us to go over, so that they could play sweetly on us going over; but we had travelled too far to be caught in that way. We formed a line, and all went through together; we got very wet, but I didn't mind that, and the shot came by me almost as thick as the plums in my sister's pudding at Christmas; but I kept loading and firing until we drove them away from the place they had made and fortified, which they thought of keeping us from for three weeks. When they saw we were gaining the day and the victory they set fire to a village, because we should not shelter there. We drove them away, took the place where they were, and one of their large brass guns (eight inch bore). We followed them and drove them, in about half an hour off another mountain, and took one of their colours from them, and then they made the best of their way off. They ran like madmen, and we have not seen many of them since.

What we have seen we have taken prisoners. The same night, after the battle was over, we formed up, and the roll was called; several were missing. That was a silent moment to those who did not answer to their names. After we were dismissed to go where we liked, I thought I would take a view of a battle-field. We had run over the poor dead and wounded, but not to look all round. You must know, my dear friends, that the battle-field is not like a field in England; it is a large plain, hundreds of miles round—no trees, no hedge to be seen: but we had just got to very large mountains. I took a stroll over the field of battle, and then saw above 4000 bleeding, groaning, and silent men, and most of them young men! That was a scene; and from all that lot I was spared. I bound some of their wounds up, Russians, English, and French. Some I gave a light to smoke, and some water; some I raised for ease, some I lowered; some gave me money, and some gave me tobacco and whiskey. I spent that night as usual, cooking my rations and smoking, for that is the chief comfort I have out here. I spent the night happily and comfortably, as I always do. Although difficulties in this life are often met with, I always meet them with pleasure. I don't expect to meet with sweets out here, but sometimes meet with them unexpectedly. But I must tell you a little more about the battle-field. The next two days we were gathering the wounded together in one place, and the dead in another. We buried the dead in two days, and the wounded we took on board. We burnt all the Russian firearms and clothing that were being thrown about. The next day, after burying the dead and lending our best assistance to the wounded, we marched to overtake the enemy again; but they were not to be found, and we have not seen them since, only a few, whom we took prisoners. Last Sunday we marched, thinking to meet some of them, but they fled; and we took all their provisions, about fifty waggon-loads, and blew up a magazine in a small town. We are now about five miles from Sebastopol, and we shall be in there very soon. Before you get this letter I think the war will be over. I should like to write and tell you more of what I have seen and done, but I have not time now. I must tell you that we were highly praised by all our commanders for our gallant and brave actions in the field. But I will tell you all the rest if I am spared to come home."

A private soldier in the artillery writes the following short but tender and tasteful letter to one dear to him at home:—"I have sent you a small flower off the heights of Alma, and when you read in the papers of how we forced the passage to those heights, look upon this flower, and think of me."

An eye-witness of the whole encounter on the British line of action relates the following incidents:—

"In the list of killed and wounded is the name of Lieutenant W. L. Braybrooke, a volunteer, serving with the 95th regiment. This gallant and promising young officer was a lieutenant and adjutant in the Ceylon Rifles; and, being on leave of absence from his regiment, his professional ardour prompted him to seek the opportunity for seeing active service offered by the expedition to the Crimea. He had obtained leave from Lord Raglan to serve with the 95th regiment, and it was in charging with his regiment that he met a glorious death. He was the son of Colonel Braybrooke, the colonel of the Ceylon Rifles.

"The fourth division, it appears, was not engaged; the roar of cannon was first heard when it was at some twelve miles distance from the scene of action. Double quick march was instantly commanded, and when at length it became necessary to take a moment's repose, the sick and exhausted were ordered to step out of the ranks. Although the whole division might have been comprised under the latter category.

"Before rushing to the attack, the first division lay down in one of the Russian trenches to load and close up. While here, the Hon. Major Macdonald, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cambridge, scrambled out of the trench on horseback to reconnoitre the enemy's position. The instant he showed himself, a shower of balls and musket bullets was directed against him. One of the former struck his charger full in the chest, and hurled both horse and rider to the ground. Fortunately, Major Macdonald was only slightly hurt by the fall, and some officers who saw the occurrence, rushed to his assistance and extricated him from his mangled steed. With great coolness, the major mounted a horse which was offered him, and rode back to the trench unscathed, though the bullets were whistling around him in all directions.

"Among those who distinguished themselves was Mr. Charles Lane Fox, nephew of the Duke of Leeds. He retired some months ago from the Grenadier Guards, in which he held a commission; but followed them to the East, and became aide-de-camp to Brigadier Beatson, who undertook to train the Bashibazouks. Upon their disbandment, however, he landed with the brigade of Guards in the Crimea, and appeared upon the battle-field in a shooting-jacket; catching the first stray horse in his path, he was indefatigable in getting up ammunition, and was complimented for his conduct by the Duke of Cambridge on the field. At the close of the action he was shot through the ankle; and in that state bore Captain

Charles Baring, of the Coldstream Guards, who had lost his arm, off the field. Mr. Fox is now lying at Constantinople, anxiously hoping his wound will permit his appearance in good time at Sebastopol."

One of the most graphic accounts of the repulse of a portion of the light division, and the fierce conflict attending it, was given by Lieutenant-colonel Unet, of the 19th regiment, in a letter to his father.

"Sept. 20th.—Moved on the whole army in same order as the day before, by grand divisions from centre of brigades, artillery between, protected by all our cavalry on our left flank. On looking round, while on the move, it was a glorious sight; the green plains seemed swarming with armed men. Moved steadily on until we approached some hills, when we observed some movements, and a line of cottages on fire, and evidently a river, or rivulet, between us. We halted now occasionally. At last our light division deployed into line, the rifles in front began to fire, and as soon as we got closer, or well within range, 100 great guns bellowed out at us from the hills on the other side of the rivulet. We pushed on, and many round-shot came rolling through our ranks, wounding and scattering a few. Wardlaw had part of the flesh of his leg carried away; another man, close to me, never spoke; the ground was covered with his blood. The fire now became much hotter from all their batteries in position, and we were ordered to run for shelter under the walls of the line of the burning cottages and ditch, where we lay more than an hour securely. My gray mare all the time would show herself, turning round, and being very uneasy at the firing. Another division deployed in our rear, and advanced to us, the shot falling among them, with a shrill hissing noise, over us. Other divisions deployed and advanced on our right. We were ordered to advance, and did so, to the best of our ability in line, across stone walls and a vineyard. Here the plunging fire, from grape, round-shot, shells, Minié muskets, &c., was awful, and also across the stream, through which we made our way with the greatest difficulty, more particularly us mounted officers. My mare got into a hole in the water, and was all under for some time, except her head and neck. I dismounted, and got her to the side, and attempted the high bank, which was nearly perpendicular and very slippery. I struggled to get up, sticking my fingers into the grass, and she by desperate struggles came up by my side as I had hold of the bridle, the shot falling all this time very thick. I mounted and pushed on, and we got into something like a line under the crest of a hill. Our regiment now took ground to our right, and were ordered to advance against the intrenched camp at some distance. The firing now was in-

cessant, and many of our men were hit. Our line was not well formed under such a plunging fire; it was impossible to form line. Sir George Brown came and said to Colonel Saunders, 'Go at them!' He rode in front of the line and waved his sword. The line got more confused. I was on the right of the line to which they seemed to crowd, and instead of being two deep, we had become fourteen or fifteen deep, all crowding together. During this pause of half-an-hour we were all being scattered by the round-shot, canister, Minié, and shells, which continually burst over us. We were next to the 7th Fusiliers. They retired gradually; we did the same. I saw a French general tumbling from his horse, and his horse rearing up. Saunders's horse I saw also rearing. My mare was now struck twice in the front part of her head, in the shoulder, and in one of her fore-legs. I felt myself struck slightly in two or three places, leg and thigh. The regiment retired gradually, firing as well as they could. We got under the hill, and formed them again there. We remained ten minutes to get our scattered men together and tell off, during which time we heard of many of ours being killed and wounded; Colonel Saunders was badly wounded in the leg. I now took the command, and told off the regiment. I abandoned my mare, as she had become faint, and looking at me as I dismounted, she snorted me all over with blood, which was streaming from her nostrils. My face and hands were covered, and all thought I was badly wounded. I marched the regiment up again to the intrenched camp, in line and in order, but in the meantime the Guards had supported us and taken the position. Afterwards we bivouaced for the night. Slept well, all round a fire, and got a little hot tea and biscuit.

"Sept. 21st.—This morning crossed over the scene of our fight to bathe with Sidwell and Thompson. We refreshed ourselves greatly with a good wash opposite the vineyard, now all tranquil. What a change! Visited our wounded and did all I could for them. An awful sight in all directions—2000 killed and wounded."

The treatment and condition of the wounded soldiers is an important feature in the narrative of these events. Ten days after the battle, an official report was made of the wounded who were admitted to the general hospital at Scutari, from the 22nd to the 28th. In the two days which followed the 28th, 500 more were admitted with wounds of almost every conceivable description. And after that date others arrived. The sick were also brought thither, and swelled the number, making the hospital itself a place of pestilence and horror. The following is the report:

Total..... 582

The following letter confirms the poor soldier's account; it is from a young lady then residing at Constantinople:—"A lady who is here at present, the sister of an officer now in the Crimea, was talking to me to-day about the poor wounded soldiers here. You cannot imagine anything so fearful; to think that there are 3000 lying in the barracks, and there are not even doctors enough to take care of them, and no nurses; for the few Greeks they tried to have were either not strong enough to bear the operations and the dressing of the wounds (for it was only very old women who could be procured), or else they drank so dreadfully that there was no depending on them. You will understand better the state these poor creatures are in when I tell you that many of them were brought down here three days after the battle, without their wounds ever having been washed even, and some were full of maggots; and most of them that have died since have done so after the amputation, from want of proper care. I have not told you half the misery there is here, but you may imagine it. The French have

Another writer from the hospital at Senturi thus describes the arrival and spirit of the wounded:—"It was a moving sight to see the long trains of wounded borne from the *Andes* and *Vulcan* to the hospital. From dawn to evening the labour was incessant, and the officers and medical men seemed perfectly worn out with fatigue. The men carried down mattresses to the beach; the wounded were lifted on them and were slowly borne along. Every one who could work lent a hand with eagerness to this duty, which the convalescents of the hospital, bearing on their faces the marks of recent suffering, discharged to the new comers. A few of the wounded were well enough to walk, and crept along supported by a comrade, one with his arm in a sling, another with his trousers cut open from the hip to the knee, and the thigh swathed in bandages, another with his hair clotted with blood, and a ghastly wound on the face or head. On many the marks of approaching death were set; every now and then there was one too far gone to be carried to the hospital, or who asked to be laid down for a few moments' rest on the wayside. A Catholic priest was active among the dying, and might be seen bending over the ghastly forms, and whispering to the ears which were fast closing to earthly sounds. He was an Irish monk of Galata, who had presented himself on the first arrival of the wounded, and had been eagerly received by his dying fellow-countrymen. The surgeons within were fully engaged, for the unfortunates brought under their care had been taken four miles from the place where they had fallen to the beach, and then transported over 400 miles of sea, so that whatever may have been the care of their former attendants, yet there was much to be changed on their arrival, and many operations to be performed which had not been necessary before, or which had been omitted through want of time, space, or opportunity. About 700 were brought down by the *Andes* and *Vulcan*, and the remainder are expected in the *Simoom*. It is believed and hoped that the first are the worst cases, and that no small number of those expected will be able to resume their duty, if not this year, at least in the ensuing spring. All that the vigilant attendance of

devoted officers can do is being done; for, though only actively employed since the return of the first sick from the Crimea, many of the surgeons seem, through excess of work, almost as exhausted as those under their care. For forty-eight hours many of them have had scarcely a moment's relaxation from their labours. It is easy to discover by a walk through the barracks how much the unfortunate 23rd and 33rd regiments have suffered. It seems that almost the half of those who are lying on every side in mortal agony belong to one of these ill-fated corps. The 23rd, it is said, has lost more than 400 men. It is with pride that an Englishman observes the appearance of these sick and wounded soldiers. Although the barrack is a vast hospital, and everywhere the eye encounters pale faces, forms bending with weakness, fever-stricken spectres creeping along by the support of the walls, or crouching in corners with listless countenances, too weak to take notice of the scenes passing around—although everywhere there are noise and discomfort, with that admixture of dirt and unclean smells which are unavoidable in such a place, yet the men have a soldierly look, and an appearance of energy and determination which are hardly to be found among the invalids of any other service. As the wounded were brought from the vessels, each man was asked his name and regiment before the litter entered the gates. Some were too far gone to reply; in others, delirium had taken away all consciousness of external things. But wherever the poor fellow had strength to answer, he spoke with a military promptness, as if on parade, and tried to make a salute and raise his head in respect to his questioner. In conversation with a Russian prisoner on the subject of the battle, it was observed by some one to be singular that, though the loss of English officers had been very great, yet no general officer had received a hurt, although they are conspicuous by a white plume, and the Russians confessedly singled out the officers while the British were advancing across the river and the valley in a clear day, and free from smoke. The Russian replied that the generals were not aimed at, because they were thought to belong to the commissariat. In the continental armies the higher officers are surrounded on all occasions by a brilliant staff, but our own generals ride attended only by one or two aides-de-camp. They were therefore in this case indebted for their safety to the unobtrusiveness of their habits."

We have now closed the details of the battle of the Alma. It was, as compared with other battles gained by the arms of England, neither so sanguinary nor so glorious as many; but it had great glory, and there was heavy sacrifice.

Never was the shock of arms so great, unless upon the ever-famous fields of the Spanish peninsula and of Waterloo, as it was upon the declivities of Alma. This battle was, on the part of the allies, one of the most audacious enterprises of war. We cannot honestly subscribe to everything written about it in the enthusiasm of "own correspondents," nor said about it in the speeches of cabinet ministers, who share the honour, as well as the responsibility, of appointing hosts and fleets, and the chiefs who conduct them. We do not think that the skill or daring of the allied chiefs is to be compared to that of the hero of Assaye and of the passage of the Douro; nor that the skill or bravery of the officers by whom M. Arnaud and Lord Raglan were so ably seconded, surpassed those qualities in degree as they were exemplified in the passes of the Pyrenees, or on the field of Waterloo. Our dauntless soldiers are all the same; as in the battles of the Spanish peninsula, the majority of the fallen have been the brave and impulsive sons of unhappy Ireland. The plaided and plumed soldiers of Celtic Scotland evinced a chivalry and coolness unsurpassed by any other troops. The 42nd were well disciplined at the Alma; they were a mob from the streets of Glasgow at Quatre Bras, and the only difference was in the superior discipline evinced in the Crimea; their hardihood was the same as when, in the corn-fields and by the wood-side at Quatre Bras, their predecessors bravely died. The Guards bore themselves with the same majestic soldierhood in defending Houguemont, receiving the last charge of the French Guards upon the slopes of Waterloo, unsuccessfully storming the breach of Burgos, or mounting to victory upon the rocks of the Alma. As General Chatterton said at a public dinner, "Peace had not subdued their valour, nor enervated their arm." It is inexplicable why contemporary writers should represent the Alma as the scene of unexampled suffering and slaughter on the part of the British. The British army seldom, perhaps never, achieved so formidable an undertaking with so little loss. When rolling down the tide of French valour from the heights of Busaco, as many men were lost as in storming the heights of Alma. Are the names of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz so soon forgotten, or the bloody field of Salamanca? No victory ever achieved by us was more complete than that of Vittoria, Waterloo excepted; and yet at Vittoria our troops, as compared with their allies, suffered far more than, with the same comparison, they did upon the acclivities above the river Alma. When the minds of men cool down, they will not regard it in the light of an unusual slaughter, but as a great success, judging comparatively, cheaply won. Comparing it with subsequent conflicts

in the Crimea, it was the least bloody. The attack of General Liprandi soon after upon the British flank at Balaklava was, in proportion to the extent of the contest, the nature of the combat, the time occupied, and the numbers engaged, far more sanguinary.

It is painful to think that where war spared, pestilencesmote; and what man could avert, neglect and tardiness invited. We have read carefully, *pro* and *con.*, what has been written as to the state of our army from the landing at Eupatoria and Old Fort to the march from Alma, and we say with regret that the evidence of want of promptitude and foresight at home and in the Crimea was beyond confutation. That there was every disposition with the home authorities to do right, we allow; but either they did not know how to order or to do what was required, or they were deficient in that dispatch which, in great emergencies, is everything. Hannibal fell because of the impromptitude of Carthage. The illustrious Wellington owed the highest proofs of his genius to the opportunities afforded to it by the pro-

crastination of the ministry. In this campaign hitherto there was not only want of promptitude, but also of energy, diligence, and sympathy. A sufficient number of surgeons were sent out when half the sick were lost, and the remainder perishing for want of surgical assistance, while the profession was crowded at home, and medical practitioners could be had for nothing. While all Europe resounded with rumours, and Germany parleyed and procrastinated,—under the influence of false despatches published to the world through St. Petersburg, when it was quite possible to organise at home the means of rapid, certain, and correct communication,—our army was almost exhausted before they left the field of their recent victory, if British troops can be exhausted while they yet live, and there is anything to dare for their country; and when the tidings of so many fine soldiers slain, wounded, and invalided, arrived in England, reinforcements were sent out in manner and degree unworthy a great occasion, a great nation, and truth requires it to be written, a great want.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ADVANCE OF THE ALLIES TO SEBASTOPOL.—FLANK MOVEMENTS OF LORD RAGLAN AND PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.—MOVEMENTS OF THE FLEETS.—VIEWS OF THE ARMY FROM THE SEA.—OCCUPATION OF BALAKLAVA.

“Quo fas et gloria ducunt.”—*Motto of the 97th regiment.*

THE 21st and 22nd of September were occupied in refreshing the troops, in removing the wounded, and burying the dead. Marshal St. Arnaud was urgent upon the British general to march at once upon Sebastopol, and before the Russian army could recover from its surprise and disorganisation, to take the place by a *coup de main*. Whether the British general would, under other circumstances, have been willing to risk everything upon so bold an undertaking it is now impossible to say; but his reply to the urgent entreaty of the French chief was, that he was unable to move his troops for want of commissariat appurtenances, provisions, and almost every requisite for the march of an army. The clothing of the men was already so deteriorated that many were shoeless and shirtless, while the cloth of which their coatees and great coats were made, rent and gave way on every strain.

On the 23rd, however, Lord Raglan saw the necessity of an advance. Notwithstanding the sickness which prevailed, and the numbers that were struck down by cholera on the day of battle, and the two succeeding days, the men hailed the tokens of the intended movement with delight. At dawn, the tap of the French drum and the note of the French bugle were heard in the British lines; our

allies, the more prompt, were first on the march. The British arose from their bivouac chilled with the heavy dews common to the climate, and, as on their way to the Alma, numbers of the men dropped out of line immediately after the onward movement commenced, in consequence of the effect of this exposure. It was observed, both by men and officers, that coffee was the best stimulant and restorative after these chilling nights; but although coffee was plentiful in the army, it was distributed in the berry unroasted, and our soldiers were not expert in submitting it to that process; and there was probably not a single coffee-mill in the whole army, or anything that would pass for one. The morning was bright and beautiful, and on no spot, amidst the fairest scenes of Asia or Europe, can a softer or serener morning be enjoyed than in the Crimea. On that memorable morning the air was balmy, the sky clear and serene, and the prospect, as the army looked towards the heights of the Katcha river or to the sea, was commanding. The country preserved the same character as from Old Fort to the scene of the late struggle. Wide but not sterile plains stretched away inland; the grass was rich and high, and in some places rank and coarse; these plains were marked by undulations similar to those over which the army

passed on the 19th and 20th, but with rather more marked elevation. In some places clumps of oak saplings crowned the ridges of these elevations, otherwise the country was naked of trees. As the Katcha was approached, the country assumed a hilly and rugged, but most picturesque character. Through the hills winded the high-road to Sebastopol—if road that might be called which was no more than a heavily-beaten track. Traces of the flight of the enemy were found at every step; many of the horses had been wounded at the Alma by the shot and shell of the artillery, and these were left behind, and were already in a high state of putrefaction, tainting the air with their noisome odour, especially along the line of the British advance. Helmets, knapsacks, accoutrements of all kinds, many of them stained with blood, were picked up and cast away by the troops. Even arms were left behind, as if the retreat of the enemy was conducted in a state of perfect terror. They had literally *fled*, probably expecting a hot pursuit from our cavalry. The advance of the allies was slow; entangled in the long coarse grass, they could not move rapidly, and a large number were sick; scarcely two miles an hour was the rate of their march; it was not until the afternoon that they reached the valley of the Katcha, the most lovely and picturesque spot north of Sebastopol. The little river wends its way to the sea, irrigating a vale rich and variegated. Through orchards, the fruit-trees of which were heavily laden—by vineyards where the large black grapes were ripening for the vintage—along the slopes of gardens, laid out with taste and profusely gay in flowers and foliage, sped the peaceful Katcha, glistening in the light, and reflecting flower and shrub and mellow fruit as they bowed over its stream, and often kissed its waters, gliding onward to the little picturesque bay where their disembogement is effected. Here and there a handsome villa, with its English-looking lawn sloping to the water-side, delighted the eyes of the warriors, who did not expect to look upon such home-like scenes. Some hamlets also dotted the river's banks, embosomed in the hills. The pretty village of Eskel gave a hospitable appearance to the vicinage; and although its inhabitants had fled, corn and hay in considerable quantities were found there—a useful supply for the horses of the force. This little place escaped the burning brand of the Cossacks, who set fire to houses and hamlets everywhere else—a useless and barbarous act, as they could have rendered no supplies, and furnished no shelter to the armies, of any account in the magnitude of such a contest. There was a mean, petty, and revengeful spirit displayed in this proceeding, unworthy the soldiers of a great nation warring with nations equally great. The

Katcha was the first bivouac of the army. It was a very delightful one. Comfortable quarters were engaged by the officers in the village and in the hamlets. The soldiers found poultry and eggs in considerable quantities, and almost every description of fruit regaled and refreshed them; of this, however, many of them partook so injudiciously that cholera increased, and dysentery made its appearance in several of the regiments of both armies. The English, however, suffered much more than the French from this indulgence, as the latter had been more accustomed to pluck the vine and the fruit-tree in their own sunny France. The furniture of the houses was in the state it might be supposed it would be left by persons whose flight was precipitate. This the men put to every conceivable use, and to many purposes previously inconceivable. Overalls of sheets, blankets, quilts, rugs, &c., might be seen awkwardly covering uniforms very much out of keeping with such novel and extempore garments. Mirrors, some of them elegant and costly, were piled with the arms, or propped against heaps of stones, and afforded constant amusement to the heroes who had not seen the reflections of their own faces for so long a time; and many were able to test the extent to which their good looks suffered by the freedom taken with their countenances by the defenders of the trenches on the steep slopes of Alma. The poor Tartar inhabitants had fled from their houses, and were concealed in the bushes and by the river's banks: a deserter gave this information, and Lord Raglan directed him to carry assurance of protection to the fugitive population, who returned, and soon made themselves at home again with their strange if not unexpected guests. These poor people seemed to have no fear of the allies after the first interview, but seemed to be in terror of the Cossacks, to whose brutality they bore a very earnest, and, we fear, a very correct testimony. There was a handsome little Greek church in the village, where sentries were placed to protect it from pillage. The Russian army had intended to occupy this post if driven from the Alma; but not expecting to lose that position so soon, if at all, no entrenchments were formed or batteries erected. Menschikoff, however, halted in his retreat, and bivouaced upon the heights on the night of the 20th; but the Tartars having reported that the British cavalry were at hand, followed by the rest of the army in full march, the resolution of the prince to occupy this vantage-ground gave way, and he again took to precipitate flight long before dawn of the morning of the 21st. The position of the Katcha was a still finer line of defence than that of the Alma, and in some respects resembled it. As in the latter case, there was a village on the northern bank and a wide plain beyond; but there was this dif-

ference, the plain, instead of sloping upwards towards the lines of defence, was perfectly flat, affording a better scope for the fire of the defence. Besides this advantage, the lower line of heights was not so high as the knolls at Alma, so that the cannon could have swept the level plain with sure and deadly range. There was a good ford at the Katcha, but, except at that spot, the banks of the river were steeper than at the Alma. Had not Menschikoff lost his judgment, or all reliance upon his troops, he must have occupied this post; and had he done so, a battle, far more bloody than that which he had so recently lost, must have attended his resistance to the allied advance. It was alleged by the Tartars, and deserters subsequently confirmed their account, that so great was the alarm of the Russian soldiery on the night of the 20th, that had Prince Menschikoff not abandoned his intention of defending the passage of the Katcha, his troops would have deserted him, and fled in disorder to Sebastopol.

On the night of the 23rd, the British first, third, and light divisions bivouaced on the heights, and the second and fourth divisions at their base, on the river's banks; the French on the southern slopes. The men bathed, and did not generally resort to the merriment so usual among soldiers round the camp fires; they sought rest and found it; the night was fine and balmy, and the morning of the 24th saw the armies much refreshed. The 57th regiment of infantry here joined the British, and a very welcome reinforcement of cavalry—the Scots Greys. A smart light cavalry regiment, well horsed, would have been better suited to the duties which the troops had to perform; and had a dozen such regiments arrived, they would have been still less than the requirements of the army for that description of force. A division of irregular cavalry, such as our India government finds so useful, would have been of great value. The French also received reinforcements to the amount of 9000 men. The advance from the field of their recent victory to the Katcha, as viewed from the fleet, was magnificent exceedingly. The following description by a naval officer is worthy of what it describes. Every object is presented with reality and vividness:—

“*Saturday, Sept. 23.*—Going twelve knots, lighthouse bearing north. Saw two camps of Russians to the south of Sebastopol. Passed within one mile and a half of the lighthouse; stood close into Sebastopol; saw the houses distinctly, and the vessels lying in the harbour with the Russian flag flying; the dome of the church shone brilliantly in the sun, as did the reflection of the glass windows of the houses. Outside the harbour was a three-decker, with her gallant masts struck, and another large

ship close to her. Had a fine view of the forts, the day being beautifully clear. Saw two other Russian encampments, and tents looking very white against the green country; very rich, pretty farmhouses, trees, &c., spread about, not unlike the south part of England, but if anything prettier. In the distance, the hills rose very high. As we passed the fort heard the sound of very heavy guns. A steamer was under weigh, and came a short distance. At ten we saw the army advancing on the heights from Alma; could see the whole of the three armies spread out like a panorama before us—the French on the extreme right, with the Turks under their command. The extreme right I call the sea-shore. Leading to Sebastopol, on the inside of them, say from three to four miles from the shore, saw our own fine red-coats, with occasional glimpses of the bonny Highlanders. We passed through the whole of the French fleet, advancing rather ahead of the army on the extreme right; first, a small steamer; then ten war-steamers in double line; then their glorious line-of-battle ships; also, in two lines, the *Napoleon*, *Charlemagne*, and a screw three-decker, each with another liner in tow: in all twelve liners. The ‘Greys,’ from the colonel down, cheered and were cheered as we passed each ship; and most exciting it was. It was impossible to have a finer view; the ground appeared like a gentleman’s well-kept park. We then passed through the Turkish squadron, and last the English. Both are anchored at the mouth of the Alma, right in front of the battle-field of the heights of Alma. At one, ordered to get under weigh from Alma, and proceed with the Greys to the mouth of the Kaza, or Katcha river, where the army was to rest for the night. Followed some distance astern of the *Agamemnon*, then passed ahead, but very close to her, and went in shore closer than any other. Though the *Himalaya* was the largest ship, and the whole of the steam squadron was under weigh with us, Captain Killock handled the ship as if she was a small boat instead of the largest vessel we have. Lord Burghersh came off, and directed the captain where to effect a landing for the horses, and gave us a most graphic account of the battle. Captain Killock offered to beach the *Himalaya* gently, so as to lower the horses into the sea, and then let them walk on shore; his offer was however declined. It is wonderful the zeal he displays. However, we went close into a beautiful beach, close to the mouth of the Katcha, which empties itself here into the sea, running through a valley of about two miles wide, on either side of which are gentle green slopes. On the top of the one nearest Sebastopol, the French were encamping, and all along the slopes, for several miles into the country, we could see the various corps

coming on, and taking up their positions for the night. As we anchored, Lord Raglan and staff came riding along the beach. The Greys ashore gave him three hearty cheers; he rode into the water, and took his hat off, and rode on. In a few minutes some fifty boats, French and English, were filling up their horses and landing rapidly. We dined at four p.m.—champagne, &c.—capital dinner, and all in good spirits. All sorts of good wishes for the Greys, the sound of the cannons being our music. I had great difficulty in getting on shore, which I at last effected in a horse-boat, and set off for the headquarters of the English, after I had walked through the French camp.

"I got to head-quarters at about eight p.m. Lord Raglan and staff were dining in a ground-floor room at a very pretty house, with gothic windows and coloured glass, with the rooms nicely furnished, piano, easy chairs, &c., and the room itself garnished with gilt mouldings round the top. I had some difficulty, but at last I saw an officer with whom I was desirous of speaking, and had a chat with him. Lord Raglan's staff appeared to be very comfortable, and were singing and pianoforte playing as cheerfully as possible. The house was surrounded by an immense number of bullocks, servants, and retainers, the latter being located in the out-houses, or in the beautiful grounds among the noble avenues of trees. Hearing that the 68th were on guard, I walked down, and in a few minutes found some of the officers seated under a tree, with a very pretty table and good chairs, but drinking from tin pannikins. After half-an-hour's chat, they persuaded me to stop, saying it was dangerous to pass through the camp. I took a turn among the muleteers, to see if I could hire any sort of a conveyance. After an unsuccessful ramble of an hour, and meeting some old acquaintances who offered me a share of all they had, which amounted, generally, to a share of the turf, I set off to the boat, some six and a half miles away. The night was very dark, and the camp fires rather dazzled than assisted me. I more than once regretted having started, for I was wandering repeatedly without any path to guide me; and some of the watch-dogs which had been burnt out of house and home made some savage attacks on me, as though they wished to convert me into food. It was very melancholy to see the farm-houses still smouldering from the recent burning, and the house-dogs howling most dreadfully among the ruins. The dew very heavy, and I felt cold and chilly, even previous to getting soaked in wading the river, which I had to do more than once. Every now and then I followed a road for some time, only to find it abruptly terminate at the ruins of some house that was still burning. The bullfrogs and insects kept up a continual hum. At

last I reached the ferry, and was challenged by the French pickets, but found a boatman who for five shillings took me on board."

On the 24th the allied armies marched from the Katcha towards the Belbek, the country retaining the same character, but the undulations becoming more abrupt, and the general outline of the country more bold and hilly. The space in which the armies advanced was more confined than on the previous days, so that the allies mingled, the red-coats and the blues almost mingling together, and the officers riding side by side in many cases. The first British division was nearest the French, and was greatly admired by them; all the exaggerated epithets of the French vocabulary were exhausted in their praise. This division was certainly the most picturesque of those which constituted the British infantry. The Guards, tall of stature, and with the fine manly bearing characteristic of the household infantry, and the Highlanders, with their brow bonnets and bonny plumes, their plaids, and manly mien and faces, charmed the French. Perhaps the old Celtic blood of France warmed to this offshoot of the great Gallic race; but account for it who can, there was a strong inclination on the part of the gallant Franks to embrace their Highland *confrères* as true brethren. There was a vast difference in the bearing of these two branches of the same race; the gay and buoyant spirits of the modern Gaul were not wholly accordant with the temper of the Highlandmen, who manifested a steadiness superior to any other portion of the army. Still they returned the greetings of their allies in their own fashion. The Duke of Cambridge rode beside Prince Napoleon, and Sir Colin Campbell and General Canrobert fraternised.

The heights of the Belbek are separated by a chasm of at least half a mile in width, through which the river flows. Hills, ravines, rocky abrupt knolls, and ridges which seem to have been tortured and torn by innumerable cataclysms in some bygone age, are the characteristics of the country of the Belbek. The line of march to the river was by a steep road, or rather broad beaten grassy track, where the artillery of the two forces met and descended together. The French artillerymen were as liberal in their encomiums upon the appointments—especially the horses and harness—of the English artillery, as the division of Prince Napoleon had been in praise of the division of the Duke of Cambridge. As the horse-artillery descended the sloping road to the water's-edge, they found two large green-painted Russian waggons in their track, which the Russians had abandoned. They were filled with various camp utensils and munitions of war, strangely jumbled, as if huddled together in a hurried flight, and as

riedly abandoned. There were many hundreds of copper plates and vessels for the soldiers, and 20,000 rifle cartridges. Our soldiers were much struck with the superiority of manufacture in the cartridges to those of our army; they were especially constructed for rapidity of use, the powder becoming exposed on a slight twist of the cartridge end. The river being passed, the way up the southern bank was by a long, narrow, and winding road, which conducted to an elevated plain, studded with oak coppice and clusters of poplar-trees. The scenery on the south is as beautiful, as on the north of the river it is coarse, rugged, disjointed, and abrupt. Indeed, seldom is an army taken up its bivouac amidst lovelier scenes than those on the southern Belbek—gardens, orchards, vineyards, spread away in every direction. The gardens blooming with dahlias, which, although an officer described as of inferior floricultural value, presented an aspect of beauty, and gave an air of civilisation to the scene delightful to contemplate. We have seen accounts from officers of every division in the army, and all express the delight and enjoyment they experienced in the bivouac of the Belbek. An artillery officer thus graphically describes his arrival on the ground, and his experience there:—"Passing the valley to the river, we came upon a small villa which had been plundered by the retreating Russians. I rode up and entered the house. On the steps of the porch were some broken arm-chairs, covered with yellow musk. In a room on the right were broken sofas, chairs, tables, and a piano, from which the front board was torn, exposing the keys; this piano was in tolerable tune, and had evidently been recently in use. Upstairs was a small library, chiefly filled with French books. Portraits of a lady and gentlemen, in every sign-board style of painting, were torn from their frames. In front of the house was a garden laid out in flower-beds, with fruit-trees in the midst of them. I climbed into a tree laden with large yellow plums, and found them delicious, but rather over-ripe. On the right of the garden was a vineyard filled with grapes. An orchard of apples, pears, and peach-trees was beyond the vineyard; the fruit here lay thick on the ground, and before riding off I filled my haversack to furnish a dessert. We were now so close to the great object of the expedition, that by riding up a mile and a half we could see the towers and fortifications of Sebastopol in the plain below. This was the north front of the place, to strengthen which all the efforts of the Russians had been directed since the allies landed in the Crimea. The whole of the ground there was supposed to be rendered inviolable by batteries and mines, and the next

move in the game was anxiously awaited. While halted here, the cavalry and artillery had a hard life who were on outpost duty. The horses had neither forage nor water for forty-eight hours, all which time they remained accoutred and harnessed; and the men and officers for four days did not taste meat."

About noon on the 25th orders for an advance were given, and then commenced the most remarkable military movements of ancient or modern times—the flank movements since so celebrated. There were *two* flank movements going on at the same time. The allies, finding that the preparations for defending Sebastopol had been made against an enemy assailing it from the north, were desirous to pass round the city, leaving it (in passing) to the right, and to take up a new position to the south, where the defences of the place were presumed to be weakest. Besides, in order to maintain easy communications with the fleet, whence all their supplies were derived, such a proceeding was necessary, for the enemy had fortified the mouth of the Belbek with great strength; and as Balaklava furnished a safe and well-sheltered anchorage, that place was chosen by the British commander as his point of support. Prince Menschikoff's army was divided, part of it garrisoning Sebastopol, and the remainder encamped within easy distance. He also determined on a flank movement to Bagtché Serai, so as to threaten the flank and rear of the allies in the position he supposed they would take up to assail northern Sebastopol. It was also the object of the prince to keep open by this movement the communications between Sebastopol and Simpheropol, the capital of the Crimea, to which point, from Perekop, munitions of war would be transmitted. In these two flank movements the armies executing them at the same time must cross one another's path somewhere, and most probably at Kutar M'Kenzia (or M'Kenzie's farm), a pleasant plantation established by a Scotch admiral of that name, who had served in the Russian fleet. Before we describe the execution of these strategical operations, it is necessary to allude to a rumour which reached London only a few hours after the arrival of the tidings of the battle of the Alma, and which excited the public not only in London, but throughout Europe, more than even the news of that glorious victory. On Saturday night, September 30th, the evening newspapers contained a telegraphic despatch from Vienna, announcing how the newspapers there had just published a statement that Sebastopol had fallen by a *coup de main*; that a steamer had been dispatched from the Crimea to Constantinople with the tidings; that the steamer had met with another *en route* from Constantinople to Varna, and having spoken her, communicated

the tidings; that from Varna it was communicated by "a Tartar" to Omar Pasha at Shumla, who by another sent it to the Austrian frontier; thence it was by especial post conveyed to Vienna, whence the electric telegraph flashed it on to western Europe. Thanksgivings for the fall of Sebastopol were offered up in many places of worship the next day, and on Monday morning authenticity was given to the report by the Turkish ambassador, who thus gave to the public the information which he had received:—

Bryanston Square, October 2.

"The Turkish minister presents his compliments to the editor of the *Times*, and begs to transmit to him herewith a telegraphic despatch which he has received to-day from the Turkish ambassador at Vienna, and which is an unquestionable confirmation of the fall of Sebastopol.

Vienna, October 2.

"The French embassy and the Austrian government have received from Bucharest, under date six P.M., September 30, the following telegraphic despatch:—

To-day, at noon, a Tartar arrived from Constantinople with despatches for Omar Pasha; his highness being at Silistria, the despatches had to be forwarded to him at that place. The Tartar announced the capture of Sebastopol: 18,000 Russians were killed and wounded, 22,000 made prisoners; Fort Constantine was destroyed, and other forts, mounting 200 guns, taken. Of the Russian fleet, six sail of the line were sunk, and Prince Menschikoff had retired to the bottom of the bay with the remaining vessels, declaring that he would burn them if the attack continued. The allied commanders had given him six hours to consider, inviting him, at the same time, to surrender for the sake of humanity. A French general, and three Russian generals, all wounded, have arrived at Constantinople, which city was to be illuminated for ten days. We expect to-morrow the official report of the above intelligence from Omar Pasha."

Universal credence was given to intelligence thus authoritatively put forth. The English minister sent it to Boulogne to the French emperor, who was with his camp there. Baron Hubner, the Austrian ambassador at Paris, was charged by Count Buol to offer to M. Drouyn de Lhuys his congratulations and those of his imperial master. As time passed without any details of so great an event, or even any confirmation, the truth became obvious that a hoax had been played off upon the credulity of Europe, or that the stock-jobbers had forged the intelligence, speculating for a rise in the funds. By degrees the British public became reconciled to the true state of the case, and convinced that a long and formidable struggle must be maintained, before the stronghold of the czar should become a prize to the prowess of the allies.

We now return to the flank march of the opposing armies. Concerning the details of that effected by Prince Menschikoff we can

know nothing, except from his own despatches, as they appeared in the press of St. Petersburg. Our space does not allow of giving documents so cumbrous and of so little value. The prince took great credit to himself for his movement from the Belbek to Bagtché Seraj, and the journals of his government commended it as a master-stroke of military genius, rivalling, not surpassing, that of the allied commanders; but still it could not be denied that, while the movement of the prince issued in nothing, that of the allies enabled them to gain a great advantage; for, as before noticed, the mouths of the Belbek and Katcha, being heavily fortified by the prince, the allies could not have landed their supplies there, whereas the change of position from the north to the south enabled the allied chiefs to outflank the Russian batteries, to secure a harbour admirably adapted as a place of support, and having the communication of a good high-road with Sebastopol itself. The despatch of Lord Raglan, dated the 28th of September, from Balaklava, gave the first authentic intelligence of the event received in England; his account of the events from the 24th to the 28th is of course a mere outline, but it indicates the correct order of the incidents that occurred, and exposes the designs of the great actors. We shall first present the despatch, and then fill up the outline. The despatch is directed, as a matter of course, to the British colonial secretary.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have the greatest satisfaction in acquainting your grace that the army under my command obtained possession of this important place on the 26th instant, and thus established a new and secure base for our future operations.

The allied armies quitted their position above the Alma on the morning of the 23rd, and moved across the Katcha, where they halted for the night, and on the following day passed the Belbek.

It then appeared that the enemy had established a work which commanded the entrance of the river, and debarred its use for the disembarkation of troops, provisions, and material, and it became expedient to consider whether the line of attack upon the north side should not be abandoned, and another course of operation adopted.

It having, after due deliberation, been determined by Marshal St. Arnaud and myself that we should relinquish our communication with the Katcha, and the hope of establishing it by the Belbek, and endeavour by a flank march to the left to go round Sebastopol and seize Balaklava; the movement was commenced on the 25th, and completed on the following day by the capture of this place by her majesty's troops, which led the advance. The march was attended with great difficulties. On leaving the high-road from Belbek to Sebastopol, the army had to traverse a dense wood, in which there was but one road that led in the direction it was necessary to take. That road was left in the first instance to the cavalry and artillery; and the divisions were ordered to march by compass, and make a way for themselves as well as they could; and, indeed, the artillery of the light division pursued the same course as long as it was found to be possible, but as the wood became more impracticable, the batteries could not proceed otherwise than by getting into the road above-mentioned.

The head-quarters of the army, followed by several batteries of artillery, were the first to clear the forest, near what is called in Major Jarvis's map "McKenzie's Farm," and at once found themselves on the flank and



MARSHAL DE ST ARNAUD.

ear of a Russian division, on the march to Bagtché Serai. His was attacked as soon as the cavalry, which had diverged a little into a by and intricate path, could be brought up. A vast quantity of ammunition, and much valuable baggage, fell into our hands, and the pursuit was discontinued after about a mile and a half, it being a great object to reach the Tchernaya that evening. The Russians lost a few men, and some prisoners were taken, among whom was a captain of artillery.

The march was then resumed by the descent of a steep and difficult defile into the plains, through which runs the Tchernaya river, and this the cavalry succeeded in reaching shortly before dark, followed in the course of the night by the light, first, second, and third divisions; the fourth division having been left on the heights above the Belbek till the following day, to maintain our communication with the Katcha.

This march, which took the enemy quite by surprise, as a very long and toilsome one, and, except at McKenzie's Farm, where two wells, yielding a scanty supply, were found, the troops were without water; but they supported their fatigues and privations with the most cheerfulness, and resumed their march to this place on the morning of the 26th.

As they approached Balaklava, nothing indicated that war was held in force; but, as resistance was offered to the advance of the Rifle Brigade, and guns were opened from an old castle as the head of the column showed itself on the road leading into the town, I deemed it prudent to occupy the two flanking heights by the light division and a portion of Captain Brandling's troop of horse-artillery. The left-movements terminated by the surrender of the place, which had been occupied by very inconsiderable numbers of the enemy.

Shortly after we had taken possession, we were greeted by Captain Mends, of the *Agamemnon*, and soon after by Edmund Lyons himself. His co-operation was secured by the activity and enterprise of Lieutenant Maxse, "her majesty's ship *Agamemnon*, who reached my camp at the Tchernaya on the night of the 25th with detachments, and who volunteered immediately to retrace his steps through the forest, and to communicate to Sir Edmund the importance I attached to his presence at the mouth of the harbour of Balaklava the next morning, in such difficult service (from the intricacy of the country, frequented by Cossacks) he accomplished so effectually, that the admiral was enabled to appear off this harbour at the very moment that our troops showed themselves upon the heights. Nothing could be more opportune than his arrival, and yesterday the magnificent ship that bears his name entered this beautiful harbour, and the admiral, as is his invariable practice, co-operated with the army in every way possible.

We are busily engaged in disembarking our siege-train and provisions, and we are most desirous of undertaking an attack of Sebastopol without the loss of a day. I ordered up two divisions yesterday to its immediate neighbourhood, when I was enabled to have a good view of the place: and Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne, and General Biset, the French *chef de génie*, are occupied in reconnoitring it closely to-day.

The march of the French army on the 25th was still more fatiguing and prolonged than ours. Being behind our columns, they could not reach Tchernaya till the next day, and I fear must have suffered sadly from want of water.

I regret to have to acquaint your grace that Marshal St. Arnaud has been compelled, by severe illness, to relinquish the command of the army. I saw him on the 25th, when he was suffering very much, and he felt it his duty to resign the next morning. I view his retirement with deep concern, having always found in him every disposition to act in concert with me. He has since become much worse, and is, I fear, in a very precarious state. Fortunately he is succeeded by an officer of high reputation, General Canrobert, with whom I am satisfied I shall have great pleasure in acting, and who is equally desirous of maintaining the most friendly relations with me.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

To: Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

On the memorable 25th (not on the 26th, as Lord Raglan relates in his despatch), Marshal St. Arnaud resigned the command of the French army to his second in authority, General Canrobert. On the 26th he addressed to the French army a touching farewell, lamenting that disease incapacitated him from any longer leading them to victory, but expressing his confidence that his successor would have the good fortune to complete the success of the Alma by conducting them into Sebastopol. This confidence, although not misplaced as to the skill and heroism of the chief to whom he committed the great trust, was not prophetic, as Canrobert was not destined to plant the eagles of France upon the gloomy earthworks of the arsenal. On the 29th the marshal breathed his last; his body was taken to Constantinople, on board the *Berthollet*, and thence it was borne to France. On the 16th of October he was buried at Paris, in the Chapel of the Invalids. Every demonstration of respect which the court, the army, and citizens could show to his remains was made. The emperor addressed a letter of condolence and compliment to "*Madame la Maréchale*," which was not conceived in good taste, being a sort of Buonapartist political epistle, in which the emperor makes the zeal of the departed marshal for his dynasty his chief virtue; and his attachment to his cause in suppressing the republic, as making him the champion of order and authority, which his majesty assumed was re-established by himself. Yet whatever diversity of political sentiments existed among the vast multitude that thronged the way to the Chapel of the Invalids, all paid a respectful homage to the bravery and genius of the departed.

In accomplishing the celebrated flank movement the task mainly devolved upon the British chief, the illness of St. Arnaud rendering it impossible for him to influence any part of the plan. The chief anxiety of Lord Raglan respected the covering of his rear, and the sending of timely information to the fleet of his stratagem. He placed the fourth division in such a position as to secure his communications with the Katcha, and then directed the mass of his army to proceed by compass through the dense forest and brushwood which covered the country from the Belbek to the Tchernaya. While on his march, he directed an intelligent messenger to proceed to the rear, and instruct Sir George Cathcart to dispatch an officer to the shore with tidings for the fleet of the manœuvre which the armies were affecting; so that the ships should steam round Cape Chersonese, and be at the entrance to the Bay or Cove of Balaklava, to meet the arrival of his army and co-operate with it. The messenger easily gained access to the division of General Cathcart, but the difficulty was considerable for

Sir George to convey the desire of Lord Raglan to the fleet, as the intermediate country was infested with Cossacks, and the allied cavalry was numerically contemptible. Other light cavalry of the enemy, as well as the Cossacks, scoured the country in every direction. General Cathcart committed the perilous task to Colonel Windham—afterwards the principal hero of the Redan—and he accomplished it, escaping all the dangers which beset his path. When Lord Raglan had extricated his troops from the jungle, and they began to enter the hamlet of Traktar, he became uneasy lest Sir George Cathcart had failed to open a communication with the fleet; and as his army was exhausted with fatigue and thirst, should the fleet not appear, the consequences would be most serious. His lordship therefore sent for Lieutenant Maxse, of the royal navy, who attended him by order of Admiral Dundas, and committed to that officer the formidable undertaking of retracing his steps to the Belbek, and ascertaining from Sir George Cathcart if he had succeeded in conveying Lord Raglan's request to the fleet. Lieutenant Maxse executed this most dangerous commission satisfactorily, and also undertook to execute the same dangerous performance which Colonel Windham had undertaken. Sir George, not sure that Windham had reached the shore, or, reaching the shore, had been able "to speak the ships," requested Lieutenant Maxse, he being a sailor, to make his way if possible to the admiral. On arriving, he found that the colonel had accomplished most gallantly the mission previously assigned to him. Much controversy was afterwards mooted upon the comparative merits of these two officers in this important affair—some maintaining that the glory was Colonel Windham's, who first reached the fleet; others that the honour belonged to Lieutenant Maxse. The above account places their respective deserts in their proper light. Windham first brought the tidings to the fleet; Maxse performed a far more dangerous task, which included the duty of traversing the ground over which Windham had passed. The person who evoked this controversy in England was Lord Albemarle, by a speech delivered in Norfolk to the following effect:—"In the early part of the war, Lieutenant Maxse, of the *Agamemnon*, got great credit, and was promoted for a certain night march, by which he was said to have succeeded in summoning the fleet round to Balaklava; but it was Major-general Windham who really deserved this credit, for he arrived at the fleet two hours before Lieutenant Maxse. Captain Maxse was an able and deserving officer, and well deserved promotion, but not for being the first to carry the intelligence of the march on Balaklava from the army to the fleet. Windham arrived two hours before him, and when

he reached the fleet the ships had got steamed up, and were about to proceed to Balaklava. This speech was made by his lordship after Colonel Windham behaved so gloriously at the Redan, and when all England was ringing with his name. Lieutenant (then Captain) Maxse replied to it in a tone and spirit becoming a brave man, anxious to concede the honours to another, unwilling to be deprived of his own so severely won. The letter was addressed to the great redresser of wrongs, the Editor of the *Times*, and was as follows:—

40, Rue Basse du Rampart, Paris, October 2

"SIR,—Will you permit me through your columns to explain a few circumstances relative to myself, referred to in a speech made by the Earl of Albemarle, at the Norfolk sessions last Friday, which would harm me if I were silent.

"I got a good deal of credit from the papers and public generally, at the period of the Balaklava flank march, in consequence of my having conveyed from Lord Raglan a message through the enemy's country to the admiral, which was considered of great importance. It was to request Sir Edmund Lyons to send some steamer immediately to Balaklava to co-operate with the army. A message had already been sent in the early part of the afternoon, while the army was on its march, to Sir George Cathcart, who had been left behind on the Belbek with his division, telling him to communicate to the admiral Lord Raglan's wish that a steamer should be sent there; but there was a doubt in his lordship's mind as to whether the wrong day had not been named, and he feared the steamer would arrive one day too late. In order, therefore to insure their arrival, he sent for me (being then bivouaced on the Tchernaya) at ten p.m., and asked me whether I could find my way back to the Katcha river, where the fleet were with the necessary message. I was, of course, too glad to be selected, and immediately proceeded to take it.

"My orders were, on reaching Sir George Cathcart's division on the Belbek, to communicate with him as to the advisability of my continuing. I got to him at about half-past two o'clock in the morning, and he immediately told me there was no necessity for my proceeding, as he had already dispatched Colonel Windham with the message, in consequence of an officer having come from Lord Raglan about it. I was surprised at another officer having been dispatched after me, and feared that my own journey must have been slow to have allowed him to get before me; but in the course of conversation I found that the message was thus sent by Lord Raglan in the afternoon, but which had been long coming. I mentioned this to Sir George Cathcart, and he immediately urged my proceeding the remaining five miles

and giving to the admiral likewise the last message. I did so, but found Sir Edmund Lyons already preparing to steam there, and that, therefore, my mission had been useful but for confirmation.

"Credit and promotion were given me for traversing rather a precarious route in the execution of my duty. How that is diminished, because Colonel Windham performed also the third or fourth part of the distance I did, I cannot conceive; and am sure that, though Lord Albemarle would take my small honour and heap it on the top of Colonel Windham's large ones, he would not wish to do so himself. I hope that you and the public will forgive these details being inflicted on them, but Lord Albemarle's speech might be detrimental to me, if unanswered; so I have overlooked the difficulty and delicacy of defending one's own exploits, and endeavoured to defend reputation, which is so dear to all of us.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"FREDERICK MAXSE, *Commander, R.N.*"

The march of the army, on the 28th, was led by the artillery of the first division—Captain Maud's troop had the honour of being in advance; their track lay through the forest, and after passing on some miles, finding themselves unsupported by cavalry, they hesitated, and the hesitation was soon extended to the troop which came next in the route. At this juncture, Lord Raglan and Quartermaster-general Airey overtook them, Lord Raglan demanding, with some severity of tone, why they had not proceeded according to orders which he had personally given a short time previously, as they passed him on the road before entering that portion of the wood. His lordship rode smartly on, and desired them to follow. After he troops proceeded about three miles, the commander-in-chief galloped back again with great speed and much excitement in quest of the cavalry, some of whom coming up, were ordered to the front. These consisted of about twenty men of the Scots Greys, and a small body of Hussars. The cause of Lord Raglan's excitement and haste became speedily apparent—an open space skirted the wood, and through that space a mass of nearly 15,000 Russians were marching. The British general was himself the first to see them. The few troops of horse-artillery and the straggling detachments of cavalry came suddenly upon the flank and rear of the Russians, marching from Sebastopol in the direction of Baghtché Serai. The commander of the British had not taken into account the possibility of such a movement, and had not the artillery delayed, they would have come out of the wood when the Russians had only passed half-way, who must then have discovered the weakness of the force opposed

to them. In that case, the enemy's infantry would have entered the wood, against whom neither the British cavalry nor artillery could have acted. The small force of cavalry would have been shot down, and twenty pieces of cannon might have been captured before the arrival of any of the British infantry; and as these would have come up in small bodies,—straggling, in confusion, fatigued, and many of them ill,—it is impossible to believe that the issue would not have been fatal to the English army. The Russians were, however, too much terrified by the apparition of a British general officer and staff, immediately followed by several troops of horse-artillery and detachments of light and heavy cavalry, not to suppose that they were attacked by the allies in force, and in their flank and rear to great disadvantage; they accordingly took to flight, some along the way to Baghtché Serai; the rear of the column was cut off from that body, and retreated back to Sebastopol. The former body was attacked by the Hussars, who cut down and made prisoners of some of them; many of the Russian infantry took to utter flight before the light cavalry, and dispersed in the wood. In seeking its shelter, they were exposed to a fierce charge from the small body of the Scots Greys, who cut down a considerable number, and then dismounting, pursued them, carbine in hand, through the thicket. A number of the Russians lay down, in attitudes cleverly imitative of men who had fallen from the fire of small arms, and as soon as the Greys passed, rose and fired upon them; but some of the British infantry coming up, these men were repaid for their dexterity by being shot down without mercy.

The Russians are, of all soldiers, the most patient and obedient for *ruses de guerre*, and in this instance some feigned death until only a few stragglers of the rifle brigade remained near them, upon whom they suddenly rose and fired, fleeing further into the bush for security. Meanwhile the horse-artillery limbered up, and discharged case-shot upon the fugitives along the road, and upon those who, in their flight diverging from it, fled among the trees. Immediately beyond the line of march of the Russian column was a steep cliff, at the bottom of which a narrow road winded into Sebastopol. One or two of the British guns, brought to the edge of the cliff, were directed upon that portion of the fugitives who returned back to Sebastopol. Booty was captured from both sections of the divided column of the enemy—carriages, baggage, and ammunition; the ammunition was blown up, the carriage horses used by the artillery and the officers of the other arms of the service. The baggage was divided among the captors in a summary and by no means orderly manner. Riflemen might be seen attired in hussar-jackets richly

embroidered; and all sorts of military apparel and appliances were put to the oddest uses, as the whim of the soldiery dictated. The most curious matter amongst the spoils was an altar-piece, in a very large tabernacle or wooden case, with folding doors. When the doors were unfolded, there was a numerous array of saints displayed, carved and gilt elaborately. There was some unseen machinery, by which these sacred puppets were moved. This afforded infinite amusement to the men, who, like children, began to pull it to pieces to see how it was made.

The captain referred to by Lord Raglan as being made prisoner, was asked by the Duke of Cambridge some questions concerning the opposing armies; he replied, "Ah, our men fought well enough, but it is of no use, your infantry are the best in the world." By detachments, or rather groups, the army made its way through the forest; Guards mingled with Highlanders, or with the Rifle Brigade, and one regiment of the line mingled with another. As they emerged from the wood they extricated themselves, falling into line with what celerity and order they could upon the small plain over which the alarmed enemy had just passed. Upon this plain stood the British rendezvous, M'Kenzie's Farm. A road crosses the plateau at right angles with the track by which the British passed through the wood, so that when they came upon the rear flank of the Russian column, the enemy naturally supposed that the English were in ambush, and that ingenuity and rapidity of flight were their only chances of escaping great slaughter. Some of the prisoners taken by the Greys and light cavalry were taken on with the army, and served as guides; others were liberated upon their promise not to serve against their liberators, a promise to which they were not faithful.

After the discomfiture of the enemy, the march of the British was resumed; evening was approaching, miles of country remained to be traversed before they could reach the Tchernaya, the way was stopped by overturned waggons abandoned by the enemy, clouds of dust arose from the chalky loose soil over which the troops proceeded, and many fell out from fatigue and sickness. The march was a weary one, until the bank of the Tchernaya was at last approached. Night had fallen when the advanced guard arrived in the valley of Inkerman, through which the Tchernaya passes, and hour by hour the rest of the army arrived; it was midnight before the rearguard took up its bivouac. Some of the officers, and especially the staff, had tents; the rest of the troops bivouaced in the vale without shelter. During the night the whole heavens were lurid with the glow of the camp-fires lighted up by

the French, who encamped upon the height on which the Kutar M'Kenzie stands. This ended a movement which will long bear prominent place upon the pages of history, and the execution of which showed as little skill as the execution of any great conception ever displayed. It was a random, haphazard affair; the troops pushed forward without plan or order. Artillery, cavalry, infantry "steered" (as the sailors say) S.S.W., and each arm of the service scrambled through the forest as best it could. Had there been an management, plan, or system, when the troops debouched from the wood upon the plain near the M'Kenzie Farm, the surprised Russian would have been destroyed. As things were the trepidation into which the battle of the Alma threw the Russians alone saved our army from destruction. The French conducted their march more slowly; their course was more fatiguing and circuitous, but every thing was managed with good generalship, no surprise could have disorganised their army, and they suffered less than their allies from the inconveniences incidental to the enterprise.

The next day was a sad one for the British notwithstanding the triumph which crowned it. The exhaustion consequent upon the fatigue of the previous day showed itself in the number of men unable to proceed. Cholera also ravaged both hosts, especially the British—it was supposed in consequence of the exposure of the men to the dews and night air. An artillery officer, who was with the advanced guard, had occasion to return upon the line of march, and he describes the state of the first division as most deplorable. The Highlanders seem especially to have suffered from the march of about four miles from the Tchernaya river; the officer referred to declares that from fifty to sixty men of the Highland Brigade lay exhausted upon that short extent of road. The Guards also had many cases of cholera, and Colonel Cox, of that brigade, was seized with the disease; he was taken up on one of the gun-limbers, and the same evening, being put on board ship, died there. About noon the first division halted at the mouth of a gap, surmounted on either side by a lofty and rugged hill. The light division quickly advanced, throwing out skirmishers. In the valley to which this gap conducted was a low conical hill, surmounted by a white house; the Rifles, running forward, took possession of this place. The guns of the light division also advancing, opened upon the enemy in occupation of the heights of Balaklava. The Russians replied promptly to the fire of the light division with a few shells. The Guards moving forward in the direction of the fire, passed through the mountain gorge, and took

possession of a small village at its termination. From this village there was a view of the harbour of Balaklava, and of the old forts which once commanded its entrance with imposing appearance and power. Scarcely had the Guards had time to look down upon the scene beneath them, when the guns of the fleet opened upon the place. These were from the *Agamemnon*, which threw shot and shell against the walls, upon which also the guns of the first and light division played from the land. The garrison ceased to reply, and ran along the wall towards the sea. The Rifles by this time had reached the slopes, and entered the place, pursuing the fugitives, until a white flag was hoisted, which occurred before a life was lost on either side. A steamer bearing the English flag appeared at the same moment upon the tranquil sheet of water beneath. The place surrendered to the British, and the communication between fleet and army—to secure which the flank march was attempted—was re-established.

The delight of the soldiers at the prospect of some repose, and of fresh provisions, was unbounded. From the mountain-pass to the sea—a mile in distance—the valley was covered with orchards and vineyards; the grapes were ripe, and grew in great clusters, and fruit of every kind common to England enriched the trees. Interspersed among the fruit-trees there were luxuriant growths of vegetables, some of descriptions known to the British soldiery, and others which they were not well acquainted with, but which they found to be excellent esculents, such as pumpkins and tomatoes. The garrison only consisted of eighty men, who were of course made prisoners. The place was unprepared for defence, and no notion was entertained by the officer who acted as governor, or by Prince Menschikoff himself, that a British force by land and sea was about to descend upon the little harbour of Balaklava. There was only one mortar to protect the town from an enemy. When the officer who had been in command was asked why he replied to the fire of the assailants with a force so small, he answered that it was his duty to fire until summoned to surrender.

Having shown the progress of the main body of the army to the Tchernaya, and the capture of Balaklava, it is necessary, in order to complete the narrative, to return to the fourth division, which was left with some other detachments upon the heights of the Belbek, to protect the rear of the allies and the embarkation of the sick, and also to preserve, so long as might be necessary, communication with the sea near the disemboguing of the Katcha. While this division remained on the heights, some of the ships shelled the northern side of Sebastopol, but at such long range that no harm could be

inflicted, neither could any be received by the ships. The object was to draw off the attention of the enemy from the execution of the flank march, and especially from the division of General Cathcart, whose position was critical; as, if the enemy had had the spirit to sally out upon them in force, the destruction of the division must have been certain. General Cathcart, aware of the danger, made the most excellent dispositions, and exercised an untiring vigilance. The view of the sea, and the movements of the fleet, from the position occupied by the 68th regiment, was interesting and picturesque; the manœuvres of the steamboats, as they threw shells into the northern forts, were distinctly visible, and the passage of the ships as they doubled Cape Chersonese in support of the flanking march of the allies. From the position of the 20th regiment, the country presented a most varied and remarkable landscape. An officer of that regiment described it thus:—"It is impossible to imagine a much more delightful place, or to see greater luxuriance, or more abundant vegetation, than we now saw around us; there is a constant succession of gardens, small houses, lawns, and charming little villas. I observed with my glass, in a most picturesque spot, shaded by lofty and wide-spread trees, a monument walled round, apparently the tomb of some grandee. The whole place was lined with poplar-trees." After spending a night of watching and anxiety, the troops under Sir George followed the rest of the army; the objects that met their sight at every step were most distressing—men dying of wounds, they having refused to go on board ship, wishing to share the fate of the army, and believing that they had the strength to do so; many dying of cholera, some of fatigue: dysentery had caused others to fall out. The troops of the fourth division could render little aid to their comrades; they were without wine, medicine, or even a sufficient number of surgeons for their own men—what could they do for their comrades or allies? The shako was the cause of much suffering to the men; many of the Fusileers of the light division were found lying upon the road, who attributed their inability to proceed to the dreadful heat engendered by this article of dress, under the influence of a hot sun and a new climate. It was alleged that some lost their reason from this cause. The fourth division found some of the spoils left behind by their predecessors, such as rich furs, jewellery, and provisions; they also came upon some wounded Cossacks, who, coming too near to the French in a reconnoitring expedition the night before, fell under the fire of case-shot from a 6-pounder which our allies opened upon them. Short as was the time since the British army had passed

the plateau upon which M'Kenzie's Farm is situated, the Cossacks had been there in the interval, and poisoned one of the wells and filled the other with stones. Some wounded Russian infantry were found in the long sheds which constitute the farm; they had crept thither out of the wood where they had been wounded by the carbines of the Scots Greys. These men declared that if the British had had a sufficient light cavalry force, and kept up the pursuit, thousands of Russians must have fallen, thousands more have been made prisoners, and the army of Prince Menschikoff dispersed and demoralised; few would have reached Bagtché Serai. A dead Russian lay in the middle of the road, the wolves and vultures which fed upon him being scared by the approach of the guns of the horse-artillery. He was a civilian, and appeared to be a person of some position, and was probably murdered and plundered by his own friends, the Cossacks. Descending from the M'Kenzie heights (as they have ever since been generally called), the prospect was very fine; the movements of the British and French below were varied and characteristic; the landscape was a strange mingling of the soft and rugged—the country open in front, steep mountains on either side crowned with low woods: here and there a picturesque view added great interest to the *ensemble*. The inhabitants came forth with presents of fruit and flowers, both rich and beautiful; but where the soldiers showed any disposition to plunder, the Tartars made some display of valour, defending their cottages and gardens with their implements of agriculture, for which they received the encouragement of the other soldiers who were not participators in the raids, and who were amused at the discomfiture of their comrades in several of these predatory attempts. When this detachment arrived upon the level ground overlooking Balaklava, the *Diamond* and *Caradoc* were in the harbour. Sir Edmund Lyons had come on shore to congratulate Lord Raglan upon his perilous achievement, and to consult with him as to the future measures which it might be necessary to take.

The next morning the fourth division crossed the "Black River," and advanced upon Balaklava. In crossing the bridge, it was necessary to give place to a large detachment of French with their ambulances and wounded men. The British division was filled with astonishment at the ease and comfort with which the wounded French were carried. The ambulance mules bore on either side a sort of folding chair, in which was placed an invalid, who sat up or reclined as he pleased, or as their health or wounds constrained, the chair yielding freely to every motion of the sick soldier. Each mule had a driver, but as the animals

are sagacious and surefooted, the muleteer was enabled to pay every attention to his sick charge. An officer of the division, who stood and watched the French as they passed, followed by the Turks, thus graphically depicts the scene presented:—

"Over rough ground these mules went in the easiest and most careful manner, picking their road like cats. On two or three I saw English soldiers. The poor fellows on their backs seemed very comfortable, quite different from the Turkish invalids who followed just after, in wretched, rough, creaking arabas, drawn by clumsy oxen, and who looked as if they would die at every jolt, or have their heads shaken off. When they had all passed by, we moved on slowly towards Balaklava, and General Canrobert rode along our line. He was greeted by a hearty cheer, at which he looked highly gratified. He is a fine, soldier-like looking fellow, having his arm in a sling from a wound he received at Alma. He was followed by a large escort, principally of Spahis, and our men had their usual laugh at the 'old women,' as they called them in joke. A long line of French skirmishers, consisting of those active fellows, the Chasseurs de Vincennes, came sweeping across the plain, passing through our line, and finding more hares than Russians in the long dry grass. At length we entered a long valley, at the bottom of which could be seen the town and harbour of Balaklava, full of our noble ships. Several of these had come in that day, and were busily engaged in disembarking their monster guns belonging to the heavy artillery and siege train. These were fifty in number, composed of 32 and 64-pounders, together with Lancaster guns, which throw a solid 90-pound shot. We placed great reliance in the latter, having heard so much of their wonderful range. Scattered houses extended some little way up the valley towards us. We were not, however, to halt here, but, taking a sweep, wheeled round to our right, and got into the Sebastopol road. When we had gained the heights, we could plainly see the sea; and we passed some deserted farmhouses, which had stacks of hay and straw in the yards. Our line of march now took us over an undulating plain, without a tree, except an occasional orchard and a few poplars. Some of the men were actively employed in sucking pieces of honeycomb from beehives which they had knocked over in the valley we had just left. Soon, however, all eyes were intently gazing in that quarter where Sebastopol was expected to be seen. At last we came to a halt, and walking on a few yards to the edge of the ridge, we saw the domes and batteries of this wonderful city before us, standing out in bold relief from the dark blue sea beyond. It did not strike us as

being a fine city; for only a few good houses or buildings are to be seen from where we were on the south side. We now took a turn to the right, being about two miles and a half from Sebastopol, and crossed a valley, where was a deserted market-gardener's cottage, surrounded by a fine garden. This was soon full of soldiers, who helped themselves to fruit and vegetables of the choicest description. General T—, however, made his appearance, and ordered them out. An amateur friend of ours, however, in his cap and shooting-jacket, remained until the last, busily employed in filling his pockets with carrots and onions for his dinner. Observing him, the general, with a voice of thunder, pealed forth, 'Whose servant are you, sir? If you don't come out immediately, I'll send you to the provost-marshal, and have you flogged.' Our friend, as you may imagine, looked rather astonished at this, and went up to the general, when an explanation took place. The Russians, in great numbers, were seen at Sebastopol, hard at work at their mud batteries, which they had just commenced. I fancy that our appearance in this quarter was the last thing they contemplated."

The rearguard of the British became now in effect the advance-guard, as they were placed between the rest of the army and southern Sebastopol. Their place of bivouac the first night was a quarry. There was a small stone house, which had been used by the quarry-labourers, and this was set apart for the quarters of the general of the fourth division, who humanely surrendered it to the sick, and was content with his own little picket tent, his table being outside. Every precaution was taken by the experienced officer in command to secure the encampment. The guns were drawn close up to the lines, and unlimbered towards Sebastopol; the horses were all ready saddled, and every arrangement made for the men to stand to their arms, if necessary, in a moment. The position of the division was almost as precarious as upon the heights of the Belbek after the flank movement had begun. The number of men under Sir George Cathcart's command scarcely exceeded 8000; and the nearest division to his was that of Sir de Lacy Evans, which was two miles distant. Sir George, however, expressed his conviction that he could hold the position against 30,000 Russians. The night was cold, the dew descending in amazing quantities, saturating the blankets of such as had them; but many had none, even officers. Yet it is acknowledged by officers and men that whatever other evil effects followed this exposure, no one caught cold. The weather had, however, with exception of the one dreadful night of rain, been beautiful every day and night. Perhaps never was finer

weather known in the Crimea than was experienced during the September of 1854. The first night of bivouac south of Sebastopol, for the fourth division, passed without incident; the repose so much required was obtained and enjoyed, and the men were not disturbed from it until late the following morning. About eight o'clock a large body of Russian infantry came out of the south-west corner of Sebastopol, advanced some distance, halted, and made a demonstration, as if about to attack the camp. The first brigade was immediately under arms, and drew up to receive them on the slope of the ridge, in a very advantageous situation; the second brigade was in support. As soon as the enemy saw that the British general was so well prepared for him, they returned to the city, and appeared immediately to join the parties who were so actively erecting the earthworks. The number of sick was very considerably increased. All night the officers heard the moans and calls of those who were attacked with cholera or dysentery; some cases of ague also appeared, and as the men arose from the bare earth, wet with dew, they looked pale and sickly, and many, both men and officers, were evidently bearing up with characteristic manliness against suffering.

The quarry in which the troops found shelter was well adapted for a defensive position had the enemy so used it. From the elevation the country round for two miles might be swept by heavy guns. The excavations were extensive, and full of large square stones piled one on the other. The chips and dust were thrown up in vast heaps, between which were intervals left for the carts; these heaps and intervals were in remarkable regularity, and would have afforded excellent means for establishing batteries on the spot. All day the cavalry outposts of both armies were busy: small parties of Cossacks would steal up quietly towards the lines, until observed by the British light cavalry patrols, who would make a dash at them, and the Cossacks would disappear as if by enchantment, to return the moment the patrols retired. The manoeuvres of these Cossacks were very harassing to our cavalry, for although the former were no match for the British horse in an encounter of sabres, they were much superior for outpost service, by their celerity of movement, practised sight and hearing, the sagacity of their wiry little steeds, their familiarity with the local peculiarities of the neighbourhood, and their being acclimated, men and horses. Their officers also were an intelligent body of men, particularly trained for outpost duty and for reconnoitring, in which services they showed celerity, courage, keen observation, and a perfect knowledge of light cavalry movements. This is a suitable place in which to present to our readers a description of

the irregular cavalry of the Russian army, by a gentleman who himself served as a captain, and who has written this description expressly for the author's use:—

“At your request I will run over a few remarks concerning the peculiarities of the Calmucks, Bashkires, Cossacks, &c. Tamerlane and Islingis-Khan, the leaders and rulers of the Mongols, once the scourge of Europe, are names familiar to Englishmen of education, as the narratives of the astonishing deeds of those two great chieftains will not have failed making a deep impression upon the minds of those who have perused their history. It may almost be said that the Mongols and Tartars, in their hundredfold different tribes, are *born* on horseback, are *living* on horseback, and are *dying* on the backs of their horses. Their horses are of a very small stature, but strong, stalwart against weather, satisfied with little and coarse food, and know nothing about stabling, grooming, washing, &c. They are swift, nimble, and can endure very fatiguing marches of fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five English miles, without food. They are not shod, and have an almost noiseless walk, sliding gently above the surface, without lifting high their feet or stamping them vigorously down, as do the European horses, which thus exhaust their strength. What the dog is to the hunter, the horse is to these people. The Calmucks and Bashkires are not fit for European warfare, but, along with the Cossacks, they are the best light cavalry in the world, and the eyes and ears of the Russian armies. Living in the immense steppes in Asia, and the Cossacks in the steppes along the Don, Dnieper, Bug, and Volga, they are all practically acquainted with astronomy, inasmuch as they know how to find their way in every country of the globe, being guided by the stars. Their eyesight and hearing are wonderfully acute, and it might almost be said, they see in the dark, like the cats, and hear like a fox or hare. They throw themselves upon the ground, laying their ear to the surface, and will thus discover approaching men and horses at an almost incredible distance. They likewise see distinctly at a distance where other human beings in civilised countries cannot discover any object whatever. Their habits and peculiarities, in all these respects, will prove that these horsemen, by their kind of life, are made to be the very best light cavalry.”

The want of a sufficient light cavalry force on the part of the allies, which proved such an impediment on the march from Old Fort to Alma—which permitted the Russians to effect their retreat with safety, and carry off all their guns after the defeat they experienced there—which necessitated so much vigilance on the part of the infantry during the bivouacs of the Katcha and the Belbek, and rendered unavail-

able the surprise of the Russians at Kutar M'Kenzia—proved, on the first days of the occupation of Balaklava and its vicinity, a serious obstacle to the efficiency of two as fine armies of infantry as ever encamped before the fortress of an enemy. A harassing instance of this occurred to General Cathcart and his division on the first day of their encampment. An orderly dragoon rode hotly down to the general's quarters, declaring that a force of at least 20,000 Russians was marching upon their rear. Of course it was presumed that a sally from the fortress would have been made at the same time, and there appeared every prospect of a desperate and hopeless struggle for the small division of infantry before succour could arrive from General Evans. Sir George Cathcart moved the men back a short way, to protect their commissariat, and calmly awaited the expected attack. No enemy appeared, however; and after some hours of anxiety, it was presumed that the troops seen by the dragoon were proceeding to Sebastopol. The nature of the country, and the expertness of their irregular light horse, favoured such surprises. Had Lord Raglan a light cavalry,—not what in the British army is called so, which is constituted of regiments of heavy men upon bad horses, but light men, upon fleet and well-trained horses,—no such mistakes and false alarms would have worn out the infantry as was so frequently the case subsequently; nor would the unfortunate fourth division have been obliged, sick and anxious, to stand for hours beneath a burning sun in momentary expectation of an attack from greatly superior numbers.

“Cavalry,” says Marshal Saxe, “should be lightly mounted: the horses should be accustomed to fatigue; they should carry little baggage, and we should never aim at having very fat or finely proportioned horses.” In a work lately published by Colonel Beamish,* there are many original remarks concerning the uses and qualities of cavalry, with all of which we cannot concur, and some of which, such as the use of the lance, are at variance with the opinions of Captain Nolan, the highest authority on all cavalry subjects:—“Colonel Beamish recommends that the various descriptions of cavalry should all be assimilated—excepting only the household troops; and that they should have for their main arms the lance and revolver. He proposes to attach to each squadron a fifth division, armed with light needle-rifles, and destined to act as skirmishers. The maximum height of the cavalry soldier he fixes at five feet eight; and his weight at ten stone. He considers that the horses should be ‘light, strong, swift, hardy, and of high courage, not exceeding fifteen hands high;’

* On the Uses and Application of Cavalry in War.

and that the bits should be varied in severity according to the sensibility of the charger. His remarks as to clothing and equipment are equally clear, precise, and forcible. The utility of the changes he suggests is so obvious, now that he has brought them forward, that it would be unpardonable not to give them full consideration. Our cavalry has been made too much a show force, when it ought, from the superiority of its elements, to be considered susceptible of the highest organisation. It has always signalled itself in action, and we are glad to have the testimony of Colonel Beamish as to its unequalled capabilities. It requires only that these capabilities should be understood, seized, and developed. This bequest of the age of chivalry may be made an ornament, but it can only be maintained for use; and the first consideration must be, not its holiday costume, but its practical efficiency. More attention should be paid to the education and training of cavalry officers; and Colonel Beamish's project for the establishment of a college for this purpose offers many advantages. Cavalry officers should be perfect masters, not only of the art of equitation, but of the whole economy of the horse: and should know how to treat their charges in every situation, and under all circumstances. They should also have a knowledge of mathematics, fortification, and military drawing, and be thoroughly expert in the use of the lance, sword, and carbine."

There has perhaps never been a great commander that did not rely much upon this arm of war. Napoleon told O'Meara at St. Helena, that if he had had Murat to handle the cavalry at Waterloo, he would have gained the victory. Wellington paid more attention to this description of force in the Peninsula than to any other. Hannibal, whom Wellington considered the greatest of all military geniuses, relied chiefly on his campaigns upon the judicious use of his horsemen. Charles XII. of Sweden brought his troopers to great perfection by unremitting personal care; and most great commanders have made their cavalry the object of especial concern. This has never been the case in the British army, and in the Crimea the French were still more culpable than the British. The remark of Kossuth upon the Crimean expedition was just, that a large light cavalry force was essential to successful operations, if he allies hoped to conquer the Crimea.

It cannot fail to strike every reader of this history, that from the landing at Old Fort to the occupation of Balaklava, the Russians displayed little sagacity, enterprise, or resources. Bourrienne represents Napoleon the Great as laying upon his invasion of Russia, that he had then encountered a more daring and skilful foe than he had ever met in battle. In the

Crimea, whatever *éclat* the genius of one officer of engineers may have thrown around the Russian arms by his defence of Sebastopol, there occurred nothing to redeem the military name of Russia from disgrace, from the moment the English flag was planted at Eupatoria—before the general landing—until the white flag was hoisted by the Russians above the heights of Balaklava. Nor did the numbers brought into the field then, or subsequently, comport with the boasts which all Europe had heard of the countless soldiers of the czar. Every occurrence so far confirmed the impression entertained by many at home, that a zealous ministry and competent commanders would dissipate the delusion of the incalculable military resources of Russia, especially in men. "At Borodino," says M. Cole, "in the heart of their vast empire, retiring on their resources, and resolved at last to make a final stand to save their capital, and fight for independence, 120,000 was the fullest extent of their muster-roll. Neither did they ever exceed this aggregate in the successive invasions of France in 1814 and 1815. Moreover, the Russian contingent would never have arrived at all, but for the subsidies of England. M. Schnitzler, whose work is generally correct and authentic in facts, as it is often sound in opinions, has been misinformed, or is tinctured with prejudice, when he represents that 'the assemblage in the Plaine des Vertus (10th September, 1814) of a Russian army of 160,000 men, ready for the field, struck with amazement the diplomatic corps of Europe, who were present at the imposing spectacle; but such an exhibition of the military strength of a vast empire alarmed them much less than the invisible power and perfect moral influence which the greatness of soul and well-known principles of the monarch who now reviewed his troops had created.' I cannot tell what were the impressions of civilians and diplomatists, to whom I had no access, but happening to be an insignificant unit among many hundreds of military men of all nations who were looking on, I can testify that as a mere military display, we were neither petrified with amazement nor awe. No mistakes are so easily made as calculations on the number of troops estimated from a *coup d'œil*; the general belief was that on this occasion they did not amount to 90,000; and the entire Russian contingent which marched up to Paris, subsequent to the battle of Waterloo, and the second abdication of Napoleon, I was assured by an officer of the Russian staff, never exceeded, even on paper, 110,000. At this vaunted review, which had been long preparing, and lasted three days, little or nothing was done to illustrate strategy or capability of rapid movement. Three days previous to the commencement of the display

were required to place them on the ground. On the first day of action, the operations consisted in marching past in review order; on the second they were confined to performing worship according to the rites of the Greek Church; and on the third the whole force marched off again to the cantonments from whence they had been summoned. Not long after this, in an after-dinner conversation, arising incidentally, the Duke of Wellington proposed to the allied sovereigns, or they suggested to him, to show them the British army, with their allies in British pay, including the Hanoverian and Danish divisions, amounting in all to more than 80,000 men. A representation of the principal manœuvres and incidents of Salamanca, as nearly as the ground permitted, was afterwards stated to have been the programme agreed on for the evolutions of the day. There was no previous announcement or rehearsal. At nine at night the orders were sent round to the different brigades, and by eight on the following morning the whole were drawn up in two lines, the left resting on Montmartre, and the right on the Seine, with St. Denis a little in the rear. The sovereigns, with a gallant escort, comprising many of the leading generals of the day, rode hastily along the front. All were then put in motion: the entire day was occupied in a series of complicated movements, and at seven in the evening the corps marched past the assembled potentates, and returned to their several quarters. The quickness and precision of their evolutions, the martial bearing and exact discipline of the men, and especially the equipment of the horse-artillery, excited the loudest approbation. It was a proud day for Britain, as showing a solid exhibition of her power. Thousands still live who will recollect the impression it produced, and the reminiscence will not incline them to join the ranks of despondency. We have not at this moment the same numerical amount of men, for we have not hitherto required them; but we possess a substantial nucleus of similar materials, which we can increase at pleasure, now that a necessity for the supply has arisen. The Russian Imperial Guards, during the occupation of Paris, in 1815, were chosen troops, well appointed and imposing in appearance; but their ordinary infantry of the line were anything but formidable—they had neither muscle nor stamina. Sir William Napier, speaking of this same army, says, 'If we believe those writers who have described the ramifications of the one huge falsehood of pretension which, they say, pervades Russia, her barbarity—using the word in its full signification—would appear more terrible than her strength. Nor can I question their accuracy, having, in 1815, when the reputation of

the Russian troops was highest, detected the same falsehood of display without real strength for, from the imperial parades on the boulevards of Paris, where—oiled, bandaged, and clothed, to look like men whom British soldiers would be proud to charge on a field of battle—the Muscovite was admired, I followed him to his billet, where, stripped of his disguise, he appeared short of stature, squalid, and meagre, his face rigid with misery—shocking both sight and feeling—a British soldier would have offered him bread rather than a bayonet.' The average pay of a Russian soldier is about twelve shillings per annum. In some corps it is a little more or less, but the difference only amounts to a few pence per month. Instead of the substantial broth and beef which constitute the daily mess of the British regiment, his food consists of coarse rye-bread, fermented cabbage, and buck-wheat grits, to which a little hempseed-oil is added. In the picked regiments of the Guards, where the men are supposed to live like fighting-cocks, they receive half a pound of meat either twice or thrice a week."

When the intelligence arrived at St. Petersburg of the double flank march, the emperor, the court, and the public were intensely amazed that Lord Raglan should have been permitted to pass unopposed over positions that might have been so easily held against him. The *St. Petersburg Journal* was, however, ordered to make the best case out of the despatches of Prince Menschikoff, on the one hand, and of the allied generals, on the other, that could be manufactured by its ingenious editor. It will at least gratify the curiosity of our readers to peruse this essay at turning defeat into success, and a succession of blunders into a specimen of superior strategy. The journal thus puts it:—

"The Anglo-French have moved their united forces before Sebastopol, from the north of that city to the south, thereby entirely changing their base of operations. They have effected this object by a flank march round the city. Their organs in the foreign press cannot find language to praise sufficiently the thankfulness of this manœuvre. Without wishing to detract from its merit, it is only just, also, to mention and to explain the operations of Prince Menschikoff in face of the enemy.

"After the combat upon the Alma, the prince, finding no position upon the Katcha or Belbek sufficiently strong to enable him to offer battle again to the enemy, passed the Tchernaya, and concentrated his forces in a position to the east of the city, after having garrisoned the forts on the north with an adequate number of troops. The enemy advanced, crossed the Katcha and the Belbek, and arrived as far as the heights which surrounded the

forts upon the north. The position of Prince Menschikoff had this inconvenience—that he saw the enemy placed directly upon his communications with the interior of the empire. It was necessary to get out of this situation, and the prince effected that object by a brilliant conception which was boldly executed. He proceeded, in the night between the 24th and 25th September, towards Bagtché Serai, after having crossed the Tchernaya by a single bridge. He executed this flank march in the course of the night, and he found himself on the 25th in the valley of Bagtché Serai upon the flank and rear of the enemy, with his communications with the interior of the empire open, and open also with the reinforcements about to reach him. This new position of the prince would have annoyed the enemy if he had ventured an attack against the forts upon the north. But he did not even attempt it; on the contrary, he took the resolution of transferring his point of attack from the north to the south of Sebastopol, by turning the city to the east.

“We must be permitted here to explain some circumstances which will enable us impartially to consider the operations of the two parties. Prince Menschikoff had to march across mountains, by a single rode which, from the point where M’Kenzie’s Farm was situated, was no further from the advance posts of the enemy than four versts. Their bivouac fires could be seen. The prince could not hope to cover his march by the means which are commonly taken under such circumstances, for it was above all things expedient for him not to attract the attention of the enemy. In his position it became his duty to avoid a combat which might have prevented the movements of his column. The prince marched with his baggage and artillery. All difficulties were however overcome, and our troops were posted on the morning of the 25th where the enemy did not expect.

“Our adversaries were also executing, almost at the same time, a flank march, but under much more advantageous circumstances. From the Belbek, and the plain where they were placed on the 24th, they had only to reach M’Kenzie’s Farm in order to find themselves upon the road which leads, by a descent, upon the Tchernaya. The enemy executed this movement without being perceived by us, for the point on which M’Kenzie’s Farm is situated is sixteen versts distance from the place where our forces were disposed; and further, it was covered by wooded hills. If Prince Menschikoff had desired to attack the enemy during the march, he could only have done it by a single route, which, for a distance of ten versts, is a continual ascent from the Belbek to M’Kenzie’s Farm. It would have been sufficient for the enemy to have placed some

batteries in an excellent position upon the heights, in order to delay our attack long enough for the movement of the column to be terminated without danger. The enemy had the immense advantage of marching without baggage or artillery, which were being quietly conveyed by sea to Balaklava. Any one who has ever marched with troops, whether with an army or a battalion, will be able to appreciate the difference in marching with or without baggage.

“Prince Menschikoff had to avoid a battle during his movement, because the enemy was too advantageously placed. Our adversaries, on the contrary, marched in a manner which did not permit them to be annoyed by an attack upon their flank—an attack in which the prince could not, owing to the nature of the ground, engage except under unfavourable conditions.”

The steps taken by Prince Menschikoff when he found his plan of operating upon the flank and rear of the allies from Bagtché Serai defeated by Lord Raglan’s stratagem, could only be known by intelligence from the Russian camp or metropolis. Our generals were very ill informed upon all Russian movements; no systems of scouts or spies, such as the Duke of Wellington so effectually organised in Spain, and such as Napoleon invariably connected with his operations, was as yet adopted by the allies. Indeed, not only at the juncture of which we write, but all through the war, the allied commanders laboured under the disadvantage of defective information. The *St. Petersburg Journal*, professing to write upon the authority of Prince Menschikoff himself, thus describes his first movements for the defence of the fortress:—“Prince Menschikoff, in a report made to the emperor, and dated the 30th of September, states that after having executed his flank movement from Sebastopol towards Bagtché Serai, he was ready to take the offensive on the first favourable opportunity. This plan promised to be still more successful, because the allies had divided their forces. While the French approached the fortifications on the north of the Bay of Sebastopol, the English troops betook themselves to Balaklava by sea, where they effected a landing. Prince Menschikoff, informed of what was taking place, made a movement in advance, but the French declining the combat, also abandoned the north of Sebastopol, and effected a junction with their allies on the south. On the 30th Prince Menschikoff had arrived, with the greater part of his troops, at the fortifications on the north, and established himself there, waiting till the intentions of the allies were more plainly manifested. Up to the 30th no movement had been made.”

The information thus given, however correct as to the movements and plans of Prince Men-

schikoff, was erroneous in all respects as to the allies. Prince Menschikoff knew well that the English did not go by sea to Balaklava, for his troops felt their sabres on the plateau of the Kutar M'Kenzia; nor could he suppose that the forces of the armies were divided, for the French followed in the rear of the British. It is just possible that Menschikoff, when he recovered from his alarm after encountering Lord Raglan on the M'Kenzie heights, might have been deceived as to the force of the English which fell upon his rear, and have taken up the impression that they had been merely the cavalry and light infantry, the rest of the army going by sea to Balaklava. The tarrying of the fourth division and the other regiments with Sir George Cathcart on the heights of the Belbek, and the communications kept up with the sea, might have further contributed to the mystification of the Russian commander. He must have known that the artillery was not brought seaward, as Captain Maud's battery opened upon his flying columns, as did some other troops of horse-artillery following the captain's. Nor was it correct to represent the British as having made no movement from the time they reached Balaklava on the 26th to the 30th, when Prince Menschikoff made his report; for authoritative intelligence arrived in England, bearing only a few days later date, thus describing the first operations of the British army:—"On the 28th of September, the second, third, and fourth divisions of the army were ordered at once to move up to the heights about Sebastopol, where they encamped. The light division also moved forward on the following day, and now occupies a position in the line of the besieging army. The engineers and artillery proceeded at once to land the siege-train, and on the 29th some of the guns were already dragged up the heights, and temporarily placed in a field about one mile in the rear of the position occupied by the troops. From this elevated encampment, which was occupied by our troops without any opposition on the part of the enemy, a view may be obtained of the whole port of Sebastopol, with its harbours, arsenals, ships, and forts lying within a circle of three or four miles, at the feet of the vast armament which already threatens the devoted city. The Duke of Cambridge's division, consisting of the Guards and Highland Brigade, remained in the rear of the army near Balaklava until the 2nd of October, in order to cover the base of operations from the possibility of an attack. Meanwhile, the roads and tracks through the hilly country south of the Kutar M'Kenzia, by which the allied armies made their flank march on Balaklava, have been broken up and put into a state of defence by the British forces."

The *St. Petersburg Journal* does not, how-

ever, seem to have itself relied overmuch upon the accounts of the amphibious chief—half sailor, half soldier—by whom the Russian army was so wretchedly mismanaged; for immediately after publishing Prince Menschikoff's opinions, it furnished a representation of the position of the allied armies, before Sebastopol at the close of September, in the following terms, which it professed to have derived from a Vienna source,—probably the correspondence of an Austrian officer in the Russian service, sent on to Vienna and St. Petersburg at the same time. Throughout the war German officers in the Russian army were permitted to write letters of this sort, the object generally being to mislead western Europe by plausible and quasi-candid communications from officers of inferior rank, and not under the influence of Russian nationality. "The position of the allied armies completely covers every point of their rear from which an attack in that direction might be apprehended. The Tchernaya, or Black River, runs into the Gulf of Sebastopol from its sources in the mountains beyond Kamara, at which place the main body of the right wing of the allies is posted. The extreme of the right wing rests upon these mountains, and commands the whole line of road between Kamara and Alusta. Outposts are stationed along the course of the Tchernaya, or Black River, and at Kadikoi, where the roads from Balaklava, Kamara, and Alusta, on the south and east, and from Simpheropol and Sebastopol on the north, join, the centre of the allied armies is placed, extending along and covering all the roads from north, east, and south that lead to Sebastopol. The left wing occupies and rests on Karani, some short distance west of Balaklava and Kadikoi, with outposts at Khutoi. Thus, with Balaklava as the base of operations, the allied forces occupy every possible route by which the Russians from Bagtché Serai could attack them, and their position would appear to be quite as strong as that of the Russians on the heights of the Alma. Covered as the country is with dense forests and mountain ranges, the points said to be occupied by the right and centre of the allied armies, make their position before Sebastopol as strong as if they were entrenched behind a line of impregnable fortresses."

As soon as the allies could make the arrangements for communication with the fleet complete, sailors, marines, and stores, were disembarked. Sixty large siege guns were landed on the 28th of September; and by the 3rd of October the military orders for the siege of Sebastopol were actually published. It was prepared by a council of the allied generals on the evening of the 3rd, and the trenches were opened, not a shot disturbing the progress of the men.

THE ORDER.

THE trenches will be opened this evening against Sebastopol; a working-party, consisting of —, furnished by the —, will be marched to the engineers' depot at — P.M., where they will receive tools and directions from the engineers' officers and sappers, who will guide them to the works; they will be without arms and accoutrements. The guard for the protection of the working and ground will consist of —, furnished by —, and will parade in their camp at — P.M., be conducted to their positions, posted, and receive instructions from staff-officers who will be assembled for the purpose.

All the movements of the parties must be, if possible, kept out of view of the place.

After moving from their last place of assembly, which will be after dark, the *utmost silence must be preserved*, and the least possible noise of any kind made. The working-parties will be arranged in proper order by the engineers, but will not commence work till ordered, after which it must be carried on *with the greatest energy*.

The engineers will be charged with the arrangements, but the officers of the troops must be responsible for the maintenance of order and attention to the directions given by the engineers, and for the amount of work done; on diligence and regular conduct of the working-parties will depend more rapid and complete success of the enterprise. The working-parties must not quit the works on slight alarms. If the enemy make a sortie, the guard will advance and drive them in, and before they reach the work, if possible; should the working-party be absolutely obliged to retire, they will take their tools with them, and reform a short distance in rear, to return to the work when the sortie is repulsed.

The guard will be posted in rear of the working-party, and near to it, if possible, under cover from the fire of the place; if not, they must lie down in order of battle, with accoutrements on, and each man with his firelock close by him—one party, not less than one-third, of the forces abso-

lutely on the alert all through the night, taking it alternately, ready for an immediate rush on the enemy.

A sortie is out and on the works in a very short time, and therefore the guard must be in immediate readiness to attack it without hesitation; nothing is so easily defeated as a sortie if charged without delay.

After the repulse of any sortie, the guard will return under cover as soon as possible, and resume their position.

All working-parties and guards will be composed of entire regiments, or parts, and not of detachments, made up of different corps.

On the very same day that the allied generals were putting forth the order to break ground before Sebastopol, the czar issued a proclamation, announcing that he would remove the head-quarters of his army to Warsaw; and calling upon his nobles, clergy, and people, to support the war by their ardour, their prayers, and their contributions. To the grenadiers of his army he also published an address, full of fanaticism and boasting, calling upon them to march and beat the enemy from the soil of holy Russia. Thus both sides were preparing for a struggle, the shock of which should vibrate not only through the vast empire of the czar, and the territories of contiguous states, but throughout Asia from the Caucasus to Peking, and throughout Europe from the Tauric Chersonese to the western shores of the British Isles.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ANCIENT CHERSONESUS.—SEBASTOPOL AND ITS ENVIRONS.—BALAKLAVA.—THE GROUND OCCUPIED BY THE ALLIED ARMIES.

"It is impossible that civilised nations can allow a nation of thieves to exist on their boundary."—
SIR G. GREY, *Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, to Moshesh, Chief of the Basuta.*

BEFORE entering upon the incidents of the wonderful siege which is now to engage our attention, it is desirable to give some description of the Tauric Chersonese, the modern Sebastopol, Balaklava, and the ground occupied by the allies while conducting their operations.

The Tauri, a very ancient and barbarous tribe, seem to have held for ages the coasts of the Crimea, and to have established themselves more especially on the heights above Sebastopol. It is from that people the name of Tauric Chersonese has been derived. In later ages a famous temple of Diana occupied the rocky headland near the city of Chersonesus, on the very spot where the wires of the electric telegraph were laid, by which the tidings of war should be borne to our doors. The city of Chersonesus, or, as it was afterwards called, Cherson, was built on the west side of Quarantine Bay, occupied by the French at the opening of the siege. The ruins of this city were extensive, and were plainly traced by Clarke. Dubois de Montpéreaux, in his *Voyage autour*

du Caucase, relates, that when he visited it the ruins were fast disappearing, so that he was in haste to take account of what still remained. Dr. Koch declared that he could find nothing of what Montpéreaux had described only a few years before, the Russians having carried away the stones to use in the buildings of the modern Sebastopol. An imperial ukase was issued to prohibit this barbarous conduct; but the demolition was complete before the mandate could come into effect.

Chersonesus was not a Milesian city, but a colony from Heraclea, in Bithynia. It was among the latest Greek settlements, and became one of the most flourishing. When the Crimea fell under the Tartar khans of Kaptehak, about the middle of the thirteenth century, all the cities founded by the Greek colonists had faded away except Cherson, and it only retained traces of its former glory. It nevertheless carried on a considerable trade with Constantinople, and was regarded as a place of importance by the khans. These Tartars favoured commerce to some extent, and

listened to the overtures of the trading Genoese, who founded "a factory" at Kaffa, and carried on much intercourse between that place and Cherson; but as Kaffa grew rapidly into importance, the former city declined, and when the Turks made the conquest of the Crimea, no mention is made of Cherson in the histories of that event: it had probably ceased to be a city of any importance whatever. Certainly, in 1596, Bronovius found the place uninhabited. Since then another Cherson has sprung into existence, which we notice to prevent any confusion in the minds of our readers when the name occurs in other pages of this History. Catherine II. founded a town at the mouth of the Dnieper, to which she gave the same name, in the exercise of that fancy which the Russians display of imparting to modern places the names of cities whose glory is departed, although not erected on their site, nor in their neighbourhood, nor bearing any resemblance to them. The Cherson of Catherine was founded in 1788. In a quotation from Dr. Clarke, in the thirty-third chapter of this History, we showed that Catherine also gave the name of Sebastopol to the Tartar Aktiar. At first the name was given to the bay, and then to the town which is situated at the head of the bay, built upon the site of the old Tartar village.

Descriptions of Sebastopol, its fortifications and environs, have become numerous since the mighty siege commenced, although good works on the Crimea generally are still scarce. We shall here confine ourselves to an outline, to be filled up as events are recorded which bring more directly under notice particular features of the place, both as a city and an arsenal. The most pleasing and minute description which we have met with is by Mrs. Nielson. She describes what Sebastopol was before it ceased to be important; Clarke tells us what it was when it *began* to be important. Miss Pardoe, with her usual happy facility for graceful and compendious summary, thus depicts it:—"To leave the present exciting phase of the history of Sebastopol, and turn to the origin of the city, it may surprise some of our readers to learn that scarce a hundred years since a few wretched Tartar huts, known as the village of Aktiar, occupied the site of Sebastopol. It is to Catherine II. that the honour of founding the present town belongs. This crafty and ambitious woman was fully aware of the importance of a strongly-fortified harbour in the Black Sea, for the defence of her newly-acquired territory in the Crimea, and also to assist in her ultimate designs against Constantinople. In obedience to her instructions, the works were commenced in 1786, and, encouraged by her favour, soon acquired a pre-eminence over older parts. The houses are superior in building to those of the

generality of Russian towns, being chiefly of stone. They rise from the side of the harbour in a series of terraces to nearly 200 feet above the water, and are mostly occupied by persons connected, either directly or indirectly, with the naval arsenal and government; permission has rarely been granted for the residence of strangers, and even Russians are not at times permitted to remain. The public buildings are of the usual character, including churches, a museum, theatre, hospital, and public schools; before the present attack, many of them were said to possess considerable architectural merit."

Mrs. Nielson describes all the public buildings in detail, and represents life in Sebastopol as very gay. Forty thousand persons generally residing there, a large portion of them being seamen, soldiers, and their families, made the public promenades exceedingly lively. Bands from the ships and regiments played every evening in the prominent public places; and the best military music might be daily heard. The theatre was much patronised; the orchestra was assisted by the bands of the fleet and army, and the soldiers were always at hand for theatrical spectacles. Balls and festivities, on board ship, in barracks, and in the private residences of the civil functionaries, were perpetual. Those who loved quiet beauty could find shaded walks in the suburbs; and the environs afforded scenes both sublime and beautiful.

The docks and harbour are amongst the finest in the world. Their cost, with that of the fleet they sheltered, was estimated, when the war broke out, at twenty millions sterling. The fortifications had cost seven millions sterling. The stores and munitions of war contained in the arsenal it would be impossible to estimate, except upon data supplied by the Russian authorities; and so flagitious is the system of peculation and falsehood among Russian officials, that no reliance could be placed upon any data they might supply. The events of the siege proved that the ammunition, arms, and stores of war contained in the place were enormous, and probably exceeded the quantities of material ever before gathered within the bastions of a fortified city.

The celebrated Russian topographer, Vsevoljsky, who was better acquainted with the place and locality than any other person, thus describes the city:—"The town stands on a chalky stratum, which rises from the height of thirty feet at the extremity of the point to an elevation of 190 feet above the sea in the upper part. This elevation, with the steep coast opposite, which also consists of a calcareous rock, perfectly defends the bay, which, from the summit of the heights, appears to lie at the bottom of a deep cavity; and, indeed, at

SEBASTOPOL.

LONDON JAMES B. YERGEN



a very short distance from the shore inland, it is impossible to perceive the tops of the highest masts. Near the extremity at the point of land stands the house built in 1787 for the reception of the Empress Catherine II. Behind are situate the Admiralty, the Arsenal, and the houses of the naval officials; while higher up are the dwellings of the inhabitants of the town, the market and the Greek church; besides which there is a Russian church for the use of the sailors belonging to the Black Sea fleet. The seamen's hospital and barracks, and the magazines, are mostly situate on the other side of the harbour; and, together with the barracks of the garrison, built a short distance from the former, compose a sort of suburb. The town of Sebastopol itself is not much above a mile in length, and is nowhere more than 400 yards wide."

The same important authority gives the following description of the harbour:—"The harbour, the most important feature in Sebastopol, has been compared to that of Malta. The principal bay is about three miles and a half in length, with a width of three-quarters of a mile at the mouth, widening to nearly a mile, and then narrowing to 600 or 700 yards at the head. The entrance of the harbour is defended by strong batteries placed at the extremity of the two points of land that form the bay. Besides these there is another fronting the town, and two more on the double point, on which the town stands, with a redoubt higher up. About a mile from the north of the bay the grand port for vessels of war forms a sort of small arm, running in a south-west direction. It is upwards of a mile and a half in length, with a width of 400 yards at the entrance, and has a little narrow creek of about 600 yards in length, in which ships can be laid up in ordinary with perfect safety. On the other side of the town, in Artillery Bay, is a similar creek, used to careen vessels of war."

There is no writer more frequently quoted concerning the shores and harbours of the Black Sea than Mr. Oliphant, who, in 1852, visited the shores of the Crimea. He describes the appearance of the place in the following terms:—"Nothing can be more formidable than the appearance of Sebastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by 1200 pieces of artillery: fortunately for a hostile fleet, we afterwards heard that these could not be discharged without bringing down the rotten batteries upon which they are placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as if they had been done by contract. Four of the forts consist of three tiers of batteries. We were, of course, unable to do more than take a very general survey of these celebrated fortifications, and

therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion, that the rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow and ill-ventilated, that the artillerymen would be inevitably stifled in the attempt to discharge their guns and their duty; but of one fact there was no doubt, that however well fortified may be the approaches to Sebastopol by sea, there is nothing whatever to prevent any number of troops landing a few miles to the south of the town, in one of the six convenient bays with which the coast, as far as Cape Cherson, is indented, and marching down the main street (provided they were strong enough to defeat any military force that might be opposed to them in the open field), sack the town, and burn the fleet."

While the allied fleets blockaded the Russian ports of the Black Sea during the early part of 1854, her majesty's ship *Retribution* reconnoitred the place, passing with impunity under the range of the batteries. Lieutenant O'Reilly, R.N., during the three hours and a half which the ship occupied in the reconnaissance, sketched the port and batteries, and sent home the sketch to the Admiralty, who have since permitted it to be published. The representations of the Russian topographer and the British traveller agree with Lieutenant O'Reilly's sketch. It was not, however, the opinion of the officers of her majesty's ships, who then and subsequently effected close reconnaissances of the place, that the batteries were constructed after the defective manner pointed out by Mr. Oliphant: on the contrary, it was their uniform testimony, as well as that of the allied generals and engineer officers, who inspected it previous to the expedition from Varna, that the granite walls were of the most solid construction, and that the most complete care had been expended in their erection. The siege proved that Mr. Oliphant was in error, and that he had allowed the fashion of depreciating everything Russian to influence his judgment.

Prince Demidoff* visited Sebastopol when the enormous docks were excavating under the superintendence of Colonel Upton, a British officer, and a gentleman of great engineering talent, civil and military; and the prince, of course, recounts with pride the number of Russian war-ships riding on the bosom of the bay; but he admits that there is a formidable enemy to Russian naval power there, to which he makes reference in these terms:—"The great destroyer of the ships in the beautiful waters of Sebastopol is an imperceptible worm, the *teredo navalis*. The ravages of this little animal reduce the time which a Russian ship of war may be reckoned to last to a period of eight years—an unfavourable condition for the Russian navy to labour under, as the ships of

* Travels in Southern Russia and the Crimea.

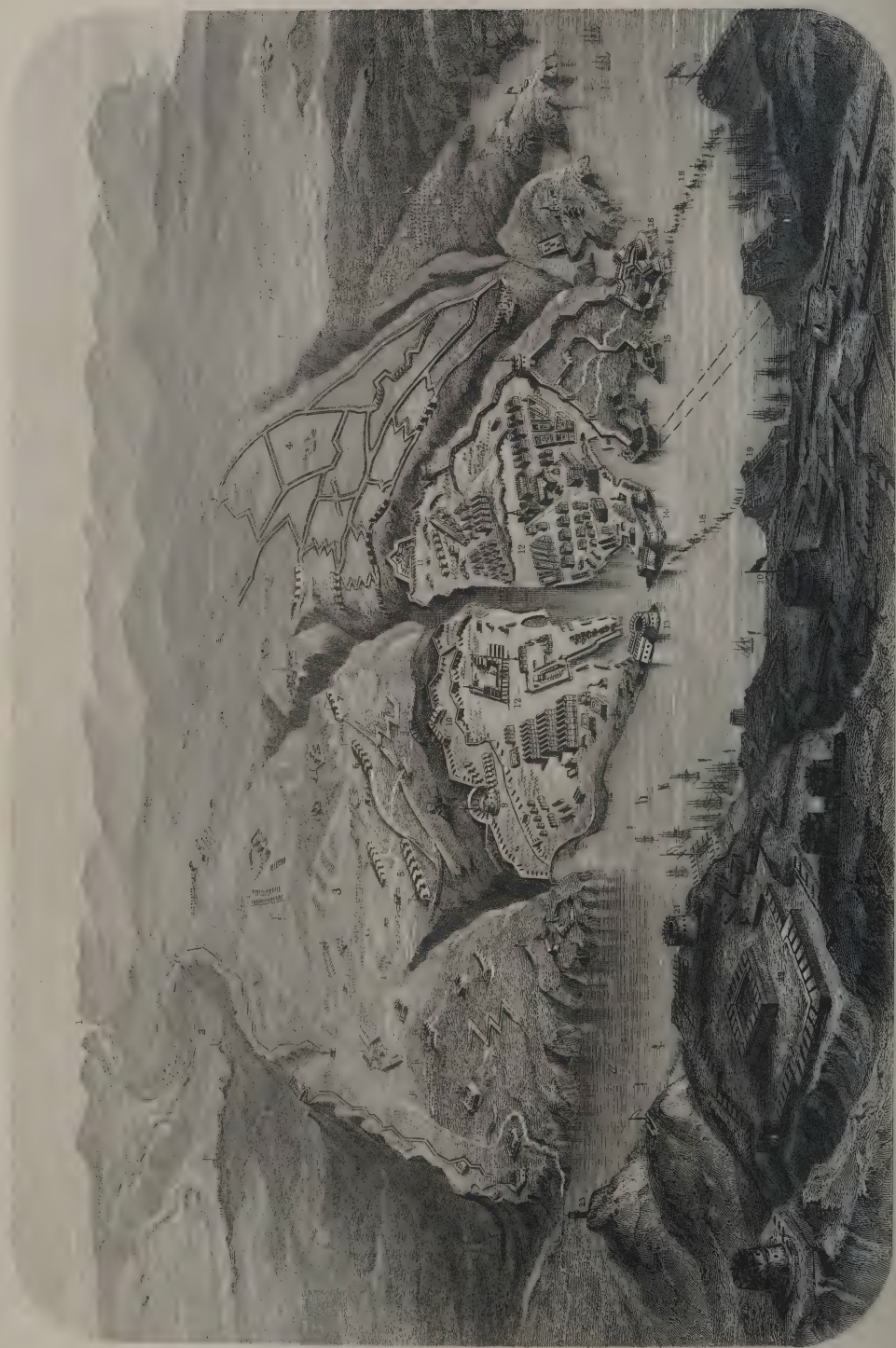
the English and French navy are reckoned to last an average period of fifteen years. Whatever experiments have been tried to preserve the ships from this cause of premature decay have not, apparently, been followed by the success anticipated. It is truly afflicting to think that so contemptible an enemy should thus attack with impunity those large and stately structures, so nobly resting on the waters of one of the finest ports in the universe."

According to the prince, Nicolaïeff was as important a place as Sebastopol; the latter only received the navy prepared at the former. Ships come down from the Bug and Dnieper to be armed at the "golden Chersonese." A line-of-battle ship, a three-decker, *without her guns*, can be floated down to the liman of the Dnieper, and brought round to Sebastopol, where the guns and other equipments are put on board, and the ship then lurks like a pirate within the harbour, until opportunity arrives for a sally, like that of Sinope, for plunder and aggression. The prince gives a clear insight to the spirit of the Russian government in his details of the sacrifice of life imposed by the excavation of the docks. Just as Peter the Great did not hesitate to sacrifice 100,000 lives in reclaiming the morass upon which his capital of St. Petersburg was built, so here human sacrifices must be offered to the Moloch of Russian ambition. It was said of the Tauri who once dwelt there, that they impaled human beings and offered them to their god Molkos; and the phrase Cimmerian darkness had as much reference to their bloody rites and barbarous indifference to civilisation and human rights, as to the tales of supposed fogs and gloom which ancient mariners circulated concerning the shores of the Black Sea. The Russians, in their zeal to perpetuate ancient names under new forms of civic existence, seem also ambitious of perpetuating ancient barbarity in connection with the works of civilisation. Colonel Upton had 30,000 men assigned to his charge for the purpose of accomplishing the excavations. Their labour was incredible; the soil was literally carried away in sacks on the shoulders and heads of the workmen. It was, as the prince describes it, "a perfect ant-hill, in which the infinite division of labour arrived at the same result as machinery."

Many of these men died from excessive labour and insufficient food, but their places were speedily supplied by others. At last, the heat, the glare of a Crimean sun, and the clouds of white dust from the chalky soil, brought on a visitation of ophthalmia so dreadful that, according to the prince, "twenty-four hours were sufficient for the eye to become so corrupt as to fall from the socket." Still the excavations went on, until after many fresh immola-

tions of men the masonry was completed, and the docks were ready for use. The same engineer constructed an aqueduct from the Tchernaya on a gigantic scale, for supplying the docks with fresh water, to protect the vessels from the sea-worm before referred to as so injurious to the ships.

Various opinions have been entertained as to the plan and principle of the fortifications, and as to the character of the engineering and workmanship by which they were worked out. Russian writers invariably glorify their country for having accomplished a work of military science so vast. They always proclaimed it to be impregnable, and the great military wonder of the world. On the other hand, there has been a disposition on the part of officers from western Europe to deny its defensive capabilities. M. Hommaine, a French engineer of some distinction, who spent several years in Russia, declares that the whole plan of fortification was defective, both for the sea and land defences, especially the latter. He relates a curious story as accounting for the prodigious pains taken of late years to strengthen it. He says that, in 1831, when the French Revolution which placed Louis-Philippe upon the throne of France caused the more open avowal in Europe of sympathy for Poland and hostility to Russia, a London newspaper urged the practicability of a British squadron burning the fleet in this harbour. This produced a sensation at St. Petersburg, and the czar ordered four new forts to be constructed, making a total of eleven batteries. Hommaine thus describes them:—"These four forts, consisting each of three tiers of batteries, and each mounting from 250 to 300 pieces of cannon, constitute the chief defence of the place, and appear at first sight truly formidable. But the reality does not correspond with the outer appearance; and we are of opinion that all these costly batteries are more fitted to astonish the vulgar in time of peace than to awe the enemy in war. The internal arrangement struck us as at variance with all the rules of military architecture—each story consists of a suite of rooms, opening one upon the other, and communicating by a small door with an outer gallery that runs the whole length of the building. All the rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow, and the ventilation so ill-contrived, that we are warranted, by our own observation, in asserting that a few discharges would make it extremely difficult for the artillerymen to do their duty. But a still more serious defect than those we have named, and one which endangers the whole existence of the works, consists in the general system adopted for their construction. Here the improvidence of the government has been quite as great as with respect to the dock-basins; for the imperial engineers have thought



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|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Balaklava Harbour. | 7. Sailor's Battery. | 13. Fort St Paul. | 19. Gortschakoff Battery. |
| 2. Railroad. | 8. Mamelon. | 14. Fort St Nicholas. | 20. Star Fort. |
| 3. English Works. | 9. Malakhoff Tower. | 15. Fort Alexander. | 21. Soukharnau Tower. |
| 4. ... | 10. ... | 16. ... | ... |
| 5. ... | 11. ... | 17. ... | ... |
| 6. ... | 12. ... | 18. ... | ... |

proper to employ small pieces of coarse lime-
stone in the masonry of three-storied batteries,
mounting from 250 to 300 guns. The works,
so, have been constructed with so little care,
and the dimensions of the walls and arches are
so insufficient, that it is easy to see at a glance
that all these batteries must inevitably be shaken
to pieces whenever their numerous artillery
shall be brought into play. The trials that
have been made in Fort Constantine have
readily demonstrated the correctness of this
opinion, *wide rents having been there occasioned
in the walls by the few discharges.* Finally,
all the forts labour under the disadvantage of
being *utterly defenceless on the land side.* Think-
ing only of attacks by sea, the government has
quite overlooked the great facility with which
an enemy may land on any part of the coast of
the Chersonese. So, beside that the batteries
are totally destitute of artillery and ditches on
the land side, the town itself is open on all
sides, and is not defended by a single redoubt.
We know not what works have been planned
and executed since 1841, but at the period of our
visit a force of some thousand men, aided by
a maritime demonstration, would have had no
sort of difficulty in forcing their way into the
interior of the place, and setting fire to the fleet
and arsenals."

This description corresponded with the con-
dition in which the allies found it when the
grand march brought them to its southern
front. The subsequent defence of the place
mainly depended upon the works thrown up
under Todleben, after the allies captured Balak-
lava, when a British engineer officer remarked
that the forts were all so placed "as to give a
mutual support to each other, which is the true
principle of fortification." When the allies
landed, the land defences were weak on both
sides of the bay; a wall without towers or
bastions, loopholed for musketry, formed part
of them. The northern side, being consider-
ably higher than the southern, and therefore
commanding it, was most strongly fortified,
and the fortifications were all erected with a
view to defend the bay and harbour. On the
northern heights, the principal work was the
Great Fort; this commanded the whole town
and docks, and the bay which separates the
northern side of the city from the southern;
and this fort could only be assailed with effect
from the land side on the north. Sir Howard
Douglas, the greatest living authority on for-
tifications, called it "the key of Sebastopol."
The following remarks of Sir Howard Douglas
will show the importance he attached to attack-
ing the place from the land side on the north:—
"The North Fort being taken, the Telegraph
and Wasp Batteries on the northern heights,
Fort Constantine, and the forts below, being
surrounded and attacked in reverse, must soon

fall; while the town, docks, arsenal, and bar-
racks on the south side of the harbour would
be at the mercy of the allies, who by the fire of
their batteries might entirely destroy them all.
On the contrary, by attacking the place from
the south, the enemy holding the northern
heights, although the works on the crest of the
southern heights should be breached and taken,
the town, the body of the place, with its docks
and arsenal, will not be tenable by the besiegers
till the great work on the northern side, and
all its defensive dependencies, shall have been
captured." Criticising the actual plan adopted
by the allies, Sir Howard says:—"Such a place
need not and will not capitulate, attacked as
it is, however successful that attack may be.
The garrison cannot be captured; since after
making the most determined resistance, it may
retire to the northern heights, or it may
evacuate the place altogether, and unite itself
with the army already in the field, after having
rendered the town uninhabitable, and destroyed
all the warlike stores it contains." It is scarcely
necessary to say that the predictions of the
general have been fulfilled.

On the appearance of the allies on the
southern side, the utmost precipitation was
seen in erecting new defences. It has been
since alleged that Prince Menschikoff inquired
of the officer superintending the engineers' de-
partment how soon he could put the place in
a proper condition of defence, and that the reply
was, "In two months, prince." The prince,
pausing with an air of dejection, perceiving
how hopeless it was in that case to think of
defending it at all, a young officer (Lieutenant
Todleben) stepped forth and offered to do it in
two weeks, a sufficient number of men being
placed under his direction. The offer, as the
story goes, was accepted, and the result was the
astounding system of earthworks by which the
allies were so long kept at bay, with all their
bravery, power, and engineering skill. Imme-
diately upon Todleben's appointment, a deep
ditch was dug in front of the loop-holed
wall already described, and earthworks were
thrown up connecting it with two tremendous
batteries, which were called by the British the
Garden and the Flagstaff. From the Quarantine
Bay to the head of the Military Harbour the
defence was thus secured. The line of
fortification was continued by the Barrack
Battery, a huge bank of earthworks joining the
Redan, a zigzag work reaching to the Malakoff
or White Tower, in front of which was a large
fortified hill called the Mamelon, and on to
Careening Bay the circle of earthworks, com-
pleted the defences of the place. The harbour
and neighbouring coast are indented with bays,
which have generally received designations in
keeping with the uses made of them. Thus
the Quarantine Bay was so called from the

erection of a quarantine building near it, and because vessels of a certain rate were obliged there "to ride quarantine" when any infectious disease was reported on board. The Military Harbour was so called because used for military purposes; Careening Bay was so named because there vessels were careened, the destructive *teredo navalis* removed from them, and any other cause of the decay of the ships. About 1200 guns were placed upon the earthworks and redoubts, and so great were the resources of the place in military material, that notwithstanding the wear and tear of cannon, and the destructive fire of the allies, there was never any deficiency in the number or quality of the ordnance. It will be so frequently necessary to notice the topographical peculiarities of the city and its suburbs, and to refer to particular batteries and features of the defence, that no further description is necessary here.

Balaklava, as the head-quarters of the British army, has become also a place often named in the military, political, and topographical discussions to which the war has given rise. It is situated a few miles east of the Monastery of St. George, and about ten miles one way, seven another, from the city of Sebastopol. The bay or harbour is completely land-locked, and is very picturesque. It is entered by a narrow opening, commanded by heights, on which stand the ruins of Genoese fortified castles, built by that enterprising people for the protection of their commerce in those parts, when, as shown in a previous chapter, the flag of their marine was ascendant in the Euxine. The harbour is scarcely anywhere 1300 feet wide, but the depth of water is in some parts 600. The harbour and the situation of the town bears some resemblance to the Cove of Cork. There are many mythic stories connected with its ancient history, as may easily be supposed when it is known that there, 2200 years ago, the Milesians founded a city. Dubois de Montpéreaux fancied he found there the spot described by Homer in the tenth book of his *Odyssey*, and Koch, noticing the fact, says—"In truth, if we visit the harbour of Balaklava with this book in our hand, we should be induced to imagine that the bard had actually visited the place. The following is the passage, describing Ulysses' first approach to the country of the Læstrigones, and which Pope thus translates:—

'Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edged round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side,
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here, retired, the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silvered o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refused to moor,
And fixed, without, my hawsers to the shore.'

Those gentlemen who make it a point to reject every theory that does not coincide with their own, and firmly insist that the peregrination of Ulysses took place in the Mediterranean, should remember that very probably the whole Trojan war, at least in the way it is sung, one of those myths in which the pre-historic age of the Greeks is so rich. At any rate it is a highly interesting circumstance to find a place which so entirely agrees with the poet's description of localities." Catherine II. Russia encouraged the settlement of a Greek colony there, amounting to 8000 persons. They were a nest of pirates, who had given her important aid in her warfare with the Turks. In consequence of their piracies, it became a policy with the Russian government to interdict commerce to the port of Balaklava, and the lawless settlers and their progeny were obliged to betake themselves to agriculture. The present inhabitants of the place are the descendants of those unworthies, and they do not belie the ancestry,—for the allies found them as ready to lie, cheat, steal, and act as Russian spies, as the progenitors could have been. The derivation of the name is generally supposed to be Italian *bella clava* (beautiful port), but the word *bal* is the Celtic for *town*, and points to an eastern origin. Many of the ancient names in the Crimea and southern Russia indicate a Celtic affinity. All travellers praise the site of Balaklava; none commend its population or its architecture. The allies found it filthy, miserable, and poor, and somewhat in harmony with Mr. Russell's description of the first oriental town with which the allied armies made acquaintance in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles. Balaklava is so small a harbour, that General Canrobert, then in command of the French army, decided on abandoning it altogether to the English, and seeking a separate shelter for his ships, and to some extent a separate base of operations. He chose the Bay of Kamiesch for this purpose, which is south-west, almost west of Sebastopol, and nearer to it by several miles than Balaklava. Near Kamiesch is Arrow Bay, which the general also selected for the debarkation of his stores.

The positions occupied by the allies were very strong, and the character of the country in many, although not in all respects, favoured their operations. By examining our map, the reader will perceive that Inkerman is situated at the head of the harbour of Sebastopol. If a line be drawn from the disemboisement of the river Tchernaya, near the Bridge of Inkerman, nearly due south, slightly inclining to the east, it will terminate in the Bay of Balaklava. The country to the west of that line constitutes a peninsula, which was anciently called the Heracleatic Chersonese, because inhabited in remote antiquity by the Heracians. Koch and

her writers are particular in narrating their early occupation of this little peninsula. By and from the mouth of the Tchernaya to Balaklava is about eight miles. From the former point, along the southern side of the bay to the eastern extremity of the peninsula, is not much more, as the bird flies; but Sebastopol lies in the route, also several bays, by which the coast is indented, and Kamiesch Bay, at the head of which was the French landing-place. To Kamiesch from the Tchernaya the distance may be rather more than from Balaklava to either place. The peninsula terminates on the extreme west in the bold headland of Cape Chersonese, from which, along the south shore to Balaklava, may be about twelve miles. The way from the French landing-place to the British was rugged and uneven, and did not lie along the coast. Within this peninsula the contest before Sebastopol was waged. The ground was rough, rocky, and hilly, alternating with soft and fertile valleys. Between Balaklava and the head of the harbour of Sebastopol, the country was bold and abrupt, descending steeply to the valley of Inkerman. From this description it will be seen that the British approached the fortress from the south-east, and the French from the south-west, almost due west, and that the French positions were on the left of the British.

Across the Heraclian peninsula, and nearly intersecting it from north to south, ran a deep ravine, with precipitous crags on either side, to the west of which the French took up their positions. This ravine terminated at the head of the Military Harbour. The western shores of the Quarantine Bay were held by the French on their extreme left. There they erected batteries to oppose the Russian batteries on the opposite side. The French works confronted a loop-holed wall already described, and their approaches were directed against the Bagstaff and Garden Batteries. Behind these works the French army was encamped. On the eastern side of the ravine the English completed their works, until they opposed the Russian defence with a most formidable attack. From the British left, touching the French right, at the head of the Military Harbour, to the extreme of the right attack, which completed the investment of southern Sebastopol, the English planted their batteries with skill, and with intense labour on the rocky nature of the ground. Near the head of the Military Harbour they established the Green Mount Battery. This work was very similar to another further right, and opposing the Great Redan, which was called the Crown Battery, and was manned with sailors. Between the Green Mount and the Crown Batteries, a small one, mounting only four guns, was thrown up. Further to the right than the

Crown Battery, and opposing the White Tower (Malakoff), was planted a huge Lancaster gun, and two long 84-pounders. Still further to the right, and completing the attack, a 6-gun battery was erected. The number of guns brought to bear upon the fortress by the allies was by no means proportionate to the object to be accomplished. Against the attack the Russians brought to bear an immense mass of heavy metal, and the whole garrison worked ceaselessly day and night, relieved by fresh troops from the camp beyond the city, throwing up earth-works the most formidable ever constructed. The French artillery, as was soon proved, was not of a calibre for so great an undertaking. The French officers plied their guns with admirable skill, and the gunners showed great bravery and aptitude for their arm of warfare; but the ponderous metal of the enemy soon overmatched the French attack. The British batteries were more solidly constructed, the metal of the guns heavier, the men more steady, and the officers more practical, and possessing equal science with their allies. The Lancaster gun was a weapon peculiar to the English, but it disappointed their expectations.

The lines were of great strength. The French left rested on the sea, its right on the ravine. The British left rested on the side of the ravine opposite to that occupied by the French, and their right rested on the precipitous cliffs which overlooked the valley of the Tchernaya. The French seemed, on the whole, to have chosen the best position; their left was more secure than the British right. There was a possibility of turning the latter, and of falling upon its rear; while the French left, resting upon the sea, could not be turned. Hence, so long as the right of the ravine which intersects the peninsula was exclusively occupied by the English, they suffered most. Upon them fell, in consequence of the character of their position, the brunt of the battles of Balaklava and Inkerman.

By so far anticipating events which will shortly be recorded, the reader is enabled to come to their perusal with clearer views of the objects of the enemy, and the especial dangers and trials to which the English army was exposed. The plateau upon which the armies encamped was about 250 feet above the level of the sea, overlooking the besieged town, which was built on the slopes of the high ground above the harbour, and which descended from the high ground in front of the allied positions. There was a road, called the Woronzoff road, which led from Sebastopol to Balaklava, and which was of great use to the British in bringing up to the trenches men and munitions. In this one particular the English place of support was better than that of the French. On the hills around Balaklava, overlooking the valley,

the British marines were posted, and batteries were reared. The 93rd Highlanders were encamped at the foot of the cliff, in the valley to the south of these heights. To the north of Balaklava, a low range of hills joined at a sharp angle the precipitous range that we have already described as overlooking the valley of Inkerman, and defending the British right. On those low hills three redoubts were thrown up, and committed to the Tunisians in the service of the sultan—troops unaccustomed to civilised warfare, and badly led. Some description of the Tchernaya river is necessary, both to enable our readers to comprehend the position of the conflicting forces, and to understand with more facility the battles of the 25th October, and the 5th November, now so memorable in the military annals of the English nation.

The *Tchernaya Betchka*, which in the Russian language means the Black River, is so named from the muddy character of the water near its mouth; it has not a pebbly bottom, like the Katcha and the Belbek, but winds its sluggish way, when it approaches Sebastopol, through a channel of dark-coloured mud. It steals through marshy plains for a great portion of its course, carrying with it a vast quantity of mud, which it filters into the harbour of Sebastopol, rendering dredging continually necessary. The sources of the river are among the highlands of Baidar, and it flows in a north-west direction along its whole course, passing between the upper and lower Tchorgoum, by Traktar, through the valley of Oosshakoff, where the aqueduct begins which was constructed by Colonel Upton (referred to on a previous page). In this valley the foliage is rich and varied. It was the place for Sebastopol picnics. Here, during the fine weather, the officers of the fleet gave dancing parties, and were in turn invited by the citizens. Their repasts were spread beneath the shadows of the beautiful trees that variegated the valley, and often while the yellow moonlight fell richly upon the green, the pastimes of the gay denizens of Sebastopol were continued. The 1st of May was the grand day in the valley of Oosshakoff, when all the officers of the fleet and garrison, with the officials and professional classes, were present, to dance and be gay upon the green turf. Nearer to the head of the harbour, the Tchernaya makes its way through the valley of Inkerman, and empties itself near Marsk into the southern corner of the head of the Bay of Sebastopol.

The head-quarters of Lord Raglan were established in a farmhouse about half way between Balaklava and the trenches; that of General Canrobert nearer to the rear of his encampment. From Lord Raglan's head-quarters the plateau was rent by gullies similar to

that which ran nearly across the centre, but much smaller. These continued to the harbour of Sebastopol, forming deep gorge-like clefts as they approached it. These gullies separated the different batteries on the English attack, the guns being erected upon the jutting heights between them. This circumstance in some respects made the position stronger, but others added to the difficulties of the besiegers. Although the head-quarters of General Canrobert were nearer to his lines than those of Lord Raglan, the ravine separating them here widening into a valley, the communication between the two chiefs was facilitated. Canrobert's quarters were behind the right of his lines, Lord Raglan's behind the left of his, so as to bring the positions of the two chiefs much nearer than if posted in any other manner. The coast line between Kamiesch and Balaklava needed no defence, as there was no possibility of the Russian fleet attempting anything, especially since so large a portion of it was sunk. The coast and the aspect of the plains beyond, as seen when the siege commenced, were thus described by a scientific officer who took part in the events then occurring:—"Half-way between Cape Cherson and Balaklava the bold coast-line turns back at a sharp angle, close to the site of an ancient temple of Diana, now occupied by the Monastery of St. George. It stands on the edge of a high sloping cliff, and consists of a long low range of buildings, with pillared porticoes and green roofs and domes. The cliff it stands on is of yellow clayey stone; the next headland southward, abutting far beyond it, is of extreme richness of colour—a deep pearly grey, dashed with dark red, of a tone which, even on a gloomy day, imparts to the mass a kind of sunset radiance and glow. A sergeant's guard of Zouaves is stationed in one of the buildings, and many Russian families continue to inhabit the place. Passing through the edifice by a steep flight of steps, a gallery is reached, extending along the upper face of the cliff. Terraces, connected by a winding path, jut out below; and near its base the rock is clothed with a shrubbery of small firs. There was a sound of chanting as we passed along the balcony: the Zouave who accompanied us opened a door, and motioned us in without ceremony. The place was a very small low chapel, its walls hung with sacred pictures executed with elaborate vileness. A priest in a red garment was reading prayers to some others, who sung the responses. He was bare-headed; but the rest, clad in black gowns, wore tall cylindrical caps, from which black veils descended behind. There was something strange in coming thus suddenly from a great camp into the presence of this secluded brotherhood, whose devotions, usually accompanied

only by the dashing of the waves below, were now broken by the less seemly sound of the distant bombardment. The whole of these plains are probably much the same in aspect now as in the days when Diana's worshippers crossed them on the way to her temple. A short dry turf, scarcely clothing the grey rock which everywhere pushes its fragments through, is, except the patches of coppice, the only verdure. No fields nor gardens tell of an attempt to make the soil productive, but here and there vines cling to the side of a slope where the earth is deepest, and are enclosed by walls of loose stone. A few trees, soon cut down for firewood, surrounded the farmhouses, and others grew at intervals down the course of the larger ravines. Lit by a warm sun, bounded by a blue sea, and enlivened by the view of the white-walled city, the aspect of the plains in October was fresh, and almost cheerful, while, looking inland, the tumbled masses of hills always lent grandeur to the landscape." It is to be regretted that the monks were left in such quiet possession of their monastery, for the place became a focus of spies; and its inmates showed more zeal in conveying information to the Russians than in performing their penitential obligations or conducting their devotions.

The harbours of Kamiesch and Balaklava were centres of great interest and activity during the period preparatory to the commencement of the siege. At Kamiesch the fleet presented an appearance very imposing; and the arrangements, both in the village and in the harbour, were as nearly perfect as possible. The transport fleet of our ally was vast; the masts looked like the trees of a forest when winter strips them of their foliage. An excellent wharf was erected by the French sappers and miners, aided by the sailors and marines, and every convenience provided for the prompt and rapid landing of all the varied stores which incessantly crowded the beach. The organisation became so complete that it may be said in truth "there was a place for everything, and everything was in its place." Stretching away from the beach of Kamiesch there appeared a city of tents, the streets of which were named; an excellent post-office was organised, and Parisian *restaurateurs* were to be found. The pleasant little *vivandières* might, nevertheless, be seen tripping about with that light and graceful air so peculiar to the young Frenchwoman, and they were treated with all imaginable courtesy and tenderness. Throughout the dreary siege that followed, the neatness and order of everything at Kamiesch were visible commendations of the French system, and of the faculty for organisation which characterises the French staff.

At Balaklava the crowd of transports was still greater than at Kamiesch, but the uttermost disorder prevailed in the way in which they were handled. Some were anchored within the harbour, some moored under the little town, others left outside the harbour, beating about, and perhaps never able to land their stores, or landing some portions of material or equipment of no use without other portions. Vessels were frequently ordered off to Varna, Constantinople, Malta, or somewhere else, carrying undischarged cargo to and fro over the waters of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, as if the very genius of stupidity and folly presided over all. Many of the vessels within the harbour were injured by knocking against one another—so hopeless was the disorder in which they were permitted to lie about wherever they could get a berth. There was no wharf—nothing that could be called a landing-place; the munitions and material were piled in incongruous heaps, as chance ordered. Confusion reigned paramount from the very first day. No guiding hand was found, on land or sea, to save the English nation from the disgrace and disaster resulting from this state of things, and to preserve the unfortunate army from the direful consequences.

One of the most injurious effects arising out of the anarchical condition of matters at Balaklava, and in the transport service generally, was the loss of the knapsacks. When the flank march was determined upon, the knapsacks of the men were sent on board ship, to be brought round to Balaklava, and there meet the army. When the march was effected, and the troops took up positions before Sebastopol, no knapsacks could be had. Lord Palmerston's government instituted an inquiry into these matters after the appointment of the Sebastopol Committee; the commissioners who conducted that inquiry reported a statement of the Hon. Colonel Gordon, deputy quartermaster-general, that the knapsacks were offered to the generals of division, who, with the exception of the Duke of Cambridge, refused them; thus shifting the blame from the department of the quartermaster-general, within whose province it fell, to the generals of division. It so happened, however, that while Colonel Gordon was giving his evidence to the commissioners on the spot, the Duke of Cambridge and other officers were giving their evidence before the Sebastopol Committee at home; and their united testimony was that the generals both of divisions and brigades sent to Balaklava as the various transports arrived, and could only learn that those vessels made repeated trips to the Bosphorus, and even to Malta, with the knapsacks on board, not knowing to whom they should be delivered, and having no distinct

orders concerning them. Neither General Airey nor his assistant, the Hon. Colonel Gordon, knew what to do, or knowing, took any pains to perform what was necessary; and the soldiers continued without knapsacks and without change of linen, combs, or any of those little appurtenances necessary to personal care, which, on the bivouac and in the trench, are so conducive to comfort and health. The testimony of Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans is so clearly inculpatory of the quartermaster-general and his department, on this matter, that we give it. "Persons are not aware why it is that the question of the knapsacks is dwelt on so much. I must remind them that it was stated by the medical officers that in consequence of the troops not having a change of clothes their sufferings were aggravated; and I know the sick and wounded went down to Scutari with their shirts sticking to their backs, in the most deplorable condition, no provision at all being made for them at Balaklava. I admit that perhaps some confusion was inevitable, but I do not think that such efforts were made or arrangements concluded as prudence would have dictated."

The testimony of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is very straightforward, and bears about it a *naïve* air of truth, which carries conviction to every one not prejudiced in favour of official routine. "Is your royal highness aware at all of what was the reason of this great delay in the restoration of the knapsacks after they had been taken away?"—"The reason was simply this, that, instead of each ship, after coming round to Balaklava, entering the harbour and discharging its cargo of knapsacks, and care being taken that the regiments were informed at the time that such would be the case, a sort of circular was sent round that a ship was outside or inside the harbour, and the chance was taken of getting the knapsacks out. It occurred once or twice, on sending down for them, that the ship had sailed in the meantime to Constantinople or Marseilles upon another service, and the knapsacks were gone."—"Is the fact within your royal highness's knowledge, that ships laden with those knapsacks went two or three times backwards and forwards across the Black Sea without landing?"—"I think that that is true."—"Does not that imply great neglect in some quarters?"—"I think it a very bad arrangement."—"Would it not have been possible, after the flank march was determined upon, to have all the knapsacks collected together out of the different ships into one, and to have sent them round to Balaklava?"—"I have no doubt that some arrangement of the sort might have been made at the time. Of course, at sea it is not, perhaps, a very easy matter to shift knapsacks from one ship to

another. I apprehend the simplest course would have been to have landed the knapsacks of each regiment at Balaklava, and then to have made the ships available at once for any other duty."

The testimony of Colonel Wilson of the Guards informs us what was done with the knapsacks at last. "Do you know what steps were taken on the part of the officers to obtain their baggage while encamped before Sebastopol?"—"I know that the officers repeatedly sent down their servants to Balaklava to endeavour to discover the ships in which they had sailed to the Crimea for the purpose of getting their baggage. I did so myself; and on one occasion the *Tonning*, the ship in which I sailed to the Crimea, did arrive, and I sent my servant down, and they told him that they had been ordered at Constantinople to discharge all the baggage, and to put it into store there, so that I got nothing."

The case of the knapsacks is but a specimen of the whole business at Balaklava—*ex uno disce omnes*—we will not harass the feelings of our readers thus early in the narrative by recounting all the malversations, jobbing, neglect, cruelty, and ignorance which occurred at Balaklava before one cannon-shot was fired against Sebastopol. In the course of our siege records it will be repeatedly necessary to refer to the deeds and misdeeds of commissary and quartermaster-generals, harbour-masters, and other officials; but for the present we must leave Balaklava, and direct attention to Sebastopol, and to events more immediately connected with it.

This siege opened in a manner different from all others. It is an axiom that the place which is besieged must be invested. In this case, from the nature of the country, an investment of both sides of the harbour was impossible, so that only the side at which the allies lay could be invested at all; and the communication of its garrison with the north side and with the open country beyond remained unimpaired. It is also an axiom in conducting sieges that the assailing army ought to be more numerous than the garrison. It will of course depend upon circumstances in what proportion that superiority must be maintained, but the average is threefold. At the siege of Saragossa by the French the besiegers were actually only one-third the number of the garrison; but the latter was composed of citizens, and not well-disciplined troops. In a few other instances in the history of sieges, the besieging army has been less numerous than the beleaguered garrison; but the rule is as stated above. At Sebastopol the garrison and the Russian army in the field were one army. As fast as the troops in Sebastopol fell in the defences, others from the field took their place; and the united

forces under Prince Menschikoff when the siege began, were decidedly more numerous than those of the allies. By the 25th of October, and again by the 5th of November, the numerical superiority of the Russians was very great; so that the allies were attacked in their own positions, upon the rear and flank of the British, by powerful Russian reinforcements. It is likewise an axiom that the cannon of the attack should be superior to that of the defence. At Sebastopol the latter numbered more guns than the former when, upon the 7th of October, the bombardment commenced; and the French guns were so light, that they were to a great extent disabled on the first day. It is usual in sieges to open the trenches at about 600 yards, enclosing by the fire directed from them one or more salient points of the defence. The advantage of the assailants, in the first instance, may be understood by supposing two concentric circles drawn from a point within the fortress, the inner circle just enclosing the defences, the outer one the trenches of the besiegers: it follows that the defences being on the lesser arc—the inner circle—and the assailing batteries on the arc of a circle 600 yards apart from that of the inner one, a greater number of guns can be brought to bear in the attack than in the defence. When the fire of the assailants has proved itself superior to that of the assailed, the former push on their works by means of zigzag approaches, and open a second parallel, which, being nearer to the defence, already weakened by the fire from the first parallel, is still more destructive. The danger to the besiegers in opening their second parallel is greater than in opening the first; and its extent depends upon the skill with which they work their zigzag approaches, and the celerity of their movements. When the works of the fortress sustain additional damage from the second parallel, the besiegers proceed as before, trying their zigzags still nearer, and opening a third and final parallel as close as possible to the works. The danger increases as this enterprise proceeds, for the beleaguered may use the musket and rifle with deadly effect. Then, by the superior weight of metal brought to bear upon the walls and batteries, breaches are effected, the besiegers rush in through the breach, and, by dint of numbers, overpower the garrison. In the case before us, the space occupied by the works of the allies was so great that not less than three miles—that it enabled the garrison to bring as many guns against the allies as could by the latter be brought against the place. The hope originally entertained that the fleet would enter the harbour, and assist in the attack, was disappointed by the stratagem of Prince Menschikoff in sinking the ships at the entrance. All that could then be

expected from the fleet was to attack the forts at the mouth of the harbour.

The employment of shells in sieges gives a great advantage to the assailers, for they are sure to do some harm, if not to the garrison, yet among the inhabitants, destroying life, breaking down their habitations, and increasing the terror and confusion of the citizens. On this account the Duke of Wellington never used them in his sieges in the Iberian peninsula, because the chief destruction they would have inflicted must have been upon the Spanish and Portuguese inhabitants, which would have exercised no influence upon the French garrisons in slackening or abandoning the defence, as the inhabitants were their enemies. No such reason could prevail with the allied generals at Sebastopol, and they accordingly used shells unsparingly throughout the attack.

The first French parallel was opened much nearer to the fortress than that of the British; this arose from the ground being less rocky on the site occupied by our friendly rivals. Between the British camp and the trenches the ground sloped upward to a ridge, and then downward to the fortress. Of course, as the works were moved down the slope the men became more exposed to the fire of the besieged, and higher parapets were required to cover them from the fire. So stony was the earth on these slopes, that it was next to impossible to open trenches at all. Our first batteries were traced on certain elevations which arose on the face of the descent. Along the eastern *gradus* of the peninsula, nearly from Balaklava to Inkerman, a strong earth-work was raised by the French, with bastions and redoubts at intervals. This was useful to check any attempts of the Russian armies at a diversion upon the right flank of the allied armies. The British, especially, derived great advantage from this work.

As the material was moved up, great labour was experienced in dragging the heavy guns to the front, and here the sailors showed great spirit; making a run, they would pull up the guns with a simultaneous effort, and then give a hearty cheer, reminding one of a favourite stave with many of the groups—

“Did you hear that British cheer
Fore and aft, fore and aft?
Did you hear that British cheer
Fore and aft?”

These brave fellows seemed weatherproof and disease-proof, for while already Turks, French, and English were falling victims to the cholera, which seemed intensified by the abominably filthy state of Balaklava, and of the waters of the harbour, these rough men experienced comparative good health, and greatly enjoyed “serving ashore like sogers.” They were led by Captain Lushington, who knew the men he

had to deal with, and to whom they rendered a ready and affectionate obedience. The naval division was divided by Captain Lushington into two brigades, one of which was placed under Captain Peel, and the other under Captain Moorsam. They had tents, of which the army was nearly destitute; these they pitched with dexterity and care, and talked of "sarvin' on board tents" as something very merry and exciting; and neither the jollity nor excitement seemed at all lessened by the presence of danger, even when the enemy's ball bounded among their canvas, or the bursting shell scattered showers of missiles around them. They were as amusing to others as they were jovial among themselves, their nautical phraseology frequently applying with *à propos* and odd effect to the scenes and events in which they mingled. It was curious to see the decorations with which they, after their fashion, graced their tents; still more curious to read the inscriptions hoisted above them. The inmates of one tent were pleased to call themselves the "Bellerophon's Doves;" others, rivalling the complacent harmlessness of their neighbours, styled themselves the "Trafalgar's Lambs!" All did not seem alike to cherish the easy-going goodnature or the good-humoured irony expressed by such inscriptions: many displayed very bellicose mottoes, such as "Vengeance for Sinope," "the Tiger's Revenge." Notwithstanding the character for excessive jollity which the tars obtained from the rest of the camp, they had their serious moments; and a thoughtful and loving heart beat beneath many a rough blue jacket. At night, when there was general carousing over their grog and ration pork, and sea-songs rolled upon the breeze over the whole encampment, even to the heights before Sebastopol, there might be seen here and there a silent poor Jack, with his bit of candle stuck upon the crown of his hat, as he knelt before it, or sat and held it between his legs, while he scratched with such pen and ink as he could procure his fond words to wife or sweetheart, parent or sister, left far away, where the white cliffs of Albion guarded the home he loved and the nation for whose honour he was about to fight—perhaps to die in the conflict; or lay him down and perish when the winter's winds should sweep bleakly over the hills where now October bronzed the leaf or smiled upon the naked cliff. Bluff as the rock of their native shore, their very words of love were abrupt and eccentric. One of these fine fellows, when asked if he had a wife at home, replied, "Aye, aye, sir; and she's worthy to be an admiral!" Another complimented his sweetheart by calling her "a regular three-decker!"

During the second week of the encampment, and before the bombardment had yet commenced, an unexpected disease made its ap-

pearance among the men—one which the physicians were not at all prepared to see develop in that climate—rheumatism. Men of all the divisions, except the naval, were disabled wholly or partially from this cause. A gentleman who resided many years near the Alma (husband of the lady whose little book, *The Crimea*, we have quoted and commended), thus warned the English public of the probability of our men suffering from this cause, and gave his opinion as to the means of counteracting it, which might be found in the East, without altogether invaliding the men. We believe this gentleman also gave information to government upon the subject, to which, as a matter of course, no attention whatever was paid. In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Neilson says, under the heading of "Plagues of the Crimea:"—"Among these rheumatism may be enumerated, from the effects of which many of the poor invalided soldiers from the Crimea are now suffering at home, though it may not, perhaps, be generally known that a remedy is close at hand to the locality where this disease has in so many instances been contracted. The hot mud baths at Eupatoria are said to be efficacious in this respect, and the island of Mitylene (the ancient Lesbos) was famed from remotest antiquity for the medicinal virtues of its mineral waters 'which,' says a recent work on Turkey, 'are of known efficacy in derangement of the spleen and liver, scrofulous tumours, gout, and rheumatism. The last-mentioned disease is, unhappily, one to which Europeans are particularly liable in these countries. Finally, the waters of Vossilica are said to have a specific action in the cicatrization of wounds.' When to this above it be added that Mitylene possesses one of the finest and healthiest climates in the world, 'invariably cool in summer, and remarkably mild in winter,' it is strange that no hospital depot should have been already established in so desirable a locality, and one moreover, so near the seat of war."

The diseases of the climate were greatly aggravated by the saltiness of the food and the mode of cooking. Every English soldier was obliged to prepare his own food, and to soak his ration pork in water before cooking, as otherwise diarrhoea was observed speedily to follow its use. The men had no bread; hard biscuit was served out to them in sufficient quantities; and occasionally the French made our men a present of a ration of bread which they baked every day in their camp. With them also one man cooked for twelve, and by giving himself wholly to the matter on the day when it became his turn, everything was properly prepared. The bands of the English regiment left their instruments behind, and the bandsmen were engaged as hospital servants, to the astonishment of the French, who prized the

bands so highly. The different effect produced in the two armies by a policy so diverse, has been well described by the author of *A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol*:—"The members of our bands are, as I have said, devoted to bearing stretchers. The French musicians, on the contrary, are at this moment playing 'Rule Britannia,' in compliment to the *entente cordiale*; and many a poor sick Briton is, I dare say, raising himself on his elbow, to catch the faint but cheering strains, as they float to our lines. Our allies argue that camp is the very place where music is wanted; that a soldier can carry a stretcher into action as well as an accomplished musician; but that, if both get knocked on the head, a month's training will replace the one and not the other. They add, that even if the musician alone will serve our turn, it would be well that he should, at any rate, play during the days and weeks that happily intervene between bloody engagements, in the most active warfare. Can you answer this Gallic view of the case?"

By degrees the whole of the troops took their posts around the fortress, and the preparations were rapidly put forth for the bombardment, previous to which various skirmishes and alarms took place, which we shall recount in another chapter. We shall close the present by a statement of the troops occupying the positions of the allied armies. On the side of our allies,

Prince Napoleon and General Bosquet occupied the posts of danger; General Canrobert displayed prodigious activity of mind and body, affording constantly by his presence in the lines encouragement to his troops. Even Lord Raglan, with all his heroic recklessness of personal exposure, did not surpass General Canrobert in dauntless bearing. On the part of the British, the troops that suffered most at Alma were in the most exposed positions at Sebastopol. At first, Sir George Cathcart's division, as shown in another part of the chapter, was placed between the rest of the army and the enemy, but as the other divisions moved up, they were placed nearer to the foe. Sir De Lacy Evans was to the extreme right, overlooking the valley of Inkerman; next him, Sir George Brown; General England still more to the left; and ultimately Sir George Cathcart on the extreme left—the left of his division resting upon the ravine; the Duke of Cambridge was in reserve, to the rear of General Evans; and the cavalry division was at Balaklava. To these must be added the 150 sailors, who were encamped between the fourth and light divisions; a detachment of sappers and miners; the troops of horse-artillery attached to each division, and the Marines at Balaklava. Behind the lines, the tents of the generals of the staff were pitched, and behind all, the hospital marquees.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOSTILITIES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—COMBATS AT EUPATORIA.—THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT.

"Where the battery, guarded well,
Remains as yet impregnable."—BYRON.

HAVING described the vicinage of the doomed city, and the positions of those who were assembled to work its fall, we proceed to narrate the incidents by which the siege was opened and continued.

One of the first hostile acts was the arrest of Mr. Upton as a prisoner of war. Lieutenant Peard thus relates it:—"On the 26th, the cavalry took a Mr. Upton, an Englishman by birth, and a son of Colonel Upton, who built so many of the batteries in Sebastopol. It was said that he remained at home on his farm on purpose to be taken; but he declined giving any information, having once been in the Russian service, and long a resident in that country. We rather hoped to obtain some useful intelligence from him. I am sorry to say that they allowed him to remain at Balaklava, for I have a suspicion that he acted against us. He was permitted to have a good deal of liberty; and from circumstances which occurred afterwards, there is little doubt that there were spies in

Balaklava who were well conversant with the English language. I never could understand why Mr. Upton was not sent to Constantinople with the other prisoners." This event has been much discussed, and generally in the spirit of the above-named officer, to whose interesting narrative justice has always been done in our History. In this instance Mr. Peard errs in almost every particular except the bare facts of Mr. Upton's arrest and nationality. His father, Colonel Upton, is represented as having built many of the batteries of Sebastopol. He did not build one; but the docks owe their construction to him. Mr. Upton is represented as having remained on his farm for the purpose of being taken. He remained there under the impression that Sebastopol was completely invested on the north as well as the south, and that he could not escape through the open country beyond. This can be readily believed when it is recollected that the Russian army, which had been watching

the British from the Alma, were surprised to find them on the south side of the city at last; and that a lady fled from Sebastopol, and took refuge at Balaklava, supposing that there she would be safe from the English, who had been advancing upon the city from the opposite side. Mr. Upton would not of course go into his house in Sebastopol, which he knew must be bombarded; no man in his senses would take a wife and four little daughters into a city begirt with besieging hosts, especially when the besiegers were the soldiers and the allies of his native land. Mr. Peard's suspicions that he was a spy were gratuitous and unfounded. No circumstances came to light which justified the gallant lieutenant's suspicions. Two things were brought against him, both of which were "trumped up" charges, and were promoted by General Airey, the Quartermaster-general, for his own purposes, and form a part of the extraordinary doings of the department over which General Airey so strangely presided. One of the charges was, that he concealed from the British the fact that a road existed by the shore of the bay from the city to Inkerman. He never knew of such a road; he did not believe then, nor has he since believed, that any such road existed. If there did, the Russians made it after the trenches were dug, and destroyed it again—an unlikely if not impossible thing; for since the capture of the southern side of Sebastopol, the gallant officer who commanded the naval division took pains to ascertain the truth, and declared that there has been no road there. The other charge was, that Mr. Upton had perfect knowledge of the enemy's defences, and concealed them to the injury of his country. The proof of this consisted in the fact that, when taken to Balaklava, and his wife and little daughters were left behind, General Airey had his house ransacked for papers; an old plan of Sebastopol was discovered, *which had never been carried out*, which had been prepared long before any of the existing fortifications were founded, and which, *because of no use* except as an engineering curiosity, was given to Colonel Upton a great many years before. Mr. Upton had no map or plan of the existing fortifications, and had never been over them. The author of this History has the authority of a distinguished general officer in stating that the plans found among Mr. Upton's papers were utterly worthless to the allies. From the moment of his arrest he was persecuted by the Quartermaster-general's department. Brought up to the lines, and paraded there in the sight of the enemy, all his property in Russia would of course be confiscated. The house in Sebastopol was dismantled; British soldiers destroyed the farm, everything it possessed being carried away; and Mr. Upton, without proof or trial to con-

vict him of being faithless to his country, was retained a prisoner of war, and, in 1856, on trod his native land on parole! A few other prisoners, all of them Greek civilians, were captured soon after.

As early as the 28th of September there was smart firing between the Russians and British Rifles, but under circumstances which allowed of but little mutual injury being inflicted. The batteries and the British ships also exchanged shots, without any damage to the latter, the Russian balls dashed up the water upon their decks; the balls from the ships dropped into the batteries with remarkable precision, and it is difficult to believe without effecting some mischief. At midnight of the 29th the besiegers were alarmed by great clamour in the town, accompanied by the beating of drums and braying of trumpets. The troops stood to their arms, but the tumult and military noises died away, and Sebastopol seemed to slumber in quietness and gloom. Early dawn on the 30th Cossack videttes approached the British camp, but retired when a few muskets were presented at them. The day had scarcely broken when several citizens attempted to escape, but the British Rifles fired upon them, they precipitately regained the city. A soldier who accompanied them was captured, and seemed to regard the British as assassins, for he immediately knelt down to perform his devotions, expecting every moment to be shot. On the 30th, also, a ship was careened in the harbour for the purpose of shelling the camp. Several nine-inch shells, some of British manufacture, fell among the troops; those of British manufacture *did not burst*, a very common case when afterwards shells were thrown from the British lines into the city. During the whole siege the allies suffered from vessels being careened for the purpose of giving elevation to their guns. It is astonishing that in the position originally taken up this was not provided against. A gentleman of great experience, a distinguished civil engineer, pointed out to a leading member of Lord Raglan's staff the necessity of counteracting the fire of the ships. The reply was, "Oh they will shell us." "Cannot you shell them also?" was the pertinent retort, to which no answer was returned; nor were any means adopted calculated to encounter the evil, although in the opinion of the gentlemen who knew the ground well it was perfectly practicable. Sir George Cathcart was eager to assault the place before the Russians had time to throw up defences, but Lord Raglan objected, on the ground of the loss of life that would be entailed. As events proved Sir George's views were correct, the place was open to assault; it is true, it may have been untenable, but it might have been fired or destroyed. Lord Raglan's "timid counsels" di-

not arise from want of personal heroism; he was among the bravest of the brave; but whether from want of military skill, or from overstrained humanity, the result of his refusal to follow Sir George Cathcart's counsel was a tenfold greater sacrifice of his army. A veteran officer, who was present, told the author that when the French retreated from Leipzig, Buonaparte left a strong body in the place to cover the retreat, who obstinately defended the cemetery, which had a high crenulated wall. The Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, ordered up the British Rocket Brigade: the Austrian ambassador, a general officer, remonstrated, on the ground that the English rockets would burn the city and injure the inhabitants; Bernadotte, pointing to a number of Swedish riflemen slain by the fire from the cemetery, replied, "If I fire the city I may injure the inhabitants, but I shall spare my soldiers: if the city is burnt, the French must retreat, and our object will be gained without fresh sacrifice of our own troops." The British artillery, however, swept away the wall which surrounded the cemetery, and the French were driven through the place. The energy and promptitude of Bernadotte, on the part of the English chief, would have won Sebastopol. Had Sir George Cathcart commanded the British on the 30th of September, there would have been no siege of southern Sebastopol; the garrison would have been driven from it by a strong force charging down the main street, and before the fire from the northern forts could have inflicted any very great injury upon the victors, they would have effected, if necessary, by the torch and the miner's axe, what was accomplished long after by the "fire infernal" of the final and successful bombardment.

On the 1st of October the *Twelve Apostles*, one of the largest of the Russian ships in the harbour, brought her guns to bear upon the camp of the fourth division with such accuracy that it was forced to retreat to a less perilous position. The spot evacuated by the 20th regiment was torn up by shells, and the colonel's tent—the only one the regiment had—was rent by the scattered fragments of the projectiles. They were Russian-made shells, not British, which were thrown by the enemy this time. The men of the fourth division, having moved about a mile to the right, halted, and made huts of boughs of trees which they had collected, but not in sufficient proportions to protect them from the burning sun by day, and the chilling dews by night. Sir George Cathcart was indefatigable in every duty, and won the enthusiastic confidence of his division. He encamped them behind a hill, which covered their new position, so as to conceal them from the enemy. On this hill (afterwards so noted in the history of the siege) was

a ruin, seated among the stones of which the officers used frequently to assemble and look down into Sebastopol, of which there was a magnificent view—its batteries and works being not only within the range of a good glass, but plainly visible to the naked eye.

On the 3rd of October the Russians endeavoured to throw a considerable succour of troops and supplies into the town; but the French defeated their intention. They, however, were able to accomplish this purpose upon the northern side. The light division had been compelled to change its position as well as the fourth, the enemy throwing both shot and shell at a very long range into their camps. On the 3rd of October reinforcements of heavy cavalry arrived from Varna. On the 4th, the progress of the enemy in erecting their earthworks became obvious, and they were allowed to continue their indefatigable exertions unmolested; not so the allies, they worked under showers of projectiles, and several men and non-commissioned officers of the 63rd perished by this means. The men all along the lines were solicitous to direct a fire upon the parties who so rapidly constructed the defensive earthworks; and our officers very generally expressed an opinion upon the desirableness of so doing, both to impede the rapid advance of the defences, and to encourage our own men; but Lord Raglan would not listen to their suggestions, being opposed to any desultory cannonade, and reserving himself for a general bombardment.

On this day General Luders arrived at the head of 16,000 men—a formidable augmentation of the garrison. The desertion of a Polish officer to the allies afforded much excitement, especially as all sorts of rumours were current concerning the information which he gave. He very minutely described the works opposed to the French attack, but could give no intelligence as to the works opposed to the British. He described the general impression of the garrison to be, that the city must ultimately fall, but that the defence might be protracted by vigorously toiling at the earthworks, and loading them with guns of large calibre. His account of the Polish part of the garrison was, that they were all eager to desert, but were watched most closely. They did not, however, in the course of the siege, desert in any considerable numbers, which most writers have attributed to the *esprit de corps*, but which really arose from the fact that the Polish soldiers were generally married men, and if they deserted, no probability remained of their ever again seeing wife or child.

The division of General Evans experienced considerable inconvenience on the 5th from 84-pound shot rolling, somewhat spent, through the camp. In the evening the light division

made an ambush, and succeeded in getting a body of Cossacks within range of their rifles, several of whom they killed, and brought down a few horses, the riders of which rose and ran for their lives. A severe loss occurred to the British army on this day. Reinforcements arrived from Varna on board the *War-Cloud* and the *Wilson Kennedy*; they consisted of cavalry, belonging to the 1st Royal Dragoons and the 6th (Enniskillens). A storm had arisen, and both ships were in imminent danger of wreck. The tempest continued for two days with unabating fury, causing the ships to labour heavily; the horses became loose on the deck, and the result was that 178 perished.

The population of Sebastopol seemed to get over their panic as the earthworks progressed, for their gaiety at this time was unbounded. Balls and picnics were their principal pastimes; and scenes of unusual revelry took place on board the ships in the harbour as well as on shore.

The exertions of Sir John Burgoyne, the distinguished officer of engineers, were of great value at this juncture. These exertions were extraordinary for a man so far advanced in life; and they were as intelligent as active. He was, in effect, the commander-in-chief of the British army. His orders were, however, sadly thwarted by the slowness and incapacity of various official persons. Among other instances of this, he had ordered furnaces for heating shot to be sent up to the trenches, and for some guns to open with red-hot shot upon the vessel which was careened across the harbour, and whose fire so annoyed the troops: all his orders were rendered abortive by the mismanagement of those upon whom it devolved to execute them.

The prevalence of cholera caused great uneasiness to the allied chiefs; several of the medical men died, and many most valuable officers. The number who perished of that pestilence, during the first fortnight from the occupation of Balaklava, was greater than that of the slain at the battle of Alma. Many, also, were invalided, especially among the British. The filthy condition of Balaklava contributed much to the spread of disease. Lord Raglan ordered it to be cleansed; but it could not be determined who was to obey the order, and Lord Raglan himself did not attend to its execution. About this time the Earl of Cardigan pleaded ill health, and went on board ship. Ultimately his lordship took up his quarters on board his yacht, which came from home, some alleged for this particular service; his lordship, however, accounted for its arrival by certain fortunate contingencies.

On the 7th, a council of war was held at the British head-quarters, and the mode of opera-

tions was decided upon. It was determined that the French should conduct the real attack on the left, opposite to the Dockyard Creek and the town, while the British should keep down the Russian fire, not advancing their works nearer for the present. The 7th of October was rendered further eventful by the appearance on the right flank of the British of the Russian army of relief. A strong body of the enemy occupied the Tchernaya to the north of Balaklava, and a brigade of Cossacks made a reconnaissance in force. A British hussar officer thus describes his experience of the events of that day, on which began the series of operations upon the British flank, so skilfully conducted by the Russians, and of which the battles of Balaklava, Inkerman, and the Tchernaya, were a part. The writer also describes the wretched condition of the troops, and their sufferings from sickness:—"This morning, at sunrise, the trumpets sounded boot and saddle, and in a short time eight regiments of cavalry and a troop of horse-artillery were trotting away to the assistance of our pickets. The writer, with the rest, after going a mile or so, came on a very large body of Russian regular cavalry. The artillery unlimbered, and sent eight or ten shells among them. They evidently had a body of infantry near, so we did nothing else but observe for a couple of hours, and then returned to our camp, where we now are with horses saddled, ready to turn out. I expect that we are not far off a battle with the relieving army, as their pickets and ours come into collision daily. General Luders and a large convoy got into Sebastopol the evening of the 5th. Something wrong, I fear. Our Lancaster guns are now in position, and it is said that we open this evening on the *Twelve Apostles*, the Russian admiral's flagship, which throws shells at us all day. The cholera is still raging; the last account I heard was that forty-five had died that day, but really the wonder is that any are left alive. We (that is the men and regimental officers) are either starved, or eat food against which our stomachs turn; and in order to live we are obliged to eat loads of grapes from the vineyards close at hand. The days are very hot, the nights very cold, and our clothing consists of one suit on our backs; the dew wets us through every night, just like rain. When taken ill we have no medicines, no place to be nursed in, no one to care a straw about us, as the immense mortality has made, and invariably so, every one more or less callous. In fact, people taken ill may recover, but by a sort of miracle. One officer of the 77th, Crofton, a man I knew, died in a ditch by the roadside, with as little ceremony as a dog. When the officers are so badly off, I leave you to guess how the men are. I am myself so weak from diarrhœa, that

I can hardly sit on horseback; indeed, I am quite prepared to see it turn to cholera, as I cannot stop it. I feel low-spirited about my sister, and I am in a bad condition to resist disease. I went to the general hospital yesterday, and the horrible sight of so many dying of cholera, and all suffering horribly, appalled me."

The following brief extract, from an intelligent sailor ashore, presents a fair picture of things previous to the opening of the first bombardment:—"The trenches are progressing; and, you may believe me, we don't pop our heads out imprudently when such whistling is shriller than usual. The Russians fire day and night on our fatigue-parties from very heavy ordnance. A bomb, that burst 150 metres off the place I was at, sent a splinter to within twenty paces from me. I picked it up, and shall use it for a weight to keep loose papers from flying about. The Russians have a very tall mast, with a scout on the top, whom our sharpshooters call the *Green Ape*. From that height the eye can look down into the trenches, and the spots can thus be pointed out for firing at. Fortunately, it is very difficult to make a shell fall and burst in a trench when well defended. Not more than twenty have been killed in this way, and most of them may have exposed themselves imprudently. For the rest, the works, which advance slowly day by day, get on very fast by night. The aim is more uncertain in the dark, and the pickaxe can then be better plied. The Russians have, however, contrived to have artificial aims; during the day they stick up small pennons, and fire over them, so that the balls are sent nearly in the right direction. On our side, night is in our favour: our boats, with muffled oars, take soundings in all the channels. To-night the *Algier* will pass under all the outside forts, and will anchor inside the Quarantine Basin, in order to destroy a Russian battery, thrown up in forty-eight hours, and which ever since noon has been raking the trenches. All is going on well: hope for the best. We reckon, please God, on soon taking Sebastopol, burning the city and ships, making prisoners of the garrison, and destroying the arsenals. After that we shall throw the fortifications into the harbour. The citadel alone will escape us. They say that General Canrobert intends then marching against Menschikoff, who is at Simpheropol with 30,000 men."

On the 8th, Lord Raglan ordered the investment of southern Sebastopol to be completed, but his orders were not very promptly carried into execution; it was felt already that the work was too heavy for the number of men, and the health of the army was such as to diminish greatly its power of labour and endurance. Besides, the want of land-carriage

was severely felt; and the miserable state of management in the commissariat and quartermaster-general's departments consigned the men to exposure, hunger, and almost every discomfort to which men could be subjected. The number of deaths from cholera on this day was most disheartening; in every regimental rank, and every arm of the service, the pestilence numbered its victims.

On the 9th, a very vigorous cannonade impeded the besiegers; and shells were continually bursting in the camps of the third and fourth divisions. The fiery storm swept over them from dawn until dark, yet very little injury was sustained by the soldiers; while our officers became better acquainted with the enemy's guns, which fact was serviceable to the allies when the bombardment opened.

The night of the 10th was formidable to our allies, whose working parties were subjected to a fierce cannonade. As they approached the trenches a strong body of Cossacks was observed lying in wait for them, upon whom a fieldpiece was brought to bear, and they rapidly retired, but not without loss. The same evening a strong body of Cossacks approached the English right flank. Colonel Yorke, with a small detachment of the Royal Dragoons, charged them, and they ignominiously fled. The proportion of British cavalry to Russian was not so large as one to five, yet so complete was the panic of the latter, that they threw away their velisses to enable them to escape with greater rapidity. On the same night General Evans' division was aroused by a ludicrous incident. An alarm was spread, the pickets having discharged their musketry; and it was not until the whole division was in order of battle that the occasion was understood. A poor cow, which had strayed in that direction, fell pierced with many balls, and died ingloriously before the fire of numerous assailants.

A subaltern in the fourth division, in his journal, under date of this night, writes—"On the 10th our tents arrived at a most opportune time, and Captain S—, 20th, K—, 20th, and I, took possession of one. It was a bitter cold day, and the wind was from the north, whistling with a chilly blast; and glad enough were we to get under canvas, and the tents were thoroughly appreciated. There was nothing to separate us from the bare ground, which was hard and cold enough; but we rolled ourselves in a blanket, and in the morning found that we were but little rested, having fearful back-aches and sore hips. There was a little creature which paid us nightly visits, in the shape of a species of mole, or, as my servant called it, a 'ground lion.' He was an extraordinary little fellow; and whenever we dared to take our boots off at night, we generally found them filled with earth in the

morning. I laid wait for him one day, and struck at him, but he made his escape: there were numbers of them about the camp. Small green lizards, about three inches long, were also in great abundance: they are harmless, beautiful little creatures, and flit about from stone to stone, under which they vanish at the approach of danger. The centipedes were the only insects we at all feared; they are about three or four inches in length, and creep in all directions in our tents."

On this day and night several French and British officers were wounded, and a considerable number of the working parties. Sickness also smote increased numbers.

From the 7th to the 14th of October the weather was unusually cold for the climate of the Crimea, except during a few hours in the day, when the sun shone fiercely; and the dews at night became increasingly injurious. It was difficult for the troops to obtain rest, so incessant was the firing from the fortress, and so frequent were the alarms of sorties. The author of *A Day in Camp* prettily describes this state of things thus:—"It certainly has a strange effect, to awake from some dream of England to midnight in camp; to stretch out one's hand in sleep against the dew-drenched canvas, and suddenly become conscious that you are on the czar's land without leave. It takes a moment or two to remember that the perfect stillness is not solitude; that the slumbering host around is encircled by hundreds of wakeful eyes; and that a single shot, a single cry, would send a shock of life through the whole mass!"

After the first fortnight, however, the roar of artillery did not disturb the sleepers. Our author refers to this fact:—"I have heard a general of division say, that while he sleeps easily through almost any amount of cannonading, the faintest report of a musket rouses him at once; for that indicates the approach of the enemy."

One of the best descriptions of life in the camp at this time has been afforded by a civilian, in a work entitled, *A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol*. Our readers cannot fail to be interested in this picture, drawn by one himself a participator in the incidents he portrays:—"Directly after sunrise the soldiers light their cigars, and chat over the night's work in cosy little groups, till the sun puts some warmth into them after the cold parade. After the *matinée fumante* comes breakfast; and then, equally a matter of course, a walk to the picket-house. No account of Crimean camp-life would be complete without mention of this much frequented lounge. It is a little ruin, appropriated, as its name imports, to one of the pickets, and is situated on the brow of the hill, two or three hundred yards in front

of the light division. Thence it commands view of Sebastopol to the left, and of the sea and fleets to the right. There is a courtyard round it, with a wall about four feet high behind which may perpetually be seen officers with double eyeglasses and telescopes directed towards the town. Sebastopol, seen from this point, is a handsome city, containing many substantial public works, constructed out of the light stone of the country. There are no walls, so the talk about 'breaching' is talk. But the place is defended on the south side by a round tower, a redan, and various earthworks. The masts of the *Twelve Apostles* are easily distinguishable. After spending the morning at the picket-house, those who have nothing better to do generally go, during the heat of the day, to their tents to read the newspapers. Of these we get a good supply, and, though they seem engrossed with what we are doing here, they often bring news. Much is said about the harm they do by conveying information to the enemy. When, however, one considers the enormous quantity of rumours in camp, that are affirmed one day, and contradicted the next, and the very few persons who can really know what is doing, and being projected, it is difficult not to believe that the estimate of the evil is exaggerated. The afternoon is always cool, and the best time for seeing the country and exploring the camp; so the day passes until dinner. There are no regimental messes here; but the officers club together in twos and threes. Everybody turns in by half-past nine. By ten the last fires have gone out, the last araba has screeched past with its load, and, but for the spectral tents that you see glimmering through the distance, as you lace up your doors for the night, you might believe yourself in the wilderness. Such is a general description of a day in camp; but yesterday the routine was broken by the impressive ceremony of an open-air church parade. Each division on these occasions has divine service performed by its own chaplain. Ours was drawn up on the rising ground, just beyond the tents, in a dense hollow square. The clergyman and officers occupied the centre. Every one was covered. Some of the men wore forage-caps, for lack of shakos; and on dit that the loss of these stiff and ugly varieties of head-gear is submitted to with great resignation by the line generally. The chaplain, with his dark velvet skull-cap, and black moustache and beard, reminding me of a foreign *padre* in canonicals. We were scarcely placed in position, before the loud rush of round-shot from the fort was heard, again and again, in our ears, causing sundry dislocations of the square, the men grinning and swaying about at each whizz in a kind of jocular disorder. Nothing was left for it but

to move off. So we took up our ground a few hundred yards lower down; and here, though a fleecy little cloudlet, which announced its birth in a thunder-clap, showed that a shell had burst above us, not very far off to our rear, the service was conducted to a close. Everybody, of course, stands upon these occasions, throughout the ceremony. To obviate fatigue, therefore, the Litany and Communion are omitted. The chaplain preached extemporaneously, and with so excellent a voice, that, though the wind was blowing his surplice about, it did not drown his tones. I was amused by his British *sang froid*. Half his congregation might perish round the walls of Sebastopol before next church parade—a theme which the threatening missiles exploding about would have served sufficiently well to enforce—but he utterly disdained such obvious rhetoric. Perhaps, indeed, it is considered undesirable to allude to subjects of the kind; and certainly they are too patent to need much insisting on. At any rate, the reverend gentleman neither noticed the pyrotechnics in his sound practical sermon, nor in his own person, but stood with his back to the fort, and preached on some everyday text, and never changed his voice, or turned his head, in compliment to shot or shell. Next day the division moved its quarters two or three hundred yards further from the enemy."

On the night of the 9th, thirty-three of the commissariat horses were found dead or disabled by the labour of the previous day, and the want of adequate transport was painfully felt in both armies.

An amusing incident occurred on the 11th, which did no credit to the Russian naval artillery, by which the forts commanding the harbour were garrisoned. This event has been variously described; but the most accurate and ample narrative of it is that by Emerson. "A scene occurred, in full observation of both armies, which showed abundantly the determination of the enemy to permit no opportunity of inflicting even the smallest damage to pass unimproved. An Austrian barque, on its way from Eupatoria to Balaklava, laden with hay for the use of the English commissariat, was driven by the current under the very walls of the forts, and within range of the guns. Heavily laden, she drifted slowly past, and the Russians opened a terrific fire upon her. At length she grounded, and then the enemy, imagining an easy victory over a merchant vessel without guns, and ashore on a reef, gallantly poured a hurricane of shot at her. So inaccurate, however, was their aim, that, out of 500 or 600 discharges, but four shots struck her. Seeing the state of affairs the *Beagle*, which had landed her only two guns, dashed fearlessly up to the rescue, fol-

lowed by the *Firebrand*, 6 guns. The *Beagle* took the barque in tow, and commenced hauling her off the reef. Then two Russian frigates steamed out of Sebastopol, and, at a safe distance, fired upon the two little steamers, one without any guns, and the other with six, and both within range of the forts. Nothing daunted, the gallant steamers brought their charge safely through the danger, the *Firebrand* being hit in four places, and the *Beagle* not at all. This brave exploit was universally voted one of the most brilliant feats yet performed by British sailors in the Black Sea."

An order from Lord Raglan, published at this time, animadverted strongly upon the conduct of the medical officers at Balaklava, who made no provisions for the sick sent down thither from the lines, many of whom died in the open street utterly unattended to. It does not appear that the exclusive blame rested with the medical officers. The chief medical authorities were neither zealous, humane, nor competent; some of the inferior surgeons followed their example in all these respects, while others manifested a noble professional enthusiasm and the highest patriotism and philanthropy. The commissariat and the department of the quartermaster-general were equally to blame for the deficiencies that existed where the sick were concerned. Lord Raglan could see faults in the medical or commissariat management, especially if complaints were made from the quartermaster-general: in the quartermaster-general's own arrangements, which were worse than either in neglect and obstinacy, the commander-in-chief saw nothing amiss.

Had Admiral Dundas shown activity and tenderness worthy of his high position, the sufferings of the sick might have been greatly mitigated; but almost every duty devolved upon his second in command, Sir E. Lyons, whose authority was but limited. It must be affirmed of the authorities generally, that their incapacity for organisation was as deplorable as their want of compassion for the soldiery. On the night of the 11th, a rumour prevailed in camp that the garrison would make a sortie, the relieving army at the same time attacking the flank and rear of the British, and the inhabitants of Balaklava setting fire to the place in the confusion of the general attack. These rumours were credited at head-quarters, for every preparation was made to resist the enemy, and the population of Balaklava was at once ordered out of the place. It was time to give such an order, for the male population had been all, or nearly all, in the Russian service as coast-guards, and being Greeks in race and religion, they were active spies of the Russian government. Their cunning and address in conveying information baffled detection, although they were suspected, and it was well known

that information to the enemy was constantly sent from Balaklava. After the Greeks were banished, circumstances transpired to confirm these views. They were allowed to take their property with them, and they took care to plunder the property of the army most extensively. The leniency with which the nest of Greek robbers at Balaklava was treated, was one of the weak points in the management of the British commander-in-chief, and of his *alter ego*, the active but not very wise quartermaster-general.

The report of a sortie was true enough, but it was discovered sooner than it otherwise would have been by an accident. Soon after dark the working parties were vigorously engaged upon the formation of the British right attack. Directions had been given that similar parties should be occupied upon the centre and left, but the sappers and miners, missing their way, wandered considerably in advance towards the Russian lines, and at last came suddenly upon the vanguard of the sortie; neither party expecting the encounter, both hesitated, but the Russian riflemen who composed the party were of course better prepared, being the advance-guard of an assailing column, and they opened fire upon our sappers quite close to them, but had not sufficiently recovered their presence of mind to make the fire effectual; not a man of our party fell. As the fire of the Russian advanced post increased, it showed by its flashes the battalions in its rear, and the sappers therefore hastily retreated, giving the alarm. Two divisions, those of General Evans and General Brown, immediately stood to their arms. The Russians advanced, their approach covered by a tremendous fire from their batteries. The covering parties of the British hastily and improperly retired; they did so, however, under a misapprehension of orders. A company of the Rifle Brigade did not retire, but preserved an obstinate contest with the approaching mass, firing into it, as was afterwards seen, with great effect. When the Russians approached so near the British lines that they could receive no aid from their guns in position, they pushed on fieldpieces, with which they opened a scattering fire of grape and canister. The reply of a few British fieldpieces was not very effective, but our musketry plied the approaching columns incessantly and destructively. Mr. Russell, in a brief paragraph, most happily and correctly describes the issue:—"The roar of shot and shell filled the air, mingled with the constant 'pingpinging' of rifle and musket-balls. All the camps went up. The French on our left got under arms, and the rattle of drums and the shrill blast of trumpets were heard amid the roar of cannon and small arms. For nearly half an hour this din lasted, till all of a sudden a ringing cheer

was audible on our right, rising through all the turmoil. It was the cheer of the 88th, and they were ordered to charge down the hill on their unseen enemy. It had its effect, for the Russians, already pounded by our guns and shaken by the fire of our infantry, as well as by the aspect of the whole hill-side lined with our battalions, turned and fled under the shelter of their guns. Their loss is not known; ours was very trifling. The sortie was completely foiled, and not an inch of our lines was injured, while the Four-gun Battery (the main object of their attack) was never closely approached at all. The alarm over, every one returned quietly to tent or bivouac."

On the 12th, the defensive works of Balaklava were completed, and Sir Colin Campbell appointed to the command. The British siege-train was divided into a left and right attack, and placed under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Gambier. The right attack was under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, Captain D'Aigular, and Captain Strange; the left attack was under the command of Majors Young, Irving, and Freese. From the 12th to the 16th each day repeated the events of the preceding. Day and night the Russians kept up an incessant fire, and they plied the mattock and the spade as indefatigably as their cannon; their entrenchments and earth-works assumed a formidable appearance; the Sebastopol, before which the allies took post after the conquest of Balaklava and the seizure of Kamiesch and Arrow Bay, was changed. Southern Sebastopol had grown as strong as the northern side of the harbour, and it became evident to all that a bloody struggle awaited the victors and the vanquished. Yet it is remarkable that neither from military correspondents nor civilians were there any severe strictures upon the generalship which allowed those mighty defences to grow up in the presence of a great army. Never before in the history of sieges has an army, flushed with recent victory, arrived before an open town, and instead of assaulting it and taking in reverse its batteries, erected only to repel an attack by sea, sat down before it, adopting regular siege approaches, when the only result of their doing so could be to give time to the enemy to erect in opposition to these approaches corresponding works. The parallels of besiegers are intended to enable an army to approach a beleaguered city protected by its batteries, but in this instance the besieged had no defences which could not be approached without cover, and taken by storm. All depended upon a bold and rapid movement, instead of which a regular siege was adopted, and not a cannon fired upon the enemy for three weeks, except a few fieldpieces used on the night of the 11th in repelling the sortie. Had it been the object

of the allied generals to save Sebastopol, by giving time to the enemy to erect defences, and then to attack them with an inferior artillery, the object could scarcely have been more certainly pursued.

Before noticing the events of the 16th and 17th, it is necessary to glance at the proceedings of the fleets. One of the duties which devolved upon them is thus described by an English naval authority:—"Four war-steamers of the allies, the *Inflexible*, *Sidon*, *Cacique*, and *Caton*, have been sent to the mouth of the Dnieper, in order to watch the march of the Russian troops coming to the help of the besieged in Sebastopol. They succeeded twice in compelling a considerable army corps to turn aside from their direct route—the first time at the height above Lake Dovynoskis, and the second time at Adlanjick. The Russians fired red-hot balls on these steamers at a distance of 5600 metres, but their projectiles did not kill any one. One ball went through the funnel of the *Sidon*."

On the 13th of October, the Admiralty wrote to Admiral Dundas, urging upon him such general directions during the progress of the siege as reveals the policy of the home government:—

*The Secretary to the Admiralty to
Vice-admiral Dundas.*

Admiralty, Oct. 13, 1854.

"SIR,—I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, with reference to the operations of the fleet under your orders, to call your special and particular attention to the necessity of exercising the utmost vigilance and care in preventing the movement of craft of all descriptions proceeding out of the Bay of Cherson and the river Dniester; and I am to signify their directions to you to take every precaution in your power to prevent communication with the Crimea from ports in that direction. My lords are further of opinion that, whenever the means at your disposal will admit, proper measures should be concerted with your colleagues in command of the allied forces for obtaining an entrance by the Gulf of Kertch into the Sea of Azoff, with a view to interrupt the communications of the enemy with the eastern shores of the Crimea, to which their lordships have always attached the greatest importance. In concert likewise with your colleagues, my lords consider that no opportunities should be lost to occupy the attention of the enemy, by frequent attacks upon all parts of the coast, extending from the mouths of the Danube to the Isthmus of Perekop, and that any proper opportunity for the bombardment of Odessa should not be omitted."

It so happened that, on the same day, the admiral addressed the Admiralty, giving an account of his operations since the occupation of Balaklava.

Britannia—off the Katcha, Oct. 13, 1854.

"SIR,—1. I beg you will acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that the allied armies are employed in erecting batteries to the south of Sebastopol, but I hear are much retarded by the rocky nature of the ground. The Russian fire of shot and shell, by day and night, has produced little or no effect. The naval and marine battalions are healthy, and there is less sickness in the army.

"2. Sir Edmund Lyons, in the *Agamemnon*, with the *Diamond*, and a squadron of steamers, is at Balaklava, assisting the troops. A French squadron, under Vice-admiral Bruat, is anchored between the lighthouse and the harbour, in communication with the left of the French army. A division of steam-vessels watches the mouth of the port constantly, where four or five Russian steam-vessels always have their steam up; and the large sailing vessels are with Admiral Hamelin and myself, anchored off the Katcha river, the weather having permitted our remaining in those positions.

"3. The *Sidon* and *Inflexible*, with *Cacique* and *Caton*, are still in Odessa Bay, to prevent any communication by sea with the Crimea, and I have sent a transport to them with coals and fresh provisions, which I have drawn from Sinope.

"4. On the 11th, an Austrian vessel laden with hay for the commissariat got within range of the batteries, and was deserted by her crew at the second shot; she ran on shore about 1500 yards south of the harbour-mouth, and was got off that evening and towed to Balaklava. I enclose the report of Captain Jones, of the *Sampson*, who, with Captain Stewart, of the *Firebrand*, and Mr. Boxer, second master in charge of the *Beagle*, assisted by the French launches of the in-shore squadron, got the Austrian to sea from under the batteries in a very successful and creditable manner. The *Firebrand* has four shots in her hull, but fortunately no casualties.

"5. I learnt from Captain King, of the *Leander*, of the approach of Eupatoria of a large Russian force near the town. I have sent the *Firebrand* and *Vesuvius* to assist in the defence, should it be attacked, and shall send two other vessels to-day.

"6. The French and Turkish troops sent for from Varna and Constantinople by the *Simoom*, *Vulcan*, *Cyclops*, and our transports, are hourly expected; they have been kept back and detained by the late strong north-east gales.

"I have, &c.,

"J. W. D. DUNDAS, *Vice-admiral*."

The Secretary of the Admiralty, &c., &c., &c.

Our readers will perceive that the government at home urged upon the admiral an attack upon Odessa, and as nothing was under-

taken against it, the public in England murmured. Mr. Sidney Herbert, after the dissolution of the Aberdeen government, obtained the permission of Lord Palmerston to produce this despatch of the 13th of October, and explained to the House of Commons the reason why Odessa was not attacked. From his statement it appeared that the allied generals were apprehensive the destruction of Odessa might free the Russian garrison there, which would march to the Crimea, and increase the difficulties of the allied armies. If this were the real reason, it is surprising that, long after any such apprehension must have passed away, nothing was done against Odessa. Besides, if that city were destroyed, the Russians would scarcely have left Bessarabia undefended against the Turks from the Danube, the allies from the sea, and possibly Austria from the Moldo-Wallachian provinces. The destruction of Odessa would rather facilitate the operations of the allies on the sea or the Danubian frontiers, and render the presence of Russian troops more necessary in that province; while it would destroy vast stores by which the Russian army in the Crimea received supplies, as much grain came from Odessa, by way of Perekop, to Sebastopol. If the allied generals ever used such a dissuasive to Admiral Dundas' hostile intentions against Odessa, it is only another instance of the folly which they so frequently perpetrated throughout the disastrous siege.

The operations of the fleets at Eupatoria and its neighbourhood were very useful. We have already narrated the manner in which some small naval and military detachments took possession of it before the landing at Old Fort. The occupation was found useful. The neighbourhood abounded in herds of cattle, and supplies of provisions of various sorts; these the Tartar inhabitants freely brought to market when they became assured of the friendly disposition of the allies, and the governor was enabled to send supplies of fresh provisions both to Balaklava and Kamiesch. The Russians, perceiving this, resolved to capture it; but certain Tartars informing Captain Brock of their intentions, he prepared opportunely for the contest. He informed Admiral Dundas of the menaced danger, who placed the *Leander*, *Firebrand*, and *Megara* off the port. The French and Turkish admirals sent each an equal force. The whole of these ships were ready either to operate along the coast, or land their seamen and marines, as circumstances might dictate. Contemporaneous with the sortie at Sebastopol, and the advance of a corps towards the British flank and rear there, on the 11th, the Russians appeared before Eupatoria. Lieutenant Hamilton was sent on shore with about 150 seamen and marines, and

one fieldpiece. At the back of the town a redoubt was thrown up, a precaution which our readers may see, by consulting a map of the Crimea, was necessary, and the fieldpiece on the redoubt. Captain Brock, attended by a party which he deemed adequate for the purpose, advanced upon the steppe for a reconnaissance, where he saw a large body of Russian cavalry, at least 600 in number, who opening their ranks, displayed four fieldpieces, which immediately directed their fire upon the British. The first shell from the British fieldpiece fell among the cavalry, exploding before it touched the ground, and scattering men and horses with astonishing destruction. Seldom has a single shell sent so much death and disaster among a body of troops. Captain Brock wisely declined continuing the combat, falling back into the town, and withdrawing the fieldpiece and the sailors from the redoubt. A reinforcement of British sailors promptly re-entered it; replacing the gun, they maintained the position all night. About three o'clock in the morning the Russians stealthily approached, and so noiselessly that there was some chance of their effecting a surprise; but Lord E. Cecil, a midshipman of the *Leander*, had charge of the gun; gifted with excellent sight, and vigilantly on the *qui vive*, he perceived in the dim distance the shadowy forms of the Russians furtively making their way towards the redoubt, and opened fire upon them at the critical moment: so well was that fire directed, that the ball tore through the compact mass of the advancing body, leaving a line of dead and wounded in its track. The sailors quickly lined the redoubt, and hailed the enemy with a cheer, which was returned with a volley; the tars were not slow to respond after the same fashion. The enemy's fieldpieces threw shells, which burst near and around the redoubt; and for hours the fight continued, the assailants having greatly the advantage as to the number of shots, the British as to the mischief inflicted. As dawned the aim of the British became clearer: the single fieldpiece was worked in a masterly manner, and the Muscovites, finding their attempt hopeless, and their loss considerable, withdrew. As the morning advanced, Lieutenant Pym of the *Firebrand* landed with a fresh detachment of marines and tars, another fieldpiece, and a rocket tube. A second redoubt was then constructed, and the first was put into a better state of defence. These precautions were not unnecessary, for on the 15th the enemy returned. They burned several villages to the north of Eupatoria, and made booty of the cattle of their fellow-subjects, the Tartars. They did not effect such destruction with impunity, for the *Leander* and *Firebrand* steamed along shore, throwing shot and shell

upon the moving columns of the enemy. In the execution of this service the steamers were readily assisted by the *Arrow*, a gun-boat armed with a single gun: enabled, by drawing little water, to get near shore, she could make better aim, and throw her shot with much precision among the Russians, as to compel their speedy retreat to a distance beyond her range. The enemy retired out of sight of the garrison and the squadrons before evening, and attempted nothing more for some days after the bombardment of Sebastopol.

It was at last arranged that the bombardment of Sebastopol should open on the 16th; but some delay arose from the necessity of placing some heavier guns on the French position, their batteries being deficient in weight of metal; and this circumstance deferred the long expected opening of the allied fire until the next day. On the evening of the 16th it was, however, finally determined that the whole ruin of siege guns should open; and Lord Raglan having, with Generals Burgoyne and Airey, reconnoitred the whole line, issued the following notification to his chief officers:—

October 16th, 1854.

Memorandum for generals of division, the commanding officer of artillery, the commanding officer of engineers.

The fire upon Sebastopol will commence to-morrow morning, about half-past six o'clock, from the French batteries, in co-operation with the combined English batteries. The precise moment of opening the fire, however, will be indicated by the successive discharge of three mortars from the centre of the works of the French army. The troops off duty will remain in their respective camps, ready to fall in at a moment's notice, without their knapsacks, great-coats, or blankets. The horses will be attached to the field batteries.

There will be with each division parties of sappers, consisting of twenty men and an officer of engineers, ready to carry picks and shovels, crowbars and sledges, bags of powder prepared, felling axes, and scaling ladders. Each division will also have with it a detachment of twenty artillerymen, under an officer of artillery, with sockets and spikes for guns (the latter are only to be used in the event of the troops having to retire from a battery). The arrangements for the collecting of the several articles above enumerated will be carried out by the officer of engineers and the officer of artillery.

The generals of divisions will make every arrangement for the ready communication of the troops with the reserve ammunition, which, however, need not be placed upon the lines until ordered.

Previously to the opening of the fire, all advanced pickets, with the exception of the men selected to fire in the embrasures, will be withdrawn under the direction of the general officer on duty in the trenches, and retire under cover to their respective camps.

The covering parties in the trenches will be kept clear of the batteries; and such of them as cannot find cover in the trenches will be moved to such positions in the rear (the flank as will ensure their being at hand to protect the batteries, whilst they will be themselves screened from the enemy's fire. These covering parties will be moved as the commanding officer of the party may see occasion, in consequence of the fire of the enemy. When the whole trench is occupied by guns, the covering parties must be placed, as above stated, under adequate cover in the immediate neighbourhood.

The working parties will remain in the trenches, or be

withdrawn, according to the discretion of the commanding engineer.

As it is probable that the field batteries may be required to move, the senior artillery officer of the division, and the officer commanding each battery, will make themselves acquainted with the communications to their right and left.

The cavalry, under Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, and the troops of all arms, under Major-general Sir C. Campbell, British and Turkish, posted for the defence of Balaklava, will be held in readiness throughout the day, to act on the shortest notice.

The meat for the men's dinner will be cooked as early as possible to-morrow morning, in case of the army having to move forward.

In the event of an advance, the commander of the forces particularly requests the general officers commanding divisions and brigades, the commanding officers of regiments, and the officers commanding companies, to impress upon the men the urgent necessity of maintaining their formation and keeping their order. The success of any operation they may be called upon to undertake, their honour, and, indeed, their own individual safety, depend upon their being under complete control, ready to repel any attack, or to overcome any resistance that may be opposed to them.

Lord Raglan will be at the quarries in front of the third division (Sir Richard England's); General Canrobert at the Maison d'Eau, on the left of the British line, and on the right of the French position.

RAGLAN.

This order was received by the divisional authorities with satisfaction, which was speedily communicated to the troops, as the tidings circulated from the brigade staffs through the regiments. Bustle and excitement prevailed throughout the camp; and perhaps there was not a soldier who did not look forward to the morrow with heart-thrilling expectation. Sleep was banished from the eyes of even many a weary soldier; and it was remarked that men who often served in the trenches under the severest fire of the enemy, and met all forms of danger with the most perfect *sang froid*, were so filled with satisfaction at the thought of being able at last to return the fire of the Russians, that they could not compose themselves to rest. It was one of those clear bright nights so common to that climate in autumn; scarcely a breath of wind stirred, and, notwithstanding the heavy dews, there was a balmy softness in the air which dispelled the chilliness; this added to the numbers who were unwilling to seek slumber, and watched for the morning when the first fire of the allied artillery should roll over the contested lines. The dawn of the 17th of October saw few sleepers in the British camp. The Russians had received incorrect information as to the state of the trenches and batteries, and were not prepared for the bombardment on that morning, nevertheless, with their usual activity, they were at work by daybreak, and opened fire upon the allies at least half an hour before the signal was given for the latter to commence their cannonade. This circumstance was unfavourable to the assailants, as it covered the Russian earthworks with smoke, rendering it difficult to get the range of their batteries. The city

and camps were also covered with a heavy mist, such as during October and November generally attends the breaking of morning in the Crimea. There was not wind sufficient to disperse it, and the mist hung heavily over the great amphitheatre within which the terrible preparations of war were making. The smoke of the Russian batteries did not rise upon the atmosphere, but rested in dense folds above them, or sluggishly moved towards the British lines. The allies were not ready at the hour agreed upon—hardly any of the British mortars were in position; and when the fire from the English batteries opened, some of the heavy guns were being dragged up to the trenches. The French were even less prepared than the British; and the delay in opening the cannonade was chiefly attributable to them. The signal agreed upon by the chiefs was the firing of three mortars from the French right attack; but the signal was so imperfectly given, that several seconds elapsed between the opening of one battery and another; and perhaps two minutes elapsed after the shells went up before the last of the English batteries came into play. The first cannon-shot from the allies was fired by the Sailors' Battery, who thus had the honour of opening the bombardment. A loud cheer burst from the English lines, which was caught up by the French right, and was carried along to their extreme left. Yet perhaps this was not the most exciting moment to the British: several officers relate that at early dawn, when the batteries were unmasked, and the muzzles of our guns were revealed to friends and foes, was the moment when all felt most the imposing character of the scene.

At the instant of opening the bombardment crowds of British officers and men not actually engaged occupied the best positions for watching the event. This was especially the case on the picket-house hill, whence the grand staff of the British army looked upon the struggle. Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, and the Duke of Cambridge, remained at that spot the greater portion of the day, observing with their glasses the various phases of the engagement. The first officer who arrived at the Picket-house that morning was his royal highness, who seemed throughout the day to be the most anxious and earnest spectator. The group of distinguished men occupying that point of observation was not free from danger. Before their own guns had opened, the shot from the enemy's batteries found their way thither. The peril increased as the bombardment caused the Russian fire to become more intense. While the duke and Sir George were talking behind a low wall, against which they were leaning, and over which they were looking, a round-shot fell upon it between them (they were standing some little distance apart to secure good points

of observation). The missile bounded between the building and the side of the court, and rolled against the back of the former. Another shot was seen approaching, and the staff showed the usual courtesy to messengers from an enemy, but it fell short. In the evening there were many cannon-balls lying in front of the Picket-house, which the enemy had failed to send quite far enough to do mischief.

The opening of the bombardment was irregular, after which the guns of each battery were fired as fast as the men could work them; and although the Russians were not so masters of artillery as the allies, yet they worked their guns fast and well. The Russian batteries were manned chiefly by sailors, who are better gunners than those of the army; they are also represented by Russian writers as a stouter and smarter class of men, and so proved to be the case on the 17th of October at Sebastopol. The guns of the English marine battery were the best served on the side of the allies; the rapidity and precision of fire were truly astonishing, and the injury inflicted upon the foe was proportionate. Our gallant troops, by their activity, effectiveness, and fearless exposure, brought down upon themselves the heaviest fire from the hostile trenches, and the loss was in proportion severer than in any other battery of the British attack.

From the commencement of the cannonade until darkness closed upon the combatants, the fierce battle of artillery was incessantly waged by land with very short intervals. The attack from the sea began much later in the day, but it also continued until night put an end to further conflict.

Before entering into the detail of either the land or sea operations, we shall present the despatches of the allied generals and admirals. It is customary in narrating battles to relate first the details of the conflict, and then to give the despatches: we are of opinion that such a plan is only occasionally proper. Despatches give a general view of the action fought, and sometimes they enter somewhat minutely into detail. When only a general view is given, despatches are the proper texts for the historian, in dealing with the various movements and features of the army to which they relate, and ought to precede his narrative. If there be much minuteness of detail, it is a mere repetition of the historian's story if they follow; whereas, if they precede it, time and space are saved both to author and reader, as the former will then aim rather to supply the deficiencies and omissions of the official document. Frequently a general-in-chief is himself ignorant, immediately after a battle, when a despatch is written, of the deeds of heroes in which particular corps or individuals have distinguished, and even of the consequences to the

general results of particular achievements in parts of the field of action beyond his presence or supervision. He himself learns afterwards, from the same sources as those upon which the historian draws, what was done or attempted by his army or his enemy in various departments of the hostile operations.

The first intelligence of the opening of the bombardment reached England through the despatch of General Canrobert, then Admiral Hamelin's was published; the British admiral's despatch arrived after that of the French admiral; but the public took no interest in it after perusing the more copious information and more pleasing relation of the French naval chief. Long after every other medium of information was exhausted, Lord Raglan's despatch arrived. Having come *via* France, it was lost *en route*. When it did come, it added nothing to the information previously possessed. We give these documents in the order of their arrival.

FROM GENERAL CANROBERT

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,—Yesterday, at sunrise, we opened our fire in concert with the English army. Matters were going on well, when the explosion of a battery powder magazine, unfortunately of considerable size, somewhat disturbed our attack. This explosion produced the greater effect from the number of the batteries in proximity to the spot where it occurred. The enemy took advantage of this incident to increase his fire, and the general in command of the artillery agreed with me, that we were under the necessity of suspending our fire in order to make our repairs, as well as to complete the system of attack towards our right by the construction of new batteries to approach those of the English army. This delay is certainly much to be regretted, but we are compelled to submit to it, and I am making every arrangement necessary for shortening it as much as possible.

Sebastopol has sustained the fire far better than was expected; the enclosed space, throughout its enormous development in a straight line, carrying all it can hold of heavy sea-guns, renders it capable of prolonging the contest. On the 17th, our troops took possession of the plateau that faces the point of attack, called the Bastion of the Mat; they now occupy it. This evening we shall construct there the mask of a 12-gun battery, and, if possible, that of a second battery, on the extreme right, above the ravine. All our means of attack are concentrated on this bastion, and we shall, I trust, dismantle it rapidly, with the assistance of the English batteries that are battering its left front.

Yesterday, about ten in the morning, the allied fleets attacked the outer batteries of the place, but I have not yet received information that will enable me to give you an account of the results of this attack.

The English batteries are in the best possible state: they have received nine new mortars, which will, it is supposed, produce great effect. Yesterday there was an immense explosion in the battery surrounding the tower situate to the left of the place. It must have injured the enemy a great deal. Since then this battery has fired but little, and this morning there were only two or three pieces able to fire.

I have no precise news of the Russian army. Nothing tends to show that it has changed the positions it held, and in which it expected its reinforcements. I have received almost the whole of the reinforcements I expected in infantry from Gallipoli and Varna. General Levaillant has just arrived with his staff, which raises to five divisions the effective force in infantry of the army that I have here under my orders. The sanitary state is highly satisfactory, the spirits of the troops excellent, and we are all of confidence.

CANROBERT.

FROM VICE-ADMIRAL HAMELIN.

Ville de Paris—off Katcha, Oct. 18, 1854.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—In my letter of October 13th I announced to your excellency that I was going, with all my staff, on board the *Mogador* frigate, in order to come to anchor as near as possible to the head-quarters of the French army, and plan in common with the general-in-chief a combined attack on Sebastopol by our land and naval forces. On the 14th, I had accordingly an interview with General Canrobert, whose views are in conformity with mine. On the 15th, the admirals of the allied squadrons met on board the *Mogador*, and the arrangements for a general attack were made by common consent, thereupon submitted to the generals of the land army, and most readily accepted by them.

This general attack was fixed for the 17th, the day on which the siege batteries were to open their fire. As far as the squadrons were concerned, it was to be effected in the manner following:—The French squadron engaged to approach the southern breakers, to take up its position at about seven cables' lengths from the 350 guns of the Quarantine Battery, with the two batteries of Fort Alexander, and with the Artillery Battery. The English squadron had to attack, on the skirts of the northern breakers, nearly at the same distance, the 130 guns of the Constantine Battery, that of the Telegraph, and the Maximilian Tower of the north. If, then, your excellency supposes a line traced along the entrance of Sebastopol, from east to west, this line will intersect the attacking position that devolved on each squadron. The Turkish admiral, with two ships, the only ones he had for the moment within reach, was to anchor north of the two French lines; that is to say, in an intermediate position between the English and the French ships.

On the morning of the 17th the attack by the siege batteries commenced; but it was a calm, and it was necessary to tow the ships by steam-frigates before the line of twenty-six ships belonging to the allied squadrons could be extended before Sebastopol. But notwithstanding this difficulty, and the dislocated condition of the French squadron, part of its ships being anchored at Kamiesch, and part before Katcha, I have the satisfaction of announcing to your excellency that the ships of our first line advanced about half-past twelve at noon, under the fire of the Sebastopol batteries, which they confronted the first for more than half an hour without replying to it. A few moments after they answered to this fire warmly with their broadsides, but did little execution on account of their small numbers. Subsequently the other French and English vessels arrived in succession, and the attack became general. About half-past two the fire of the Russian batteries slackened: it was silenced at the Quarantine Battery. This was the object the French squadron had particularly in view; but our fire was redoubled, and lasted without interruption until night.

At the moment I am writing to your excellency I am still ignorant of the success obtained by our siege batteries, whose fire began before ours, and which cannonaded the Russian fortifications on the land side.

If the Russians had not blocked up the entrance to Sebastopol by sinking their five ships and two frigates, I have no doubt that the ships of the squadron, after a trial of the first fire, might have entered the passes successfully, have reached the bottom of the harbour, and put itself in communication with the army. They would not perhaps have lost many more than we have now to regret; but the extreme measure adopted by the enemy, in sacrificing a part of his ships, obliged us to limit ourselves to fighting for five hours against the sea batteries of Sebastopol, with the view of succeeding in silencing them for a greater or less period, in occupying a great many of the gunners in Sebastopol, and in thus lending both a material and moral assistance to our army.

To-day, the 18th, I have only time to give your excellency in haste a general sketch of this affair, which in my opinion reflects high honour on the French navy. I join to this sketch a list of the names of the men killed and wounded on board each vessel; I shall shortly send to you a detailed report of all the phases of the attack, and of the more or less active part taken by each vessel.

At the commencement of the affair the enthusiasm was extreme; during the combat the tenacity of each man

was not less so. Before opening fire I had signalled to the squadron, "France is looking on you"—a signal that was received amid the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

I am, with profound respect, M. le Ministre, &c.

HAMELIN.

FROM VICE-ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

Britannia—off the Katcha, Oct. 18, 1854.

SIR,—1. I beg you will acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that the siege batteries of the allied armies opened fire upon the Russian works, south of Sebastopol, about half-past six o'clock yesterday morning, with great effect and small loss.

2. In consequence of the most urgent request of Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, it was agreed by the admirals of the allied fleets that the whole of the ships should assist the land attack by engaging the sea batteries north and south of the harbour, on a line across the port, as shown in the accompanying plan, but various circumstances rendered a change in the position of the ships necessary and unavoidable.

3. The *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, *Sampson*, *Tribune*, *Terrible*, *Sphinx*, and *Lynx*, and *Albion*, *London*, and *Arethusa*, towed by the *Firebrand*, *Niger*, and *Triton*, engaged Fort Constantine and the batteries to the northward; while the *Queen*, *Britannia*, *Trafalgar*, *Vengeance*, *Rodney*, *Bellerophon*, with *Vesuvius*, *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Highflyer*, *Spitfire*, *Spitful*, and *Cyclops*, lashed on the port side of the several ships, gradually took up their positions, as nearly as possible as marked on the plan.

4. The action lasted from about half-past one to half-past six, P.M., when, being dark, the ships hauled off.

5. The loss sustained by the Russians, and the damage done to Fort Constantine and batteries, cannot, of course, as yet be correctly ascertained.

6. An action of this duration against such formidable and well-armed works could not be maintained without serious injury; and I have to regret the loss of forty-four killed, and 266 wounded, as detailed in the accompanying lists. The ships, masts, yards, and rigging, are more or less damaged, principally by shells and hot shot. The *Albion* has suffered much in hull and masts; the *Rodney* in her masts, she having tailed on the reef, from which she was got off by the great exertions of Commander Kynaston, of the *Spitful*, whose crew and vessel were necessarily exposed in performing this service; but, with the exception of the *Albion* and *Arethusa*, which ships I send to Constantinople to be repaired, I hope to be able to make my squadron serviceable in twenty-four hours. Foreseeing from the nature of the attack that we should be likely to lose spars, I left the spare topmasts and yards on board her majesty's ship *Vulcan* at this anchorage, where I had placed her with all the sick and prisoners.

7. I have now the pleasure of recording my very great satisfaction with the ability and zeal displayed by Rear-admirals Sir Edmund Lyons and the Hon. Montagu Stopford, and all the captains under my command, as well as my sincere thanks to them, and to the officers, seamen, and marines employed, for their unremitting exertions, and the rapidity of their fire, in the absence of a large number of the crews of each ship, who were landed to assist in working the siege batteries, &c., on shore, and to this circumstance I attribute the small loss of killed and wounded.

8. The gallant and skilful conduct of our French allies in this action was witnessed by me with admiration, and I hear with regret that they have also suffered considerable loss.

9. I beg to express my gratitude at the manner in which Ahmed Pasha, the Turkish admiral, did his duty.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral.

The Secretary of the Admiralty, &c.

FROM GENERAL THE LORD RAGLAN, G.C.B.

[This despatch was lost in its passage through France but was ultimately received by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, to whom it was transmitted by his Excellency the Lord Cowley, G.C.B.]

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 18, 1854.

MY LORD DUKE,—It was arranged between General Canrobert and myself that the batteries of the two armies should open immediately after daylight on the morning of the 17th, and we invited Admiral Dundas and Admiral Hamelin to attack the enemy's works at the mouth of the harbour with the combined fleets, as nearly simultaneously as circumstances might permit. Accordingly, upon a signal being given from the centre of the French lines the batteries of the two armies commenced their fire about a quarter before seven yesterday morning. On this occasion we employed about sixty guns of different calibres the lightest being 24-pounders.

It may here be proper to observe that the character of the position which the enemy occupied on the south side of Sebastopol is not that of a fortress, but rather of an army in an entrenched camp on very strong ground, where an apparently unlimited number of heavy guns amply provided with gunners and ammunition, are mounted.

The guns having opened, as above stated, a continuous and well-directed fire was carried on from the works of the two armies until about ten o'clock, A.M., when, unfortunately, a magazine in the midst of one of the French batteries exploded, and occasioned considerable damage to the works, and I fear many casualties, and almost paralysed the efforts of the French artillery for the day. The British batteries, however, manned by sailors from the fleet, under the command of Captain Lushington and Captain Peel, and by the Royal Artillery, under the superintendence of Lieutenant-colonel Gambier, kept up their fire with unremitting energy throughout the day to my own and the general satisfaction, as well as to the admiration of the French army, who were witnesses of their gallant and persevering exertions, materially injuring the enemy's works, and silencing the heavy guns on the top of the loop-holed tower, to which I adverted in my despatch of the 13th instant, and many of the guns at its base, and causing an extensive explosion in the rear of a strong redoubt in our immediate front; the enemy, notwithstanding, answered to the last from a number of guns along their more extended line.

The fire was resumed this morning at daylight by the British sailors and artillery, and responded to, though in a somewhat less degree, by the Russians; but the French troops, being occupied in the repair of their batteries, and in the formation of others, have not contributed to the renewal of the attack, except from a work on their extreme left; they expect, however, to be able to do so tomorrow morning.

I beg to lay before your grace a return of the loss sustained by the royal navy, and the army under my command, between the 13th and 17th instant, and to this I am deeply concerned to add that of Colonel the Honourable Francis Hood, commanding the 3rd battalion Grenadier Guards, an excellent officer, whose death in the trenches this morning has just been reported to me.

The English, French, and Turkish fleets moved towards the mouth of the harbour about noon, and kept up a heavy fire upon the enemy's forts for several hours. I am not fully acquainted with the details of the attack, or its result, but I understand that Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, with the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil*, assisted occasionally by the *London*, *Queen*, and *Albion*, gallantly approached to within 600 yards of Fort Constantine, the great work at the northern entrance, where he maintained himself till late in the afternoon, and succeeded in exploding a magazine, and causing considerable injury to the face of the fort.

Since I wrote to your grace on the 18th, six battalions of Turkish infantry and 300 Turkish artillery have been added to the force in front of Balaklava. These troops have been sent from Constantinople, and placed under my command by the government of the Porte, and I feel greatly indebted to her majesty's ambassador, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, for the ability and energy with

which he brought under the notice of the Sultan the importance I attached to an immediate reinforcement of the imperial troops.

I have, &c.,

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

RAGLAN.

In the foregoing despatches a general outline of the events of the day may be traced; the issue is distinctly made known. It will be observed that the defence was greatly superior to the attack, both in the number and calibre of the guns. This was more especially the case on the French lines, where the small brass guns of our ally were no match for the ponderous cannon of the foe. From half-past six until half-past eight the battle raged with perfect fury. The men on both sides were fresh, and evidently stood to their guns *con amore*. The scene during these two hours, as witnessed from the Picket-house, was well described by a civilian who mingled with the generals and staff assembled there. This gentleman, not being connected with any portion of the press as a correspondent, had no desire to describe events so as to produce excitement or amazement in the reader; he wrote simply conveying the impression produced on his own mind, and for the purposes of private friendship:—"A quarter of an hour before the time of opening the bombardment, I found myself in the court of the Picket-house, among a little crowd of generals and staff-officers, who were all levelling their glasses at the town, in anxious expectation of the spectacle. But already the smoke of the Russian batteries had so enveloped the whole place, that little was to be seen except the Round Tower, which stands somewhat in advance of the other works, and to the British right. Somehow or other, the appointed signal was not made to time; so the Seaman's Battery opened the ball. In a few seconds, another battery followed, and before half a minute, a long irregular line of jets of smoke had made the position of the British trenches no more a secret to any one. Amidst the general din—which, however, was not overpowering, as nobody had to raise his voice in talking—the rush of the shot from the Lancaster guns through the air was distinctly audible. Its resemblance to the panting sound of a railway engine in motion became at once the subject of remark. As some Paddy observed, 'it was the noise of an express-train that stopped at no intermediate stations!' The Round Tower was apparently the principal object of the new projectile. Indeed, most of the batteries seemed to have selected that unhappy edifice for their mark. To the spectators at the Picket-house, no arrangement could have been more agreeable, as the smoke prevented us from easily discerning any other target. For some time the shots fell a little short, but at length a 68-pounder from the Seaman's Battery hit it full, and made a gap that could

be seen with the naked eye. The tower was soon scarred all over, but the men inside it stood pluckily to their guns, despite the heavy odds against them, for about an hour, when it was silenced; and the bombardment thenceforward became all smoke and noise."

About eight o'clock it was evident that the French batteries could not contend against the overwhelming odds opposed to them. On the extreme of their right attack (nearest to the English) they were enfiladed by the Russian guns, and for half an hour the French fire rapidly sank in that direction, and slackened along their whole line, until it became obvious that the French must soon be completely beaten. It was not until the Russian batteries replied to the bombardment that the full extent of the earthworks of the defence, nor the tremendous weight of metal by which those works were surmounted, was perceived by the assailants. The British were prepared for this; heavy guns from the fleet opposed the ship-guns which the Russians had mounted upon their batteries; but the French did not remove from their fleet any very large cannon, and seemed to rely more on the practice than on the weight of metal. General Canrobert in his despatch states that the works of the city held out better than was expected; but how the general, or his engineer, or artillery staff, could have supposed that forty-six guns, the largest of which were only 24-pounders, could silence the huge earthworks which 25,000 men had been labouring three weeks to raise, is inconceivable. It might have been far more consistently said by the general, that the French attack held out better than could have been expected.

At half-past eight the fire became slow on both sides, as if by common consent. Some of the British and their opponents snatched a little refreshment during the pause, but the French had to toil with desperate perseverance in repairing their shattered works, or replacing their dismounted guns. The comparative quiet did not last long. At a quarter to nine the British sailors "powdered away" with renewed energy, and appeared to communicate that energy to friends and foes, for the flash and thunder were seen and heard again from every embrasure where a gun was still pointed. Scarcely had the fire been renewed when the French magazine on the extreme right battery of twelve guns exploded, killing and wounding, according to the French official report, fifty men, but in reality twice the number were placed *hors de combat*. The report was like a clap of thunder bursting immediately above the head, and causing the earth to vibrate. The British supposed that the explosion took place in the city, in some magazine immediately in the rear of the Rus-

sian trenches, and uttered a loud burst of cheering, the sailors leaping upon the parapets and waving their hats. It soon became obvious that there was no cause for exultation, and the tars set to work with increased energy to avenge the catastrophe which had befallen their allies. Within an hour of the explosion the French batteries were nearly exhausted, and after ten o'clock they only fired a gun now and then. It was observed that these occasional shots told with a precision from which the Russians always suffered, and sometimes most severely.

The battle, however, did not abate when victory declared itself so signally on the right of the defence; the British maintained the combat with great strength, indomitable courage, and a skill that did honour to the officers and men upon whom the terrible responsibility of the occasion devolved. Fiercer and fiercer still the battle raged, loud thunders seemed to leap from trench to trench, and the valley between the blazing heights seemed as if uttering groans of suffering beneath the struggle. The principal force of the Russians was now directed against the British; the men crowding from the batteries opposite to the French to relieve or assist those opposed to the English. In vain did the Russians put forth all their strength, skill, and courage; the English works were so solidly constructed that they resisted to an astonishing degree the weight of shot, and the expulsive force of shell, which fell upon them. The heavy English guns replied with terrible effect against those of Russia, scattering earthworks, smashing embrasures, dismantling cannon, and inflicting fearful slaughter. These enormous guns were worked with ease, especially by the sailors, whose perfect management of heavy cannon was the admiration of the military staff and soldiery. Shortly after the French were silenced a wind sprang up from the south, and driving the smoke beyond the contending lines over the city, the nature of the mighty conflict was revealed. With the exception of the 16-gun battery, the French trenches and works lay in piles of rubbish and hopeless ruin, here and there a gun or larger portion of a battery resting upon the wreck, and bravely attended by the gunners and those who served them. As the great curtain of smoke and mist went up, the English attack was clearly seen, little injured, and the men and officers displaying an energy that seemed superhuman. Still onward rolled the voluminous folds of smoke, disclosing the Russian defences, and bringing out every object into the clear light of the October sun. Entrenchment, redoubt, and battlement vomited fire in incessant flashes, the smoke rising and rolling away cityward and seaward, as fast as it gushed from the bellowing mouths

of the restless guns. The shot and shell of the English were telling fearfully; masses of earth would fly up like the gushing smoke, and then falling, show the deep rent in the works from which these masses were scattered; guns and carriages lay dispersed and broken, and the dead were many; but as fast as men fell, material yielded to the ponderous shock of the English artillery, other men took their places, and fresh guns were lifted with prodigious labour upon the broken embrasures.

As the wind swept over the Russian position it in some respects interfered with their command of the range, and relieved the English from the blinding collection of clouds of smoke over their own batteries, which in the morning impeded them so much, compelling them to fire by the line rather than by a distinct perception of the object at which they desired to aim. Glimpses could be caught also of the fleets hastening to the assistance of the land batteries,—aid which had been expected long before; but it was not until the French had almost ceased to discharge a gun, and the British were six hours engaged in the severest artillery battle upon record, that the fleet discharged a single shot. Had the ships begun the combat at the same time, it would have occupied the whole garrison, and caused such fatigue and loss as would have prevented the batteries opposed to the English from being so promptly fed and handled. This was not the first time in the war that the fleets disappointed every reasonable expectation: the fault was not with the brave men by which it was manned, but in the command.

Although the silencing of the French batteries enabled the Russians to concentrate their fire to a great extent upon those of the British they took care to pour a steady vertical fire upon the French, in order to cause as much destruction of life as possible in the trenches. The battle raged by sea and land after half past one; but only an occasional gun spoke from the French lines in reply to the constant shelling of the Russians. Before two o'clock it was the misfortune of our allies again to suffer from an explosion. One of the Russian shells fell into the reserve magazine of the principal battery, which instantly blew up, shaking the earth for a great distance around it, and filling the air with concussions which were felt over the whole camp. Twenty tons of powder were at once ignited; this battery, which had best resisted the shot of the enemy, was now completely demolished; the cannon, the heavies in the French trenches, were blown to a distance; the works scattered like the rubbish of a fallen building; and men and arms were cast up high into the air. Shells and rockets were blown in every direction, exploding amidst the troops; cannon balls were hurled to the rear

along the trenches, and over the ravine into the English left attack. The demolition was complete, and General Canrobert ordered the men to give up all attempts to replace the guns, or in any way answer the fire of the enemy. As the shock of the explosion reached the Russians, they paused a moment, and looked where the air, still lurid, showed the spot upon which the vast destruction had so suddenly taken place. A loud cheer burst from them, and ran again and again along their lines. The British, deprived of all support from their allies, began to suffer, not so much in loss of men, but their batteries were torn, and a number of their guns dismounted—one of the huge Lancasters was entirely disabled. Still there was no remission in the skill, obstinacy, or power of the English attack. The works about the Russian Round Tower (which had been silenced earlier in the day), although much battered, still maintained a galling fire, from which the British trenches experienced great injury; but every stroke from the English batteries smote heavily upon those of the enemy, and the scream of the remaining Lancaster gun could be heard above all the uproar, and the course of its terrible messengers traced by the peculiar sound until the ball struck, shattering everything which stood in its course—earth, stone, metal, all were swept away by this formidable engine of destruction. The aim of the Lancasters was very uncertain, and it was difficult to handle them, the men also conceived a prejudice against them; but where the oval ball from this weapon hit, everything went down before it with a destruction such as no other missile dealt forth. The enemy, finding it impossible to silence the English guns, which were worked with nearly the same energy as seven hours before, and as if the men who served them could never tire, prepared red-hot shot, in the hope of firing the English magazines. The subjugation of the French attack by exploding their magazines, encouraged the hope of a similar success against the English. At first there was reason to believe that their hopes would not be disappointed. A red-hot shot fell into a large ammunition waggon, heavily loaded with powder, which of course blew up instantly with a loud report. The powder having been uncovered and loosely loaded, exploded with comparatively little mischief; some men of the waggon train were killed, and a driver wounded, no other injury ensued. The Russians, supposing the loud report to proceed from a magazine, raised a loud shout, and expected to see a battery blown to pieces. Their disappointment was vexatious when they were unable to perceive any effect from the explosion; and their exultation was not merely followed by disappointment, but also by alarm and lamentation,

for scarcely had their cheer died away, and chagrin supervened, when a terrible explosion occurred in the largest magazine behind their lines. A shot from the Lancaster gun, it was supposed, lodged in it, and fired the vast store of ammunition it contained. This magazine was connected with a redoubt in front of the Redan wall, which the explosion rent, revealing a wide chasm, when the ruins of the redoubt, of guns, and other material, fell from the elevation to which they were cast. Beholders from the British lines represent this as the most terrible scene of the whole bombardment, the sound was as if all the cannon in Sebastopol had been discharged at once. The earth shook as if convulsed with an earthquake, and the shock seemed so tremendous to the allies, that it was supposed the chief part of Sebastopol had been blown up by the ignition of some great central depot. All uncertainty was soon removed by the obvious demolition of the redoubt, and of the greater part of the wall of the Redan. It could be seen clearly from the English lines that great numbers of dead, horribly mutilated, were dispersed among the *débris* of guns, gun-carriages, waggons, earth-work, and masonry. It was now the turn of the British to rejoice, and their cheers rang exultingly and defiantly over the whole theatre of conflict. The Russians seemed awestruck for a time—several minutes elapsed before they again fired a shot; but urged on by the artillery officers and chiefs of the navy, the men returned to their guns, and resumed their toil. As if to be revenged upon the Lancaster battery, they concentrated for awhile a heavy fire in its direction, but every shot fell short, and the dreaded battery, unharmed, sent its uncertain but sometimes destructive fire with impunity upon the defence. At last, all attempts to silence that battery were abandoned. For the remainder of the afternoon, the Russians answered the British siege batteries with much less spirit and success; and the latter, perceiving that they could inflict more damage by aiming at the men who manned the works than at the works themselves, the loss of life on the part of the Russian sailors and artillerymen was still more considerable than it had been. The contest, however, continued fiercely, until darkness shrouded the combatants, and during many hours after night fell, guns were discharged from both sides.

The effect upon the British was most encouraging, when at last the fleets opened against the sea defences, and drew off the attention of the enemy to a great extent in that direction. The booming of the cannon from the broadsides of the fleets and the land batteries, mingling together, seemed to startle the earth, and filled the air with concussions, producing the strangest sensations upon those

who, not actually engaged, could notice such phenomena. An amateur heard the first sounds of the naval bombardment while seated in his tent in the rear of the British lines, and he thus describes the impressions produced:—"The continuous muffled roar of their distant broadsides was very grand. Curiously enough, though it seemed far less loud than the cannonade from the trenches, it alone had the effect of making my tent poles vibrate. The two sounds together reminded me (my head must have been full that day of household images) of a gusty corridor in an old mansion; the naval broadsides were the long rattling of distant window-frames, and the shots from the trenches the sharp banging of doors. I again visited the Picket-house in the evening, and found that the French guns had ceased firing, in consequence of a powder-magazine exploding, so that the enemy were paying us their undivided attentions. The shells looked like revolving lights as it grew dark, and I was tempted to accompany a picket of the 19th regiment, then going to guard the left Lancaster battery. This was my first visit to the trenches. The night covered us effectually on our way, and when there, the compact nine-foot-high wall of bank and gabions and sand-bags, against which the officer in command and myself reclined, seemed a very fair security against round-shot to those who had nothing to do with the embrasures. Poor Captain Rowley was, indeed, killed by one that bounded down on him from the top of the parapet as he lay in the trench; but this must be a rare case. Shell, of course, are inconvenient in all situations of life, but at night they are less so than at other times, as one can see them coming, and scud out of the way. In fact, I had promised myself a very pleasant pyrotechnical evening in company with the officer who had invited me down; but the reports from the enemy's batteries gradually diminished in frequency; and at length there came an order to the gentleman in charge of the gun to cease firing for the night. So I retired, having not done much more than ascertain that the enemy's practice had been sufficiently good during the day to prove, that the perpetual pounding away that has been going on from the town for the last fortnight, has, at any rate, taught them the range of their metal. That night the Russians threw up earthworks which enfiladed the French guns, and swept many of them out of their embrasures; which, coupled with the explosion of the two powder magazines, kept our gallant allies silent all next day."

The British were in want of ammunition, which caused a pause in the morning, but more especially towards the close of the engagement this deficiency was experienced;

there had been no previous conception of the vast quantities required, and it was carried up with much labour, haste, and peril. The road or track by which it was conveyed to the lines was partly within the enemy's range who, watching the approach of the carts and men, directed shot and shell upon them. Nothing throughout the day so much tried and proved the courage of men and officers, as the way in which they discharged this dangerous duty. The trenches were occupied by troops acting as covering parties, and there were large stones, broken guns, and other fragmentary things, lying in the trenches, so that they could not be used by the soldiers passing from one battery to another; these brave fellows passed to and fro along the inner bank of the trench, while clouds of sand and dust were driven up into their faces by the falling shot from the enemy, and the bank of earth over which they passed seemed to sway under their feet, as the continuous peals of artillery caused the hard rock to vibrate upon which the way was raised. At the same time canister shot which the enemy used more freely than is usual on such occasions, swept the parapets of the trenches, and entered the embrasures. The dangerous task was however performed, not only bravely but gaily by the troops, the officer of the line assisting in the work, and setting the men an example of cool courage which was nobly followed.

The loss of the British was very inconsiderable; it seems scarcely to be credited, that among so many, exposed to such a furious cannonade, so few should be stricken. There were very many cuts and bruises never reported, although our soldiers are rather eager to show that they did not come off scatheless and to boast of their wounds. The English did not lose more than fifty men, while the loss inflicted upon the Russians could not have been less than 600, independent of that caused by the French fire. The comparatively little loss of the English, as compared with their allies and their enemies, arose thus: the French position was on the Russian practising ground and the range was familiar to every man who served the guns of the defence. The French works were beautifully executed, with a scientific perfection that met all the requirements of military art, but withal they were constructed as well as armed too lightly; the ponderous nature of the Muscovite works and armaments was not anticipated. The British works were characteristically strong. Marshal St. Arnaud and General Canrobert represented in their despatches the English infantry in the field as characterised by "*solidity*." So it was with their trenches and batteries, and they were armed with ordnance suited to such solid works. Powerful, therefore, as were the arma-

ments opposed to them, the resistance corresponded to their force. There was another circumstance in favour of the English: their batteries were placed on spurs of projecting rock, separated by gullies, as described in a previous chapter; the balls of the enemy, striking the rocky ridge, bounded high up into the air, and fell beyond the batteries; and the shells frequently exploded in the crevices and gullies, which confined their explosive power, and prevented their shattered particles from expanding upon the trenches above. The British companies of artillery, and the infantry regiments which lay in the trenches as covering parties, had often lost more men in a single day from dysentery or cholera, than they did under the fiery shower of the enemy's shells, round-shot, and canister. Several brave men fell however that day, whose loss was sorely felt. Among these was Dr. O'Leary, of the 68th regiment. He was sitting on the outer end of a traverse with another officer, and a servant in attendance, when he was swept off by a shot, which carried away the legs of the servant, and covered the other officer with the blood of both, and the fragments of shattered material which it dispersed.

The wounded were attended too close to the range of the enemy's fire, and some actually fell victims to this arrangement while under the doctor's hands.

By seven o'clock in the evening, the regiments serving in the trenches were relieved, and on their way to their tents, much in need of refreshment and rest, disappointed with the result, which, so far as it was a failure, was entirely due to the insufficient preparations of our allies, the tardy arrival of the fleets, and the imperfect way in which the ships were handled; but all were thankful that so dreadful a day was passed with so few casualties, and that the English artillery and marine force had placed themselves, in the opinion of friends and foes, in a position of so much glory. It was the most terrible day of artillery warfare which the world had ever witnessed; and the obstinate strength, endurance, courage, and persistence of the English had seldom, if ever, been more conspicuous. The whole army was loud in its encomiums of the English sailors; and the French, whose part in the day was without glory, acted without envy, and were magnanimous in their acknowledgment of the superiority of the English artillery, military and marine.

Before giving a description of the bombardment from the sea, we shall furnish some specimens of the letters written by spectators and combatants, which will at once illustrate our narrative, and place some incidents in a new point of view. An artillery officer thus conveys the impression which was produced

upon him by the extent and character of the defences when the combat was about to open.

We have seen no other account which presents so clear an idea of the vastness and power of the enemy's works:—"The enemy had opposed to our 6-gun battery on the right a tremendous entrenchment, thrown up on the top of the hills to the north of Sebastopol. It was, however, nearly 4000 yards distant, so its shot and shell all fell short, in such a manner that firing from it was soon discontinued. As we approach, this battery will prove a tough customer. Beneath this, and 1200 yards distant from our works, is a martello tower and entrenchment. The circular earthwork at its base has not only been completed, but two flanking parallels, each mounting fifteen large guns, thrown out at either side. In the creek, to the right of this tower, but so placed and covered as to command our Crown Battery on the centre, was the famous three-decker, the *Twelve Apostles*. More towards the town, and facing our Green Mound Battery, is the Redan wall, which shelters the south side of Sebastopol. It bristles with guns, and, to shelter it still further, the Russians have thrown up in its centre a regular three-sided redoubt, carrying about forty cannon. Passing over several intermediate 6, 8, and 10-gun batteries, the main strength of the Russians on the right is in some entrenchments called the Flagstaff Batteries. It is a huge hill, commanding the French lines perfectly, and entrenched for two tiers of guns, each about twenty-five in number. On the summit of the hill above the guns are banks for several large mortars. The existence of the upper tier of cannon appears to have been unknown until the moment it opened a deadly fire on the French works. On the enemy's extreme right of all was a 10-gun battery, most commandingly placed so as to enfilade the whole French line; and beyond this came the regular stone forts of the harbour, such as the Quarantine Battery and Fort Paul."

The *St. Petersburg Journal* contained a report from Prince Menschikoff, dated the 17th, in which he stated that the Russians had only a few guns injured by the fire from the trenches of the allies; that the French were entirely silenced; and the British had only two guns remaining in position, the Russian fire having dismounted all the rest! On the 18th, another report, from the same unreliable source, described the cannonade from the British lines as astonishing for its power and noise, but as being nearly innocuous! The following letter, from one of the gallant soldiers before the place, puts the effect of the British fire before us in a light very different to that in which Prince Menschikoff would have the readers of the *St. Petersburg Journal* to regard it. The writer was an infantry officer, and not on duty

in the trenches; he therefore could keep a journal of events as they proceeded as far as they fell under his review:—"Yesterday the Russians kept up a tremendous cannonade for half an hour, in the hope, I think, of finding out our line of fire; but as we were not ready, not a shot was returned. This morning we have let them know to their cost. We have at the present time about sixty siege-guns at work, and I think the French have about the same number. As the Russian batteries are very powerful, you may imagine the row that is going on. I was out with my company hard at work the whole of last night, and only got into camp in time to have a cup of chocolate and go on to the hill to see the opening of the ball, which was grand in the extreme. In about an hour and a quarter the smoke lifted, and we found we had silenced a white tower on the extreme left; but there is a great deal more to be done yet, and I shall not be at all surprised if we are obliged to carry it by assault after all. I cannot tell you how tired I am; and it is only the excitement that keeps me going. We have just got orders to be ready to turn out in a moment, as they may perhaps attempt a sortie—I only wish they would. Three, p.m.—Since I left off we have paraded, and every precaution has of course been taken. Loud cheers from our men; I must be off. I found the cheering was caused by our having set fire to a magazine near a redan, which has been pushing us hard; consequently their guns in that direction are silenced."

The same officer, resuming his journal late at night, adds—"The explosion was a Russian redoubt, which appeared to do some mischief, and, at all events, silenced their battery. Some astonishment has been felt at our cannonade not going on all night, as, up to this moment (about eleven, p.m.), since sunset we have had nearly a dead silence, which, at all events, shows that master Nick's subjects have had enough of it to-day, without troubling us with their usual shots. It has been a lovely day, and the sight this evening was certainly very beautiful. Ladies, if they could have got here, might have sat on the hills with us, and watched the operations. I certainly had a closer and better view of Sebastopol than I have had before, but I will wait until we are inside to give you a description. On looking over the town, through the smoke from our batteries and their own, you could just distinguish the fleets, and see the flashes from their guns in the volumes of smoke which constantly obscured them from our view. The landscape was most lovely. What the casualties have been during the day I have not been able to ascertain, reports vary so much, but at all events not great. An assistant-surgeon of the 20th regiment was killed; some other officers

were also reported to be killed; but I could not ascertain the fact."

The perusal of such letters gives the reader an insight into the feelings and impressions of the actors, as the more consecutive narrative does as to the events.

The bombardment by the fleets was arranged between the admirals and generals to take place contemporaneously with that on land. At ten o'clock on the night of the 16th, the ships were ordered by signal to "be ready for action at eight o'clock in the morning." As the land bombardment was to begin at half-past six o'clock, it is inconceivable why the admirals should order their captains to be ready at an hour so much later. Admiral Dundas represents, in his despatch, the value of the bombardment by sea, even if no forts were destroyed, and no batteries silenced, as consisting in the moral support afforded to the army, and in the relief extended to it by drawing away the enemy's gunners to the seaward defences. Both these forms of assistance could be given much better at half-past six than at eight; and better at eight had the appointment been kept than at half-past twelve, when the first guns from the ships opened upon the forts. The delay of six hours was a cause of great depression to the troops. When the French batteries became nearly useless, at ten o'clock in the morning, an attack from the fleets would even then have been most opportune in relieving the English from the concentrated fire of nearly the whole artillery of the garrison; but no support, moral or material, was rendered by the shipping until more than half the day was over.

Measures were taken by the ships' crews to be ready at the appointed hour, and it was no fault of the sailors or the captains if delay ensued. The dilatoriness and want of quick perception on the part of the commanders was the real cause of the untimely execution of everything attempted by sea.

On the night of the 16th, a boat went in with muffled oars to take soundings, and examine two shoals near Forts Constantine and Alexander, which were likely to impede an effective proximity of the ships. This dangerous duty was performed with skill and courage. The boat "rounded the shoals," and got quite under the forts, so that the crew could hear the conversation of the guard. There were two Russian steamers outside the sunken vessels, keeping watch like sentinels, but their vigilance was not wakeful, for the little craft maintained its noiseless course unseen, and actually entered the spaces between the sunken ships, and determined in the negative the question whether large ships could force an entrance. Having accomplished all that was committed to their enterprise, the brave crew returned

safe to the ship with the specific intelligence sought. The fineness of the night at once facilitated this achievement and incurred the danger of detection. The sea was smooth, without a ripple, and the smallest boat might venture safely anywhere; but the stillness of the evening made the least sound upon the water audible, and the bright starlight covered its surface with a chastened lustre, by which a vigilant watcher might have easily detected any dark object floating at a distance much further than the boat was, either from the sentries on the forts, or the gun-ships which were posted at the harbour's mouth.

The morning of the 17th, as has been already remarked in describing the land operations, was misty and calm. Both these circumstances retarded the movements of the fleets; but a want of arrangement and purpose was the chief impediment, by which any other might easily become formidable. The calm made it necessary that the sailing ships should be towed into position by the steamers. This was accomplished, not by the mode which is usually called "towing," but after the plan which was adopted at Petropaulovski, narrated in a previous chapter. The sailing ships were lashed to the steamers—the latter being at the off-side, and thereby protected from the fire of the enemy, so that they could not be disabled, and their important assistance lost. In this way they were to proceed as follows:—The French fleet was to be placed southward of the harbour, at the length of seven cables from the liff, and were to bombard and cannonade the Quarantine, Alexander, and Artillery Forts; the English were to take position opposite the northern forts; the Turks to take station midway between the allies. The ships were to be roadside on, across the harbour, in such a way as to bring the greatest possible amount of fire upon the batteries. From the Bay of Cherson the Wasp Battery is computed to be about two English miles, and upon a line of this extent the fleets were to display their force.

On the morning of the 17th they lay off the mouth of the Katcha, but two detached squadrons were at Balaklava and Kamiesch, assisting the British and French armies in those harbours. The first squadron was under the command of Sir Edmund Lyons, the second under that of Admiral Bruat. The fleets moved from the Katcha in such order as would bring the French in the rear, followed by the Turks and the British. The French not only performed their own task clumsily, but impeded their allies; the Turks were still more in disorder, increasing the difficulty of the English in taking up the positions assigned to them. The causes of the confusion appear to have been the want of skill on the part of all the admirals-in-chief, French, Turks, and English, in

handling such vast armaments, and maintaining close co-operation with independent commands. The smoke from the land bombardment was blowing out to sea, and obscured the fortifications, rendering it difficult for the officers to mark the objects against which they were to direct their fire, or take post in the precise position allotted to them. From this cause partly, the French lay too much to the north, displacing the Turks from their assigned position, who of course obstructed the British; so that the *Queen*, when coming to the spot where her fire was to open, found the Turkish admiral's ship already in occupation of it. So far as the smoke from the shore was an impediment it happened to be so because the admirals allowed half the day to elapse before they were at the post of duty. The early morning was so calm that the smoke hung in dense volumes over the contending gunners; and long before the wind sprung up, which blew it out to sea, the cannon of the fleet should have opened upon Sebastopol. Had Sir Edmund Lyons, instead of being with his detached squadron at Balaklava, and acting under orders, been entrusted with the command of the united fleets on the 16th, or earlier, the question of ships *versus* forts would at all events have had a more perfect solution, and the British troops would not have been left for hours to bear the violent cannonade which was concentrated upon them. In fact, the bombardment by sea was maintained only by the first French ships which arrived at their stations, and by the detached squadron of Admiral Lyons, which, passing through the line, engaged the forts of the enemy in close and desperate encounter. Admiral Dundas remained where he could neither do nor suffer much. Admiral Hamelin went in well, and had many and hair-breadth escapes. The following is the most exact representation we can impart of the positions and distances actually taken up. The reader will see how impossible it was at such ranges to effect the demolition of the forts, or even seriously to damage them. The shoals rendered it impracticable to go near enough for the former purpose, the plan of attack precluded the accomplishment of the other. Had Admiral Lyons been well seconded in his bold attempt to make up for all these deficiencies, history would have made a different record of the issue. A gentleman unconnected with either branch of the service, or with the press, thus describes the positions:—

"Place a good map of the coast before you, and describe a circle having its centre at Cape Constantine, with a radius of 1720 yards, and another having its centre at Cape Alexander, with a radius of 1990 yards, and the western point of intersection will give you the position of Admiral Dundas's ship. Alter the first radius to 770 yards, and the second to 1590,

and the same process will give you that of the *Agamemnon*. Substitute 1208 for 770, and 2280 for 1590, and the point of contact will show the position of the *Terrible*. The British ships were arranged in a form something like a pair of compasses, nearly closed, and *minus* half of one leg. Speaking more precisely, it was an acute angle, formed by two irregular lines, which, sloping towards the north-east from the *Britannia* and the *Agamemnon*, met at the *Terrible*. I will now write their names in the order which they would take in the imaginary figure I have described:—

British Line.	Towed by	Distance in yards from Cape Constantine.
<i>Britannia</i>	<i>Furious</i>	7120
<i>Trafalgar</i>	<i>Retribution</i>	1620
<i>Vengeance</i>	<i>Highflyer</i>	1580
<i>Rodney</i>	<i>Spiteful</i>	1300
<i>Bellerophon</i>	<i>Cyclops</i>	1160
<i>Queen</i>	<i>Vesuvius</i>	1140
<i>Lynx</i> (look-out ship)		1140
<i>Sphinx</i> (ditto)		1150
<i>Tribune</i> (ditto)		1340
<i>Sampson</i> (ditto)		1340
<i>Terrible</i> (ditto)		1410

Then, returning in a direction back towards the south-west, the—

<i>Albion</i>	<i>Firebrand</i>	1280
<i>Arethusa</i>	<i>Triton</i>	1140
<i>London</i>	<i>Niger</i>	1040
<i>Sanspareil</i>		880
<i>Agamemnon</i>		770

The *Spiteful* occupied a place inside the angle, between the *London* and the *Sphinx*. I have indicated all the ships by their distances from Cape Constantine, because it is necessary to have a common standard of comparisons; but you will, of course, remember, that the *Agamemnon*, and all the vessels north of her, were also exposed to the Telegraph and Wasp Forts, as well as to some recent earthworks, higher up the coast. Some of these ships were, indeed, much closer to the last-mentioned forts than to Fort Constantine. The French and Turkish men-of-war took up their positions in a line stretching in a south by south-westerly direction from the *Britannia*, to a point within 260 yards from the shore. They were placed in the following order:—

French and Turkish Line.	Towed by
<i>Napoléon</i>	—
<i>Henri IV.</i>	<i>Canada</i> .
<i>Mahmoudie</i>	<i>Turkish Admiral</i> .
<i>Valmy</i>	<i>Descartes</i> .
<i>Ville de Paris</i>	<i>Primoguet</i> .
<i>Jupiter</i>	<i>Christophero Colombo</i> .
<i>Turkish</i> (two-decker) ..	—
<i>Friedland</i>	<i>Vauban</i> .
<i>Marengo</i>	<i>Labrador</i> .
<i>Montebello</i>	—
<i>Suffren</i>	<i>Albatros</i> .
<i>Jean Bart</i>	—
<i>Charlemagne</i>	—

I should add that these lists represent the order and composition of the lines at half-past one, when they opened fire; but, by half-past

five, the following were almost the only ships engaged with the forts:—*Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, *Rodney* (on shore), *Bellerophon*, *Queen Sampson*, *Terrible*, *Spitfire*, and *Sphinx*. I have received another account, which puts the *Britannia* at 2500 yards, and the *Agamemnon* at 800 yards, from Fort Constantine; and which places the latter ship at 750 from the Telegraph Fort, and at 1200 from the Wasp Fort. As regards Fort Constantine, perhaps the apparent difference may be explained by the position of its batteries on the coast. The first scale is measured, not from the batteries but from the Cape. The sea round Sebastopol is so shallow, that even at the place occupied by the *Britannia* there are only fifteen fathoms water; while Admiral Lyons, who pushed his ship—no prophet was needed to predict it—as far as she could go (into five and a quarter fathoms), did not get closer than the point I have above indicated.”

The French were first in action; they were followed by the few Turkish ships, which were also engaged before the British formed line but at so great a distance that their fire was ineffectual. It was nine o'clock in the morning before those ships which were first to move from the Katcha received any orders to advance, and slowly and confusedly were these orders obeyed. All the steamers of our allies, except the *Pluton* and *Eumenide*, were lashed alongside the sailing ships, to push them towards the batteries. Immediately upon leaving the Katcha, our allies found the advantage of certain precautions which they had taken on the nights of the 15th and 16th, when the captain of the *Pluton* laid down buoys along the coast to guide the course of the fleet; on this account the *Pluton* took the lead. She was followed immediately by the *Charlemagne*, which was ordered to anchor close by the shoal, so that the succeeding vessels might occupy places to the north and north-east of her. The French line-of-battle ships were towed more slowly, or rather driven more slowly, into position than the admiral had calculated, in consequence of their great size and weight in proportion to the steam-power which propelled the vessels lashed to them. French writers represent the progress as about two knots an hour—half that rate of progression would be nearer the truth; these writers also state that at half-past twelve their ships opened fire, but it was many minutes later, and so slowly and imperfectly, that the bombardment by sea could hardly, with any propriety, be described as beginning until after one o'clock. It was half-past one before an English ship fired a shot. The *Vautour* had the honour of “leading fire.” Having worked her way into a little creek, her position seemed favourable, and at first her guns appeared to

tell upon the batteries of the enemy. The Russians fired too high. A French officer describes the effect as a "light whistling, like the noise made by certain birds of prey, audible at the masthead." When the battle began in earnest, the *Vautour* being obliged to go in nearer shore, to make way for the *Charlemagne*, found the shelter of a tongue of land, which, slight as it appeared, afforded comparative impunity. The *Vautour* soon discovered, what ought to have been understood by the admirals before, that the nearer the batteries the safer the ship. Not a man was lost on board this ship; her masts, from which all the yards had been taken down, escaped untouched. Three balls were lodged in the paddle-boxes, and as many in the hull, when she stood out at the greatest distance; not a shot from the batteries took effect when she went well in. This little steamer had been half an hour engaged before her efforts were seconded, so slowly were the operations of the French navy performed. The *Charlemagne*, at last, came to her assistance, but worked in so awkwardly, and opened fire with so little promptitude, that before a shot from her guns was directed upon the fortifications, considerable damage was sustained. Several shots told upon her hull; her masts were considerably cut up; and a shell, bursting in the engine-room, spread destruction there which it was not easy quickly to repair. She, however, avenged the mischief thus received; for a shell from one of the 80-pounders struck Fort Constantine, rending the space upon which it exploded, and throwing up a cloud of dust and broken wall.

The first French line dressed by the *Charlemagne* in the direction N.N.W., the *Napoléon* and *Henri Quatre* coming on first; the second line so formed as to fire through the interstices of the first. The two Turkish ships uselessly prolonged the French line; and further on to the N.N.E. of the second Turkish ship, a line of eight British was formed, the nearest portion of the English fleet. The *Montebello* and *Jean Bart* fired vigorously, and suffered considerably. The average distance of the French ships was about 1500 metres, a distance rendering their own fire almost innocuous, and placing them within a range at which the enemy had the greatest advantage. This arose partly from the shallowness of the water, but mainly from the bad seamanship of those in command. Ships in order to damage strong fortifications must fire their guns double-shotted; and this can only be done within 500 yards. The French, with the exception of the *Vautour* and *Charlemagne*, were placed at more than twice that distance, and some of their ships were 2000 yards off. The French admiral, as we have already shown, states in his despatch that the

Russian fire slackened at half-past two o'clock: this was true so far as Fort Constantine was concerned, and partially true of Fort Alexander; where, however, the cannonade was resumed again with the greatest fury.

Admiral Hamelin had a narrow escape. Leaning by the poop of his flagship, a shell fell within a yard of him, and, bursting instantly, killed one officer and a sailor, and mortally wounded an officer who was on duty near him. The coolness and self-possession of the brave admiral were the admiration of officers and men.

A French naval authority asserts that 25,000 shots were fired by Admiral Hamelin's fleet. This enormous discharge of heavy missiles upon the defences must have told very decidedly, even at a range of 1000 yards, had it been delivered rapidly and simultaneously from the broadsides of the fleet. But the ships of our allies came into action one by one, instead of advancing in line; and as each vessel came within range of the enemy it was smitten by shot and shell, and damaged before it could return a single stroke. The approach of the fleet of our ally was very imposing. The ships were beautifully constructed; and however unhandy their crews, as compared with those of the English fleet, they displayed all the heroism for which both the army and navy of France are so justly famed.

The reported loss of the French fleet was sixteen killed and 200 wounded; but we fear that this was much under the number, at all events of the slain. Many of those reported wounded were mortally so. We scarcely think that an equal loss was inflicted by the French upon the defenders of the batteries. The Turks were in a position to give or receive so little harm that it was a waste of ammunition to blaze away as they did, broadside after broadside, for so many hours.

When the English joined in the attack, they came on ship by ship, committing the same error as the French had committed. The scene around Sebastopol, when they had all taken up their positions, was one of the grandest ever presented. Some thousands of cannon emitting their flashes, the booming of their reports over the calm sea, and the echoes of the broadsides, and of the land batteries from the hills, encircling the flame-begirt city, formed a *tout ensemble* beyond all conception sublime. As the smoke ascended, a dark canopy was formed, beneath which the flashes from ships, forts, and trenches, were seen like lightnings warring with lightnings, as if the gods of mythic story had borrowed the shafts of Jove, and raged in mutual strife. Above the roar of battle in the trenches, the bellowing broadsides of the ships were heard; and notwithstanding the constant volleys which the fleets poured out, the crews could hear the rumbling thunder

which rolled through the trenches. The scene on board each ship which came seriously into action was startling. Officers and men were in the highest excitement; the latter stripped to their shirts, or naked to their waists, begrimed with powder, and stained with blood, working the guns with hot energy, and shouting defiance upon the foe. Shells were bursting upon the decks; cannon-balls piercing their hulls, or dashing the water up around the combatants; spars snapping; splinters flying; and above every noise, the voice of command was heard directing or cheering the men for a desperate struggle. None who witnessed it by land or sea, from trench or fort or ship, can ever fail to have a vivid memory of the first day of the bombardment of Sebastopol.

The English came into action as the French had done—the liners lashed to steamers: none of the British ships came under fire until the French had been a full hour engaged, thus giving the defenders of the forts the advantage of a defence in detail, and allowing them to keep their men fresh. Had Admiral Dundas really desired to make the attack ineffectual, he could scarcely have laid his plan for such an object more fitly. The *Queen*, *Britannia*, *Trafalgar*, *Vengeance*, *Rodney*, and *Bellerophon*, with the *Vesuvius*, *Furious*, *Retribution*, *High-flyer*, *Spitfire*, *Spiteful*, and *Cyclops*, alongside, formed the outer line, under the command of the admiral-in-chief, Dundas. The advance-line was under the command of the second admiral, Lyons, and consisted of the following steamers:—the flagship *Agamemnon*, the *Sanspareil*, *Sampson*, *Tribune*, *Terrible*, *Sphinx*, and *Lynx*, with that useful little appendage, the *Arrow* gun-boat, accompanied by the sailing ships *Albion*, *London*, *Arethusa* (these were lashed to the steamers *Firebrand*, *Niger*, and *Triton*).

A little steam-tug, the *Circassia*, commanded by Mr. Ball, led the way, carefully sounding as it went, and marking out the positions for the other vessels. This little vessel was exposed to great danger going in, but went in so completely under “the dip” of the enemy’s guns as to neutralise the peril. The mode in which she was commanded by Mr. Ball earned the admiration of the fleet.

Sir Edmund Lyons appeared to select the post of danger, but in reality it was the post of safety. He got farther in than any of his consorts; and as the guns of the forts could not be easily lowered to reach his ship, the fire passed over it, doing execution at a greater distance. Sir Edmund has been universally represented as breaking through the order of battle, and performing a most daring exploit, contrary to the intentions of his chief. This impression is unjust to Admiral Dundas. The arrangement belonged to the latter; but Ad-

miral Lyons asked and obtained permission to conduct the *Agamemnon* under Fort Constantine. The position he took up was one designed by Admiral Dundas to have been occupied by some other ship of the advanced line; but the request of his second in command was courteously complied with. The *Agamemnon* lost less men than any other British ship brought within range of the enemy’s guns. The first ships that went well in after the *Circassia* had felt the way, were the *Terrible* and *Sampson*, whose gallant commanders maintained the character for enterprise which they had won by their conduct throughout all the operations of the fleet. These two smart steamers, pushing rapidly through the fire from the fort, anchored opposite two small batteries, which, from their peculiar situation, could inflict great mischief upon the fleet, and frustrate the efforts of Admiral Lyons even to keep his position. One of these batteries was called the Telegraph, from its proximity to the signal-station; the other the *Wasp*, from its power to annoy in proportion to its size. The steamers opened briskly upon these batteries with shells, especially upon the *Wasp*. The *Agamemnon* was by this means allowed to come in to the edge of the shoal with comparative impunity, and take up a position admirably chosen, so as to do great damage, and receive little. From this circumstance she was enabled for four hours to pour her broadsides into Fort Constantine, until the towering fortress trembled beneath the blows. As she advanced, her hull received several round-shot, and more than one shell exploded upon her deck; but when fairly in, she chiefly suffered in her masts and rigging, being below the range of the casemates. The *Albion* and *London* followed the *Agamemnon*; but taking up their positions at a greater distance, they were precisely where the Russians could do them most injury. After a hopeless struggle, both vessels were driven out. Not so the *Sanspareil*, which followed closely in the wake of Sir Edmund. She seconded his fire upon the fortress with telling power; but being farther out than his ship, she came within the range from the casemates, and was terribly cut up, scarcely a part of her hull, masts, or rigging that was not impaired; and the loss of men on board was greater than in any other ship of either fleet. At last the *Sanspareil* was obliged to sheer off, and leave the *Agamemnon* to thunder alone against the fort, which seemed belching flame, and which sent its balls in showers upon the water, few of them falling near enough to hurt the sturdy *Agamemnon*. At last some of the guns were lowered in the casemates to get a nearer range, and the ship speedily felt this altered condition of affairs. Her masts and rigging were so cut up, that it was marvellous they did not go overboard.

Nor did all the shots strike her aloft; her hull and decks were stricken by several large shot. Sir Edmund expressed a wish that some of his officers would venture over to the *Bellerophon*, and bring her to his aid. A lieutenant undertook the perilous mission; and rowing off in an open boat, sought that ship. It seemed an undertaking prompted by despair; all expected to see the gallant little boat and her noble freight go down together, struck by some ponderous ball, or shattered to pieces by the bursting of a shell. All around, both descriptions of missile fell in a torrent of force and fire, yet onward sped the boat until the brave lieutenant reached his destination, and delivered his message. That message was a coarse one, unworthy of a great man upon a great occasion, when, whatever his dauntless bravery, it could not become him to use the language of low bravado, or profane recklessness. "Tell him to come in; these forts will sink me, and I'm d—d if I leave this." The captain of the *Bellerophon* promptly obeyed, and got in with little loss to the spot assigned to him, whence he threw a terrific broadside upon the fort. By this time the Wasp and Telegraph Batteries had sorely smitten the *Sampson* and *Terrible*, and were flinging their bolts upon the *Agamemnon*. The *Bellerophon*, after delivering the one crushing broadside upon the large fort, poured a shower of shells into the Wasp, scattering guns and men with rapid destruction. The brave ship did not come off scatheless in this encounter, a shell, bursting in her forepart, set fire to the lower deck, and the entire destruction of the vessel was apprehended. Ceasing to work the guns, all hands rushed forward to extinguish the flames: this was fearlessly and promptly done. It was well the Wasp had lost its sting before the ignition of the ship, or entire wreck would have been in all probability her fate. But while the attention of the crew was directed to the flames, the anchor dragged, and the vessel drifted towards the shoal, where she would have been an easy prey to the enemy. This critical juncture was observed by the captain of the *Spitfire*, who, dashing in, took the disabled *Bellerophon* in tow, and brought her out of action, the Russians cheering at her compulsory departure, the British because of her fortunate rescue. The *Agamemnon*, delivered from the tormenting Wasp, remained, confronting "the great fort," hurling the shot from her broadsides against it with incessant combat. The *Arethusa* frigate, and her little consort, the *Triton* steamer, suffered still more than the *Bellerophon*. The *Triton* towed the *Arethusa* under fire, and in doing so received a cannonade so heavy, that the Russian naval officers in the batteries were astonished that she was not shattered or sunk. The little steamer then

hauled round, bringing the broadside of the *Arethusa* to the foe. This put the *Triton* under shelter, as she was covered by the larger bulk of the sailing-ship. The men of the former then rushed on board the latter, to assist in working the guns; and seldom has a first-class frigate dealt forth a broadside so formidable as was poured upon the enemy. Broadside and battery uttered their defiance in quick and terrible response, the little steamer vibrating from stem to stern with the shock. Rigging, ropes, and yards, were cut by shot. Balls flew over the deck of the frigate, and hit the funnel and paddle-wheels of her consort. Shrouds, gaffs, stays, and all the furniture aloft which guides or garnishes a ship, hung in tangled tatters. Some of the most useful men among the crew of the *Triton* were wounded by splinters of shells. At last there was danger of both vessels sinking, and the frigate became nearly helpless. Her cockpit was smeared with the blood of wounded and slain; her rigging was shot away, or lay scattered about her decks, and it was evident she could no longer be useful. The *Triton* towed her out of line; but in doing so she was raked with shells, her decks were covered with wounded, and several were slain. When she got out of range, there were twenty-two holes in her funnel; yet in this condition she contrived to bring her charge to Constantinople, to be docked for repairs. When both vessels arrived there, they bore fearful evidence of what the sailors call "a severe mauling." The *Salvador* had a more narrow escape of wreck than either the *Bellerophon*, *Arethusa*, or *Triton*. A shell burst in the captain's cabin, and set fire to a coil of ropes. The powder-magazine adjoined, and there was imminent danger of its being exploded. A cry of fire, always so alarming on board ship, rang through the vessel; the pumps were worked, and the magazine deluged with water. The ship was saved, but the powder was spoiled, and her efforts rendered nugatory. The *Albion*, on coming out of action, was found to be so damaged that she followed the *Arethusa* to Constantinople to be docked. The *Rodney*, as Admiral Dundas's despatch relates, tailed upon a reef, and was exposed to a destructive fire, which shattered her masts. She must have soon been a wreck had not the active little steamer *Spiteful* got her off, but becoming in the effort a sharer in the damage.

The loss of the English was forty-four killed, and 266 wounded. It must be admitted that of the wounded many died; and none among the men were reported wounded who could still do duty. The *Britannia*, the flagship of Admiral Dundas, only contributed nine slightly wounded to the general loss; and although she was struck repeatedly, it was at such long range that, except for the honour of it, her

officers need not have said anything about it. Several of the officers and men sent home to the public papers such accounts of the engagement as would leave the impression that they had been active combatants and sharers in the general danger: no doubt every officer and man on board would have rejoiced if their ship had partaken with the "saucy *Arethusa*," or the gallant *Sanspareil*, or stubborn *Agamemnon*, the brunt of battle. One shell, however, fell upon the poop of the *Britannia*, exploding near Admiral Dundas, and placing him for a moment in as great danger as the leader of the French navy had been from a similar cause. If this ship was too far out of the way to receive many visitors of that description, she was also too remote to send many to the enemy; she, however, threw shell and shot all the afternoon, and fired many useless broadsides.

The loss of the Russians was very heavy; they admitted that the naval bombardment cost them five hundred men and several officers, two of whom were admirals. Several of the casemates were severely battered, Fort Constantine silenced; also the Telegraph Battery, and the Wasp destroyed. Still the effect produced did not answer general expectations. We cannot but think these expectations unreasonable: ships *versus* stone walls was not a case fairly decided by the issue of the day. Had gun-boats been attached to the fleet, and had it been possible for the ships to have got well in under the forts, which the shoal-water prevented, we are convinced that the victory for ships against forts would have been signal. But when to these disadvantages were added a timid and confused command, and the unskilful manner in which the ships came into action—already noticed—it ought to have been matter of congratulation that the results were no worse, and that the enemy suffered so severely. Admiral Nachimoff was killed by the fragments of a shell, and Admiral Korniloff was dangerously wounded, and ultimately died in consequence of his wounds. He was one of the officers who accompanied Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople on his famous mission concerning the keys of the Holy Places, and the protection of the Greek Church. The two admirals who had planned and executed the brutal and cowardly massacre of Sinope had now both fallen, and men could scarcely restrain the feeling that it was a providential retribution for the outrage against humanity perpetrated on that day.

The courage of the British sailors during the whole afternoon was worthy of the reputation of their class. As an instance of their intrepidity, on board the *Sanspareil*, eight men were swept away from a gun which they were working; the two who remained, coolly went

on loading with their sponge and rammer as if nothing had happened. Night at last closed around the combatants, and the ships withdrew; those who were spectators describe the contrast then presented to the scenes of the day as producing some of the strangest sensations they ever experienced. The heat, smoke, noise, danger, and shouts of conflict, were followed by a clear and serene night, bright with innumerable stars, reflected in long lines of light upon the tremulous sea. On board everything was quiet, the reaction consequent upon excitement giving to the stillness of discipline an intensity of which all were conscious.

Thus ended the opening day of the bombardment of Sebastopol, and all attempts on the part of the fleets to force an entrance or crush the batteries by which the harbour was commanded. Yet this day of toil, blood, and din of battle, was the terrible prelude of other days more bloody and terrible, ere the standards of covenanted France and England waved beside the crescent above vanquished Sebastopol. The *St. Petersburg Journal* gave certain accounts, evidently garbled and perverted, purporting to be extracts from the despatches of Prince Menschikoff, in which he was made to say, after referring to the land bombardment in terms of absurd triumph and falsehood, "At noon on the same day, fourteen vessels of the allied fleet attacked Sebastopol by sea, directing their fire against Fort Constantine and battery No. 10. The shortness of the time and the smoke rendered it impossible for Prince Menschikoff to furnish complete details of the loss on either side, but the Russian cause had sustained a severe loss in the death of Admiral Korniloff, whose leg had been carried off by a round-shot, and who died on the spot. The Alexander Battery, and battery No. 10, had not suffered much, but the Constantine Battery had been greatly injured. On the land side none of the Russian batteries had suffered, except No. 3, in which nearly all the pieces (thirty-three in all) had been dismounted. The Russian loss was estimated at 500 killed and wounded, among the latter Admiral Nachimoff, very slightly. The vessels which had taken part in the bombardment on the 17th, and which Prince Menschikoff believed to be all French, had gone away in the direction of Cape Chersonese. The smoke on the 17th, and a thick fog on the 18th, had rendered it impossible for Prince Menschikoff to state the enemy's loss, but he says it would seem that one ship of the line had been seriously damaged, and two steamers set on fire by red-hot shot."

It is remarkable that while in some positions on shore the roar of the artillery was deafening, and the sublimity of the whole conflict most impressive and even awe-inspiring,

yet in others the sound was represented as coming with a muffled and mumbling tone, and so subdued that conversation in a moderate voice could easily be maintained. An officer of British infantry thus described what he heard and saw:—"I must say it has not been quite so tremendous as I supposed. The noise is something like that which you may have heard in one of the large steam workshops in our dockyards at Woolwich, when the great hammers are at work; moreover, as the Royal Artillery and the Jack-tars from the men-of-war had the work pretty nearly to themselves,

there was but little excitement near us, the remainder of the army quietly sitting at the tops of the hills, in front of the line, spectators of the scene, in places where certainly, yesterday, they would have had unpleasant visitors, in the shape of shot and shell. But to-day the enemy's guns were fully employed on our batteries. What the effect of the day's work has been, I do not venture an opinion. The White Tower, which seemed their strongest work on this side of Sebastopol, and most frequent annoyance, was the first object, and was very soon silenced after the firing began."

CHAPTER XL.

ATTACKS UPON EUPATORIA.—CONTINUATION OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL TO THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

"List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you."

SHAKSPEARE. *Henry V.*

WHILE the bombardment proceeded at Sebastopol, the Russians closely watched Eupatoria, and the gallant little garrison was obliged as closely to watch them. Some guns and rocket-tubes were landed from the fleet on the 19th, which increased the confidence of the garrison; but it was never tempted for a moment to imagine that it could rest in security. Every day skirmishes occurred. The Russian videttes were always lingering about; and the main body consisted of a brigade of cavalry of nearly 4000 men, besides some infantry and a strong force of horse-artillery. The British worked hard at the defences; a deep ditch was cut across the flat ground at either entrance to the town upon the north and south, and strong breastworks were raised behind the ditches; guns were planted upon earthworks raised to receive them. The fieldpieces and rocket-tubes landed on the 19th were placed in redoubts raised at the back of the town, barricades were raised across the streets which debouched upon the steppe, and Captain Brock at last assured himself that a cavalry attack, supported by even a large artillery force, could not be successful. Throughout October and November the Russian cavalry daily reconnoitred, advancing close up to the place, and were driven back by the artillery and musketry of the defence. Bodies of French sailors and marines were landed after the 19th, who were very eager for a brush with the enemy, whom they were disposed to hold too cheaply. It soon became evident, from the vigilance and enterprise of the Russian cavalry, and from the frequent notices of Eupatoria in the press of St. Petersburg, that the importance of the allied occupation began to be felt by the Russian armies and government. It was said

that the emperor felt keenly the impolicy of allowing the allies to take possession of it, and repeatedly sent angry and urgent orders to Prince Menschikoff to dislodge them. The prince might have replied in the quaint couplet which an old dramatist put into the mouth of Lord Sarsfield before the battle of Augrim, when Ginkle stormed Athlone, and when the French general St. Ruth gave an order similar to that of the Emperor Nicholas—

"Easily said—would they as soon obey,
We'd make the scellums for their entrance pay."

Prince Menschikoff gave stringent orders to attempt anything that was possible for cavalry and artillery to attempt, and promised upon the first opportunity to reinforce the troops before Eupatoria by an infantry corps and a sufficient number of heavy pieces of artillery. On the 20th of October the Russian cavalry were able to effect considerable mischief, mainly through the over-confidence and consequent carelessness of our allies. The accounts of this skirmish which reached London and Paris were very meagre, but the St. Petersburg papers wrote in a style of high triumph concerning it. The following went the round of those journals, and was copied into all the German papers:—"At Eupatoria the operations have been limited to skirmishes between our outposts of lancers and Cossacks with parties of the enemy who attempted to leave the town. On the 20th a detachment of volunteers, composed of Lieutenant Goriatchoff, Cornet Bogomalets, and twenty lancers of the regiment H.I.H. Mad. the Grand Duchess Catherine Mikhailowna, and some Cossacks, taking advantage of the thick fog, galloped up to the town itself, plunged into a crowd of Tartars who

were outside the wall, killed twelve on the spot, took two prisoners, wounded a great number, pushed into the town on the heels of the fugitives, killed the three French sentinels at the barrier, and while the town was in complete confusion, withdrew, driving before them cattle, sheep, and horses, to the number of 1000. In this skirmish Cornet Bogomalets was slightly wounded with a lance."

This was the most successful exploit of the Cossacks against the little fortress, which it now deserved to be called. In the winter a more determined assault was made, an account of which must be reserved for future pages of this narrative.

On the 18th of October the bombardment of Sebastopol was resumed. Before proceeding to recount its events, and those which followed, it is desirable to form some estimate of the forces of the assailants and assailed. On this subject an Austrian military paper of authority observed at the time:—"The fortresses of Sebastopol are said to command 800 pieces of artillery, while, with the army at Bagtché Serai, 100 field-guns can be brought into action by Prince Menschikoff. The numerical strength of the Russians within Sebastopol is estimated at 34,000 men, and at Bagtché Serai 30,000. It is, however, more than probable that the Russians are stronger than this estimate would imply; for Prince Menschikoff is said to have retreated from the heights of Alma in good order, with nearly all his guns, and more than 20,000 men. The Russian army which suddenly made its appearance and retreated before the English on their march from the battle of Alma to Balaklava, was represented as 15,000 strong, and considerable reinforcements are since known to have entered the Crimea and marched from Perekop to Bagtché Serai. The distance from Perekop to Simpheropol is about eighty miles, and Bagtché Serai lies at about half that distance between Simpheropol and Sebastopol, or twenty or twenty-five miles farther. This would make the distance from Perekop to Bagtché Serai a week or ten days' easy march for any large body of troops, but it is quite possible that reinforcements may have reached Prince Menschikoff much more rapidly. At any rate there are reasonable grounds for believing that the Russians under Prince Menschikoff will not be less than from 50,000 to 60,000 strong."

One of the Prussian journals thus noticed the probabilities:—"General Osten-Sacken is still at Perekop, awaiting the arrival of the reinforcements. It is very probable that he will take the separate command of the reserves, while Prince Menschikoff will confine his operations to the defence of his position near Sebastopol. These reinforcements that are so much talked of would, it was antici-

pated, in the first place, reach Simpheropol the 12th or 14th. We read now in a despatch from Odessa, that it is believed that the reinforcements will not arrive at their destination before the 25th of October, when it is presumed the garrison in Sebastopol (computing both the northern and southern sides) will number 25,000 men, and the army in the field at least 30,000, independent of the garrison of Bagtché Serai, Simpheropol, and Perekop which, taken together, will be at least 45,000 men, raising the Russian troops in the Crimea to the number of 100,000—a force greater than that of the allies, who cannot muster 80,000, and these are rapidly diminishing from hard work, insufficient hospital attendance, bad food, the diseases of the climate, and the guns of the Russians."

While putting these sheets through the press, a general officer, who took a distinguished part in the siege, has placed in the author's hands an estimate of the garrison of Sebastopol, at the time when the bombardment was opened, the correctness of which he then took great pains to ascertain, from the importance of such information to the position he occupied:—

GARRISON OF SEBASTOPOL.

Superior Troops—16 Naval Regiments, about	14,000
Garrison Artillery ..	4,000
Working men, drilled and organised....	3,200
Invalid Regiments	2,000
Dockyard Troops	2,000
Troops of the Line.....	5,000
	30,200

Independent of the Northern Forts and Lines, }
the garrison of which numbered about } 5,000

Accurate accounts of the allied forces have appeared in previous pages, and, notwithstanding the causes of diminution referred to in the Berlin paper just quoted, the reinforcements which arrived made up for all, and somewhat increased their number. The importance of a correct estimate of the relative strength of the contending hosts is necessary, in order to do justice to the strategy, of the generals, to explain the necessity for accepting or forcing battle, and to account for the character and issue of the contests. The entire Russian army, generally, in western Europe, so exaggerated as to its numbers, was thus estimated by an English gentleman resident in Vienna:—"The following *ordre de bataille* of the Russians has been received in Vienna, and we have reason to consider it entitled to credit:—Imperial Guards—41,000 infantry, and 12,000 cavalry, with 120 cannon; Grenadier corps—36,000 infantry, and 5000 cavalry, with 112 cannon; sixth infantry corps—288,000 infantry, and 30,000 cavalry, with 720 cannon; and two reserve corps, with 80,000 infantry. The

army of the Caucasus numbers 30,000 men, infantry; Orenberg, 25,000; Siberia, 20,000; Finland, 20,000. The total of the cavalry attached to these four armies is calculated at 20,000, with 530 cannon. The grand totals are 540,000 infantry, 67,000 cavalry, and 1482 guns."

If his account be precise, and, at the time, we believe its precision was not disputed, the amount and character of the Russian reinforcements might have been foreseen by our generals and their governments, and their military arrangements distributed accordingly. At the opening of the bombardment, and still more as the month of October advanced, the British felt the want of additional troops to carry on the stupendous work devolving upon them. It was not altogether the fault of the British government at home that reinforcements did not arrive. There were, at this very juncture, troops at Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and Scutari, which would have been ordered to the Crimea if Lord Raglan had demanded them; he, on the contrary, stopped the transmission of regiments and detachments from Constantinople at the very time the men were dropping in the trenches from overwork, cold, and sickness; it was his lordship's opinion that the forces operating before Sebastopol were quite sufficient. Had he been one of those generals identified in heart and hope with his own soldiery,—like Napoleon, Cromwell, Sir de Lacy Evans, and other military chiefs to whom their armies were attached,—he would have better known the wants and toils of his troops; and instead of forbidding the transmission of fresh bands, he would have urged their speedy arrival.

Before proceeding to narrate the events which followed the memorable 17th of October, we will give a few instances of the courage and condition of the troops up to that date. A private soldier of that noble regiment, the 42nd Highlanders, thus relates his experience in a letter from Balaklava, dated the day before the opening of the bombardment:—"It is a month since we landed in the Crimea, and we have not had off our shoes since, only to change our socks, or wash our feet in a burn, and that is very rarely done. We have had no vents since we came. We lie out in the open air night and day, the sky for our covering, and the fields for our bed. We sometimes come across some straw to make a bed to keep our bones off the stones, so you can picture to yourself how we live; but, thank God, we have had very good weather, very little rain, but very heavy dews at night, and it is getting very cold. I have to get up off the ground at night and run about to make my blood warm. We are quite benumbed this morning."

It is impossible to believe that, had either

the army or navy a *head*, that such sufferings would have continued unmitigated. Both the military and naval chiefs were without energy or acuteness; nothing requiring comprehensive conception was thought of, nothing requiring a comprehensive management was executed.

The following instances of individual prowess cannot fail to interest our readers:—A 55th man had gone into a garden some distance beyond our lines, when to his astonishment he was attacked by a Cossack, armed with a pistol and long lance. The son of the Don came down full tilt, but his weapon was kept off by means of a huge stake. The pistol was now called into action, but in vain—the soldier clinging tightly with both hands to the lance. Fear now attacked the Russian, and, thinking discretion the better part of valour, he left his weapon in our warrior's hands and fled. The soldier carried his trophy home in triumph to the general of his brigade, who gave him a sovereign for his noble conduct, and promised him immediate promotion.

A British naval officer writes thus to his friends in Yorkshire—"What unquenchable pluck those Frenchmen have—game to the backbone. Our purser, Bowley, when ashore next day, met a party carrying off a French officer badly wounded—one arm shot close off, and other wounds besides. He asked the poor fellow to drink a little brandy and water, and he immediately pulled out a flask of his own—drank to Bowley—sung out 'Long life to the Emperor and the English!' and then fell back exhausted. Their pluck never dies away."

To the Russians, the English appeared as singularly eccentric; and it is not to be wondered at, when the strange freaks they played are considered. A curious adventure happened one night to two of our sappers. Wandering about in the evening, they completely lost their way to the camp, and suddenly found themselves inside one of the Russian earthworks. A sentinel challenged them, whereupon the men, perhaps under the impression that it was good Russian, replied, 'Bono Johnny.' The consequence was that the alarm was given, and the men pursued. A volley was fired without effect at the two indiscreet sappers, but one of them soon received a bayonet in the body, and was thrown over the wall into the trenches as dead. The other, though slightly wounded, escaped. Towards morning, the man who had been thrown into the ditch concentrated all his energies, and dragged himself into the British camp, from whence he was conveyed to Balaklava. He reported that inside the earthwork he saw a battery of forty 56-lb. guns, probably taken out of the useless ships.

There is no exaggeration of the hardihood and recklessness of the common soldiery in the

following *morceau* from the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*:—"The men looked upon the whole firing as a spectacle got up for their especial amusement, and expressed their approbation or disapproval according to the merits of the case. If a shell burst within twenty yards of the group, it was hailed with a universal 'Bono Johnny,' but if, on the contrary, the projectile chanced to burst in the air (as often occurred), the men appeared even disappointed."

It must not be supposed that all the daring and enterprise was on the side of our own fearless soldiery, officers or men. The correspondent of the *Morning Post* gives the following specimen of the adventurous spirit of our neighbours and allies, the French:—"Our engineers have been daily engaged reconnoitring; but they go out, to my mind, far too *cock-haty*, and so at once attract attention. They should take a lesson from the French. Towards the evening, four Zouaves were seen walking, as it were, reeling drunk towards the walls of Sebastopol, just above the ship which had so long annoyed us. The Russians, thinking they were a sure catch, let them come quite close, and then sent out half-a-dozen armed men to bring them in; upon which the Frenchmen took to their heels at a railway pace, followed by the shots of the hopeful Russians, and reached their camp in safety, possessed of all the information they required as to the position and strength of the several forts and ships against which they are especially to act. These pretended friends of Bacchus were shrewd engineer-officers seeking important knowledge."

The correspondents of our London morning papers not only communicated intelligence which, but for them, had never reached the British public, but gave opinions in reference to military facts and probabilities, which would have done no discredit to our generals. The following is a specimen of the condition of things at the juncture of the bombardment. The expectations of Sir John Burgoyne were also those of the army generally, but we believe that several of the generals of division did not participate in them:—"Cholera at the camp is still very severe, and many cases are brought thence daily in the arabas to Balaklava. As yet, the greatest Russian ally has been the exceedingly beautiful clear moonlight nights, which would have rendered plainly visible to them the commencement of our engineering operations. I have taken another ramble across the dreary-looking country towards Sebastopol, and again looked down upon the enemy hard at work at the fortifications of their doomed city. While I was sitting in a friend's tent, the shot and shell frequently came whizzing over us, and during my stay a

shell unfortunately fell and exploded in a tent occupied by soldiers of the 68th, killing a sergeant and sentry, whose post was 200 yards off, and severely wounding three others. The day before had taken a rifleman pack from his back without injuring him. Sir John Burgoyne, it is said, speaks positively of a few days only being required to reduce the place. From deserters we hear that the Russians are determined to resist to the last; several Poles have come to the camp, who speak of the strong disaffection of their brethren in the town. There was some skirmishing at the outposts yesterday morning, when four Englishmen and six Cossacks were killed, and two guns have been captured from the enemy near Sebastopol. Yesterday, also, a body of Russian troops, consisting of 400 cavalry, and 3000 infantry, with Cossacks in advance, came from the eastward to about three miles from Balaklava. Cavalry and horse artillery were immediately sent against them, and the Guards and Highlanders immediately got under arms. They were fired into by the artillery, and immediately retreated. This appeared to be a reconnaissance, and there is report that a numerous army is in their rear. The marine camp on the heights now muster 1200 men, and they take the garrison duties of Balaklava. Three of the Greys were captured the night before last—they were upon outpost duty, and no doubt must have been very lax in their look-out. While I write there is heavy firing going on in the direction of Sebastopol, and most probably, before this reaches you, it will be crumbled to pieces. I should not be at all surprised if the enemy attacked this place shortly with a large force which we know is in the neighbourhood. They would naturally endeavour to cut off the retreat of the besieging army, and annihilate their base of operations. The French opened a fire upon Sebastopol two days ago. A three-decker (they say the *Twelve Apostles*) is careened over as much as possible, and is troublesome; and a gunboat with heavy guns is also disposed to be annoying. It is said that the first step will be to destroy these vessels at a long range. Seventeen howitzers have been landed from our fleet, and are to be posted on the heights, and the English pieces altogether will number on the land side about 150. The *Terrible* has landed four 68-pounders, and the *Beagle* (gunboat) yesterday sent her two heavy Lancaster guns on shore. The French are also landing ships' guns."

When the tidings of the 17th of October reached western Europe, the disappointment was extreme; and it required all the efforts of the governments and press of France and England to reconcile the people to the failure. They had been taught by the *Moniteur* and

other journals, to expect that even the rivalry and emulation of two great nations was a guarantee of success, and in consonance with the opinion attributed to Sir John Burgoyne, that the city could not hold out, except for a few days. The despatches of the chiefs, naval and military, dispelled that illusion, and there was a reaction, especially in France, of a very depressing character. The *Pays* endeavoured to soothe the mind of the French metropolis thus:—"The taking of an important town, defended by its position as much as by the soldiers within its walls, is always a great enterprise, surrounded with enormous difficulties. Men of light and superficial minds can alone feel surprise at the prudent slowness with which the operations of a besieging army, when it wishes to secure success, must be directed. Since public attention has been fixed on the Crimea, everybody knows the strong situation of Sebastopol. It is known that this town is protected by powerful fortifications; it is known that it will be defended with all the courage of despair. The Russians will not consent to lose this magnificent jewel of the czar's crown without a fierce struggle. We must neither dissimulate the difficulties nor the obstinate resistance which our brave soldiers will have to encounter. We do not belong to those who systematically depreciate their enemies. The Russians have certainly not the fiery dash of the French, nor the slow but continued and impassable march of the British: their reputation for strategy has rapidly sunk since the commencement of the campaign of the Danube, and they do not display the skill and boldness they put forth in the wars of the Empire; but their resources are still great, and not to be treated with disdain; nevertheless, they cannot long contend with the united arms of France and England."

During the night of the 17th, and early morning of the 18th of October, the Russians worked hard to repair the injuries suffered by their works, and by dawn on the 18th they were ready to resume the contest. The British, upon whom the toil and combat of the previous day mainly depended, continued their strenuous exertions, and were ready by daylight to renew the bombardment. The French were in no condition either to aid their allies or hurt their enemies. The admirals gave up all hope of reducing the sea defences, and left the bombardment altogether to the land forces. In a word, the English troops were alone prepared, on the 18th of October, to contest the victory. The Russian admiral gave a tolerably correct summary of the day's proceedings: according to the *St. Petersburg Journal*—"On the 18th, the English fire was less active than on the day before, and the French had hardly fired at

all. Prince Menschikoff attributes this to a diversion made without the walls by General Semiakine, who appeared in the enemy's rear, and thus diverted their attention from Sebastopol." The prince, however, overrated the effect of the diversion by General Semiakine; for although they were principally French troops who advanced to repel it, their doing so had no influence in slackening the fire of the French lines, which were almost silent because the previous day they were so thoroughly disabled.

At early dawn the British had the forethought to elevate their guns and gain the range before the enemy's cannonade covered the works with smoke, and rendered any accurate aim impossible. General Canrobert represented in his despatch that the English had got eight mortars into position by the time (on the 18th) that he wrote his despatch. Some mortars were brought up, but not half the number supposed by the general. Those brought into play did little good, for although they were well worked, the shells were old ordnance stores, and would not explode. The English magazines were found to be too small, and there was a continual deficiency, therefore, of ammunition, so that each gun was only fired once in every ten minutes. Some military critics aver that the execution thus accomplished was greater than by more rapid discharges. It did not appear at the close of the day that such an opinion was well founded. The British fire on the 18th was by no means so destructive as on the preceding day. The Russians had improved, and their fire was unremitting and terrible; their Flagstaff Battery enfiladed the British lines, and it required all the energy and heroism of the sailors and soldiers to stand to their guns. The Jack-tars emulated their own courage and usefulness of the day before, and they found in Captain Peel a commander to their taste. Perhaps it might in truth be said, that no man in any of the armies engaged on either day exposed his person so rashly as this dauntless man. His conduct, in this respect, would be deserving of censure, were it not that it powerfully stimulated the energy and daring of his crew. Lord Raglan, in his despatch, affirmed that the Russians responded to the British fire, although "*in a somewhat less degree.*" It seems presumptuous to correct the despatches of a commander-in-chief, but in this instance it is necessary to historical truth to do so. All witnesses, civilians and soldiers, amateurs and combatants, aver that the fire of the Russians on the 18th was heavier than that of the British, and also more powerful than their own fire of the preceding day. During the night of the 17th, six of the largest guns from the Russian ships were

placed on their works, and a number of their lighter guns removed for others of larger calibre. The aim of the Russians was excellent; their shot whistled through the embrasures of the British batteries continuously, and not always innocuously. Lord Raglan ordered red-hot shot to be fired, and carcasses to be thrown into the town, and good effect followed these measures; as the furnaces for heating the red-hot shot were brought up, the enemy directed a heavy but ineffectual fire upon the road which led from the camp. Lieutenant Peard, who was on duty twenty-four hours in the trenches, including the day and succeeding night of the 18th, and early morning of the 19th, describes what may be called life in the trenches upon that day, in the following terms:—"The full power of the sun's rays came upon us, and there was nothing to protect us from them but a few gabions and fascines, which we piled up in front of us; our men were all lying in the trench, using the embankment as their pillow, when a round-shot struck it, and sent almost a ton of soil and sand on the top of them. Some two or three were on their backs fast asleep, with their mouths open: these were completely covered up, and almost smothered. The sappers were now busily employed in making the magazines larger, and others were laying a platform for a mortar, which was opened that day, but without much effect. It was placed close to us, and we were nearly stunned when it was fired." The canister-shot used (about the size of a tennis-ball), did more execution on this day in the English trenches than either shell or cannon-ball, so far as the infliction of death or wounds was concerned.

The French made great attempts to assist the English by re-opening the batteries on their extreme right, but the light brass guns were borne down by the crashing balls of the Russian ship-artillery. Shells were also poured into the French trenches, and an explosion, as on the day before, paralysed all further efforts. The French right, however, was not silenced until the Flagstaff Battery was much disfigured. About ten o'clock, the Russian army in the field (referred to by Prince Menschikoff, in the despatch already quoted) approached, under cover of a fog, and were creeping up towards Balaklava, when they were fortunately descried. The Turks detected their approach, and opened fire upon them from a redoubt. Lord Raglan and staff galloped towards the firing, followed by strong detachments of French. The British cavalry also sounded to horse, but before they arrived, the Russians retreated. Several shot were plunged into their masses from the redoubt garrisoned by the Turks. At three o'clock, Mr. Russell, in his journal, recorded—"the

Russians are pressing us very sore, return three shots for our two." At this juncture Colonel Hood, of the Guards, was killed; was on duty in the trenches, and met death from the explosion of a shell. He was not the only gallant officer who fell that day in the trenches.

The British riflemen were destructive to the enemy's gunners; lying down in front of the batteries, at a considerable distance, wherever they could obtain cover, they watched the appearance of a Russian head or hand above the earthworks, and which, in a great majority of cases, was instantly hit by a Minié bullet. The Russians at last threw out skirmishers in opposition; the two parties met in the quarries, the British having the advantage until the ammunition ran short, when, taking up the loose stones which lay in heaps around the trenches, they "pelted" the Russians, who, for a few moments seemed struck with astonishment, whether as a point of honour, or from surprise, or because their ammunition also failed, then imitated the men of the British Rifle Brigade and threw stones in return. The scene was amusing, especially to observers on our side, as the Russians were but feeble opponents at stone-throwing, and soon fled, abandoning the quarry to their antagonists, who held it until more ammunition was obtained. Mr. Russell refers to this incident in his journal as occurring on the 19th; but Mr. Peard, who had better opportunities of knowing, having seen the transaction, relates it as having occurred on the second day of the bombardment. About half-past three o'clock an explosion near the Redoubt dismounted several Russian guns, and gave the British a seasonable advantage. When evening closed, the battle might be fairly considered a drawn one—the French were the chief sufferers; the British batteries maintained their character for great solidity, and in loss of men the disadvantage was on the side of the Russians. Night brought quietude; and the Russian sappers and artillerymen it brought to repose, for their places were taken by civilians and drilled dock-labourers in the works, who were fresh to carry on the necessary repairs while the sleeping sailors and gunners were re-invigorating for the toils of renewed combat. There was, however, but little rest for the British: those who fought by day had, in many cases, to watch and work by night, and inadequate were their numbers to their undertakings. Never did a few brave men bear up against such odds, and seem so strong of heart.

During the night of the 18th few shots were fired on either side; it was spent in repairing the damages incurred. On the afternoon of that day, British ships reconnoitred the sea defences, and perceived that whatever destruc-

tion of life the artillerymen and sailors of the garrison suffered, no great mischief was done to the forts. They bore evident traces of the struggle, and were much defaced; it was estimated, however, that an outlay of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds would restore the fortresses to their original beauty and completeness, while, for the purposes of defence, they were still as formidable as ever. All chance of making an impression upon them by the fleets was evidently lost. It would be necessary to have a new fleet of gun-boats, and to send in some larger vessels as sacrifices, in order to make any serious impression. The bold scheme of sinking the ships across the entrance to the harbour effectually thwarted the navies of the Western powers. It was resolved by the admirals to give up all attempts to force the harbour, or bombard its fortifications.

The morning of the nineteenth dawned softly and serenely upon the combatants, and the fire on both sides was renewed. The French were still inefficient; they made powerful efforts during the night to prepare new batteries near to the English lines, and they re-mounted a considerable number of brass guns, such as proved so inefficacious on the previous days. These were served with great skill when they were directed upon the enemy, but neither skill nor bravery availed—the pieces were too light, and went down with the works on which they rested beneath the ponderous metal of the foe. Not so the English, they returned the fire of the Russians as skillfully and bravely and energetically as their allies, but their cannon were of the right sort, and answered heavy stroke for heavy stroke against the battlements of their enemy. Very early on the 19th the English, however, suffered from want of ammunition. The skill of the officers in actual conflict was such as the nation might be proud of—it almost equalled their unsurpassed and unsurpassable heroism; but *out of battle* the imperfection of all the arrangements forced itself upon non-professional observers, and was the subject of keen and mortifying comment among the men. The almost superhuman exertions of the soldiers and sailors, and their officers, made up for recent deficiencies, but could not supply the want of either bread for themselves or powder for their guns. Yet, even in the latter respect, much of the bad arrangement was nullified by the prodigious labour and romantic carriage of the British. A young artillery officer, named Maxwell, was foremost amongst those who endured toil, surmounted difficulty, and incurred danger. “The valley of death,” as the road was called, by which *matériel* was conveyed to the trenches, was repeatedly traversed by him with the greatest coolness, to bring up

ammunition; a spell seemed around his life—as if Death levelled his dart in vain at the supremely brave. The road which he passed and re-passed with impunity was called “the valley of death,” because of the unremitting fire which the enemy kept up, to prevent the supply of what the sailors quaintly called “gun fodder.” Some very heavy artillery was added to the English attack in the early morning of this day, and other pieces were ordered, but the difficulty of getting them up was too great for the overtaken men. The energy of the sailors during the 19th, was in character with their exertions the two previous days, and it might be truly said of them they won “golden opinions from all sorts of men.”

The death of Lieutenant-colonel Alexander, of the Royal Engineers, caused regret throughout the whole army. Captain Gordon succeeded him, and his place on the left attack was taken by Major Tylden, one of the best officers in that department of her majesty's service. The engineer department was not filled by officers of the rank and experience which ought to be possessed by men holding these important positions; the abilities which many of them displayed prevented any injurious effects from this circumstance, but the Commander-in-chief at home was seriously responsible for the deficiency in number and seniority of the engineer officers employed at this juncture of the siege. There was but little wind throughout the day, and the smoke, in consequence, settled upon the bastions and earthworks, and filled the trenches, blinding the gunners and covering parties on both sides, and impeding the precision of their mutual fire. The calmness of the day was very serviceable to the besieged, for in the afternoon the town was on fire, the bombs from the British batteries having ignited some military stores, the conflagration spread to the neighbouring buildings. The garrison succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

A new weapon of destruction was now used by the British. No army is so famous for its rocket practice; this was well proved during the Peninsular and German campaigns of the last great war; and much hope was entertained from the play of these missiles upon Sebastopol. The hope was to a great extent disappointed, but still mischief was inflicted upon the enemy in a new form, and tending to disconcert their troops by its novelty, and the alarm excited among the inhabitants. To these rockets the firing of the town was in part attributable; it was expected that the dockyard buildings, and even the ships, would be ignited, but these expectations were not realised.

The Lancaster guns were very effective on this day; the most contrary accounts arrived

in England concerning their value as weapons of offence; the men began to like them better, and to work them more accurately; still their aim was erratic. Persons who seated on the Picket-hill looked down upon the combat, described the Russian civilians as moving about the town most audaciously until the rockets came into play, when the streets were emptied of all persons, except the soldiers passing to and from their posts. Sometimes these rockets would drop among a group of persons conversing, and, suddenly exploding, would fall in showers of fire, well calculated to spread alarm. Rifle conflicts, similar to those of the previous day, were renewed on this, and the victory was signally on the side of the British. They proved much better marksmen than the sharpshooters of the enemy; and many of the gunners fell upon the ramparts of the defence, pierced through the head by the Minié rifle ball. On the night of the 19th, the defenders worked with the most sedulous industry, so as by morning to have nearly finished new works to protect the ordnance stores and buildings, which the English had shown so much anxiety to demolish. When day dawned, these new works were not deserted by the workmen, who continued their labour, not only until the British batteries opened, but worked on under fire with intense energy, and a dogged pertinacity not interrupted by the balls, shells, and rockets of their assailants. During the 20th, the conflict raged as before: our allies did little to help us—our enemies much to resist us; and our brave men did everything that the brave could do under circumstances so adverse. The two 68-pounders brought up the night before did good service, and two others dragged up during the day proved of equal value. The heavy shot from these guns fell with crushing power upon the embrasures of the enemy's works, killing the artillerymen, smashing gun apparatus, and driving up the material of the earthworks as if they were scattered by shells. The precision with which these new guns played upon the defence was beautiful, at all events to the military eye.

On this day the artillerymen at last began to show signs of weariness and weakness; some of them fell down under the guns they were serving, their strength utterly exhausted; others slept while the roar of artillery filled the affrighted air, and missiles scattered the earth over them as they sank into profound and overpowering sleep. The horses of the artillery and baggage, engaged in bringing up ammunition and various other supplies to the trenches, were put upon short allowance; there was no hay for them, although plenty still existed at Balaklava, and a few pounds of barley furnished their rations. All around the shores of the Black Sea, fodder was

to be procured in abundance, and the idle fleets floated at the Katcha, in their safety and beauty, like swans in the evening seeking the reeds of the secluded margin of a lake, but no effort was made, by general or admiral, to feed the horses—a duty of the uttermost importance, but which no one seemed to feel, and which appeared to belong to no one's range of obligation.

The news of the sudden capture of Sebastopol, which had arrived in England, quickly following the tidings of the battle of the Alma, had reached the camp, and gradually circulated through the army; it was this day the subject of general conversation, even in the trenches and under fire, and produced a depressing influence upon the men, as leading them to feel that more was expected in England than it was possible to perform, and that the reinforcements and supplies so desperately needed would not be sent. The government and the commander-in-chief have been frequently excused in reference to the destitution of the army, and the starvation of the horses ultimately, on the plea that the severity of winter bid defiance to ministerial skill and official foresight; but now, so early as the 17th of October, the sea was open, the land unfrozen, the weather magnificently fine, but there was scarcely food for the horses; the men of the artillery had only five hours rest out of the twenty-four, and the infantry eight. Had the force actually in the Heracleian peninsula been well handled, and urgent requests made by the general-in-chief for supplies of men and material to his government, or for Turkish troops and food supplies to the British ambassador at Constantinople, all this misery might have been prevented, and the nation saved the lives of some of its bravest sons, and of millions sterling in property.

During the 20th, the Russians experienced considerable loss from the balls and shells of the English. The latter only lost three men, but between thirty and forty were wounded, some fatally. The French, although of no use to their allies, were good marks for their enemies, and they suffered more than the English, upon whom all the battle devolved. The state of the French batteries was much commented upon throughout the camp—all sympathising on account of the chagrin our allies must have experienced in not sharing in the honour of the fight, but many murmuring at the defective arrangements which led to such a state of things.

At this time a rumour circulated through the English camp, which increased the dissatisfaction. It was to the effect that General Canrobert had command of the French fleet, as well as of the French army, and that by his interference the arrangements of both admirals

were paralysed. A distinguished British general, who himself had high naval authority for what he wrote, gave to the author the following account, while these pages were passing through the press :—"The *on dit* amongst naval men in the Crimea, with regard to the bombardment of the 17th October, 1854, was, that an arrangement was unanimously made, at a meeting on the 16th, of the French and English admirals and captains, to the effect that the English fleet should attack the forts on the northern side of the harbour; the French fleet the same on the southern side. The English fleet to pass down from its anchorage off the Katcha by single ships, the flag-ship leading, and having delivered broadsides, to move on in a circular course, and be succeeded by another, and so on in succession, each ship coming into action again as often as the duration of daylight would admit. Everything was so arranged for this mode of attack on the following morning. But before daybreak on the 17th (the day of the action), French officers arrived on board the *Britannia*, the English flagship, with request that the arrangement, as above determined on, should be altered, in consequence of an order to that effect from the French military commander-in-chief,—for the French fleet was actually subject to the orders of the military chief. As the order of General Canrobert was peremptory, the French naval commander-in-chief had no option. And this, in fact, virtually imposed a necessity on the English naval chief to conform to it. But it hence became indispensable to acquaint the English captains of ships that the whole plan adopted on the previous day was to be altered. Delay, therefore, became inevitable, to enable the captains to be called together, and be made acquainted with the new plan of attack ordered by General Canrobert. It was, moreover, a bad calm, and a long time was occupied in ringing the heads of the line-of-battle ships to the intended direction. The whole of them were sailing vessels, with the exception of one—the *Agamemnon*—which is a screw steamer of the first class. The *Sanspareil* is so a steamer, but so defective as to her machines, that she was little to be depended on for self-propulsion. The sailing line-of-battle ships had each a steamer lashed along their sides. The distance of the Katcha anchorage from the entrance to the harbour of Sebastopol is four miles. The French (of which four were steamers) were already, and had been for some time, off and within Kamiesch Bay, at three miles distance from the harbour. And their headmost ships were enabled to get into action some time earlier than the English, but at a very long range. The arrangement proposed and agreed to by the commander-in-chief (it is said) of the English fleet was, that the

allied fleet should form a line across the harbour mouth. Accordingly, as the ships got to their stations, they were to anchor. When the line was completed, the *Britannia* was on the right of the British fleet. The French steamer, the *Napoléon*, was on the left of the French fleet. These two ships were within pistol-shot of each other, in front of the mouth of the harbour; and, though 1500 yards distant, exposed to a destructive cross-fire from the north and south forts, and being armed with 32-pounders our fire was effective. The line from before Fort Constantine was so short, that the ships were almost touching each other. The guns of the forts were of equal or greater calibre. The fire from the whole allied line commenced at half-past one, and continued till after dark, when objects were no longer distinguishable. All the English fleet, except the *Agamemnon*, had sent one-third of their crews on shore, to form the naval artillery brigade. These men detached were the *élite* of the crews. The consequence was, that after the action a good deal of difficulty took place in weighing anchors: and this was a serious objection to the plan ordered by the French military chief."

About nine o'clock on the night of the 20th, a general alarm was spread through the lines: the Turkish infantry in the redoubts, in the plains of the Tchernaya, or, as some call it, the valley of Balaklava, fired several discharges of musketry, and it was presumed that the Russians were advancing in force in that direction. Bombs and cannon speedily emitted their fiery contents, and the hill-side flashed with the repeated discharges. Mr. Russell thus describes the cause of the disturbance :—"The Turkish musketry was directed upon some Cossacks, and the batteries had mistaken the preparations for chibouque lighting of a Turkish advanced picket for flashes of musketry, and blazed away—fortunately in the thick darkness of the night, having given their guns sufficient elevation for the shells to pass harmlessly over the heads of our astonished allies, and burst far beyond."

The Garden Battery tormented both British and French, and the shells produced much havoc in the French trenches.

During the night of the 20th, about 2000 French were employed in preparing a heavy twelve-gun battery; the Russians came to know what was going forward, and made a very bold and skilful sortie, and by calling out "*Ingles! Ingles! ne tirez pas, nous sommes Ingles!*" they deceived the French, and leaping into the trenches, spiked two mortars. The French, with their characteristic presence of mind and quickness, soon recovered from their surprise, and bayoneted several of the Russians upon the mortars they had spiked, and drove the

rest from the trenches, directing a volley upon them as they fled; several prisoners remained in the hands of our allies, of whom nearly all were wounded. The battery was completed, and opened successfully upon the enemy, but was silenced as the day advanced by the heavy fire of the Russians, who fired slowly but with good aim; indeed, they appeared to be deficient in ammunition the greater part of the day. The French sappers worked with indefatigable toil and courage the whole of the 20th and the following night, and the morning of the 21st.

During the 21st the French perseveringly pushed on their zigzag approaches, in spite of the enemy's fire, and made desperate efforts to prepare new batteries closer to the hostile lines, and in more advantageous positions. The British sustained, as on the previous days, the weight of the attack, and received the chief fire of the defence. The two Lancaster guns were removed, being no longer serviceable. The shells, rockets, and red-hot shot of the English did much damage during the afternoon, and set fire to the town in the direction behind the Redan. In about three quarters of an hour the town was again in flames near the same place; very little damage seemed to be done by these fires as viewed from the British positions; but it was afterwards ascertained that the first of them did great mischief, setting fire to the hospital, and causing the loss of many lives among the sick and wounded. An officer of General Cathcart's division, recording the events of this day, says, "We all became wearied with the sameness of our work as well as with its fatigue, and with the monotonous roar of the cannon. Often have I sat upon the Picket-hill and watched the cannonade until my head ached, and longed for any more vigorous course of action which promised a speedy termination to the existing state of things."

The Russians had now completed a new work behind the Redan, to protect the Arsenal and government stores. The second division suffered a good deal of annoyance from a very heavy gun got up by the enemy towards Inkerman. To meet this a battery was erected, on the night of the 21st, for two 18-pounders on the British heights above Inkerman. The construction of this battery did no credit to our engineers or sappers; it was imperfect for the object intended, too slightly built, without any breastwork; it was thirty feet long and eight feet high; no *banquette* for the troops to fire from with musketry was formed, an omission fatal in its consequences; it was called the Sand-bag Battery.

On this night several of our sappers went astray, and also some men of the artillery; for, although the night was beautifully fine, a mist fell like a veil, after sunset, over the opposing

lines. There appeared to be a great want of intelligent precaution in the engineer and staff arrangements, for, even in the daylight, officers and men were continually missing the positions assigned to them. The correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, noticing this fact, accounts for its frequent recurrence during the whole siege in the following terms:—"The necessary working parties in command of a field-officer were told off for trench duty, and proceeded at dusk to the slopes overlooking the town. Here, after wandering about for some time, the whole party returned to camp as they went. The engineers were unable to find in the dark the lines they had traced for the batteries during the day; thus twenty-four hours were lost. As, during the course of the siege, many ridiculous accidents of an almost similar nature occurred—accidents by which both men and officers lost their lives and were taken prisoners, it will not, perhaps, be amiss to contrast our mode of operations in this respect with those of our gallant allies. Three or four days before the nature of the attack had been decided upon, their engineer officers set to work and took a perfect survey of the ground round the south of Sebastopol. In this plan the conspicuous heights received arbitrary names, by which they were immediately known through the French camp; and the bearings of the heights from the principal buildings in the town of Sebastopol were correctly laid down. The French took their plans with theodolites; the English had no theodolites with them. The French plans were immediately copied on a large scale, and given to the officers in command of working parties. With such clear charts before them they knew instantly the nature of the ground they would have to defend, and by having the names and bearings of the hills, it was impossible for them to lose their way. To avoid the latter absurd mistake, which was constantly happening to our own troops, the French adopted the very simple expedient of marking the paths to the batteries with a row of white stones on each side. These were not so large as to attract the enemy's attention, yet sufficiently so to prevent even strangers on dark nights from getting out of the route to the trenches. Even at the English engineers' office there was no general plan of the English and French attacks with the Russian defences. The plans that were in the office could hardly be called easily accessible to the officers in command of working parties. They, therefore, went to their posts almost in entire ignorance of the points most likely to be assailed, and those which it was most important to defend. To this hour ninety-nine out of a hundred of our officers in the Crimea have seen no detailed plan of our own trenches, and certainly none of

the French. They were always in ignorance of how far the works of their allies could be successfully attacked, and consequently how far such a success would jeopardise their own batteries. It is quite true that any English officer who applied to the French authorities could always receive a pass by means of which he was permitted to inspect the French works during the day for which the order was issued. But it was hardly to be expected that officers who passed two-thirds of their time in our own trenches, would devote the short period they had for rest in acquiring a knowledge of the French works at the risk of their lives. The result of their ignorance was, that for the first month or six weeks of the siege, it was a matter of common occurrence for our men to miss their way, and either lose the night before they found it, or get shot or taken prisoners by the enemy. The officers of the different trench guards, who had to post the out-sentries in front of the parallels, suffered so severely from want of knowledge of the ground, that the duty was at last considered as the most dangerous that could fall to their lot."

His Royal Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was wounded in the trenches while assisting in the Sailors' Battery. He had displayed great courage, and won the hearts of the rough sailors who cheerfully obeyed his commands, declaring that he could fight like a Briton.

Before the fire of the 21st ceased, a deserter made his way by some means into the English lines, and stated that their red-hot shot had destroyed a small steamer. His testimony was afterwards found to be true. The English fire told severely this day upon the Redan, which had only three guns "alive" in the evening. The fire of the Russians evidently slackened, and had the English batteries been well supplied with ammunition, the Redan would probably have been silenced, and some serious impression made upon the batteries of the Garden and Round Tower. Our sailors complained of the smallness of the embrasures in the new 68-pounder battery; and both sailors and artillerymen complained much of the smallness of the chambers in the trenches used as magazines. Our sappers seemed to feel some discouragement from these complaints. Notwithstanding the effect produced upon the Redan, a general misgiving as to the scientific fitness of the plan of attack prevailed throughout both armies. The French laid the blame of the plan adopted upon General Burgoyne, the English upon the chief of the French engineer staff; but there were many in both armies who placed it to the account of Lord Raglan, to whom, it was alleged, General Canrobert was too deferential; while others said

that Lord Raglan allowed his own superior judgment to be overborne by his more forward and less experienced colleague. Mr. Wood presents the following remarks on this subject:—"The nature of Sir John Burgoyne's plan, which was rejected *nem con.* at the council of the 7th, has, I believe, never transpired; but it was impossible that it could have been framed upon more erroneous grounds than the one adopted on the 8th. Rightfully or not, the blame due to the latter was always bestowed upon General Bizou, the French *chef-de-génie*. According to his view (if it really was his view), the Flagstaff Battery was the vulnerable point of Sebastopol—the key of the whole position. Upon that and the surrounding works the real attack was to be pressed by the French on the left; the Malakoff and the Redan were works of no moment as regarded the event of the siege. The English batteries were to engage them at long range, but more to divert the enemy's attention and keep down the fire. This fatal error in the plan of attack was one which lasted throughout the winter, and until the arrival of the English engineer general, General Jones. By it the Russian positions in the Redan and Malakoff were left comparatively uninjured, and as the enemy never fell into the mistake of believing that the Flagstaff was the key of their position, but knew, on the contrary, that the fate of the whole place hung on the Malakoff, they were enabled at leisure to strengthen the latter to an extent which almost surpasses belief, and which has certainly never been witnessed before in the annals of warfare."

During the night of the 21st, the 68-pounders were taken down from the Five-gun Battery to the right attack, except one, which fell over, rolling down the hill and killing several of the horses. Almost the last thing which happened this night was the capture of Lord Dunkellin, who was going to the trenches with a working party, but lost his way, and was taken prisoner, further exemplifying the mischief which arose from the imperfect information concerning the general plans of the siege possessed by the officers of the army generally. Lord Dunkellin is son of the Marquis of Clanricarde, and heir-apparent of the title. His lordship was treated kindly by the Russians, and was soon after exchanged. Being near-sighted, as well as very imperfectly acquainted with the positions of the batteries, he almost wandered into the enemy's lines.

The interest of this day was not confined to the trenches. Early in the afternoon a large force of the enemy suddenly appeared in front of Balaklava, and manœuvred there in such a way as to keep its garrison in great suspense. The Tunisians, from their advanced position, exchanged shots with the Russians. The cavalry

division was sounded to horse, and the 93rd Highlanders in the valley, and the Turks and marines on the heights, were under arms the remainder of the day. In the evening the assailants retired slowly, and in a confident manner, as if relying upon a strong support. They fell back in the direction of Traktar, and halted on the slopes ascending from the Baidar valley. On this spot they bivouaced for the night, to the number of about 5000 men and three troops of horse-artillery. Sir Colin Campbell, suspecting that this was in reality the advance-guard of a numerous body designed for a night attack, caused the troops to remain under arms, or to lie down in their ranks in their great coats, without bivouac fires. The cavalry also remained booted and spurred, with horses saddled, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. The correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, who has obtained so justly a celebrity for his accurate information, remarks upon these necessary precautions—"Though the latter step (remaining without bivouac fires) was adopted to prevent the enemy ascertaining the weakness of the numbers that held the position, the necessity for contracting the line seems not to have entered the heads of the English chiefs. Perhaps this is to be accounted for by the great importance General Airey attached to the possession of the Woronzoff Road, and which he still persisted in believing was one of the only two routes which communicated with the town. But this which, if true, would have been a sufficient reason for holding the road, would also have justified its being held in strength. Still no attempt was made to reinforce the 250 Turks who garrisoned the redoubts, or to advance supports nearer than a mile and a half, to what all saw must of necessity be the first point attacked."

As the work published by the writer of the above extract has obtained such extensive circulation, it is necessary to make some strictures upon this quotation. However dull Lord Raglan and General Airey may have been, it was scarcely possible for them to reinforce the redoubts, or send supports nearer to them than the positions occupied by the cavalry brigades, from the paucity of men in the British army. The troops were drooping from fatigue and over-work, and could not have any additional labour imposed upon them. Neither could detachments be spared by General Canrobert. The dilatoriness of the commanders in ordering up reinforcements was the true cause of these shortcomings, and this arose from the want of information as to the number and resources of the enemy, and the want of any organised system by which it might be obtained. General Airey and his chief, upon whom the responsibility ultimately

rests, were wrong in attempting to hold so extended a position with such an inferior force, notwithstanding the importance of commanding the Woronzoff Road. The battle of Balaklava, unhappily, too soon demonstrated this. The animadversions upon General Airey's obstinacy in believing that the Russians had no other roads to Sebastopol, arose from the hallucination under which the correspondent laboured, that there was a road from Inkerman along the southern shore of the harbour. He does not seem to be aware that General Airey came at last to agree with that opinion. It was utterly groundless. No officer had so good an opportunity of forming a tolerably clear conjecture on this matter as Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, whose division being placed on the extreme right of the English lines, and nearest to Inkerman, would, both by what they saw and heard, have some suspicion of the existence of such a mode of ingress to the city. The general has, in conversation with the writer of these pages, positively declared that no such road ever existed. William Upton, Esq., assistant engineer to his father, Colonel Upton, who constructed the Docks, must have known if such a road existed previously to the siege: he has assured the author that there did not, and is of opinion that the obstacles to its construction were such as to render it improbable in the extreme, if not impossible, that such a work had been afterwards accomplished. On the 486th page of this History, other evidence is afforded against the opinion entertained by the *Herald's* correspondent, and which General Airey, after so long and so sensibly resisting, at last adopted.

After General Evans discovered and cut the pipes by which water was conducted to Sebastopol, the great aqueduct was made a mode of entrance and exit to the city—at least so deserters alleged. The pipes were discovered only a few inches beneath the surface of the ground, close to the house where Lord Raglan held his quarters; but this did not cut off a supply of water from the garrison, who drew it from seven wells at the head of the harbour, and which the British commander-in-chief permitted to be done without any effort to prevent it, although perfectly within range of his fire, had he chosen to plant a long gun in a position to command them. The cutting off the water-course, by leaving the aqueduct dry, left a good passage for troops destined to attack, and perhaps surprise, General Evans' position. So circumstantial was the correspondent of the *Herald* on the subject of this road, that in his volumes containing a revised edition of his letters, he thus wrote:—"The momentous question was long in doubt. No one believed but that the Russians had a road along the

south shore, or would soon make one. General Airey, who was bound by the duties of his position to know the roads, was consulted. He said that decidedly no road existed along the south shore. He afterwards went further, and said that from the natural obstacles, such as ravines, rocks, &c., it was impossible to make one. The truth was, that the road had been making for some considerable time, and was publicly opened and used for traffic nearly four months before the allies invested the south side of the town." Wheresoever this generally careful writer obtained this information, it was, in all its circumstances and details, untrue.

As questions connected with the docks, canals, and aqueducts, and in relation to the other topics referred to in the foregoing extracts, will frequently arise in the history of the siege, it will facilitate their discussion, and enable our readers to approach them more familiarly, if we here refer to the aqueducts and docks more particularly than in the general description of Sebastopol, already given, it was possible to do. The following is taken from the *Moniteur de la Flotte*:—"The canal or grand aqueduct of Sebastopol was about twelve versts in length. Its width was six feet, and its mean depth seven feet and a half. It commenced above the bridge of Traktar, skirted in a straight line that celebrated plain, and passed at the foot of the hills occupied by our army. It traversed part of Careening Bay, on a succession of small stone arches, which gave it the appearance of a Roman aqueduct. At its entrance into Sebastopol were several extensive works. The latter only were blown up, the destruction of the remainder being perfectly useless. The aqueduct of Sebastopol was intended to convey the water of the Tchernaya to the docks. The port of Sebastopol properly speaking, also called the Southern Port, or Bay of the Arsenal, is situate at the distance of 1550 yards from the entrance of the roads, and on the southern bank. It is upwards of 2000 yards in length. On the eastern side of the port, about 2000 yards from its entrance, opens the bay, at the extremity of which were six wet docks for ships of the line, constructed with stone or granite, on the plan of those of the military ports of England and France. They communicated with the sea by means of two magnificent sluice gates, which were opened to admit war vessels requiring repairs. The ship being once placed on the graving dock, the gates were closed, the basin was drained by means of an engine, and the carpenters and others could then set at work. This operation was effected in the most regular manner. The canal of the Tchernaya afterwards served to fill the dock and float the ships when the repairs were completed. The six wet docks were placed on one line, two by

two, parallel with each other. The last two, situate nearest the wall separating the town from the suburb of Karabelnaia, were, according to a plan proposed by Admiral Istomine, who was killed during the siege, to be lengthened, and appropriated to screw ships. Those basins and the Tchernaya canal had been constructed by a French engineer, M. de Riancourt. There was another hydraulic work which was destroyed during the siege, namely, the subterranean aqueduct, supplying the great reservoir and the fountains of Sebastopol with water, issuing from a spring about five versts from the city. This aqueduct was constructed by an English engineer, Mr. Upton, to whom it does great honour, and whose family still inhabit the Crimea."

A gentleman alluded to by the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, has drawn up for the author the following account of these stupendous works, which have conferred upon their author a world-wide renown:—

"The Sebastopol dry docks were approved for construction by the emperor in the year 1831 (the necessity for them having been pointed out by the then commander-in-chief of the Black Sea fleet and ports, Admiral Greig, a Scotchman of great scientific attainments, both as an engineer and astronomer), at which time a committee was appointed under the presidency of a Major-general Berg, with two other members; one for conducting the accounts, called the scientific member; and the other for providing materials, making contracts, &c., called the economical member; besides which there was a secretary, with assistants, treasurer, numerous clerks, &c. The entire superintendence and responsibility for the construction of the works, the demanding, certifying, and issuing of the necessary materials, formed the exclusive duty of the builder, Mr. Upton; who was also the projector, to whom was attached an assistant, and an efficient staff of engineer officers.

"The formation of the canal from the village of Chovguna to the docks, was commenced in the year 1832. But for the first two years little was done at the docks themselves. However, in the year 1837, when the emperor visited them for the first time, the docks were in such a state of forwardness that he saw the superiority of their construction over those at Cronstadt, and exclaimed, 'Ah, I see the mistake we have made, we have no inverted arch.' He complimented the builder at each fresh surprise, seizing him by the hand, and calling to his attendants, '*C'est magnifique!*' He afterwards expressed a wish to the commander-in-chief, Admiral Lazarev, that Mr. Upton should enter the corps of hydraulic engineers, which he consented to do, as a field-officer. Consequently he became a lieutenant-colonel, and was

afterwards promoted to the rank of colonel, and decorated with the orders of Stanislaus and St. Anne, of the second class.

"The docks were constructed at such an elevation above the level of the sea, that the water could be filled in them and the basin to thirty feet above that level; the walls being elevated four feet six inches above the height of the water. The absence of tide in the Black Sea caused this to be the most advantageous system that could have been adopted; as after a ship had been taken into dock, there was no leakage to pump out, or interfere with the repair of vessels. Three locks were necessary to raise the vessel to the height required, with a rise of ten feet to each. The openings at the gates of the locks, and two docks for ships of 120 guns, were sixty-four feet. For one eighty-four-gun ship dock, fifty-four feet; and for two frigate docks, forty-five feet. These dimensions were given by the authorities at the commencement, and were afterwards found too small for the class of vessels required; but as two docks for ships of 120 guns were made instead of one, as originally intended, this evil was in some measure obviated. The arrangement of the docks was thus:—a frigate dock on each side of the upper lock; then the basin; and the three remaining docks on the opposite side of it. The gates, nine pair in number, were undertaken by Messrs. George and Sir John Rennie, at their establishment in London. The builder's assistant, Mr. William Upton, having been sent over by the Russian government in the years 1843-1845, with the necessary drawings and instructions for their construction. The ribs were of cast iron, with wrought iron plating. The lock gates weighed upwards of 200 tons each pair. The nine pair cost more than £30,000, although the price was very low. They were erected by means of traversing cranes, without any accident. The heaviest heel-posts weighed eleven tons.

"The canal to supply the docks has an elevation of about sixty-six feet at the commencement. There is a fall of two feet three inches in a mile, with nine feet reserve at a reservoir near Inkerman. It runs over six stone aqueducts; the largest of which is a handsome construction of sixteen arches across the valley of Hooshakov, a pleasant resort in the summer time, as there is a capacious pavilion, surrounded by forest trees, well adapted for a dancing saloon. The canal also runs through two tunnels; the largest at Inkerman, 938 feet long, is through a limestone rock so compact, that not a single fissure was encountered, and the water was passed through it without any artificial precaution; the whole forming a solid stone trough.

"During the excavation of this tunnel, considerable doubt existed in the minds of the

inhabitants, as to the practicability of accomplishing it. Even the member of the scientific department of the committee—a colonel of engineers—gave it as his opinion that it would take ten years to accomplish it; and that it would be impossible to make the two ends meet. At each end, for the excavation, three men were employed in relays, day and night, others carrying away the refuse; and it was finished in fifteen months, long before the different prophecies concerning it had ceased. No shafts were required, as the height of the rock above was considerable, in proportion to the length of the tunnel. One of the stone aqueducts, of eleven arches, meets the tunnel, and conveys the water to it, across a valley having a perpendicular rock on each side, from which the freestone, employed in the construction of the docks and public buildings at Sebastopol was taken. This stone (if not exposed to a damp saline atmosphere, or not previously absorbed in salt water, as frequently occurs in the delivery) has the property of hardening by exposure to the air, particularly all horizontal surfaces on which the rain falls, or when completely immersed in sea-water. The outer shell of the rock, from long exposure, is as hard as flint; and it was this probably that induced those who had not given the subject due consideration, to suppose the undertaking one of greater difficulty than it really was. The other tunnel is near the powder magazine, between Inkerman and the Careening Bay. It is 105 feet long, through a perpendicular rock, rising abruptly out of the water.

"The scientific members of the dock committee were frequently changed, from their continual interference with the builder, particularly before he became an officer in the Russian service. They could not understand why they had no authority over him. One of them, a major in the corps of Civil Engineers, gave in a written denunciation of the whole project, founded on what he considered philosophical reasoning. He attempted to demonstrate that the continually accumulating friction of the water against the sides of the canal, at a given distance from its commencement, would cause the water to come to a stand-still. He also discovered that the builder, from want of scientific attainments, had omitted to take into consideration the effect that capillary attraction would have in obstructing the passage of the water. In fact, he considered that you might as well attempt to carry water in a sieve, as to convey it by that canal. These insulting remarks were replied to by the builder, and forwarded to the commander-in-chief, and by him to the emperor; and the philosopher was given a new appointment somewhere in Siberia. The canal from the vicinity of the Careening Bay to the

Docks has been lately lined with stone, and a part of it tunnelled, to avoid a large mass of earth which began to slide towards the Bay. The water of this canal, before arriving at the docks, supplies the fleet. It was filtered by passing downwards through a mass of coarse sand in one division of an apparatus, and then upwards in another, containing finer sand, until it reached an outlet leading to a cistern, from whence it was conveyed by pipes to five taps at the quay. As the river Tchernaya Raitchka does not afford a sufficient supply during the heat of summer, an engine-house was erected, with two engines by Maudsley and Field, of 30-horse power each, with three pumps, to which the sea-water was admitted by a culvert; so that a vessel could be taken into dock by this means, when there was a deficiency of water in the canal. It was twelve miles long, four feet deep, twelve feet wide at the top, and four feet at the bottom. The docks were built principally of the freestone from Inkerman, backed up with rubble from the neighbourhood. For the upper course and vertical bearings of the gates, granite from the Bug was used. The first ship was taken into dock in the year 1849, but the docks were still in an unfinished state. In 1850, the largest vessel in the fleet was docked. In 1851, the builder, Colonel Upton, died, when his duties were conducted by his son and assistant, Mr. William Upton, until July, 1852, when the dock-committee was annulled; and what remained was entrusted to the Russian engineers. In the year 1853, in consequence of the vessels being increased by the adaptation of the screw, it was decided to make an alteration in the locks, to increase their length. On which occasion the Russian government availed itself of the superior judgment of Mr. Walker, the English engineer. The expense of the docks exceeded, it is thought, £1,500,000, but this sum was much increased by the delay in assigning money, in consequence of which, the pumping water, salaries of the numerous officers and artisans, &c., were incurred for a longer time than was necessary."

Before dawn of the 22nd, a transport arrived with shot and shell, which gave confidence to the men, who saw with uneasiness the failure of the ammunition—the supplies of which were, in common with all other arrangements, regulated by the presumption that Sebastopol would fall in a few days, or at farthest, in a few weeks. The mis-calculations of Menshikoff as to keeping the heights of Alma were not more presumptuous than those of the allies as to the capture of Sebastopol.

The morning of the 22nd opened with some encouragement to the English; their allies had brought about twenty guns into action; the fire of the enemy was slack, it was believed

from want of ammunition. Their batteries, however, seemed thoroughly repaired, while the British retained the gaps and derangements caused by the heavy fire they had sustained. The men were too few and too fatigued to repair the damage. The French not only drew upon themselves some portion of the enemy's fire, but the practice of their artillery was good, and not a few Russians fell by their guns. The British and French rifles harassed the Russian sailors and artillerymen, by firing at them through their embrasures from the broken ground in front. Many men fell in the Malakoff and Redan from this cause. As the day advanced, this rifle practice became sharper; and so close did our men advance, and so well was their aim directed into the embrasures of the Malakoff especially, that the garrison sent out skirmishers to dislodge them. This drew away the attention of our sharp-shooters from the embrasures to the Russian riflemen, and a severe combat occurred, in which our men greatly overmatched their opponents in aim, rapidity of movement, and individual courage. The Russian sharp-shooters, powerfully reinforced by troops of the line, pushed on to the covers from which our men fired, who used their rifles with deadly skill as the enemy's infantry advanced, and then received their charge with the bayonet; countless hand-to-hand contests occurred in this way, sometimes in hollows and behind rocks, where the spaces were too small to allow of regular charges in line, and there fierce and confused combats with the but-ends of rifles and muskets took place. When the Russians retired, the batteries played upon them, and they were pursued into their works by a piercing fire from the British Rifle Brigade and the Chasseurs de Vincennes; about thirty of them lay near the contested hollows, and a still greater number before their own works. Our men complained, and with reason, of the wretched state of the ammunition, especially of the shells, the fuses of which, in many cases, would not burn.

The British lines suffered from the Russian steamer *Vladimir*, whose captain had repeatedly shown talent and enterprise throughout the war. She came up to the head of the harbour, and opened fire on the right attack, and put more than twenty men *hors de combat* before a shot could be given in reply. A large traverse was erected to oppose her, and when she found she could no longer shell the English with impunity, she hauled off. Major Tylden, whose energy and ability deserve the highest praise, placed twenty guns in position on this attack, which he directed. This did not by so many increase the fire of the preceding day, for more than half that number had been silenced before the night of the 21st. No adequate preparations had been made to silence

or injure the Russian ships; this had been unaccountably neglected since the siege commenced. During the 22nd, attempts were made to atone for this oversight; and Captain Chapman not only succeeded in repairing old traverses and platforms, but also in commencing a new battery for 32-pounders, which, being within 550 yards, was expected to do considerable execution among the shipping.

Before evening our allies, notwithstanding the hopes of vigorous co-operation with them in the morning, were again silenced, and their works cut up in every direction. A number of deserters came over in the dusk of the evening, and their report was such as to encourage the besiegers. According to them, the besieged were greatly daunted; instead of volunteering to serve in the batteries, they had to be forced thither in their turn of duty. Three thousand had been killed and wounded since the 17th. The shops were all closed, the trading community had deserted the town, having placed their goods in strong stone cellars. The deserters represented the conical balls and shells—those of the Lancasters—as doing the chief mischief. These balls, falling in the centre of the town, killed many women and children. The supplies of food were stated to be good, fresh, and abundant.

The English suffered mainly from fatigue; so complete and solid were their works, that very few lives were lost, and very few were even wounded. The principal achievement of the day was the silencing of the Barrack Battery. It annoyed our French friends, causing them great loss; and they sent a request that, if possible, the British should draw off a portion of its fire: this they did with a vengeance, for the whole battery—works, guns, and men—was dispersed before nightfall. The British were not a little pleased at rendering this service to their allies, who were always so prompt to render any assistance to them. The Garden Battery, by which the French also had suffered, received a considerable share of attention from the English artillerymen, and was much battered, and nearly silenced before darkness came to its relief. A few hours after nightfall a loud explosion occurred in the town, near the head of the great harbour. It was expected in the besieging lines that some magazine had taken fire; it was, however, occasioned by the accidental ignition of the contents of a powder waggon, while driving through the streets; some damage was done to the neighbouring buildings, and several civilians wounded; two horses were killed.

* An officer of the 20th regiment gives the following interesting account of his experience on this day. It will be seen from his narrative how badly armed his regiment was. The value of the Minié musket was never fully

appreciated until (as it may be justly said) it decided the battle of Inkerman. There was time enough to have armed the 20th, and every other regiment of the line with this weapon, instead of the old musket. Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-chief at home, was urgent for the supply of these rifles; but he met with dissuasives and opposition on every hand, and his endeavours were to a great extent frustrated by the indomitable adherents of the old way in everything, who infest the official ranks at the Horse Guards. "I went out with Captain B——, 20th, K——, and 250 men, to a picket-house in the ravine on the left, and in advance of Chapman's Battery. It was a very pretty spot, and appeared to have been used as a tea-garden by the inhabitants of Sebastopol, as it is at a convenient distance from the town, and had gardens well laid out. There was also a beautiful spring shaded by fine trees, and a great many caves in the rock, which showed marks of fires having been lighted in them. The house was well built, with substantial walls, and large, lofty rooms; the ceilings were positively black with flies. Two poor dogs were the only remaining tenants of the house; these the soldiers treated with great kindness. How changed the quiet hamlet must have seemed to them! They must have wondered where the gentle hand that had so often fed them was gone. They still, however, occupied the door-step undisturbed, and did not seem inclined to follow us. The sappers were busily employed in taking up the floors from the rooms, for platforms of a new two-gun battery which was being made on the left of the ravine above this picket-house, about 550 yards from the inner arm of the harbour. This was intended to play upon the shipping below. From this battery we expected great things, as it was such a good distance for red-hot shot. The picket-house was full of shattered furniture, sofas, tables, and glass bookcases, which were all broken and cut to pieces. No shot, however, came near it, which was a comfort, and we sat in one of the rooms and ate our breakfast. The flies here were so numerous that we began to imagine that we were to be visited with one of the plagues of Egypt. A short distance in advance, in the valley, was a wall, which, running across, formed a protection for an advanced party, and I was sent hither with thirty men, with orders to defend it to the last. I sent out and posted my sentries some distance in front, at the turn of the ravine, just to the right of the French works; and on the return of my sergeant, he reported to have seen two Russian soldiers sitting under a tree, and to have beckoned to them to come to him, but they sat still and took no notice of his invitation. I ordered my sentries not to fire at

single men, as it would only disturb our picket; and as our men were only armed with the old "Brown Bess," and not the Minié rifle, the shot would probably have been in vain. After some little time the report of a rifle was heard, and then another, which was quickly responded to by my sentries; a brisk fire then ensued between the two parties; and finding that we should have a great disadvantage, K—— asked me to allow him to go and drive them in; and my men, hearing what was going on, came up and volunteered for this service almost to a man. I selected fourteen, with a sergeant, and gave orders that they were not to go too far. The sentries during this time were blazing away, and the French sentries had now crept up, and were beckoning to us not to advance. As soon as our men turned the corner I heard some file firing, and bullets came whizzing over our heads. Shortly after, some fieldpieces were heard, and our fellows came doubling back, quite blown, and in the greatest excitement, each with his little anecdote of what he had done. K—— told me they had driven in the Russians' picket past their picket-house, and had killed three men; but some small battery opening on them, after a great deal of difficulty he managed to make our men retire. One or two of the enemy's picket had remained in the house, and peppered them from the windows as they returned. They did not touch our men, though the grape-shot came very near them. The sentries were not again annoyed that day, but a poor fellow was brought to the house from the trenches mortally wounded, who died shortly afterwards, and was buried under a tree in the garden. At night the sentries of the 50th regiment fired into our reliefs, but did no harm."

When the troops retired at night, fires were seen in various parts of the town, and remained burning for some time; but whether caused by our rockets and redhot shot, or by accident, could not be ascertained. Sir John Burgoyne had mentioned the substantial character of the stone buildings, resisting shells and rockets, and, if ignited, burning so slowly as to give ample time to the inhabitants to extinguish the fire, as one of the difficulties of the siege. Certainly on this, as on former occasions, the garrison and inhabitants succeeded in quenching the conflagrations in a short time.

Captain Childers was killed while watching the effect of a gun which he had ordered to be discharged.

The morning of the 23rd presented the enemy's batteries and works in a state of thorough repair; it seemed as if labour and material were exhaustless within the town. Our men were rapidly reducing in number, not from the blows of the foe, for not more

than an average of fifty per day were killed and wounded; but from fatigue, salt provisions, and want of every sanitary requisite for a camp. About 700 men had been sent from the lines to Balaklava, unable to attend to duty; and of the fine army which landed in the Crimea, and the reinforcements which followed them, Mr. Russell estimated that not more than 16,000 men were fit for duty. This startling statement, published through the world by the *Times* newspaper, astonished and appalled friends and foes. The truth of this statement was officially denied in both Houses of Parliament. Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, exhausted all the ingenuities of verbal artifice and subtle evasion which they could command, to convince the members and the country that the statement could not be true. Subsequent events showed that Mr. Russell was a moderate and faithful man, and by no means placed matters in their worst light. It was painful to find that the official authorities in the Crimea, conniving with those at home, wrote express denials of these statements, denouncing them as gross exaggerations, when they must have known them to have been even less than the truth. Lieutenant Peard represented the number available for good service, at the end of the 23rd of October, as less than half the number given by Mr. Russell. In fact, there were few men in the British infantry, artillery, engineers, or sappers and miners, that were not knocked up. Hardship and disease depressed them, although still their dauntless courage sustained them against every stroke of fortune. The hope of battering down the earthworks of the enemy began to give way; the men were ready to remain and die in the trenches, but they began to despair of conquering a place which every night was revived as if by magic, and was found every day stronger than on that which preceded it, notwithstanding the laborious and scientific cannonade to which it was subjected. In vain were guns dismounted, batteries broken up, or the gunners shot down through the embrasures, a single night sufficed to repair every disaster.

An impression began to prevail in England that the Russians had adopted a new system of defence—earthworks instead of masonry; and that this new system was invincible. Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne, the British general of engineers, endeavoured to dispel the impressions thus popularly taken up, and his remarks will throw much light upon many incidents of the siege which were yet to follow.

"Some erroneous conceptions have gained currency of late in England (for abroad they have no idea of the kind) that the prolonged

defence of Sebastopol has been greatly due to the superiority of earthworks over those of masonry,* and the ability with which the Russian engineers have availed themselves of that discovery, as it is assumed to be. A few years ago this point was strongly advocated and warmly discussed; and now that a brilliant defence has been made at Sebastopol, and that earthworks were employed there, a deduction is endeavoured to be drawn that it is a triumphant proof of the soundness of the arguments of the supporters of that system, with which it has, however, no connexion whatever. The Russians had to raise their works of defence on a sudden emergency, and with rapidity, and they adopted, in this respect, the means employed time out of mind—namely, earthworks; and not from choice, but for the best of all possible reasons, that they were the only ones open to them; and, in fact, the great credit which is undoubtedly due to the Russians, is not for their ingenuity in employing earthworks, but for their energetic defence, notwithstanding the weakness and imperfection of such works.

“The leading arguments against masonry are, that besides its great expense, it can be battered down from a distance, and that the splinters from it are more injurious to the defenders than the shot and shells; but it must be recollected that these evils are not a necessary part of masonry works, but where they exist are usually unavoidable, either from occurring in fortifications of very old date, or in confined situations, where there is not sufficient space for the regulated course to be pursued—namely, of sinking the wall below the level of the ground, leaving the parapet of earth alone exposed to view.

“If the system of earthworks is to be taken as a modern improvement, it must be as compared with that previously established in modern times by military engineers, which implies always, as the rule, parapets of earth, and escarp walls well covered from exterior view, till only the breadth of the ditch intervenes. This at once and entirely removes the two evils above adverted to.

“One of the principal ingredients in defensive works is an obstacle to the approach of the assailants, and the best obstacle is a wall or vertical face to be surmounted. If this exceeds thirty feet in height, it becomes very formidable indeed; an escalade (which, while the wall is entire, is the only resource) is the most desperate of military undertakings, and never succeeds but by absolute surprise, or from very great weakness on the side of the

defenders. The consequence is, that it is necessary to have recourse to a breach, but, in such well-covered works, the breach can only be formed by batteries established at the edge of the ditch, and it is well known the vast increase of difficulty that the besieger finds in proportion as his approaches and batteries get nearer to the place; and, after all, the breach or breaches being made, he has only the limited extent of those openings as an ingress, whereas the earthworks present one universal breach throughout the whole extent of the place. The entrance into the place is, in fact, reduced at the breaches to what the earthen escarpments were from the commencement everywhere.

“Apply this reasoning to Sebastopol. The French, by immense efforts and sacrifices, gained lodgments at thirty yards from the ditch of the enemy's works. It is stated that the difficulties so multiplied upon them, that it would have been almost impossible for them to establish themselves nearer; and yet, had the place been fortified by the ordinary description of permanent works, it would have been necessary to place and maintain breaching batteries on the very edge of the ditch, by which openings of only a definite extent could have been made, which never could have afforded space for the heavy assaulting columns, by which alone the place was taken. The retrenchments also within the outer line would have been of the same character, and their escarpments would have been entire.

“I have not adverted to the question of opening such a place by mining from any distance. In the first place, offensive mining may be checked and impeded by an underground contest with great facility; secondly, it is extremely difficult to open a practical breach by mine; it is only to be effected by an enormous chamber and mass of powder, which would greatly increase the difficulties. Then the opening would be even more limited in extent than if effected by cannon; and if the assault is to be made from a distance, it has still all the unknown intermediate impediments to be overcome to arrive at the breach.

“The energy displayed in the defence of Sebastopol does great honour to the Russian arms; but it may be well to reduce that merit to its proper limits, and not suppose that either in skill, labour, or bravery, they surpassed the allies. Warfare is a difficult game, and, as with players at chess or whist, that general is the best who commits fewest errors.

“The siege of Sebastopol exhibited, no doubt, errors on both sides; but whilst those of French and Russians were tacitly submitted to, as of unavoidable occurrence, and amply compensated for by general merit, attention has been loudly called to innumerable lapses on the part of the British—some well-founded,

* By “works of masonry” are meant those in which the rampart of earth is supported by a wall of masonry, as in modern systems of fortification, in contra-distinction to works of earth only, where the rampart is continued at the natural slope of earth to the bottom of the ditch.

but very many emanating from the minds of critics who had no knowledge of the business of which they constituted themselves supreme judges, nor made any allowance for the circumstances of the case. For the defence of Sebastopol the enemy possessed immense advantages:—1. The positions all around it were exceedingly strong in features, and in many parts presented a very rocky soil to the attacks. It is true that it was not regularly fortified; but there were along the front substantial towers, old earthwork walls, and strong buildings that could be turned to good account against any attempt at a *coup de main*. 2. It had within it, not what could be called a garrison, but an army of not less, probably, than 25,000 men; it was, in fact, not a fortress, but an army intrenched on a very strong position, along a line of moderate extent, with its flanks perfectly secure. 3. It contained the resources of a very large naval and military arsenal—probably the largest ever collected in any one place—with those of a fully manned and equipped fleet of fifteen or sixteen sail-of-the-line, besides other vessels, which furnished, in addition to the material, not less than 10,000 good seamen gunners, quite competent to every service of batteries. 4. Over the flank, on which was decidedly the front for attack, they held the commanding ground on the opposite side of the harbour, greatly in advance of their line of defence of the south side; so that the attacking party in their approaches were taken in flank and rear for a distance of not less than 2000 yards from the place. Although the range from that side was considerable, and much cover was afforded by the undulations of the ground, still, from the circumstance, and the very great command possessed by the enemy of artillery of the heaviest nature, this advantage caused great annoyance to the allies, restricted them from availing themselves of many otherwise favourable sites for batteries and works, and acted as a powerful support to the defence. 5. The force of the allies was too small to make it possible to invest the place on both north and south sides (and there cannot be a doubt about the propriety of choosing the south); the consequence was, that the communication between the place and the country, in which they had a manœuvring army, was free and unobstructed for the whole period of the siege; the garrison could be augmented, reduced, or relieved at pleasure; every supply could be sent into it, and sick, wounded, and encumbrances removed from it at will. Nor should it be omitted, among the advantages, that the town and buildings in general, many of which were very substantial, though not absolutely incombustible, were of such a nature that no great efforts were required to prevent fires from spreading.

“The criticisms passed on the British officers and on the military proceedings in the Crimea by some individuals have been far too severe; they show a disposition, whether intended or not, utterly to disparage everything connected with the military service; in fact, the facility and brilliancy of pointing out supposititious errors, instead of the dull matter-of-fact assumption that duties may have been well performed, is very tempting.

“One mode of detraction is to advert in flaming language to the superior manner in which the Russians carry on their operations, and what superior ability and labours they have exhibited in their defence of Sebastopol. We are far from wishing to retaliate by language of disparagement on their merits; their officers and men have exerted energy, skill, and bravery, and deserve well of their country; but they also have committed their errors, and we cannot allow them to be considered as our masters in skill any more than in courage.

“We have before adverted to the credit given them for the adoption of earthworks, and shown that they had no other resource; and it would almost seem to have been a species of compulsion with them; for it is somewhat remarkable that the Russians appear to make use of exposed masonry in fortification more than the engineers of any other country. Their sea defences are almost exclusively of that description, not always on the absolute necessity of circumstances, but frequently where the shores present commanding sites, well adapted to powerful earthen batteries. But there is a still more striking proof in the very position that has given rise to the discussion. The great tower of Malakoff, of only ten years’ standing, was most injudiciously devised. It certainly would have acted as a great support against an early assault of the position, although it might have been greatly improved for that object, but against approaches and batteries it was worse than useless. It was immediately silenced, and very soon extensively breached; its ruins must have been very embarrassing, and it must have cost much labour to put the lower remnant of it in a shape to have been in any degree useful. Had the same expense and labour been applied towards the construction of a good fort or redoubt on that hill, on the modern principle, of about 700 yards interior periphery of parapet (which appears to be about the size of the work actually constructed during the siege), escarps and counterscarps revetted, earthen parapets, and *caponnières* flanking defences, and the interior with sufficient traverses and full of casemates, most certainly the attack of it would have been attended with far greater difficulties than as it actually existed; and we all know the efforts that, even

in its actual state, were required from our gallant allies to obtain possession of it. It will hardly be considered an excuse that this tower was given to the empire by the munificence of an individual whose name it bore, because, though the funds were provided by him, it was designed and constructed by the Russian military engineers.

"Then we hear a great deal of the 'gigantic' works raised by the Russians. No doubt they were gigantic, but how could they be otherwise by the labour of 25,000 men for a twelve-month? And what were the works of the allies but gigantic? If the number of miles of trenches, the batteries, and guns mounted, and the defensive works, were enumerated, the aggregate amount would appear enormous. Then the works of the Russians were of comparatively limited extent. They had a few leading points on which their greatest efforts would be concentrated, such as the Bastion Central, Bastion du Mât, the Redan, and Malakoff, &c.; each of these would naturally present a formidable aspect. The Russians, moreover, were but a short distance from, and with good roads to, their resources, which were in perfect order, and included abundance of timber; while the allies were seven, eight, and ten miles from theirs, with a great height and terrific roads intervening.

"There is some confusion in the ideas formed of the character of the Russian works. We hear of the wonderful labyrinth within them to obtain bombproof cover, and adding, as commonly supposed, to their defensive power; but this, it is apprehended, is not the case. These improvised casemates must have been very necessary and judicious, but they must have been rather an encumbrance to the defence, and quite inferior in that respect to the arrangement of the regular permanent work, as above suggested. Altogether, although we would give to the enemy every credit for their manly defence of Sebastopol, we must claim for the allies, and for every branch of their services connected with the attacks, the merit eminently due to them for their energetic exertions."

The foregoing is a very remarkable paper, containing a fair and clear vindication of the principles of the attack, and the courage and skill of the allies; and no man can do justice to either the defence or the siege without keeping in view the general principles there laid down; yet we cannot but concur in the opinion now prevalent in Europe, that the allied commander-in-chief was deficient in skill, energy, foresight, vigilance, and care, at the period of which we write, and that the magnitude of the undertaking was neither comprehended nor adequately provided for by the Western governments.

On the 23rd, the Russian general sent to Lord Raglan a flag of truce, requesting an armistice of some hours for the purpose of burying the dead. Lord Raglan, knowing that this was to gain time, either to complete or repair batteries, or bring up ammunition, and not having any dead to bury in his own army, refused the request, assigning that fact as his reason for so doing. The Russian chief resorted to a most barbarous revenge—the dead within his lines were brought beyond them, and left to decay upon the surface, so that the allied skirmishers could scarcely endure the stench; and this circumstance was undoubtedly the cause of sickness in both armies. The French had many in hospital, but did not suffer so much as the English from sickness, because their rations and medical care were so much superior; nor did they lose so many men from fatigue, because their numbers enabled them to change the working parties more frequently; but by the night of the 23rd, they had lost twenty officers and nearly 600 men in killed and wounded, according to their own admission; it is probable, however, that the number was much greater.

In England, at this juncture, great eagerness was evinced for news from St. Petersburg, from which city the first detailed intelligence of events in the Crimea was generally received. On this date Prince Menschikoff directed a despatch to his master, which the *Invalide Russe* professed to publish for the benefit of the Russian public. It presents the incidents which we have recorded, from a Russian point of view, suppressing Russian reverses, and exaggerating every real or apparent success. "A report received from Prince Menschikoff, dated October 23 (n. s.), gives the following further details in continuation of his former report on the operations before Sebastopol:—On the 20th of October General Sémiakine renewed his offensive movement from the village of Tchorgoum on the right bank of the Tchernaya, advancing for that purpose two columns on Komarz, and on a small fortification which the enemy had constructed a little behind that village. Our detachment having found that these two points had been abandoned, returned to its former position, which it regained at nightfall. In consequence of this movement the English troops advanced anew upon Komarz, and opened a fire of musketry and artillery against the heights which we had quitted, but beyond this attempted nothing. In the night of October 20, several detachments of volunteers were sent against the enemy's batteries. One of these detachments, composed of five officers and twenty-seven men, suddenly entered the French trenches, spiked eight mortars and eleven guns, and as speedily returned to the place,

after having thus made the enemy's battery useless for the work of the morrow. This fortunate sortie, which spread alarm in the enemy's camp, cost us two officers killed—Lieutenant Troitsky and Prince Pontiatine, of the marine guards—and a sailor. The other detachments found the enemy everywhere vigilant and active, and returned to the place with a loss of twelve men wounded. During the bombardment of the 20th, we lost in all fifty killed, including three officers, and 197 wounded, of whom five were officers. On the 21st and 22nd of October the siege batteries of the enemy continued to bombard Sebastopol, but the damage caused to our fortifications was, as on preceding days, of small extent and easily repaired, so that in none of our bastions has the firing been interrupted. Our loss on the 21st was thirty killed, including one officer, and 160 wounded, of whom three were officers. Our loss on the 22nd is not exactly known. On the night of the 21st and 22nd one of our pickets, composed of eight men, seeing an English patrol of forty men approaching, boldly threw itself on the enemy and dispersed the patrol, and made its commanding officer, Lord Dunkellin, a captain of the Guards, and son of Lord Clanricarde, prisoner. From the seaward the enemy has attempted nothing."

In the above account of the successful and ingenious sortie of the 20th, the number of mortars spiked is exaggerated, and the cannon alleged to have been also rendered unserviceable is a fiction; perhaps it was so reported to the prince by the leaders of the enterprise. In the following despatch of General Canrobert there is as little candour as in the Russian document there was moderation. Canrobert conceals from his government the fact (or his government mutilated his despatch) that, not only were his works entered, but a number of his mortars spiked.

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 22.

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,—Our works of approach continue according to the plan indicated in my preceding despatch of the 18th. I have not time to write to you at length, but I have the honour to send to you the journal of the siege, which will make you acquainted with all the details of our operations. The difficulties with which we meet are of two kinds—those which result from the nature of the soil, the solid stratum of which, already insufficient, diminishes in proportion as we approach the place, and those resulting from the number and calibre of the pieces of artillery which the enemy plants against us almost in a right and very extended line. In this respect, the resources which he draws from his vessels stationed in the port—men as well as materials—are almost inexhaustible; while ours, although augmented by the loans which we make from the two fleets, are necessarily limited. The 63-pounders, the 80 howitzers, and the 12-inch mortars are, in short, almost the only artillery upon which we can rely. This position renders the siege of Sebastopol one of the most laborious operations which have been met with for a long time, and the efforts which we are compelled to make to carry them into effect will explain the delays which have arisen. In the night of the 20th the enemy made an attempt to spike our guns, which failed. A few men, who, by a surprise,

entered our batteries, were killed there by the officer in command. The losses which we have experienced from the fire of the enemy are by no means so considerable as might have been expected, considering the difficulties of our position, which I have explained to you. I send successively, and by all the means which the fleet places at my disposal, my wounded to Constantinople, where our hospital resources have assumed a more satisfactory character. The state of health of the army is satisfactory. The maladies which have arisen have been produced by the excessive fatigue which our brave soldiers have had to undergo. The naval gunners who have landed have also been attacked with illness. They evince a courage and devotion which are remarked by the whole army. Accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the assurance of my respectful devotion.

The General Commander-in-chief,

CANROBERT.

To the Minister of War, &c.

The despatch of Lord Raglan, written a day after, affords a little more information. It informs the English war-minister, however, that the French batteries opened on the 19th, and had "continued ever since." If, by continuing, his lordship meant that they were not entirely blown away, he is correct; but if he meant to convey the idea that they continued to fire upon the enemy without interruption, the statement is at variance with the facts, as they were repeatedly silenced.

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 23.

MR LORD DUKE,—The operations of the siege have been carried on unremittingly since I addressed your grace on the 18th instant. On that afternoon, the French batteries not having been able to re-open, the enemy directed their guns almost exclusively on the British intrenchments, and maintained a very heavy fire upon them till the day closed, with less damage, I am happy to say, to the works, and with fewer casualties than might have been anticipated. On the following morning, shortly after daylight, General Canrobert not only resumed his fire from the batteries which had been injured, but materially added to the weight of his attack by the fire of batteries which he had caused to be constructed the previous day; and these have continued ever since; and he has had it in his power to push his approaches forward, and, like the English, materially to injure the defences of the place; but these are as yet far from being subdued, neither is a serious diminution of their fire perceivable. Our fire has also been constant and effective; but the enemy, having at their disposal large bodies of men, and the resources of the fleet and arsenal at their command, have been enabled by unceasing exertion to repair their redoubts to a certain extent, and to replace many of the guns that have been destroyed, in a very short space of time; and to resume their fire from works which we had succeeded in silencing. This facility of repairing and re-arming the defences naturally renders the progress of the assailants slower than could be wished; and I have it not in my power to inform your grace, with anything like certainty, when it may be expected that ulterior measures may be undertaken.

I have the honour to transmit to your grace the return of killed and wounded between the 18th and 20th instant inclusive. In my last I announced to your grace the death, which had just been reported to me, of the deplored officer the Hon. Colonel Hood, of the Grenadier Guards. No other military officer has since fallen; but Major Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was slightly wounded on the 19th. His Serene Highness insisted, however, upon remaining in the trenches until the detachment to which he was attached was relieved at the usual hour, and he has now resumed his duty. Captain Lord Dunkellin, of the Coldstream Guards, was unfortunately taken prisoner yesterday morning before daylight, in front of the trenches.

The naval batteries have continued their exertions without intermission, and I regret I have to report the death of two gallant officers of the royal navy—the Hon. Lieutenant Ruthven, who has died of his wounds, and Lieutenant Greathed, of her majesty's ship *Britannia*. Both are universally regretted. The latter received a mortal wound while laying a gun, after having, to use the language of Brigadier-general Eyre, who was then in charge of the trenches, “performed his duty in the batteries in a manner that excited the admiration of all.”

A considerable body of Russians appeared two days ago in the vicinity of Balaklava, but they have since withdrawn, and are no longer to be seen in our front. I have reason to believe that Prince Menschikoff is not in Sebastopol. He is stated to have placed himself with the main body of the army in the field, which is represented to be stationed in the plains south of Bagtché Serai. Admiral Korniloff, the chief of the staff, and temporarily in command of Sebastopol, is reported to have died of his wounds the day before yesterday.—I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

On the same day 10,000 Russians crossed the Tchernaya, and reconnoitred. On the 24th, 500 recovered invalids from Scutari were landed at Balaklava, but as they marched out to the camp many of them fell down on the way, unable to proceed. It was in mournful keeping with the treatment of our poor sick soldiers, to send them on to the severe climate of the Crimea, and the labour for which the strongest were scarcely equal. The English mortars had nearly ceased fire, the shells were useless; it was hoped that the worst had been consumed, but the last sent up were inferior to the former. The complaints of want of material were very general in the army at this time. Gun-carriages, wheels, timber, tools, ropes, horses, powder, balls, and shells, were

required in far larger quantities than they were supplied, while the enemy seemed strong in all these sinews of war. The arrival of commissariat officers, and officers of the Irish constabulary, was an encouraging omen that the government at home were beginning to think more of their army in the Crimea.

The Russians commenced firing on the morning of the 24th from a new battery. The number of their guns now amounted to 230, and fresh works were in progress. The French sappers and miners were indefatigable, but their artillery still failed to bring a sufficient number of heavy guns into play.

During the 24th, the enemy in the valley of the Tchernaya continued to reconnoitre the British right and rear, and they repeatedly approached the redoubts held by the Tunisians. It was obvious that they considered the weakness of these works, the distance from all support, the small number of troops under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, the scanty corps of observation under Bosquet, and the defenceless condition of Sir de Lacy Evans' flank, as constituting a combined plan to tempt them forward. They were kept back by the conviction that such apparent weakness concealed some trap, into which the allies would, by the display of that weakness, allure them. On the next day, Liprandi, who commanded the Russian forces on the Tchernaya, received from his spies a full and clear account of the forces opposed to him, and made those attacks which issued in the battle of Balaklava.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

“I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start! The game's afoot,
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge,
Cry, ‘Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!’”—SHAKSPEARE. *Henry V.*

THE night of the 24th of October was passed in the trenches as other nights during the bombardment had been; fewer shots were, however, fired by the enemy. The morning of the 25th dawned obscurely; the mists of the Crimean October hung over the heights, and rested upon the beleaguered city; and the bombardment was resumed as on other days, and, as usual, responded to by the garrison. The mists which hid from view the city and its defences extended over all the valley of the Tchernaya, from the head of the harbour of Sebastopol to the gorge of Balaklava, and far east across the plain, enveloping the heights opposite to those upon which the allies were encamped. Under cover of this veil the Russians, who had been lingering in the Tchernaya valley, were enabled to push their Cossacks forward to examine the

positions of the Earl of Lucan, Sir Colin Campbell, and General Bosquet.

Although this task was very imperfectly performed, from the dimness through which everything was seen—if seen at all—yet they were enabled to ascertain the “ostentatious weakness” of the positions, and to make such report to the Russian general as would decide him in the course he had already meditated. This was no less than a grand attack upon the allied flank and rear, so as, if possible, to capture Balaklava, destroy its stores and shipping—perhaps hold the place, and compel the allies, eventually, to lay down their arms, or embark under circumstances of despair and ruin. Reinforcements had been repeatedly received by the enemy in large numbers, as well as supplies of all kinds; while both men and muni-

tions arrived in driblets to the allies, utterly disproportionate to their labours, the task assigned them, and the new dangers which had gradually gathered around. A powerful army corps, under the Russian general, Liprandi, who had distinguished himself in forcing the Danube, occupied the valley of the Tchernaya in positions which secured them against any sudden attack from the allies, had they been able to attempt the like, and which facilitated a surprise on their side against Balaklava. Favoured by the character of the morning, Liprandi put his corps in motion before dawn, and at daylight commenced the series of operations which are generally known under the title of the battle of Balaklava.

The first tidings received of the event in England were from Russia. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* contained the following, which is represented as announcing a glorious victory over the English:—

“His majesty the emperor has just received a report from Aide-de-camp General Prince Menschikoff, dated the 25th of October:—

“Our offensive operations against the besiegers began to-day, and were crowned with success. Lieutenant-general Liprandi had orders to attack, with the division under his charge, the private entrenched camp of the enemy, which defends the route from Sebastopol to Balaklava. This operation was executed by him this morning in a brilliant manner. Four redoubts, in which we captured eleven pieces of artillery, are now in our possession. The principal redoubt of the enemy, which was defended by the Turks, was carried by assault by the Azoff regiment of infantry, under the command of Major-general Sémiakine, commander of the brigade, and the commander of the regiment, Colonel de Krudener, who distinguished himself in this affair.

“The English cavalry also opposed our detachment. Under the command of Lord Cardigan, it charged with extraordinary impetuosity the brigade of Hussars of the 6th division of cavalry, but, taken in flank by four squadrons of the combined regiment of Lancers in reserve, and forced upon the cross-fire of shot of the artillery of the 12th and 16th divisions of infantry, and upon that of the men armed with carbines of the first brigade of the latter, it suffered considerable loss.

“The 1st brigade of the 16th division, under the command of Major-general Jabokritsky in person, was pushed forward in advance to prevent the enemy from turning the detachment of General Liprandi. At the same time that it attacked our Hussars, the English cavalry rushed at a gallop upon the battery of position, No. 3 of the Don, where some of the gunners were put to the sword.

“The loss of our infantry in this affair does not exceed, as it appears to me, 300 men both in killed and wounded. As to that of the cavalry and artillery, it is not yet known even by conjecture. Major-general Khaletsky, commander of a regiment of Hussars of his Imperial Highness Nicholas Maximilianovitch, was wounded by a sword on the ear and arm. It is difficult to calculate with certainty the loss of the enemy, but it was very heavy.”

The following pages will show how little truth this despatch contained. It describes General Liprandi as having under his command only a “division,” whereas a strong army corps was placed at his disposal, variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000 men, but most generally set down at 35,000. The estimate formed by Mr. Woods, who witnessed the battle, was 25,000 infantry, 4000 cavalry, and thirty or forty cannon. Distinguished officers of experience have assured the author that this estimate is probably correct. The despatch of Prince Menschikoff, or rather the account of it given in the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, is useful as putting us in possession of the names of the officers commanding the different detachments.

Liprandi's force advanced from Tchernougoum upon the Woronzoff Road. He halted at the mouth of the Baidar Valley, on the north of this road, and rested his right wing upon the hills near to Tchernougoum. From the main body four battalions of infantry were detached upon the left; these crossed to the south of the road, and advanced upon Kamara, a little village which was near the right front of the English position, and only 4000 yards beyond their lines. Before giving any further description of the Russian advance, it is necessary to describe with some minuteness the ground to the east of the plateau on which the allies formed their encampments, and to the north and east of Balaklava, the depot of the British munitions and resources.

The country presents the appearance of a great plain, partly divided into two valleys by a ridge of hills called the Fedukine heights; these valleys, meeting again beyond the range of heights, form one plain of several miles in extent from the plateau on which the allies stood, stretching away to a range of hills beyond. Through this plain the Tchernaya river finds its way to the harbour of Sebastopol. From the disembovement of the Tchernaya to the ruins of Inkerman is about a mile, and there the average width of the valley is only three-quarters of a mile, being narrowest opposite to the ruins; from Inkerman the hills separate more, until, at the Traktar Bridge, it has a width of four miles. A range of low hills traverses this plain, upon which redoubts were erected, each garrisoned by 250 Tun-

sians, auxiliaries of the sultan's army. This range was north of Balaklava.

The nearest of these elevations to the plateau was above the village of Kadikoi. The most eastern was called Canrobert's Hill; not for the absurd reason assigned by Mr. Woods—that General Canrobert declared it to be untenable, but because there Lord Raglan and the French general met when, after the celebrated flank march, the latter descended into the valley of the Tchernaya. The number of the hillocks occupied by the redoubts, and garrisoned by the Tunisians, was four. On the most remote of these (Canrobert's Hill), some good intrenchments were made, and earthworks thrown up; but the other three were surmounted by carelessly constructed redoubts, which it would be difficult to defend under any circumstances; and which, although the most exposed positions of the allies, were garrisoned by their worst troops—men who scarcely knew the use of arms, and were without any of the moral characteristics so necessary to form a good soldier. These redoubts were occupied for the purpose of commanding the Woronzoff Road, and of defending Balaklava from any sudden attack, such as Liprandi now attempted.

The first of these defensive works, called No. 1, was a mile and a half from Balaklava, and very nearly a mile from No. 2, which was higher up the Woronzoff Road. Nos. 2 and 3 redoubts were each a mile from their supports. No. 4 was close under the plateau where General Bosquet was posted with a *corps d'observation*, consisting of French and Turkish troops. General Bosquet's position also dominated the Woronzoff Road, and part of the plain of Balaklava; his lines could only be approached by a surprise. The works erected along that position (the eastern ridge of the plateau) were as strong as French military engineering could, under the circumstances, make them.

The Woronzoff Road lay from Baidar and Traktar Bridge, and crossed the plain of Balaklava on the low ridge of hills already described as dividing the plain into two parts. Winding up the heights in rear of the light and first divisions, it was continued through the camp into Sebastopol, entering by the cemetery, on the right of the Redan. There was another road, the situation of which must be kept in view in the various operations which were conducted in the valley of the Tchernaya from the 25th of October—the Simpheropol Road—which, winding down the northern heights of Inkerman, crossed the Inkerman vale, and the bridge there over the Tchernaya, came up the opposite Inkerman heights, and passed through the camps of the second, first, and light divisions, and joined the first-mentioned road near

the windmill, which served as an English powder-store.

If the reader will keep in view the general outline of the country as here presented, with its roads and leading military features, the series of actions comprised in the battle of Balaklava, and their general bearing upon the immediate and more remote results, will be more easily comprehended. Liprandi having advanced towards Kamara, formed line at right angles with the redoubts held by the African auxiliaries. It was half-past six o'clock before the Russians began their attack. When they came in sight of the Turkish redoubts they halted, and remained some time in observation, instead of dashing on at once to gain possession. In each of the Tunisian redoubts there was a British artilleryman to assist in directing the guns; upon the appearance of the Russians some of these men sent intelligence to Lord Lucan, who at once sent off an orderly to Sir Colin Campbell, by whom the dragoon was ordered forward to head-quarters with a despatch to Lord Raglan. His lordship on receiving the tidings, sent across the ravine to General Canrobert, requesting his assistance, and set about his own arrangements for meeting the impending danger. Lord Lucan, upon receiving the intelligence from the redoubts, ordered the bugles to sound to saddle; it was fortunate for the dispatch of this order that the men were at the moment leading their horses forth to water. In a very few minutes the heavy brigade was ready for action. This fine brigade consisted of five regiments, two of Dragoon Guards, namely, the 4th Royal Irish, and the 5th,* commonly called the "Green Horse." The former, although nominally an Irish regiment, was nearly altogether composed of Englishmen; while the latter, nominally an English regiment, was composed principally of Irish. The other three regiments were the same that at Waterloo, under Sir William Ponsonby, was known by the designation of the "Union Brigade," because consisting of an English, a Scotch, and an Irish regiment. The 1st Royal Dragoons, the 2nd Royal North British Dragoons or Scots' Greys, and the 6th or Enniskillen Dragoons.† These five regiments had, when sent out, consisted of about 250 men each, but were now reduced in the aggregate to about 720. The 5th had suffered horribly in Bulgaria from cholera; the Enniskillens had lost men by fire on shipboard, and horses by other disasters at sea; and all the

* In various accounts this regiment is called the 5th Dragoons, there is no 5th Dragoons, that regiment having been disbanded many years ago.

† The origin or meaning of this designation may be unknown to many of our readers. Enniskillen, or Inniskillen is the county town of Fermanagh, in the province of Ulster, in Ireland, where the regiment was raised.

regiments were reduced by cholera, diarrhoea, and dysentery, in the Crimea. The want of proper fittings in the transports had been the chief cause of the loss of the horses.

The light brigade had their horses saddled soon after, and stood like "greyhounds in the slip," ready for action. This brigade consisted also of five regiments, the 4th (Dragoons), the 8th (Royal Irish Hussars), the 11th (Prince Albert's Hussars), 13th (Dragoons), 17th (Lancers). It mustered about 680 men. The commander of the heavy brigade (as will be seen elsewhere) was Brigadier-general Scarlett. The light was commanded by Major-general the Earl of Cardigan.

While the cavalry brigades were getting ready for action, Sir Colin Campbell made the best preparations, circumstances and time allowed, for the more immediate defence of Balaklava. The 93rd (Highlanders) were posted to the right of the cavalry, in front of a steep conical hill; to the right of the Highlanders there were placed two regiments of Tunisians, and a few companies of newly-arrived Turkish conscripts. On the heights, a detachment of sailors and marines, with a few hundred invalids, were drawn up, and heavy ships' guns were placed in battery. While Sir Colin was effecting these arrangements, the Russians, who had unaccountably halted when they approached the Tunisian redoubt, which was nearest, again resumed their advance, and presented the heads of their columns south of the Woronzoff Road, below the hills near Kamara. To check their progress, two batteries of artillery, commanded by Captains Barker and Maude, were detached with the Scots Greys; and the light cavalry moved across the plain towards the redoubts 2, 3, and 4. Barker's field-battery opened fire upon the enemy, and was instantly joined by Maude's horse-artillery. The fire of these 6 and 9-pounders was very spirited, but the Russian guns were more numerous, and, as usual, of heavier metal than ours. Twelve-pounders, similar to those which, in the autumn of 1853, and the spring of 1854, were so effective in Asia Minor, were employed by the Russians on this occasion, with similar tokens of their usefulness. These guns were moved with as much celerity as our 6-pounders, and handled with as much ease. The Duke of Wellington relied greatly upon the facility with which the British 6-pounders could be used in action, and on more than one occasion considered the rapidity with which they could be employed as counterbalancing heavier weight. Waterloo seemed to afford some ground for such an opinion; but at Balaklava the Russians moved and worked their 12-pounders as rapidly and easily as the British managed their lighter guns: if the latter produced a greater proportionate effect, that was due to the skill

of the officers in command, and the precision of our gunners. Seldom have British guns been worked in the field with equal gallantry and address; and by their instrumentality the Russians were kept at bay so long, that the time thus lost seriously impaired the execution of their plans. The British artillery was at last obliged to withdraw from *want of ammunition*. Their loss was very severe, and especially in the case of Captain Maude, who was dangerously wounded by the bursting of a shell on his horse. This gallant officer had rendered the most valuable services to his country, and his misfortune excited the regret of the whole army. The Greys retired with the artillery, falling back upon the position where General Scarlett's brigade was drawn up. The Russian infantry then moved forward in five distinct columns, flanked by cavalry, who threw out clouds of skirmishers in advance. A powerful force of artillery moved on before these dark, dense columns of infantry.

As seen from the plateau on which the allies were posted, the progress of the Russian troops was extremely impressive, for by this time the mists had disappeared, as if swept away by the rising sun. The field of action seemed formed for a great military display. The opposite hills, composed of limestone rock, glistened in the morning light, and everywhere scarped and indented in forms the most grotesque, wild, and varied, contrasted powerfully with the dark-brown landscape below, covered with parched and often stunted herbage, or dark moss. The whole country seemed, with its wild sweep of plain, encircled by rude upland, rock, and mountain, as if intended for a theatre of war.

As the main body directed their course towards the Turkish redoubts, loose bodies of Russian horsemen scattered over the plain. Upon these a French mortar battery, situated on the edge of the plateau, and connected with the corps of observation commanded by General Bosquet, opened with effect, throwing shells into various groups, and dispersing men and horses with prompt and terrible destruction. The Russians made no attempt to return this fire, but kept steadily in view their object—to enter the gorge of Balaklava. To accomplish this, it was necessary to expel the Tureo-Tunisians from the eminences on which they had been posted; and, therefore, advancing to the principal redoubt on Canrobert's Hill, their artillery opened fire. The redoubt mounted six iron guns, 12-pounders. The Tunisians, unaccustomed to war, perceiving before them a powerful army, no supports near them, and no Europeans, except a gunner, to assist or direct them in the works, lost all self-possession, and ran about the redoubt uttering cries of despair. They fired their guns in an aimless volley,

which did no mischief, and then fled like a disorderly rabble dispersed by mounted police.

The mode in which the Russians captured this redoubt was timorous, and utterly deficient in military spirit. Instead of boldly advancing, when it was obvious no resistance could be offered to them, they opened a cannonade at some distance with two troops of horse-artillery, and for little less than ten minutes sustained this useless fire. The cavalry were then thrown out in skirmishing order, and as cautiously as if an army corps had been drawn up behind the hill. The officer in command of the Tunisians soon thought it time to provide for his own safety, and, leaving his troops to take care of themselves, mounted his horse and galloped away. Many of the men seemed to think it their duty to follow their leader, and rushed out of the redoubt; the enemy's cavalry closing around them, shot some as they clambered over the earthwork, and sabred others on the plain. Some of the Cossacks scrambled into the redoubt, their wiry little horses literally climbing the frail ramparts; there the scene presented was truly pitiable; many of the Tunisians, too much frightened to escape, were slaughtered by the spears of the Cossacks; the cries and helplessness of the Africans brought no pity—it was a military Sinope on a small scale. The unfortunate wretches did not know how to ask for quarter, and the conquerors were alike without mercy or magnanimity. Far over the plain, even to Balaklava, might be heard the piercing cries of the Africans, as they fell by the weapons of their sanguinary victors, or fled in frantic despair towards the next redoubt garrisoned by their countrymen.

The Russian infantry took possession of the redoubt, and found the guns ready loaded. The British artilleryman who had been in redoubt No. 1, had not been able to spike any of the guns from the whirl of confusion in which he was involved by the terrified Tunisians; the Russian artillerymen, therefore, soon turned all the pieces against the second redoubt, and upon the advanced position occupied by the 93rd Highlanders. Sir Colin Campbell prudently withdrew the regiment, from a useless exposure, under the shelter of a gentle elevation in the plain. Ammunition had now arrived for the British artillery, and a field-battery was placed on the more exposed flank of the 93rd, and returned the enemy's cannonade.

Meanwhile the right wing of Liprandi's force advanced against No. 2 redoubt. No. 1, which had already been captured, was the strongest of the four; No. 2 was badly constructed, badly armed, and badly garrisoned. No defence was made, unless the firing of two guns at an elevation which rendered them

harmless, and a straggling volley of musketry by which no one could be hit, might be called so. The scenes which were presented in No. 1, were now to be witnessed in No. 2; the same helplessness, confusion, and flight; the officers creating much of the disorder, and setting the example of cowardice. In this case, however, they were sooner out of the work than their comrades at No. 1, for every man had cleared the defences before the Russians entered. The unfortunate fugitives did not gain much by their promptitude; for the Cossacks, anticipating it, met them with spear and pistol as they fled, strewing the plain with their dead. Most of the runaways cast their arms and accoutrements from them, and sped with great rapidity, some towards the third redoubt, and others towards the position of the Highlanders. The Cossacks were too fleet, and a great number fell beneath their lances: some, however, turned in their flight, and, with cries of mingled despair and rage, rushing ferociously upon their pursuers, in the suddenness of the unexpected attack, unhorsed or disabled them; those who had the courage, or fury as it seemed, to do so, generally escaped.

At this period, Lord Raglan arrived upon the scene of action, partly preceded and partly followed by the first and fourth divisions, the 1st French division, and a squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique. The British commander-in-chief descended the ridge of the plateau where General Bosquet was posted, and then with his staff and a numerous body of officers, French and English, whose corps were not engaged, he ascended an elevation from which he could command a view of the whole theatre of conflict. At the moment of his arrival the Tunisians ran out of redoubt No. 3, which, although the nearest to the lines, they abandoned with most alacrity, not even firing a musket as they fled. The Cossacks, as in the other cases, speared and shot down many of the fugitives. Their early flight, however, enabled the majority to reach the Highlanders' position, where they drew up in an irregular way upon the right flank of their countrymen, already posted in line with the British regiment. The Russians immediately entered the redoubt, and secured the guns, which had been spiked by the British artilleryman. Their advance was then slackened; for redoubt No. 4, although not so near the lines as No. 3, opened a galling fire upon them. The fire of the British fieldpieces was delivered with a rapidity and precision which also kept at bay the advancing columns, and compelled the cavalry to gather up their skirmishers.

The general position of the British at this juncture was as follows:—The Highlanders now occupied the slope of the undulation

beneath which they had taken shelter from the superior artillery of the enemy. To their right lay the two Tunisian regiments; further to the right what was left of the fugitive Tunisians from the redoubts. On the extreme right, but some distance in front, Barker's field-battery was rendering excellent service by replying to the captured guns in redoubt No. 1, and checking the advance of the enemy's infantry from Kamara. To the left the cavalry divisions were in separate lines of brigade, the heavy considerably in advance of the light. In the rear, upon the heights commanding the entrance to the harbour, the marines, invalids, a few sailors, and the heavy ship-guns were posted.

There can be no doubt that the position of the English was critical; but we cannot concur with some writers, that had Liprandi boldly advanced, he might easily have captured and held Balaklava. Mr. Woods says—"Had Liprandi pushed forward his whole force, he must have forced the entrance of Balaklava; and once in, half an hour would have sufficed to destroy all our stores and shipping. But the Russian general appeared either to doubt the extent of his own success, or else to be feeling his way, ere he trusted his troops in a pitched battle with the soldiers who had forced the heights of Alma."

Upon these remarks it may be observed that, had Liprandi captured Balaklava, and occupied it, the allies would not have been compelled to raise the siege; they could still have used the neighbourhood of Cape Cherson, Kamiesch, and Arrow Bay, where their allies had their depots. It is true that Liprandi might have penetrated the gorge, but a couple of good war-steamers, and a resolute fire from the heights, would have caused him severe loss; while the movement of the two British divisions, and the French division already named, upon his flank and rear, with the cavalry, and these troops instantly reinforced, would have probably caused the Russian general the loss of his army. The opinion of Mr. Woods is well supported, however, by military authorities; but Liprandi himself seems to have regarded it in the light we put it—for the appearance of the British and French divisions descending from the plateau was sufficient to cause the astute commander to draw in his force, and content himself with the capture of the redoubts. With so large a force as that which he had at his disposal, it is impossible to conjecture what would have been the result had he adopted a bolder policy. It is certain that, although he would have suffered much from the British frigates at the head of the harbour, and from the small force on the heights, he could, with such a body of troops as appeared at his disposal, have taken possession of the high

ground above the harbour, and, in that case, everything in it would have been destroyed by his guns. Perhaps the true solution of Liprandi's conduct may be, that his forces were considerably less than observers from the plateau supposed. Large bodies of men in the distance are generally exaggerated by beholders; and if such was the case, as is probable in this instance, Liprandi, remembering how these divisions fought at Alma, would, as he saw them descending from the plateau, wisely hesitate before he risked his army in the encounter. The Russian officers all felt that the defeat at the Alma had greatly disheartened their troops, and it discouraged, on their part, all hazardous enterprise. The Russian accounts state Liprandi's army to have been under 20,000 men.

It appears, however, that Lord Raglan was filled with apprehension that the event supposed possible by Mr. Woods would actually take place, for his quartermaster-general, Airey, was instructed to order Captain Tatham of the *Simoom*, who commanded the harbour, to act upon the probability of such a contingency. That officer gave his directions accordingly; all vessels were directed to leave the harbour, and the drums beat to quarters on board the *Wasp* and *Diamond* frigates. Men were sent on board these ships to work the guns, their own men being on duty in the trenches. The ships were soon in readiness, and took up a position to defend the head of the harbour until the transports had got out to sea. From a careful examination of all the evidence accessible in connexion with these transactions, it appears to us that the order of Lord Raglan was hastily given, and was another instance of "the timid counsels" which so frequently appeared to prevail at head-quarters. It must be allowed that at the moment when Lord Raglan sent the order, the Russians were making bold movements, and appeared as if resolved to carry out a great enterprise. They pushed forward a strong cavalry division, exceeding 3000 men, between the redoubts, but their infantry still remained behind the ridge on the Tchernaya side.

The Grand Duke Millinovitch, who commanded the cavalry, divided it into three bodies; one of these he held in reserve, the other two were thus handled:—One body, about 1200 strong, moved gradually down the ridge which had been occupied by the Russian cavalry division into the plain where the British heavy cavalry brigade was posted; the other, about half that number, directed its course towards the hillock, on the slope of which the 93rd Highlanders and the Turks were placed. Very different accounts are given of what then occurred, some of which are altogether incorrect. The generally received

version is, that the Russian cavalry made a dashing charge upon the Tunisians and Highlanders, which the latter, left alone by the defection of their allies, repelled by deadly volleys of musketry. The truth is, the Russian cavalry never charged; they would undoubtedly have done so, had there been, on the part of the gallant Highlanders, the least wavering. At first, there did not seem to be the slightest intention of charging on the part of the Russians, as their force was utterly disproportionate to the line of infantry drawn up by Sir Colin Campbell, which consisted of about 700 Highlanders, and more than twice that number of Tunisians. The Russians, accordingly, approached rather as cavalry in a reconnaissance, than as about to perform a charge. They cantered down the hill at some speed, until they came within 800 yards of the infantry, when the latter fired; but it is an "open question" whether the cavalry had not halted *before* the volley—at all events, they had halted when the smoke of the musketry drifted away. Scarcely had the Tunisians discharged their pieces, when they turned and fled *en masse*; their officers, as in the flight from the redoubts, setting the example of *saute qui peut*. We are not disposed to be severe upon these undisciplined and inexperienced troops for their conduct in the redoubts; if the same number of British troops had been placed there, "the only difference would have been, that we had lost both men and redoubts." But in the instance under notice, the conduct of these Africans was execrable; they fled before a force so inferior, and instantly upon the delivery of their fire. The flight was that of perfect rabble, without an attempt to rally, and stopped only when they found a temptation to plunder in the light cavalry camp, which they completely stripped. They not only abandoned their fellow-soldiers, allies in their own cause, but they plundered those soldiers who for that cause were on the instant receiving wounds and death. Seldom, in the history of war, has cowardice and rascality been so combined. These men would have rivalled the worst Bashi-bazouks that ever murdered and plundered friends, and fled before enemies.

The Russians had not a man hit from the distant volley of Sir Colin Campbell's infantry; and it is inconceivable that the gallant chief should have ordered a volley at such a distance—if he supposed the enemy were on the charge, he would have reserved his fire for a surer range. The cavalry, observing the shameful flight of the Tunisians, took heart again, and moved to the right of the Highlanders, where their allies had forsaken them. They did not spur their horses to the charge, but moved slowly, and afterwards put their chargers on a trot. The Highlanders brought their Grenadier

company to protect the menaced flank; perceiving which, the cavalry halted with evident indecision. At this juncture, the Highlanders delivered another volley—the distance was about half that at which they fired before—but very little effect was produced by it. The Russian commander, perceiving the unshaken front of the gallant Gaels, turned his men back to the base of the hill on which No. 1 redoubt was situated. There was, strictly speaking, no cavalry charge upon the Highlanders at Balaklava. Two volleys, very harmless, were fired by them upon a small body of Russian cavalry while reconnoitring their position, no doubt with the hope of finding an opportunity for a charge. Mr. Russell's account of the numbers of the cavalry, the rapidity of their onset, and the destructive force of the volley which especially checked it, is erroneous; and had that able and eloquent writer personally revised his letters, he would have seen the necessity for correcting such statements. These remarks are no disparagement to the brave Scots, or to their heroic chief—both leader and men would have stood their ground against any number, however resolute their charge; but such enduring courage was not called for upon the occasion in question.

In every narrative of the battle of Balaklava which we have met with, Sir Colin is represented as receiving *in line* a charge of cavalry; and this unusual feat is set to his account as an achievement of the greatest glory. It is alleged that the noble-hearted veteran declared that "he scorned to form his men even *four deep*." Upon this Mr. Woods remarks—"Sir Colin is far too good and experienced a soldier ever to think of exposing 700 men in a line two deep, to receive the shock of a charge of cavalry 600 strong and four deep.* Had the Russians shown any sign of closing with the regiment, it would have instantly formed square."

This piece of criticism has lately received extensive credence; but it is not founded upon correct views of military usage. Infantry will not receive cavalry in line upon the open plain; or, if retreating and harassed by cavalry under circumstances favourable to the action of the latter, they will form square to repel them; but infantry will always, when they can, take up a position affording them the opportunity of an extended line of fire when attacked by cavalry. Sir Colin did so in this instance. He placed his infantry along the slope of an eminence, up which the cavalry must have charged at a disadvantage, while exposed to the extended line of fire which the infantry, so posted, could direct upon them. It may have been judicious to form square even in the advantageous position chosen by Sir Colin, but that

* Sir Colin estimated them at 400, which was beneath the reality.

entirely depended upon the number and quality of the cavalry. In this case they were slightly inferior to the Highlanders in number, and greatly inferior in courage and discipline; it was natural for the general to form the resolve of braving, with "the thin red line," the assault of such a force. This is not simply the view of the author of these pages, but that of some of the most experienced generals in the service; and who deem it very doubtful whether a man of Sir Colin Campbell's habits and character would utter the vaunting language which is attributed to him.

The following is Sir Colin's report to the Adjutant-general:—

Camp Battery, No. 4, Balaklava, Oct. 27.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that on the morning of the 25th inst., about 7 o'clock, the Russian force which has been, as I already reported, for some time among the hills on our right front, debouched into the open ground in front of the redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, which were occupied by Turkish infantry and artillery, and were armed with seven 12-pounders (iron). The enemy's force consisted of eighteen or nineteen battalions of infantry, from thirty to forty guns, and a large body of cavalry. The attack was made against No. 1 redoubt by a cloud of skirmishers, supported by eight battalions of infantry and sixteen guns. The Turkish troops in No. 1 persisted as long as they could, and then retired, and they suffered considerable loss in their retreat. This attack was followed by the successive abandonment of Nos. 2, 3, and 4 redoubts by the Turks, as well as of the other posts held by them in our front. The guns, however, in Nos. 2, 3, and 4, were spiked. The garrisons of these redoubts retired, and some of them formed on the right, and some on the left flank of the 93rd Highlanders, which was posted in front of No. 4 battery and the village of Kadikoi. When the enemy had taken possession of these redoubts, their artillery advanced with a large mass of cavalry, and their guns ranged to the 93rd Highlanders, which, with 100 invalids under Lieutenant-colonel Daveny in support, occupied very insufficiently, from the smallness of their numbers, the slightly rising ground in front of No. 4 battery. As I found that round-shot and shell began to cause some casualties upon the 93rd Highlanders and the Turkish battalions on their right and left flank, I made them retire a few paces behind the crest of the hill. During this period our batteries on the hills, manned by the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Marines, made most excellent practice on the enemy's cavalry, which came over the hill ground in front. One body of them, amounting to about 400 men, turned to their left, separating themselves from those who attacked Lord Lucan's division, and charged the 93rd Highlanders, who immediately advanced to the crest of the hill and opened their fire, which forced the Russian cavalry to give way and turn to their left—after which they made an attempt to turn the right flank of the 93rd, having observed the flight of the Turks who were placed there, upon which the Grenadiers of the 93rd, under Captain Ross, were wheeled up to their right and fired on the enemy, which manœuvre completely discomfited them.

During the rest of the day the troops under my command received no further molestation from the Russians. I beg to call Lord Raglan's attention to the gallantry and eagerness of the 93rd Highlanders under Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie, of which probably his lordship was an eye-witness; as well as the admirable conduct of Captain Barker and the officers of the field-battery under his orders, who made most excellent practice against the Russian cavalry and artillery while within range.

I have, &c.,

COLIN CAMPBELL, *Major-general.*

Brigadier-general Estcourt, Adjutant-general.

In the despatch of Sir Colin Campbell, the word "charge" is applied to the advance of the enemy's cavalry towards the position of the Highlanders. The gallant general must have used the expression in a popular, and not in a military sense, for there was really no charge. Mr. Woods justly observes, "Every officer who was present at the battle of Balaklava knows perfectly well that, apparently, the enemy's cavalry had no more intention of charging the Highlanders than they had of charging the marines on the heights."

As the Cossacks fell back from before the infantry under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, the other body of Russian horse, consisting of two regiments of Hussars, made their way in the direction of the heavy cavalry camp. They descended the ridge in two lines, each line four deep; their march was as deliberate as if on a review. The sight was imposing; their light blue uniforms and graceful steeds (for they were excellently mounted) showed to great advantage, and their weapons and accoutrements glistened in the morning sun. As they approached near to the plain where the British heavy cavalry were preparing for an attack, they closed up, and advanced steadily in one compact body; the sun at this moment shone out more clear and brilliant than before upon the gay Hussar uniforms, and the swords of the proud horsemen, flashing in its light, appeared at a distance like swords of flame. Already two hours and a half had been consumed by the enemy in capturing the redoubts, cannonading the artillery, and reconnoitring the infantry. It was about nine o'clock when the Hussars wheeled round the high ground which kept them out of view of the British horse, and met them in the shock of one of the grandest cavalry charges on record. When the Russian troopers came down the hill, General Scarlett's brigade was still among the tents of their camp, in a position of great disadvantage: not only was time lost in extricating themselves from the tents, but some confusion was created by the cordage and other camp impediments. There was not room for the advanced line to make good their charge when the enemy came suddenly upon them. It is difficult to say upon whom the blame of this state of things should rest. The heavy cavalry were immediately under the command of Brigadier-general Scarlett, but the cavalry head-quarters was in their camp, and therefore it is alleged Lord Lucan should have personally seen to everything, and assured himself of the proximity of the enemy's Cossacks and Hussars. No such precautions, however, were taken as were necessary to enable the brigade to take any advantage of position, or even to charge on equal terms. Brigadier Scarlett is near-

sighted, and although a good regimental officer and a gallant man, was not experienced in a large command. Lord Lucan understood the cavalry service of Russia, and ought to have known the troops with whom he had to deal, and have had opportune cognisance of the proximity of the enemy to his own head-quarters. The British were formed into two lines, the first of which consisted of the Scots Greys and Enniskillen Dragoons; the second consisted of the 1st Royal Dragoons, and the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards. The 5th Dragoon Guards, General Scarlett's own regiment, constituted the reserve.

Spectators of the scene have described the moment of onset as exceedingly exciting. Just as the opposing lines came clearly into view, the Russian tramp ceased with a sudden rattle of accoutrements; and then, advancing their squadrons on the extreme right and left of their line, it assumed the form of a semi-circle, and again moved on, in double line, as before. All was stillness over the whole plain, where so recently the cannon boomed, and the sharp rattle of musketry startled the ear of the listener with the angry sound so peculiar to it. The neigh of the Russian horse could be heard on the height where Lord Raglan took post to observe the battle, and the noise of their arms, scabbards, and accoutrements, came thither in a continued jingle—so still were the groups of officers by whom the allied chiefs were surrounded. The British, during this brief time, seemed as if men and horses were statues. At a distance they appeared perfectly motionless. On came the Russians, their speed increasing. The British officers might now be seen moving along their lines, and as they passed, a slight motion showed that the men were closing up.

The excitement amongst the staff of the two generals-in-chief, the numerous groups of officers, English and French, amateurs, and men of letters, who crowded the height in front of the plateau, was so intense, that it seemed as if every man held his breath in suspense and awe. At last, the note of a cavalry trumpet rose clear and shrill over the valley—it was the *British bugle sounding the charge!* From line to line, from squadron to squadron, it was caught up—the hills repeating in wild echoes the martial summons. It was promptly answered by the living hearts to which it was addressed—the first line dashed onward to the charge, clearing the picket ropes and tent equipage as they could, their scarlet uniform and brazen helmets contrasting to the light-blue jackets, and the dark Busby's of the Hussars. There appeared an eagerness in our men to reach the enemy, as, with their raised sabres, they leaned forward in their saddles, and the line swept onward with a rushing sound like a torrent,

and like it gleaming in the sunshine. It is no exaggeration to say that the earth trembled beneath their horses' hoofs. The enemy had the advantage of the ground, and were more than thrice the number of the British—they swept down upon them like an avalanche. At last, the moment came when the opposing lines smote each other with sudden shock—a muffled and heavy sound, such as a large and ponderous body makes when falling upon grass or soft earth, was heard in the distance; the flashing of sabres could be seen, and then men and horses, whether friends or foes, none could say, rolling upon the field.

After the shock of the charge there was a slight recoil. It was momentary—the opposing lines instantly mingle—cheers and cries ring out from the heaving and contorted mass; the red jackets seem as nothing, in point of number, to the dark uniforms, in the midst of which they appear to struggle with vehement strength and resolution. After the lapse of a minute the red coats are through, and dashing onward, broken but impetuous, against the second line of the enemy. To the distant beholders this also was an exciting moment. As Scot and Irish burst through the first line, a cheer rang from the heights, which the brave fellows must have heard, for it seemed to inspire them with renewed determination to conquer; but when the beholders observed the thin and broken line dashing on against the second plateau of the foe, the deepest concern for their safety filled every mind. The second line of the enemy is speedily reached, and as speedily penetrated; but the overwhelming numbers of the foe seem to prevail. The red coats are surrounded and hidden; and the feeling, "they are lost," pervades the heart of every beholder of their desperate situation. But the suspense is short—for, as if a shell had burst among the Hussars, they are dispersed, and the little band of Enniskillens and Scots emerge. Both lines of the Russians now outflank them, and they are again enclosed in a dark circle, from which no valour can extricate them. At this moment the second line of the British is precipitated upon the enemy. The moment chosen is opportune, as the juncture was critical. The 1st Royal Dragoons and the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards penetrate like a sharp wedge into the Russian flank, supported by the 5th Dragoon Guards. The 4th Royal Irish are represented by some of the spectators as piercing the dense mass of Russians like a sharp instrument suddenly plunged into a soft body. The effect was instant, decisive, and terrible—the Russians were broken and discomfited. They did not attempt to rally; the dispersion was complete. The 5th Dragoon Guards, the regiment held in reserve, pursued them, dealing death by their sabres among the

fugitives. That was the moment for a light cavalry charge upon their flank. Had such been executed, the whole Russian brigade would have been destroyed.

The Russians re-ascended the ridge in great disorder, and fled in a tumultuous mass across the high road. Our Dragoon Guards followed, until the Russian cavalry drew up under protection of their artillery, which, playing upon the British, compelled them to retire from the heights, and the vicinity of the high road, to the shelter of a friendly declivity. Had the English light cavalry attacked the flank of the dispersed Russians, the latter would never have been able to obtain the shelter of their own cannon. Why this was not accomplished, is one of the mysteries of the campaign which the authorities and public at home have been ever since unriddling without success. Several of Lord Cardigan's officers urged upon his lordship the propriety of making such a charge, which he peremptorily refused, alleging as his reason what, if his impressions were correct, must have been satisfactory—that his lordship was bound to remain in his position until he received fresh orders.

The following is represented to have been the conversation which occurred between Lord Cardigan and one of his officers upon the dispersion of the Russian Dragoons:—

Captain Morris.—"My lord, are you not going to charge the flying enemy?"

Lord Cardigan.—"No; we have orders to remain here."

Captain Morris.—"But, my lord, it is our positive duty to follow up this advantage."

Lord Cardigan.—"We must remain here."

Captain Morris.—"Do, my lord, allow me to charge them with the Lancers. See, my lord, they are in disorder!"

Lord Cardigan.—"We must not stir from here."

Captain Morris (to several officers).—"Gentlemen, you are witnesses of my request!"

A happy disregard of orders has sometimes saved an army; and during this battle of Balaklava, Sir Colin Campbell and one of his officers rendered great service to the country by disobeying the orders of Lord Raglan himself. But the officer who so acts undertakes a most serious responsibility, and, in case of failure, he is sure to receive censure, perhaps dishonour. In this instance, the officer immediately above the Earl of Cardigan in authority was the Earl of Lucan; and when it is recollected that between the noble brothers-in-law there exists a rancorous family and personal feud, Lord Cardigan may well be excused from incurring the risk of his lieutenant-general placing upon his conduct an unfavourable construction. Lord Cardigan had received precise orders to remain where he was, and watch a certain line

of ground over which the Russians might have attacked. If Lord Lucan deemed it necessary for his major-general to deviate from these orders, he might have sent an aide-de-camp with new and special instructions adapted to the case. This might have been done, in the foresight which a lieutenant-general is expected to exercise, before the heavy cavalry charged. Lord Lucan pleads that the general character of Lord Cardigan's instructions was sufficient to have secured his co-operation in the emergency. It is upon that point that the whole question turns as to the culpability of Lord Cardigan neglecting to charge, and that of Lord Lucan in omitting to give his brigadier more positive directions.

The general of division accuses his junior of neglecting to exercise a sound discretion, and requisite military promptitude. In the *Times* newspaper of the 7th of April, 1855, the following letter from Lord Cardigan appeared:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—A pamphlet having recently been published containing the speech of the Earl of Lucan, and an appendix having been added to it, in which reflections have been cast upon my conduct in the following terms, viz:—

"So disappointed was Lord Lucan at not having the support of the light cavalry brigade, that he sent by the first staff officer that became disposable, to desire that Lord Cardigan would always remember that when he (Lord Lucan) was attacking in front, it was his (Lord Cardigan's) duty to support him by a flank attack, and that Lord Cardigan might always depend upon receiving from him similar support."

"I beg to state in the most positive terms that no such message was ever delivered to me on the occasion referred to, nor one word said on the subject when I met the lieutenant-general commanding the division immediately afterwards, or at any subsequent time. Further, I have to add that just before the period alluded to, when the Russian cavalry attacked the heavy brigade, I had been personally placed by the lieutenant-general in a particular position, at some distance off, with positive orders to remain there, and to watch a certain line of ground over which the Russians might have attacked (and they had plenty of additional troops for the purpose); and in the event of such being the case, I had permission from the lieutenant-general to attack anything that might approach except close columns of infantry. The heavy brigade had at this time two fresh regiments to pursue the Russians if necessary.

"With regard to the second note, viz:—

"The communication received by Lord

Lucan from Captain Maxse, A.D.C., was, that Lord Cardigan objected to his brigade being placed where it was, as there were batteries of the enemy on the left, which would open upon it. Lord Lucan, who was at this time riding up to the right flank of the light cavalry brigade, replied, "Tell Lord Cardigan that he is placed there by Lord Raglan's orders, but that I will take care of him." To show that Lord Cardigan had not mistaken his position, although no batteries did open then, the light cavalry brigade had not advanced more than 100 yards when they were fired upon, and Captain Nolan, who had placed himself in front of a squadron of the 13th Light Dragoons, was killed.

"I beg to state that the whole of this statement is incorrect. I have only to repeat what I have stated in my place in Parliament, that the only message I ever sent was, that the hills on each flank were covered with Russian riflemen and artillery leading to the Russian force stationed in the valley below, and the answer was, 'We were about to attack immediately.' A map has been appended to this pamphlet, containing a most unfair and untrue representation of the formation of the troops opposed to each other on that occasion. The enemy's battery is placed at the bottom of the valley in an oblique position, whereas it is notorious that the front of the battery was quite parallel to the front of the brigade attacking, the only point to lead upon being the centre guns of the battery. The map alluded to would induce it to be supposed that the brigade attacked without an enemy in front, and only received an oblique fire from the battery, as it is placed in the map. In addition to this large battery of about from twelve to twenty guns, which was square to our front, there were Russian batteries and riflemen on each flank. The attack having been ordered and executed by the light cavalry brigade—and in which attack no one man surpassed another in gallantry—I cannot permit the peril of that undertaking to be detracted from by any misrepresentation.

"I am, Sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"CARDIGAN."

36, Portman Square, April 6th.

Lord Lucan thus replies:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—In the *Times* of the 7th instant there appears a letter from Lord Cardigan, in which his lordship, after many days' deliberation, denies—and, as he says, in the most positive terms—having received the message I stated I had sent to him, conveying, perhaps, too mild a reproach for not having made use of his light cavalry in a flank attack, and a pursuit

of the enemy when they had been repulsed and routed by the heavy brigade, at the battle of Balaklava, on the 25th of October last. It is, sir, not the less true that it was sent to him through my aide-de-camp, Lord Bingham, who, I have every reason to believe, delivered it. I quite admit that I did not speak to his lordship on the subject—never having on any one occasion, to my recollection, allowed myself, directly or personally, to remark upon any act of Lord Cardigan's; so to avoid, as I succeeded in doing during the time that he was under my command, all altercation with his lordship—the prudence of which the major-general's letters to his divisional commander would, I think, establish.

"It is an error to suppose that two regiments of the heavy brigade were unengaged; there was but one, and this, from its position, could not be brought up in time. Lord Cardigan denies—perhaps, not so positively—having sent a message by Captain Maxse, objecting to the position of his brigade, in consequence of the enemy's batteries on his left. It is, again, not the less true that a message to this effect was delivered to me; my recollection is quite clear, and I cannot doubt it can be easily proved. I regret that the plan attached to the pamphlet should not please Lord Cardigan; it was done from memory, to meet different points in Lord Raglan's letter, and does not pretend to give every gun and man of the enemy, or to do more than show their positions. I believe it to be generally correct—certainly not less so than the description given in his lordship's present letter, and in the speeches in which his lordship has, at such length and on different occasions, brought his services before the public.

"I am, Sir,
"Your very obedient servant,
"LUCAN."

Castlebar, April 9.

On the retreat of the Hussars before the heavy brigade, or rather before the 5th Dragoon Guards, the only portion of the brigade which had not been in action, and was therefore fresh enough to pursue, General Liprandi placed himself upon the defensive. He had already received three important checks:—the first from the field-batteries which were on the right front of Sir Colin Campbell's infantry, by the fire of which the advance of the Russian infantry in that direction was prevented; the second was given to the Cossacks who reconnoitred the Highlanders, and who, intimidated by their bold front, retired without attempting a charge; the third check was that by Scarlett's brigade—and this was so thoroughly felt by the divisions in that direction of the field, that Liprandi expected a general attack. It is, indeed, surprising that the two divisions of infantry—those of the Duke of Cambridge and

Sir George Cathcart, together with the French division which had descended the plateau, and the whole force of the cavalry and artillery, did not advance, re-capture the redoubts, and chastise the enemy. A general officer of great distinction, well acquainted with the whole field of action, and the character of the troops on both sides, has repeatedly assured the author that such a course would have deprived the enemy of a victory which he undoubtedly obtained, averted the injurious moral effect of leaving any of the redoubts in his hands, and of allowing him to carry off the guns. If the position were too extended to maintain, as Lord Raglan asserted in a subsequent dispatch, it should have been abandoned, not as the result of a success by the enemy, but because of the deliberate judgment of the allied chiefs, after that enemy had been repulsed from the ground he had conquered. If, at the juncture when the Russian Hussars fled to their guns from the pursuing British Dragoons, a general advance had been ordered upon a consistent and well-conceived plan, our light cavalry would not have been sacrificed, nor would the shame of a defeat have sullied our arms. No advance of cavalry, light or heavy—no exertions of Lord Lucan, could have prevented the enemy from carrying off the captured guns. A general advance of the whole of the French and British then on the plain, would alone have sufficed to retake the guns and the redoubts. It has been alleged that it did not suit Lord Raglan's purpose to bring on a general action—why not, if by it defeat could be averted and victory secured? It is argued that our army was weak, and a general action would have reduced it; but it would have reduced the enemy in still greater proportion. As it was, our sacrifice was as heavy as in all probability it would have been had a general advance secured redoubts, guns, and honour, and at the same time chastised the foe. The whole battle was one of blunders; and it is unjust and uncandid to shift the blame upon particular officers, as it is the fashion to do, when it is so obvious that the planless and incapable direction of affairs from head-quarters was the sole cause of disaster and defeat.

Scarlett's heavy cavalry had scarcely reformed and retired, when the Russian infantry drew back into the plain of the Tchernaya, abandoning redoubt No. 3, but retaining Nos. 1 and 2 in great force. Each side seemed now uncertain what to do; and, as if to keep themselves occupied, they engaged in a distant cannonade. After some time spent in this desultory fire, the Russians made an advance from Kamara upon the English right. A general officer, who served during a portion of the Crimean campaigns, told the author of these pages that he had, on entering Balaklava from

the celebrated flank march, formed apprehensions as to the facility with which the Russians could offer mischief from this quarter. By a vertical fire they could have thrown shells from 13-inch mortars over the hill, causing certain injury, perhaps much destruction. Fortunately they never thought of this, or, at all events, never put it into practice. On this occasion their advance upon the British right was repulsed by the precision and activity with which the field-battery, posted near the 93rd regiment, was worked. The same zeal and skill which made this battery so effective in the early part of the day, in resisting a similar advance, was put forth by officers and men; but while most carefully discharging this duty, and when grave results depended upon its prompt and sustained performance, an order arrived from the quartermaster-general to retire with the guns, and place them on the heights to the extreme left. Had they been all suddenly deprived of reason at head-quarters, such a command might be accounted for, but on no other supposition. The officers in command were astounded. The enemy was steadily and gradually gaining ground, but the fire of these guns at once thwarted his design, and punished his hardihood. Had they been withdrawn, the flank of the Highlanders would have been uncovered, and assailed by the artillery of the enemy. The British artillery officers hesitated to obey so absurd an order, in the presence of so great a danger; but as the command to retire and take up entirely new ground was precise and clear, they were about to yield compliance, when Sir Colin Campbell, observing their movement, and wondering what could be its import, rode up and inquired. The officer in command boldly offered to obey the orders of Sir Colin, and to disregard that from head-quarters, if the general would venture to countermand the directions which obliged him to go to the rear. Sir Colin instantly assumed the responsibility, and the ridiculous order of the quartermaster-general remained unheeded for the remainder of the action, while the guns continued to render the most important aid to the safety of the position. Dreadful as were the consequences of the foolish order given soon after to Lucan, this order, had it been obeyed, would have involved consequences still more disastrous. Instead of repeating the order for retiring the guns, to take ground where they could be of no use, the Duke of Cambridge was directed to place the remainder of his division, under the command of the governor of Balaklava, near the spot where the guns were so important, thus securing the entrance to Balaklava from any attack by way of Kamara. The fourth division, under Sir George Cathcart's command, advanced to the slope over the Woronzoff Road; this was supported by the

first French division, under General Canrobert in person.

An officer who served in the fourth British division thus describes the general position immediately before the light cavalry charge, which will be presently related:—"Lord Raglan, who was on the hill above, and saw the whole gallant affair (of the heavy cavalry), dispatched an aide-de-camp immediately to Brigadier-general Scarlett to say, 'Well done!' who replied, with a countenance beaming with delight, 'I beg to thank his lordship.' The greatest enthusiasm now prevailed, and hearts and hands proclaimed their delight, and many a cheer rent the air. The loss of our heavy cavalry was but trifling, but they did not pursue their flying enemy very far. Lieutenant-colonel Griffiths, Major Clarke, and Cornet Pendergast, were wounded, but there were not more than half-a-dozen men killed. At half-past ten, A.M., the fourth division took up their position in the centre of the plain, in front of Balaklava, and the light companies in front on the left flank, with the heavy cavalry in reserve. The guns were on the right, and the 3rd Dragoons and Enniskillens on the right of the brigade, and the Greys and 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards on the left. A body of French cavalry, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, also came down to the valley, taking up their position some distance to our left." In describing the 3rd Dragoons as having a part in these arrangements, the gallant officer makes a mistake, or his publisher a misprint. The 3rd Dragoons is a light cavalry regiment, and was not in the Crimea; the 3rd Dragoon Guards is a heavy cavalry regiment, but neither was it serving in the Crimea. The 1st Dragoons was probably meant.

Before the above arrangement was completed, Lord Raglan sent the first of his two celebrated orders to Lord Lucan, which the former noble lord represented thus:—"The cavalry to advance, and take any opportunity to recover the heights; they will be supported by infantry, which has been ordered to advance on two fronts." Lord Raglan afterwards complained that no attempt was made to execute this command. Lord Lucan declares that the order presented to him was not what the commander-in-chief alleged, and no doubt intended, but ran thus:—"The cavalry to advance, and take any opportunity to recover the heights; they will be supported by infantry, which has been ordered. To advance on two fronts." Lord Lucan considered the order he actually received as impracticable, and scarcely intelligible. No advance of infantry, however, was made of the nature indicated; and had Lord Lucan attempted to recover "the heights" with his cavalry, the entire destruction of that force must have been the result. The

order was in keeping with the directions given to the harbour-master at Balaklava, to "get steam up—the Russians will be down upon us in half an hour." And with the order so bravely set at nought by Sir Colin Campbell, for the removal of Captain Barker's field-battery. The execution of such an order as that given to Lord Lucan, if its meaning be that the positions captured by the enemy should be stormed, could only have been accomplished by a movement of the whole of the allied army which had descended from the plateau—by the whole allied force, in fact, then occupying the plain. Had Lord Raglan pressed on a general action, which he admitted he desired to decline, then only would there have been any hope of dispossessing the Russians of the redoubts, and of the positions they had taken up.

Liprandi, also, had now made new dispositions. He retired with his forces towards the Baidar Valley, into a narrow gorge, with a steep acclivity on either side. On his left were the hills upon which stood the redoubts which he had taken in the morning—Nos. 1 and 2; and on the slope beneath them there were planted six pieces of cannon. On the opposite side, to his right, six more guns were planted on a slope somewhat corresponding. Their guns crossed fire, so as "to rake" an attacking body of troops. Across the front of the gorge twelve pieces were posted, which could sweep the whole valley; behind these the main force of Liprandi rested. With the guns on his right, two regiments of cavalry were placed at right angles with his front; on the left, also at right angles with his front, a body of rifles, equal in number to two ordinary battalions of British infantry, were dispersed. Immediately behind the guns which fronted the gorge the remainder of his cavalry were in line, and the infantry behind all. This was the exact position of Liprandi's army, the numerical force of which, and the number of guns posted in front and flanks, have been greatly exaggerated.

The British commander-in-chief supposed that the Russians *were about to abandon this strong position*, because there appeared some movements in the redoubts indicating that they were taking the captured guns out of them. His lordship instantly ordered, through his quartermaster-general, that Lord Lucan should advance, and prevent the accomplishment of the enemy's object. All the force at Lord Lucan's disposal could not have had the smallest effect in hindering the enemy from removing these guns; nor is there any conceivable light in which the order given to him can be regarded which makes it practicable. It was as follows:—

"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, to follow the enemy, and

try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse-artillery may accompany; French cavalry is on your right.—*Immediate.*

“RICHARD AIREY.”

After the above description of the position occupied by Liprandi, it reads very like mockery to send some 1500 cavalry, half of which had been desperately engaged with the enemy already, against a fortified position—for such it actually was—to prevent the enemy from removing guns planted on eminences which were occupied by powerful detachments, and supported by a whole army! The assistance of a troop of horse-artillery against such a force of guns is sufficient to excite a smile, if the results were not so awful. The information that French cavalry was on his left was little less amusing, as the force of Chasseurs d'Afrique did not reach 300 men, and he knew not what orders they had received. Lord Lucan obeyed this command, and incurred the great disaster of the day. The commander-in-chief subsequently charged him with a misconception of the directions which he received, because he was desired to advance and try to prevent the enemy from carrying away the guns, *not to attack at all hazards*. When Lord Lucan received this order, he could not conceive to what guns the commander-in-chief referred, whether to the captured guns in the redoubts, or the enemy's own guns in position. The order gave him no information, nor did the bearer of the order throw any certain light upon the subject. Lord Lucan had no evidence of the intended retreat of the Russians; there was no notion of a retreat anywhere, but in the mind of Lord Raglan and his incompetent staff. It was impossible for Lord Lucan to carry out this command without precipitating his men upon destruction. Let the reader take the order item by item. It directed a *rapid advance*—whither? Not upon a retiring enemy, as the bewildered framers of the order intended, but upon an army in a very strong position. The cavalry could not advance at all without moving under the heavy fire of a powerful artillery. Well might Lord Lucan inquire, as he is said to have done, “Where are we to advance to?” “What guns?” The order was for a *rapid advance*; this, in the face of an enemy holding fast his position, could only mean a charge; there was no other construction to be placed upon it, why else gallop under the fire of such a range of cannon? “Follow the enemy,” says the written despatch; where to, if not into the mouth of the gorge whither they had retired, and taken up their position? There they were followed; there was no other place into which to “follow” them.

The commander-in-chief not only repre-

hended the lieutenant-general for commanding a charge, but also for not supporting that charge when he did command it to be made. What support could he render to it? He moved his heavy cavalry as near as the destructive fire of the enemy's artillery at all permitted; he could give no other support to the light brigade, which executed the charge, except by following it to destruction with his heavy cavalry. No combination of force at the disposal of the cavalry commander could have done anything more than add to the useless slaughter to which Lord Raglan's order consigned so many. “The troop of horse-artillery was neglected,” according to the commander-in-chief's statements inculcating his lieutenant. To move a box of toys into the arena would be nearly as rational as to order thither a troop of horse-artillery under such circumstances. Lord Lucan had no excuse for disobedience. He certainly did not comprehend the incomprehensible—he did not fathom head-quarters intellect in giving him such directions; but the order was precise, and the aide-de-camp who brought it understood it to be a direction to charge. No sane man could suppose it to be anything else—nor could any sane man suppose it to be that, if he did not consider it as only a single feature of some more general combination. The paper bore the endorsement “*immediate*,” the aide-de-camp rebuked the hesitation of the general; there was nothing left for him but to obey. Never was an officer more unjustly blamed than Lord Lucan in this transaction. He was ordered to act in a manner only applicable in the presence of a retiring enemy; he was ordered to do so immediately; the enemy had not contemplated a retreat, and showed no symptoms of such an intention. If Lord Lucan erred, it was in not precipitating his whole division and himself into the gulf of destruction before him.

This enigmatical order was carried by Captain Nolan, who was virtually Lord Raglan's, although nominally General Airey's, aide-de-camp. He received personal instructions to give it to Lord Lucan instantly. When Captain Nolan delivered the written order, the whole of the Russian force, except a few straggling Cossacks, was out of sight, under the ridge of the hills at the other side of the Woronzoff Road. As Lord Lucan read the paper handed to him by the aide-de-camp, he was, as well he might be, profoundly astonished, and, after at first hesitating, remonstrated, urging the uselessness of such an attack, and the destruction to his men which it would probably entail. Captain Nolan had not seen the position; he had galloped across the field at full speed with the order, supposing that Lord Raglan was cognisant of the duty to be performed, and had fully appreciated its dangers and its importance. He,

therefore, listened with a haughty coldness to Lord Lucan's remonstrances; he was, in fact, prejudiced against the whole cavalry command, believing conscientiously that the lieutenant-general was not fit for the responsibility with which he was entrusted. At head-quarters the feeling against Lord Lucan was strong, and on this account also Captain Nolan's mind was biassed. Had it not been so, he would have listened to the well-grounded objections of the lieutenant-general, have himself seen their force, and have carried to the general-in-chief the expression of Lord Lucan's opinion. The urgency of the order no doubt stimulated the gallant captain to receive with impatience any symptoms of hesitation. Besides all this, his own opinions as to the capabilities of cavalry, especially the British cavalry, were enthusiastic even to fanaticism; so that he could scarcely tolerate any doubt on the part of a cavalry commander as to whether his men could not ride down infantry, artillery, and whatever else might obstruct their charge. The conduct of Captain Nolan on this occasion has been the subject of very extensive discussion, but the real state of his feelings is that which is above disclosed. A truer soldier, a better horseman, or a more accomplished swordsman seldom trod the field of battle; but he was a man of a warm and enthusiastic temperament, and of dauntless courage, so that he could but ill brook any appearance of timidity. While the aide-de-camp chafed under the general's remonstrances, the latter said, with a doubtful and puzzled expression of countenance, something about mistaken orders, which Nolan did not distinctly hear, who instantly retorted—"They are *Lord Raglan's orders*; the cavalry must attack immediately." This was undoubtedly the intention at head-quarters, however it may have been afterwards disguised; and Captain Nolan only expressed what he knew to be the meaning, at all events, of the quartermaster-general. To the stern tone of the aide-de-camp, as well as his words, Lord Lucan replied in a querulous and deprecatory voice, "Where are we to go? What guns are we to take?" Captain Nolan, turning his horse's head, with an indignant gesture pointed over the ridge towards the valley, and said, in a manner full of contemptuous meaning, "There, my lord, is your enemy, and there are *our guns*." Lord Lucan made no reply, but was goaded by the manner of Captain Nolan, all the more in consequence of that officer's great reputation. The noble earl summoned his major-general instantly to the spot, and told him the order that he had received. Lord Lucan remonstrated in very energetic terms, but Lord Lucan replied that he concurred in the objections, but must obey orders.

Lord Cardigan, having definitively received

his instructions, boldly set about their execution. The light cavalry advanced to the front of the ridge, in two lines of four squadrons each. The first line was formed by the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers; the second by the 4th Light Dragoons and the 11th Hussars; the 8th Hussars formed the support. They then moved slowly over the Woronzoff Road, when the trumpets sounded, and the pace was quickened to a trot. The scene was a sublime one. Never in the history of war was so small a host marshalled against an enemy so numerous, and that enemy placed in such a position of strength. The achievement of Xenophon before the hosts of the Persians did not appear so desperate, nor was it so glorious. Yet at that moment the little brigade (if in any sense its numbers entitle it to be called so) appeared to glory in their perilous duty. The men, whether from their rougher natures, or being incapable of appreciating the full honour and danger of the deed, were less excited than the officers. In the 8th Royal Irish Hussars a number of the men lit their pipes, as if conscious that soldierly etiquette was no longer of any account, and that they might as well take with composure the desperate task before them. The officers, on the other hand, shouted, and waved their swords; and, as the headlong fury of the charge began, they galloped out far in advance of their men. The Earl of Cardigan showed great presence of mind and coolness in the emergency, endeavouring to restrain their ardour, and to prevent the disaster it might occasion. The author of these pages has good authority for saying that the noble lord was obliged to place his sword before some of those gallant men to keep them in their proper places, so eager were they for the formidable encounter.

Before, however, the grand crash of the charge was felt, or filled the spectators with astonishment and awe, poor Nolan paid the penalty of his own urgency with his life. Many various accounts have been given of the way he fell. He has been generally represented as leading the brigade when he received his death-blow. Lord Cardigan has denied this, and stated that Nolan was not leading the brigade, but a considerable distance on the general's right, and in advance. In this case both accounts are true. There is no doubt that the intrepid horseman was far in advance, and determined to keep the lead until his sword met the enemy, but he fell before the actual charge commenced, and while (just as Lord Cardigan represented) his horse was prancing about. At the moment of his fall he had just waved his sword, and given a cheer, when the fatal blow performed its mission. In several of the published accounts, Lord Cardigan is repre-

sented as detracting from Captain Nolan's merit in the statements he gave of the position of that officer when he fell. We are in a condition to positively refute that calumny. So far from Lord Cardigan wishing to depreciate Captain Nolan, he has vindicated his memory; and, when living, showed his confidence and respect by offering to place him upon his own staff. The writer of this narrative has these facts from the lips of the noble earl himself, who could have no motive, unless it were a personal courtesy, in deviating from the sternest matter of truth in the case. The fall of this fine officer has been described as caused by a shell, which killed him on the spot. The true occasion of his untimely end was a fragment of a shell, which entered his breast. The shell had fallen midway between the spot where Lord Cardigan rode and that where the uneasy steed of Captain Nolan, sympathising with its rider, seemed with joy to anticipate the charge. When Captain Nolan was struck his sword dropped, and the reins fell from his hand. The horse, following the instincts generally shown on such occasions, turned from the battle. The brigade now coming up fast, opened to let him pass. He immediately threw up his arms with an expressive cry, as if dissuading them from their course. This he repeated as the second line opened to make way for him, and then fell from his horse. It was universally supposed by those of the brigade who survived, that in riding so far to the front his quick eye perceived the impregnable position of the enemy, and his imploring gestures were intended to stop the cavalry from their self-immolating career. It is probable that the proud soldier dropped dead from his horse; for the general by whom that handful of men was so bravely led into the unequal struggle told the writer that, immediately on retiring from the charge, he saw the captain lying dead in a hollow, where he had fallen.

When the sad episode was past, the brigade increased their pace to the gallop, and then to a furious speed—so furious, that to it is to be attributed the fact that so many reached the guns alive. On dashed the heroic band, and first their gallant chief; nearest to him was Captain Jennings. These two men had the honour of being foremost in the most glorious charge of cavalry ever made. As the brigade rushed forward, like the wild horse of Mazeppa, the fire of the enemy's artillery was awfully destructive. In the first volley the advanced line was broken, and horses and men strewn along the field. The second line closed up; and on they dashed together, the earth reeling beneath their tread. The enemy now used case-shot, and a dreadful *mitraille* fell in rapid and destructive showers upon them.

Lord Cardigan led the brigade upon the centre gun. Like a thunderclap the charge was made—down went the greater number of the artillerymen; for although they sought shelter under the guns, and wherever they could find it, so rapid was the sword-flight upon them, that they were swept off before its edge.

Before reaching the guns, the intrepid as-sailants were exposed not only to their fire, but also to that of those situated at right angles with them. As the cannon on the Russian front were silenced by the brigade dashing among them, the enemy's infantry opened a continuous roll of musketry, and a double line of cavalry were ready to receive and to return the charge. Amongst these infantry a number of our gallant Dragoons madly spurred, cutting down with furious energy those who resisted their progress; some actually penetrated the lines of cavalry, and charging again through cavalry and infantry, rushed back between the guns into the plain over which they had advanced. Officers and men, however, having cut down as many of the gunners as they could, and perceiving the hopelessness of charging the host beyond them, wisely felt that they had accomplished all that duty required, and returned. All order, however, was broken, and "the men came back by twos and threes," as a gallant officer who was present expressed it to the writer. The 8th Royal Irish Hussars, commanded by Colonel Sewel, was the only regiment which retained any order, which it was enabled to do being the supporting regiment. It was fortunate that they succeeded in maintaining a compact form, and that they were handled by such an officer as Colonel Sewel, for the retreat of the brigade was still more perilous than its advance. The infantry pouring down the ridge from the slopes beneath the captured redoubt, obstructed the retreat—some opening a well-directed rifle fire, others throwing themselves in the path of the fugitives. This latter body of foot soldiers was sabred and dispersed. The cannon on either flank re-opened its destructive cross-fire, and the cavalry on the enemy's right rushed forward, and fell upon the wearied and wounded heroes, as scattered groups appeared likely to escape from the showers of case-shot, musket bullets, and conical rifle balls, through which they rode. This force of the enemy's cavalry would have effectually prevented all retreat had not the regiment which had suffered least up to this point—the 8th Hussars—charged them, and with such vehemence as to break the line of the Lancers, and sabre numbers of them. The Irish Hussars, however, lost half their men in the performance of the gallant and well-timed feat. At this juncture occurred the most bloody and savage atrocity ever recorded of war. Sinope, with its cool-blooded butchery,

fades away in tragic horror before the sanguinary act which "Holy Russia" now perpetrated. While the Irish Hussars and the Russian Lancers were mingled in close and desperate fray, the Russians, perceiving that the Hussars, few although they were, were the victors, creating furious havoc among the Lancers, determined upon a course which even to savages would be repugnant. The Russian gunners again opened fire with case-shot upon the whole struggling mass of cavalry, mowing down friends and foes in one remorseless sacrifice to their unsated vengeance. The cruel and relentless calculation, that as the Hussars were successful it would on the whole be an advantage to sweep away victors and vanquished together, as the only way of conquering the former, was however baffled, for, surrounded as the poor Irish Hussars were by sevenfold, or even tenfold, their number, they were in part protected by the bodies of their assailants from the missiles of the artillery, and for one Hussar put *hors de combat* an overwhelming disproportion of the enemy's own cavalry fell by this murderous scheme. What must be the moral state of the Russian army and of Russia, of men and officers, when the fact is verified that not a Russian who subsequently fell into our hands, of any rank, ever blamed this assassin mode of warfare, but seemed highly to approve of the deed from admiration of the motive—the destruction of the greatest possible number of their enemies even by the deliberate murder of their own troops! At this critical moment, the Chasseurs d'Afrique charged the line of guns on the Russian right, which they performed with a gallantry almost rivalling that of their British *confrères*. Their number, considerably beneath 300 men, was too small to do more than give the British horsemen a chance of escape; for when they had got among the guns, and were cutting down the artillerymen, the infantry opened a musketry fire upon them, as they had when the British charged the guns in front; and the Chasseurs d'Afrique, after slaying a number of the Lancers, who were grappling in deadly combat with the Irish Hussars, retired with a loss of two officers and fifty-three men. The British were now seen returning—a wretched wreck of the fine lines of cavaliers that had so lately, full of lusty life and military pride, charged an unworthy enemy. Some came back horse and man wounded. A sergeant of the 8th Hussars was killed going into action, but his horse carried him into the combat, and returned with him still in the saddle. Many came back on foot, wounded or unscathed, and some, resting on the manes of their horses, lived to reach the camp, and then dropped dead.

As soon as the charge was over, the Cossacks

scoured the plain, overtaking and killing the fugitives; and wherever they saw a sign of life in a wounded officer or man, they gathered around, and with savage exultation continued to pierce him with their spears until signs of life remained no longer. The wounded Russians seemed to forget their wounds in their eagerness to murder their wounded enemies.

Lord Lucan ordered forward the heavy cavalry brigade to cover this retreat, and save as many as possible of the wounded; in this service they suffered very severely, the peril of their own magnificent charge was nothing to the danger of the artillery fire to which they were now exposed. Various stories are in circulation of the feats performed by the leader of the light brigade. In the printshops he is represented as leaping over a piece of Russian ordnance, and other such-like achievements. All these acts of horsemanship and swordsmanship are simply inventions, or ridiculous misapprehensions of real occurrences, as the author of this book learned from the gallant earl himself, whose modest recital of the part borne by him in this charge has since been proved to be as true as it was unassuming, simple, and earnest. We have necessarily read much, and have had opportunities of conversing with many concerning this charge, and the part borne in it by the major-general who commanded, but by far the most unpretending and clear narrative we have anywhere received has been in conversation with the noble earl himself. It is scarcely necessary to say that all idea of command and discipline were soon lost, in spite of almost superhuman efforts to maintain them—the case of Colonel Sewel and the Royal Irish Hussars being an exception, for the reasons already given. When the charge upon the guns sent its shock through friends and foes, Lord Cardigan found himself in front of a large gun, which, instead of flying over as if he were one of the Seven Champions of Christendom, or the knight of a fairy tale, he rode round, and was confronted by a dense mass of Cossacks at a little distance. Two who were immediately near charged him, the lance of one passing through his clothes, that of the other also passing through his apparel and grazing his hip. The suddenness of the onset nearly unhorsed him: to the strength and docility of his fine charger he was indebted for his life. Having firmly regained his seat, he rid himself of his assailants, who showed no desire for renewing the struggle. The Cossacks always shunned encounter with our troopers and especially with the officers, except when they could take them at a great disadvantage. The Earl of Cardigan had now no alternative but to charge, single-handed, the body of Cos-



sacks before him, with the same prospect of success that Don Quixote had with the wind-mill, or to retire. As he fell back—the only thing left for him to do—he performed in our opinion a far more gallant exploit than even his chivalrous leading into action. He deliberately walked his horse out of the range of guns, in a fruitless effort to collect and head in their retreat any groups of men then returning to the camp; but the only body of men which were able to keep together (the 8th Royal Irish Hussars) were on the extreme right of the gorge, coming out. Lord Cardigan emerged from the vortex of slaughter and disaster on the opposite side, and providentially regained, through a deluge of rifle balls and musketry fire, the cavalry head-quarters, where they were doing their best to save all who, like him, could escape beyond the limits of that vale of death. The first group of men—some unscathed, some wounded, others dismounted, or riding horses with dreadful and gaping wounds—who had been collected together, on perceiving their commander riding out in safety, loudly cheered him, manifesting exuberant joy at a sight they had no hope of witnessing.

When the remnant of the broken band was drawn up, Mr. Woods informs us that Lord Cardigan exclaimed, "Well, Nolan has died like a soldier; but if he had not, I would have tried him by court-martial for this!" And Mr. Woods very properly adds, "In the heat of the moment Lord Cardigan seemed to forget that Captain Nolan was merely the bearer of a written order." It is doubtful whether his lordship ever uttered the language here attributed to him. He knew that the order was in writing; but he also knew that Captain Nolan was urgent for its performance, in obedience to the command which he personally received at head-quarters. This question has already been discussed; but lest it should appear that we have placed anything in an *ex parte* light, we would call the attention of our readers to an article in the *United Service Magazine* for April, 1856. We do so at the suggestion of a gallant officer, whose breast wears many a decoration, and to whom all the officers named in this narrative are and were then intimately known. The article is an elaborate effort on the part of some military man to vindicate Sir Richard Airey from the implications and statements in the report of Sir John McNeil and Colonel Tulloch. It is as follows:—"The harbour of Balaklava was connected with the camp by two roads—one a circuitous route through the heights, the other more direct, facing the position taken up by the enemy on the Tchernaya. This latter route was protected by four little eminences, running across the low ground from ridge to ridge, and forming a sort of screen, guarded by redoubts, and held

by Turkish troops. On the 25th of October, the Russians, having mustered a strong force on the Tchernaya, hurled a body of cavalry against these redoubts, which the Turks instantly abandoned, flying towards the English lines, pursued by the enemy. The brigade of Guards was ordered by Lord Raglan to advance to the redoubts, and Lord Lucan, who was near the spot, was directed to hold the ground with the cavalry till they came up; but, by some unaccountable wilfulness, he disregarded the order, and the cavalry never moved. Lord Raglan, posted on a commanding height, was now the witness of a singular scene. As he was anxiously awaiting the appearance of the British cavalry, he saw the light squadrons of the enemy scouring over the ground, and peering into the English position, while a number of artillery horses, collected at different points, trooped out from the enemy's lines towards the redoubts, trailing up the turf with the hooks of their harness as they came along. These hooks were manifestly designed to be fastened to the guns abandoned by the Turks, and left unspiked in the redoubts; and Lord Raglan, seeing what was intended, and amazed at the inaction of the British cavalry, now called out for an officer to gallop off directly to Lord Lucan, and order the cavalry to advance without delay, so as to prevent the guns being carried off. The ill-fated Captain Nolan, who was aide-de-camp to Sir Richard Airey, rode forward, when Sir Richard suggested that the order should be put in writing, to which Lord Raglan assented, and it was accordingly written down as follows:—"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly in front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent their carrying away the guns. Troops of artillery may follow. French cavalry on the left.—*Immediate.*" It has been said that this order is ambiguous, and Sir Richard Airey has been blamed for not expressing himself in plainer terms; but anything more distinct, particularly after Lord Raglan's previous directions to Lord Lucan, it would be difficult to conceive. Lord Lucan is commanded 'to follow the enemy, and *try to prevent* their carrying off the guns.' But when he received this order the enemy had actually carried off the guns, had re-entered his lines, and restored his batteries; so that, in fact, the time for action had gone by, the guns could not be recovered, and to advance a body of cavalry in face of the enemy's batteries, and an overwhelming force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, was only to expose it to destruction. This was the course, however, that Lord Lucan adopted, and he then throws the blame on Captain Nolan, and indirectly on Sir Richard Airey, whose order, be it remembered, was for an operation wholly different from that really executed, and pointed to a combination with

the French cavalry, which was never even attempted."

So far as the combination with the French cavalry, referred to in the closing sentence of this extract, is concerned, we have already observed upon the subject, so as to require here only the remark that it was scarcely possible for Lord Lucan to effect any combination at that moment; and, from the words of the order, it was rational for him to suppose that Lord Raglan had seen to the execution of that part of the matter. The order did not call upon him to communicate with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, but to advance immediately, and to expect the support of the French, in virtue of a general arrangement, a part of the detail of which it was for him to execute on the instant. The reference to the support ordered, by advancing the brigade of Guards, is met by the fact that they were sent to Sir Colin Campbell's right, to defend the gorge of Balaklava against the advance of Russian infantry from the direction of Kamara. Instead of the Duke of Cambridge being ordered to sustain any movement consigned to Lord Lucan, he was directed to place himself under the temporary charge of Sir Colin Campbell, whose task, as has been already seen, was of another description. It is not correct that all the guns were left unspiked in the redoubts. They were in No. 1, and partly in No. 2; but feeble as the defence was of No. 3, the British artilleryman there on duty succeeded in spiking probably all. The description given in this extract of the artillery-horses trooping out, and trailing along the ground tearing up the turf, the hooks they had affixed by ropes to their harness for dragging away the captured guns, is obviously an invention, for the purpose of saving the reputation of Sir Richard Airey. It would be impossible, either from the position occupied by the French *corps d'observation*, or from the acclivity upon which Lord Raglan and Sir Richard Airey stood, to have seen objects so minute as the ropes and hooks with any glasses which the staff possessed. We do not trust to our own judgment in this assertion, but have submitted it to an officer well acquainted both with the ground and the events of the day, much more so than the writer of the article in the *United Service Magazine* could be, and he confirms our opinion on this point.

The historian has no interest in throwing blame on officers, any more than in the preservation of any officer's reputation in these transactions; his duty to his readers and conscience requires truth. And when so many of the bravest of the brave were sacrificed, it is right that no sophisms, such as those of the article quoted, should be permitted to mislead the public mind. With the writer or dictator of

the fatal order, or both, the responsibility must rest, and not with Lords Lucan or Cardigan, or Captain Nolan.

When the relics of the brigade were drawn up, the loss was appalling; but so unbroken was the spirit of these illustrious braves, that they gave three hearty cheers—conscious that the unparalleled achievement which they had performed, would be accepted by their country and brethren-in-arms as one of the noblest ever attempted by soldiers. The loss appeared still greater than it was; for by degrees men came in, and some were heard of as alive in the hands of the enemy. The terrible affair did not last more than half an hour. The number who went into action was scarcely 680, and, according to the adjutant-general's returns, subsequently made, the loss was twenty-one officers, twenty-three sergeants, eight trumpeters, 229 privates, and 495 horses, killed, wounded, and missing. Amongst them every man and officer did his duty—none was bravest, all were greatly brave. No story of heroic antiquity can eclipse that of the British light cavalry charge at Balaklava. The 17th Lancers, being in the front line, suffered severely in men and officers. Among the latter, Sir William Gordon (wounded severely), Captain Winter (killed), Captain Morris (wounded severely), Captain White (wounded severely), Lieutenant J. H. Thompson (wounded, and taken prisoner), Adjutant Chadwick (wounded, and taken prisoner). The 13th, being also in the front line, suffered heavily. Captains Oldham and Good were killed; Cornet Montgomery was wounded, and taken prisoner; Cornet Wombwell was taken prisoner, but escaped. Both Lord Cardigan's aides-de-camp, Captain G. Lockwood and Lieutenant H. F. Maxse, were killed. The second line did not suffer quite so much, but it had a sorrowful catalogue of the wounded and slain.

The following is Lord Lucan's report from Balaklava to his excellency the commander of the forces:—

"MY LORD,—I have the honour to report that the cavalry division under my command was seriously engaged with the enemy on the 25th instant, during the greater part of which day it was under a heavy fire; that it made a most triumphant charge against a very superior number of the enemy's cavalry, and an attack upon batteries which, for daring and gallantry, could not be exceeded. The loss, however, in officers, men, and horses, has been most severe.

"From half-past six in the morning, when the horse-artillery first opened fire, till the enemy had possessed itself of all the different forts, the cavalry, constantly changing their positions, continued giving all the support they could to the Turkish troops, though much ex-

posed to the fire of heavy guns and riflemen, when they took post on the left of the second line of redoubts by an order from your lordship. The heavy brigade had soon to return to the support of the troops defending Balaklava, and was fortunate enough in being at hand when a large force of Russian cavalry was descending the hill. I immediately ordered Brigadier-general Scarlett to attack with the Scots Greys and Enniskillen Dragoons, and had his attack supported in second line by the 5th Dragoon Guards, and by a flank attack of the 4th Dragoon Guards. Under every disadvantage of ground, these eight small squadrons succeeded in defeating and dispersing a body of cavalry estimated at three times their number and more.

"The heavy brigade having now joined the light brigade, the division took up a position with a view of supporting an attack upon the heights, when, being instructed to make a rapid advance to our front, to prevent the enemy carrying the guns lost by the Turkish troops in the morning, I ordered the light brigade to advance in two lines, and supported them with the heavy brigade. This attack of the light cavalry was very brilliant and daring; exposed to a fire from heavy batteries on their front and two flanks, they advanced unchecked until they reached the batteries of the enemy, and cleared them of their gunners, and only retired when they found themselves engaged with a very superior force of cavalry in the rear. Major-general the Earl of Cardigan led this attack in the most gallant and intrepid manner; and his lordship has expressed himself to me as admiring in the highest degree the courage and zeal of every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man who assisted. The heavy brigade advanced to the support of the attack under a very galling fire from the batteries and infantry in a redoubt, and acted with most perfect steadiness, and in a manner to deserve all praise.

"The losses, my lord, it grieves me to state, have been very great indeed, and, I fear, will be much felt by your lordship.

"I cannot too strongly recommend to your lordship the two general-officers commanding the brigades, all the officers in command of regiments, as also the divisional and brigade staffs; indeed, the conduct of every individual, of every rank, I feel to be deserving of my entire praise, and, I hope, of your lordship's approbation. The conduct of the Royal Horse Artillery troop, first under the command of Captain Maude, and, after that officer was severely wounded, of Captain Shakespear, was most meritorious and praiseworthy. I received from those officers every possible assistance during the time they respectively commanded.

"I have, &c.,

LUCAN."

The account given by the gallant leader of the light brigade is as follows:—"I received the order to attack, and although I should not have thought of making such an attack without orders, and although I differed in opinion as to the propriety of the order, I promptly obeyed it. I placed myself at the head of my brigade, and gave the word of command. We advanced, but before we had gone twenty yards, a shell burst between me and the staff officer who had brought the order, and was riding *within thirty yards of my side*, killing him, and leaving me untouched. From that moment there was nothing to be done but to obey the order, and attack the battery in the valley. We proceeded—we advanced down and along a gradual descent of more than three-quarters of a mile, with one of the batteries opposed to us vomiting forth shells, round-shot, and grape—with a battery on the right flank, a battery on the left, and a distant battery which had been lost by the Turks, and all the intermediate ground covered with Russian riflemen—so that when we came down within a distance of thirty yards to their artillery, which had been firing at us, we were, in fact, surrounded and encircled by a blaze of fire, and raked by the riflemen who fired upon us in flank. As we passed, the oblique fire of the artillery was brought upon our rear. Thus we had a strong fire on the front, in the rear, and on both our flanks. We entered the battery—we went through the battery—the two leading regiments cutting down a great number of the Russian gunners. In the two regiments which I had the honour to lead, every officer was either killed or wounded, or had his horse shot under him, except one. Those regiments having proceeded on, were followed by the second line, consisting of two more cavalry regiments, which continued to cut down the Russian gunners. Then came the third line, consisting of two other regiments, who also nobly performed their duty. The result was, this body of about 600 cavalry succeeded in passing through a body of, as we have since learnt, 5600 Russian cavalry. I know the number of the Russian regiments, and the name of the general officer who commanded the brigade. We did as much execution as we could, and suffered an immense loss of life ourselves. After riding through the Russian cavalry we came upon the Tchernaya river. There we were stopped, and we had to retire by the same route by which we came, destroying as many of the enemy as we could. I believe we succeeded in destroying the greater part of the Russian gunners, and in doing great execution among the Russian cavalry. The scene, on retiring, was lamentable in the extreme; still nothing could be accomplished more regularly, or with greater order; there

was no confusion, no hurry, no galloping about, no desire to retire too hastily, but the whole thing was conducted as coolly and systematically as upon parade. As we returned up the hill we had descended, we had to run the same gauntlet, and incur the same risk from the flank fire of the Russian riflemen. Numbers of men and horses were shot down, and many soldiers who had lost their chargers were killed whilst endeavouring to escape on foot. The consequence was, that when we reached the top of the hill, there was about one-third of the whole brigade left. I think when I went round, to count them, 195 only remained. The rest were gone—destroyed in that charge! Now I am not going into this case any further; I am not going to say whether this thing should have been done, or, indeed, to say anything more upon the subject. You have all of you had an opportunity of reading Lord Raglan's despatches describing how it occurred. I will only say further with regard to that charge, that, highly as you approve of it—and I will not conceal my pride and gratification at receiving your approbation and high opinion of the gallantry then displayed—I feel that, whatever gallantry you may attribute to me was equalled by every man in that brigade. I led, they followed—there was no hesitation; I never saw so ready, so cheerful a body of men in my life. I never witnessed anything done with more spirit or with lighter hearts; and to such an extent was this evidenced, that when the remnant of the brigade returned to position, the men were so elated at what they deemed so creditable to themselves and to the British arms, that they gave three cheers of rejoicing at having attacked the Russian batteries, and at having ridden through and through so large a body of Russian cavalry."

The above account, given by the Earl of Cardigan in public, contains several errors, such as are inseparable from the hurry of a public address, and the slips of a rapid report. Thus, his lordship errs in representing the brigade as riding through the whole of the Russian cavalry. It would be impossible for any officer to see all the *general*, not to say particular, occurrences of that complicated affair; and his lordship had enough to do to defend his own life during the brief interval after the guns were reached, without observing what was done by others. It is also an error to speak of the supporting line as consisting of two regiments; this must have originated in the report. Our own narrative is an accurate representation of the action, and in general accordance with what we know to be Lord Cardigan's own views of it. The conduct of Lord Paget, Colonel Sewel, and all the other leaders, merits the eulogy which Lord Cardigan gives them, who with great pro-

priety, however, refrained from pointing out any by name.

The acts of individual courage during this short, but memorable charge, were innumerable; nor were they confined to the officers—"groom fought like noble;" and this was especially exemplified in the instance of private John Penn, of the 17th Lancers, whose likeness will appear as one of the illustrations in this work. Seldom has heroic courage equalled his; had he been a soldier of any other army in the world than that of England—humbly born although he is—he would have been promoted to rank, and have other honours conferred upon him than the medals and clasps which cover his breast. He bears eleven honours, in the form of such decorations. Besides detailing his gallant conduct in the battle of Balaklava, we shall give a general outline of his military career:—"He was born in the 14th regiment of Light Dragoons, and was left an orphan before he was eight years of age, by the death of his father, Farrier-major Penn. At fourteen he was taken into the service of Lady John Bethell; but, not content with that situation, and his whole wish being for a dragoon's life, he entered the cavalry as soon as he had attained the standard height. This excellent soldier has seen eighteen years' service. He was through the Afghanistan campaign, under General Pollock, for which he received the Cabul medal. He was also through the Sutlej campaign, under Lord Gough. He was in the memorable action of Moodkee—was then severely wounded, and received a contusion on the head from the blow of a sponge-staff from a Sikh artilleryman. In the capturing of the guns he was unhorsed, and was found in the field next morning by a reconnoitring party, the poor fellow having lain there all night in great suffering. His wounds were dressed, and within two days of the battle of Sobraon he rejoined his regiment, and took part in that action, for which he received a clasp. He was with the army at Lahore, and until the close of the war; he was again in the field at Ramnuggur; he was also at the forcing of the passage of the Chenab. He was next at the brilliant attack of Soodoolapore, where the Sikhs were driven from their position on the Chenab. He was also in the action of Chillianwallah, 1849. He fought at Goojerat, when the Sikhs were again defeated, which was the last battle fought with that race of Indians. The 3rd Light Dragoons were then ordered to England, which they reached in July, 1853. Penn had not been many days at home when, hearing that the 17th Lancers were ordered for Turkey, he volunteered into that corps; and on the 23rd of June, 1854, he embarked at Portsmouth with a detachment of 6th Enniskillens, 13th Light Dragoons, 17th



1848 1849

1848 1849

Portrait of General G. G. G.

Lancers, and fifty-seven horses, under Captain the Hon. Hercules Rowley, the present Lord Langford. They arrived at Varna in July following. On the 1st September, Penn proceeded to the Crimea. He was in the action of the Alma; he was with his troop at Mackenzie's Farm when the Russian baggage and stores were captured; and in the Light Cavalry charge of Balaklava, for which he received the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. He speaks very highly of the lance—a weapon of which the Russians are very much in dread. Unfortunately for many of the brave fellows of his regiment, they had their poles shattered by the enemy's showers of grape-shot. On their coming up to the Russian guns, they were ordered to charge, when he made a point at a gunner, which took effect—the lance going through his body. He could not extricate it, as he was at a gallop. Passing through the enemy's guns, the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers were obliged to open out, when our hero came in contact with a Russian officer (a Hussar); he made for him, and the officer wheeled his horse about, for the purpose of making a bolt; he, therefore, took a favourable distance on the officer's left (both at the time being at a gallop), when he delivered cut six, which instantly dismounted the officer, whose head was nearly severed from his body. At the same time his horse halted, and on dismounting, to his grief, he found that his horse had received a ball in his near shoulder. He then took a view of the Russian officer; he must have died in an instant, as his body never moved after falling to the ground; he cut his pouch belt off, and took his sword, and a clasp-knife, which he wore in a belt round his waist. This gallant affair was witnessed by several of Penn's comrades. He returned with the second line, composed of the 4th Light Dragoons, 8th Hussars, and 11th Hussars, keeping a sharp look-out on their front, flanks, and rear, until they had forced a passage through the Russians, who had closed upon them. By perseverance they forced a passage, after a few guards with the Russians, Penn using his trophy—the Russian officer's sword. The seventh guard he took with a Russian, the point of the sword broke about ten inches off. He luckily returned with the remnant of his regiment. The ball was speedily extracted from his horse, which recovered, and the animal stood the winter, and was doing duty when he left the Crimea. Penn was at the battle of Inkerman, for which he received a clasp. He was never ill during the whole of the season, although much exposed. He was always employed on general duty. On account of the heat of the sun in July, when he was on outpost duty at Baidar, his head became affected, which caused him to be invalided

home. This arose from his having his right collar-bone fractured, and the lower jaw broken, by a horse falling on him when he was at field-drill in India, in 1852."

We dismiss our account of this part of the battle of Balaklava by quoting the words of a civilian, who saw something of the engagement, and conversed much about it on the spot:—"Of course, in the cavalry camp, the charges of the heavy and light brigades at the battle of Balaklava are very fertile topics of conversation. As far as I could judge, the opinion of by far the majority of cavalry officers was, that Lord Lucan was an injured and hardly-used man. The order which he received was so worded as to place him in a very cruel dilemma. Had he refused to charge, his enemies at headquarters—and he had many, and bitter ones—might have accused him of a disobedience of orders, and of having thrown away a chance of brilliant success; and in carrying out the orders of his commanding officer, evidently against his convictions, he is accused of having sacrificed his light brigade. The disastrous result of that charge has proved that it was madness; but had Lord Lucan refused to obey the order, would the madness of it have been so evident? We know it was madness now; but should we have known it then? It enhances the glory of some of the actors in that chivalrous display of courage, to lay great stress on the knowledge they possessed of the frightful carnage they would be exposed to, and of their self-devotion in having galloped almost into the jaws of death. But suppose the charge had not taken place, and they were not the heroes they now are, would not some have been found who would have been too glad to visit the want of success on their commander, and have passed over in silence the knowledge they possessed, or fancied they possessed, of the risks that should have forbidden the attempt? It is a question, like many others connected with this winter campaign in the Crimea, that will never be settled to the satisfaction of all parties. Viewed in its worst light, it was an error of judgment, and, in that case, surely the blame must be shared by those who originally gave the order; the attempts lately made to tack on to it worse motives are far more likely to injure the accusers than the accused. . . . As far as I could gather from officers engaged in the charge of the heavy brigade, the Russian cavalry was not a very formidable foe, and, but for their officers, would have retired expeditiously, even much sooner than they did. In this, as in every other point connected with the Russian military service, 'we had 'got hold of the wrong end of the stick,' as the saying is. We dreaded their cavalry as being the best in Europe, and despised their infantry as being the worst. The very

first campaign has established the opposite results."

It was not generally known at the time, nor until long after, that General Scarlett received a sword-wound in the charge, and was struck on the back of the hand by a spent musket-ball, when covering the retreat of the light cavalry.

The battle of Balaklava has been generally represented as terminating with the disastrous charge of the light cavalry. The remaining incidents of the day were, however, interesting and important. As soon as the heavy cavalry had covered the retreat of the light, they moved slowly back in columns of squadrons, all the while exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy. Our infantry then moved towards the redoubts, and the enemy's infantry retired as they advanced. The French cavalry threw out skirmishers, and the enemy gradually withdrew their guns from the right of the entrance to the gorge. Had the French Chasseurs been in sufficient force at this instant, they could, in conjunction with the heavy cavalry, as the allied infantry came on, have pressed the enemy closely, who momentarily increased his caution, and showed a disposition to retire. As our infantry advanced, the Russians played upon them with shot and shell from the captured redoubts. The first division, which, with the exception of the 93rd regiment, still retained its old position, had now well advanced, and began to suffer from the well-plied guns of the enemy, when the Duke of Cambridge ordered them to lie down in double line, and in such a manner as to screen them from the effects of the showering shot. Sir George Cathcart's division, supported by two regiments of the French division, under the command of General Canrobert, attended by a powerful artillery, advanced to the enemy's right, where the French Chasseurs had played, and were still playing, so distinguished a part. The Russians, perceiving the determined approach of so formidable an allied force, showed symptoms of apprehension, and even of trepidation, and abandoned No. 1 redoubt, that which they had at first conquered, into which the left wing of the 20th regiment of British infantry entered. One gun was found by them in the ditch, which they dragged into the battery. Thus, almost without a shot, by a prudent and general-like combination of force, this redoubt was re-taken, which, by such means, might have been far more happily accomplished, without the confused and random orders given in the early part of the day to Lord Lucan, and which might well have bewildered a steadier head than his. The approaching infantry were covered by the ridge in their steady advance, so that, with the exception of the injury sustained by the first

division before it lay down, the balls of the enemy did little mischief. In fifteen minutes after No. 1 redoubt was abandoned, the Russians blew up the magazine of No. 2, and left it with precipitation. In half an hour more, as the allied infantry, cavalry, and artillery skilfully and gradually made good their advance, the Russians exploded the magazine of the No. 3 redoubt, and fled precipitately from it also. So well prepared were they, however, for an advance of the allied infantry, that they succeeded in carrying off seven of the guns from these earthworks. Had the advance of the allied divisions been as spirited and enterprising as it was skilful and cautious, not a gun need have been lost. The Russians did not retire until they had covered the removal of the guns. They afterwards occupied a strong position in the rear of No. 1 redoubt, of which they were allowed to re-possession themselves. About mid-day the whole of the Russian infantry had retired within the gorge, and on the heights which flanked it; and in this very strong position, with their cavalry still thrown out in front upon the plain, appeared willing to offer the allies battle.

In the various accounts given by correspondents of periodicals, officers and men to their private friends, and amateurs who kept journals, considerable confusion and contradiction exists as to the successive occupation and re-occupation of the redoubts. We shall present the accounts given of the close of the action by a few of the most trustworthy, where they illustrate and assist one another in their descriptions. Mr. Russell thus describes it:—"At twenty-eight minutes after twelve, the whole of the allies again got into motion towards the enemy, with the exception of the first division, which moved *en echelon* towards the opposite hills, keeping their right wing well before Balaklava. At forty minutes after twelve, Captain Calthorpe was sent by Lord Raglan with orders to the troops, which seemed to have the effect of altering the disposition of our front, for the French, at one, P.M., showed still further up on our left. When we got to the ridges, they took possession of redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3. But the Russians evidently intended to keep No. 4, and to draw us after them, if possible, into the gorge, where they had retired their guns. As our object was solely to keep Balaklava, this was not our game; and as the Russians would not advance, but kept their cavalry in front of the approach to the mountain passes, it became evident there would be no further engagement to-day. The cannonade, which began again at a quarter past twelve, and was continued with little effect, ceased altogether at a quarter past one, and the two armies retained their respective positions. Our men and horses were alike

tired and hungry, and the French were no better. Lord Raglan continued on the hill-side all day, watching the enemy. It was dark ere he returned to his quarters. With the last gleam of day we could see the sheen of the enemy's lances in their old position in the valley; and their infantry gradually crowned the heights on their left, and occupied the road to the village which is beyond Balaklava to the southward. Our Guards were moving back, as I passed them, and the tired troops, French and English, were being replaced by a strong French division, which was marched down to the valley at five o'clock."

Lieutenant Peard was with the wing of the 20th regiment, which entered the recaptured redoubt, and he relates that its occupation was an affair of very considerable danger, while the Russians continued in possession of No. 2—from which shot and shell were cast furiously upon the British infantry in the redoubt, and the artillery of the fourth division, which was posted on the slope outside. One fragment of a shell struck the staff of the queen's colours, which this gallant officer carried. From the position there taken up by the detachment of the 20th, those who composed it could see the whole field of battle lying between the redoubt and the Russian cavalry, who were manœuvring along their own front. The enemy's infantry lay concealed among the brushwood on the heights, which Liprandi seemed prepared to defend. Lieutenant Peard describes what he witnessed on the battle-field:—

"From our elevated situation I witnessed many heart-rending scenes through my glasses. Poor troopers were standing about all over the plain, wounded; others were to be seen galloping into camp at an earlier part of the day, by twos and threes, in regular order, as if in the ranks. One poor animal came cantering along with his hind-leg broken, and swinging round and round at every stride. Others would be seen with both hind-legs broken, endeavouring to rise from the place where they fell. I shall never forget one scene, so dreadful, and yet one which would have made a splendid study for an artist. It was a wounded Scots Grey, who passed us, his horse led by a companion. All looked so sad: even the poor horse, though not wounded, bowed his head, and appeared to sympathise in his master's sufferings. The poor fellow seemed to be in a dying state, and as he leant on the pommel of his saddle, his pale and agonised face could just be observed under his bear-skin; the horse's shoulder was covered with blood, and yet the poor creature seemed to know with what care he ought to carry his wounded master.

"We could plainly see the Cossacks on the field of battle, amongst the dead and wounded, and now and then their gory lances would be

thrust through the body of some wretched sufferers, who had in vain lifted up their hands, expecting aid instead of destruction from these savages. The servant of an officer who was ill at Balaklava, walked up from the field of battle, where he had picked up a Cossack's sword, and shortly afterwards took a poor wounded officer on his back to Balaklava. On the way they were fired at by a wounded Russian. Upon this he deposited his load on the ground, and, walking up to the villain, lopped his head off, and proceeded on his way with his burden.

"We watched with the greatest interest a wounded dragoon, who was creeping on his belly from the battle-field, near the Russian horse, to us. Every now and then he would halt and hold up his sword. He was presently spied by the Russian sharpshooters in the redoubt near us, and they opened a sharp fire on the poor fellow. He still persevered, and was shortly seen by a sailor, who had a brass helmet on his head, and was walking about picking up trophies, with a friend, quite heedless of their rifles. They immediately went to his rescue, and carried him on their shoulders some little distance, when he was put on a horse, with great difficulty, and brought into our lines. I do not know when my heart felt more relieved. A brother officer, M——, was busy in shooting wounded horses which were near our redoubt; and Captain B—— and W—— were rendering all the assistance in their power to a wounded Russian officer, by sewing up and washing his wounds, but he died that night, chiefly from the intense cold. Some swords belonging to the Scots Greys were picked up; one I saw was broken off within six inches of the hilt, and another was complete, only the handle was covered with blood and brains, and a piece of a skull had adhered to it. Just before dark we were agreeably surprised to hear that we were to evacuate this place and return to our camp before Sebastopol, about eight miles distant, as soon as the clouds of night had sufficiently gathered around us. A strong French division was marched into the valley for our relief.

"Thus ended this melancholy day, in which our light cavalry had been annihilated; the killed, wounded, and missing amounting to 385, and horses 520, 130 of whom were wounded. We heard that there were several men in camp who had not turned out, being ill or otherwise engaged, amounting to about 200 men. The two guns out of nine which the Russians left of ours were taken from the Turks into our own better keeping. At nine, p.m., the Russians fired a tremendous volley of artillery on our works, in honour of the complete victory they were supposed to have gained, and on the arrival of our guns in the town of Sebastopol; but it did us no injury."

CHAPTER XLII.

DESPATCHES OF THE COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF.—LETTERS CONCERNING THE BATTLE.—NOTICES OF THE PROMINENT ACTORS, AND STRIKING INCIDENTS OF THE CONFLICT.

"In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save;
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not die with the brave?" BURNS.

HAVING completed the narrative of the ever-famous battle of Balaklava, we present to our readers, in a separate chapter, the despatches of the chiefs to their respective governments, and such incidents as will further illustrate the glories of the hard-fought field.

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 28th.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have the honour to acquaint your grace that the enemy attacked the position in the front of Balaklava at an early hour on the morning of the 25th instant.

The low range of heights that runs across the plain at the bottom of which the town is placed, was protected by four small redoubts hastily constructed. Three of these had guns in them; and on a higher hill, in front of the village of Kamara, in advance of our right flank, was established a work of somewhat more importance. These several redoubts were garrisoned by Turkish troops—no other force being at my disposal for their occupation.

The 93rd Highlanders was the only British regiment in the plain, with the exception of a part of a battalion of detachments composed of weakly men, and a battery of artillery belonging to the third division; and on the heights behind our right were placed the marines, obligingly landed from the fleet by Vice-admiral Dundas. All these, including the Turkish troops, were under the immediate orders of Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, whom I had taken from the first division with the 93rd.

As soon as I was apprised of this movement of the enemy, I felt compelled to withdraw from before Sebastopol the first and fourth divisions, commanded by Lieutenant-generals his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, and bring them down into the plain; and General Canrobert subsequently reinforced these troops with the first division of French infantry, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

The enemy commenced their operations by attacking the work on our side of the village of Kamara, and after very little resistance, carried it. They likewise got possession of the three others in contiguity to it, being opposed only in one, and that but for a very short space of time. The furthest of the three they did not retain, but the immediate abandonment of the others enabled them to take possession of the guns in them, amounting in the whole to seven. Those in the three lesser forts were spiked by the one English artilleryman who was in each.

The Russian cavalry at once advanced, supported by artillery, in very great strength. One portion of them assailed the front and right flank of the 93rd, and were instantly driven back by the vigorous and steady fire of that distinguished regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie. The other and larger mass turned towards her majesty's heavy cavalry, and afforded Brigadier-general Scarlett, under the guidance of Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, the opportunity of inflicting upon them the most signal defeat. The ground was very unfavourable for the attack of our dragoons, but no obstacle was sufficient to check their advance, and they charged into the Russian column, which soon sought safety in flight, although far superior in numbers. The charge of this brigade was one of the most successful I ever witnessed, was never for a moment doubtful, and is in the highest degree creditable to Brigadier-general Scarlett, and the officers and men engaged in it.

As the enemy withdrew from the ground which they had momentarily occupied, I directed the cavalry, sup-

ported by the fourth division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, to move forward, and take advantage of any opportunity to regain the heights; and not having been able to accomplish this immediately, and it appearing that an attempt was making to remove the captured guns, the Earl of Lucan was desired to advance rapidly, follow the enemy in their retreat, and try to prevent them from effecting their object. In the meanwhile the Russians had time to re-form on their own ground, with artillery in front and upon their flanks. From some misconception of the instruction to advance, the lieutenant-general considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered Major-general the Earl of Cardigan to move forward with the light brigade. This order was obeyed in the most spirited and gallant manner. Lord Cardigan charged with the utmost vigour, attacked a battery which was firing upon the advancing squadrons, and having passed beyond it, engaged the Russian cavalry in its rear; but there his troops were assailed by artillery and infantry, as well as cavalry, and necessarily retired, after having committed much havoc upon the enemy. They effected this movement without haste or confusion; but the loss they have sustained has, I deeply lament, been very severe in officers, men, and horses, only counterbalanced by the brilliancy of the attack, and the gallantry, order, and discipline which distinguished it—forming a striking contrast to the conduct of the enemy's cavalry which had previously been engaged with the heavy brigade.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique advanced on our left, and gallantly charged a Russian battery, which checked its fire for a time, and thus rendered the British cavalry an essential service.

I have the honour to inclose copies of Sir Colin Campbell's and the Earl of Lucan's reports.

I beg to draw your grace's attention to the terms in which Sir Colin Campbell speaks of Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie, of the 93rd, and Captain Barker, of the Royal Artillery; and also to the praise bestowed by the Earl of Lucan on Major-general the Earl of Cardigan, and Brigadier-general Scarlett, which they most fully deserve. The Earl of Lucan not having sent me the names of the other officers who distinguished themselves, I propose to forward them by the next opportunity.

The enemy made no further movement in advance, and at the close of the day the brigade of Guards of the first division and the fourth division returned to their original encampment, as did the French troops, with the exception of one brigade of the first division, which General Canrobert was so good as to leave in support of Sir Colin Campbell. The remaining regiments of the Highland brigade also remained in the valley. The fourth division had advanced close to the heights, and Sir George Cathcart caused one of the redoubts to be re-occupied by the Turks, affording them his support, and he availed himself of the opportunity to assist with his riflemen in silencing two of the enemy's guns.

The means of defending the extensive position which had been occupied by the Turkish troops in the morning having proved wholly inadequate, I deemed it necessary, in concurrence with General Canrobert, to withdraw from the lower range of heights, and to concentrate our force, which will be increased by a considerable body of seamen, to be landed from the ships under the authority of Admiral Dundas, immediately in front of the narrow valley leading into Balaklava, and upon the precipitous heights on our right, thus affording a narrower line of defence.

I have, &c.,

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

RAGLAN.

The following despatch from General Canrobert not only informs his government of the battle of Balaklava from a French point of view, but discloses the general's view of the progress of the siege, which, in spite of every interruption, was continued. The French general, writing on the 27th, naturally notices the battle of the 26th as well as that of the 25th, of which we shall give a correct relation in its proper place:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Oct. 27th.

M. LE MARÉCHAL,—We are continuing the construction of fresh batteries, destined to batter the eastern front of the bastion which we are attacking. They are placed on the bare rock, and it is only by the explosion of petards and by means of sand-bags and other laborious expedients that we make our way. Still we shall in a short time be able to multiply our fire against the defences, in repairing which, as fast as they are destroyed, the enemy labours with remarkable obstinacy. This siege will evidently form an epoch among the most laborious operations of the kind.

The town has suffered much from our fire, and we know that the loss of the defenders has been enormous. The English protect Balaklava, where they disembark their munitions, with a body of marines, a battalion of infantry, and some Turks.

On the morning of the 25th, at break of day, some hills, 2500 metres distant from the port, defended by some very imperfect redoubts, each manned by about 150 Turks, were carried by a very superior Russian force, which occupied them, having driven out the Turks. As soon as information of this affair reached Lord Raglan and myself, we proceeded to the heights which border the valley of Balaklava, and form the limits of our position. The enemy then occupied the hills I have mentioned, covering in masses the woody heights which bound the valley towards the Tchernaya, and displaying a force estimated at 20,000 men, besides those which were hidden from our view by the ravines and thickets. It was evidently his intention to entice us into deserting our excellent position, and to make us descend towards him into the plain. I contented myself with uniting, at the request of Lord Raglan, my cavalry to the English horse, which occupied a position on the plain before Balaklava, and which had already executed a most brilliant charge against the enemy's cavalry. Besides this, and while Lord Raglan established two divisions of infantry before the port, I caused all the men that I could spare from my first division to descend to the foot of the front slopes of our position.

Things were in this state, and the day already far spent, when the English light cavalry, 700 strong, led away by too much ardour, charged vigorously the whole mass of the Russian army. This impetuous charge, executed under a cross-fire of musketry and artillery, produced at first great confusion among the enemy's ranks; but this troop, hurried away too far from us, suffered considerable loss. After having sabred the gunners of two batteries it was forced to return, weakened by the loss of 150 men. During this time my brigade of Chasseurs d'Afrique, which was in the plain on the left of the English cavalry, was eager to get to its assistance, and did so by a bold manoeuvre, which was much spoken of, and which consisted in attacking on the left a battery of guns and some battalions of infantry, which it forced to retreat, and thus stopped a murderous fire which had been kept up on the English. In this affair we lost about twenty men killed and wounded, two of whom were officers. The loss on the enemy's side was considerable, and he suffered our chasseurs to effect their retreat in good order and without molestation. The night supervened to put an end to the combat. The day after the Russians made a sortie from the place, and towards Inkerman, attacked the division of Sir de Lacy Evans, which covered the siege works. Received by a crushing fire, and with that solidity which is peculiar to our allies, the Russians left on the ground more than 300

dead, and found themselves chased to the outskirts of the town, losing in their flight about 100 prisoners. This short and smart affair was most brilliant, and has certainly compensated for the painful incidents of the day before.

Having given a full account of the battle, as known in the allied camps, it will interest our readers to peruse the Russian account—the report of Lieutenant-general Liprandi, chief of the 12th division of infantry, to Aide-de-camp General Prince Menschikoff, dated October 26th:—

According to the orders of your highness, the troops of the division intrusted to my command, and those attached to it, executed on the 25th of October a general movement in advance from the village of Tchorgoum, and attacked the fortifications of the heights forming the valley of Kadikoi. Conformably with the arrangement which I had made on the evening of that day, all the troops of the detachment left, at five o'clock in the morning, the village of Tchorgoum by two defiles. A regiment of Chasseurs of the Ukraine, under the command of Major-general Lévousky, marched by the principal defile leading from Tchorgoum to Kadikoi, with four guns of the battery of position No. 4, and six guns of the light battery No. 7. These troops advanced with precision, and, on approaching the heights of Kadikoi, opened their fire upon the redoubts Nos. 1 and 2. After them the Azoff infantry regiment, the 4th battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper, with four guns of the battery of position No. 4, and six guns of the light battery No. 6, moved on under the command of Major-general Sémiakine. By the second defile, leading to the valley of Baidar, an advance was made under the command of Major-general Gribbe, of the first three battalions of the infantry regiment of the Dnieper, with six guns of the light battery No. 6, four pieces of the battery of position No. 4, a detachment of the regiment No. 53 of the Cossacks of the Don, and a squadron of the combined regiment of the lancers. Major-general Gribbe, who had marched in advance, occupied the village of Kamara, after having dispatched the detachment of Cossacks in the direction of the valley of Baidar. Simultaneously with this movement, Major-general Sémiakine in taking up his position to the left of the regiment of the Ukraine, covered by the fire of the artillery and a chain of riflemen, formed by the second company of the battalion of riflemen with the carabineers of the infantry regiment of Azoff, advanced rapidly with the latter regiment in two lines by columns of companies, there not being a space of more than 100 paces between the two lines; and in third line the first battalion of the regiment of Azoff, and the 4th battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper, by columns of attack. After having approached in this order to the distance of not more than 100 paces from the fortified height of the enemy, Major-general Sémiakine gave orders for the assault. The companies made a rapid movement in advance, and at half-past seven o'clock the regiment of Azoff had hoisted its flags upon the fortifications. The trophies gained upon this point were three rampart guns and a camp. In this redoubt the loss of the enemy in dead only was more than 170 men. At the same time the enemy, from the rapidity with which the principal height had been occupied, and in consequence of his seeing the advance of the regiment of chasseurs of the Ukraine, abandoned the redoubts Nos. 2 and 3 (the former armed with two guns and the latter with three), which were immediately occupied by our troops. The regiment of Chasseurs of Odessa, with the light battery No. 7, under the command of Colonel de Scudari, advanced to the redoubt No. 4; but the enemy, terrified upon this point also, did not wait for our attack, and abandoned the redoubt, in which there were three guns. Besides this, in each of the redoubts the enemy had left his tents, and his powder magazines, and engineering tools.

Immediately after the occupation of the redoubts, I ordered the troops to establish themselves there. I immediately ordered the redoubt No. 4 to be razed, as it

was too much advanced, and I ordered its guns to be spiked, and their wheels and carriages to be broken, and the fragments to be thrown down the mountain. When these orders had been executed, the troops who had occupied the redoubt joined the general line of the other corps.

The brigade of hussars of the sixth division of light cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-general Ryjoff, who accompanied the detachment, was posted at the right wing of our general line of battle, with the light horse battery No. 12, and the Cossack battery of position No. 3. During the movement of the troops in advance, the artillery of the Don moved rapidly forwards, and having placed itself in position, contributed by its well-directed fire to the success of the general attack.

When all the redoubts had been occupied, I ordered the advance of the cavalry, with the regiment No. 1 of the Cossacks of the Oural, and three detachments of the regiment No. 53 of Cossacks of the Don, upon the enemy's camp, situated upon the other side of the mountains. Our cavalry advanced rapidly, even to the camp; but, attacked in flank by the fire of the enemy's riflemen, and in front by the English cavalry, it was compelled to halt, and afterwards resumed its first position at the right wing of the general order of battle, being so placed that its front did not present a right line, the direction of one of its wings forming an angle with that of the centre.

At this time Major-general Jabrokritsky, with a detachment of the infantry regiment of Vladimir (three battalions) and that of Souzdal, ten guns of the battery of position No. 1, four guns of the light battery No. 2 of the 16th brigade of artillery, two companies of the battalion of riflemen No. 6, two squadrons of the regiment of hussars of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and two detachments of the regiment No. 60 of Cossacks (of Popoff), advanced upon the heights to the left of our cavalry, and occupied them. Our cavalry hardly had time to form in order of battle beyond the right flank of our infantry, when, from the other side of the mountain, where the redoubt No. 4 was raised, the English cavalry appeared, more than 2000 strong. Its impetuous attack induced Lieutenant-general Ryjoff to turn back upon the route to Tchorgoum to draw the enemy. At the same time I ordered to advance towards my right wing the combined regiment of lancers, under the command of Colonel Yeropkine, which came from Baidar to join the detachment of Major-general Gribbe, and I ordered that regiment to post itself behind the infantry in a concealed position. The enemy made a most obstinate charge, and, notwithstanding the well-directed fire of grape from six guns of the light battery No. 7, and that of the men armed with carbines of the regiment of Chasseurs of Odessa, and of a company of the 4th battalion of riflemen at the right wing, as well as the fire of a part of the artillery of the detachment of Major-general Jabrokritsky, he rushed upon our cavalry; but at this moment three squadrons of the combined regiment of lancers attacked him in flank. This unexpected charge, executed with precision and vigour, was attended with brilliant success. The whole of the enemy's cavalry in disorder precipitated itself in retreat, pursued by our lancers, and by the fire from our batteries. In this attack the enemy had more than 400 men killed, and sixty wounded, who were picked up on the field of battle, and we made twenty-two prisoners, one of whom was a superior officer.

A French squadron of African horse chasseurs rushed upon the detachment of Major-general Jabrokritsky. Having turned the left flank of the battery of position, it reached the chain of riflemen, and began to put the artillery to the sword. Two other squadrons followed. Upon this two battalions of the regiment of Vladimir, under the command of Major-general Jabrokritsky in person, precipitated themselves in advance at the point of the bayonet, and induced the enemy's cavalry to retreat, and it was pursued as far as the foot of the mountain by the well-directed fire of the foot Cossacks of the Black Sea, armed with carbines, and that of the riflemen. More than ten bodies and several horses remained upon the spot; three prisoners were taken, and the officer who commanded the attack made by the enemy was killed.

Remarking that the enemy again brought up fresh troops to his left wing, I reinforced my right wing, and disposed all the troops of the detachment in the following

order:—A battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper occupied the village of Kamara; the regiment of infantry of Azoff and the 1st battalion of that of the Dnieper were ordered to defend the redoubt No. 1; a battalion of the regiment of the Chasseurs of the Ukraine was left in the redoubt No. 2; and another battalion of the same regiment in redoubt No. 3, near which were also placed the whole regiment of Chasseurs of Odessa, two battalions of a regiment of the Dnieper, and a battalion of that of the Chasseurs of the Ukraine. All the artillery was ranged on advantageous positions; the cavalry, as before, remained on the right flank of the infantry. However, the enemy did not make any fresh attack, and ceased his fire at four o'clock in the afternoon.

In the taking by assault of such a strong position, I consider our loss in infantry as very insignificant. That of the cavalry was more important. Subjoined is a list, rapidly drawn up, in reference to this point (this list includes six superior and subaltern officers and 232 men killed; one general, nineteen superior and subaltern officers, and 292 wounded). I owe the success of the day to the zeal and excellent arrangements of the respective chiefs, and the courage and ardour of all the troops; more particularly Major-general Sémiakine, chief of the first brigade of the division intrusted to my command; and, under his orders, Colonel de Krudener, in command of the regiment of infantry of Azoff, who were ordered to attack the strongest redoubt, No. 1, situated upon a very steep height, personally exhibited an example of courage and judicious arrangements. The attack of the regiment of infantry of Azoff was executed with boldness, celerity, and decision. The second company of the 4th battalion of riflemen, under the command of Second-captain Kalakoutsky, six guns of the light battery No. 6, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Afanassieff, and four guns of the battery of position No. 4, commanded by Lieutenant Posnikoff, who accompanied that column, acted with precision and celerity, and thus facilitated the capture of the height.

When the enemy's cavalry charged, and while it was being repulsed, eight guns of the light battery No. 7, which were stationed near the regiment of Chasseurs of Odessa, directed by Captain Bojanoff, did the most injury to the enemy's cavalry by the precision of their fire of grape-shot.

All the operations of the artillery of the twelfth brigade of that arm, directed by Colonel Nemoff, commandant of that brigade, were crowned with brilliant success. Staff-major Guersivanoff, and the aide-de-camp of your highness, captain of corvette Baron Willebrandt, whom your highness sent to me, and who was at my side during the whole of the combat, rendered me very useful assistance, transmitting, with the most strict exactness, all my orders to the troops in the first line.

With the present report I have the honour to present to your highness the flag and the Turkish standard taken in the redoubt No. 1.

Knowing, as our readers do, the numbers actually engaged on the part of the allies, the falsehood of the above despatch, which rated our cavalry at 2000 men, will be obvious. The whole spirit of the despatch is as ungenerous to a brave enemy, as it is boastful of the performances of the general himself, and of his troops. The repulse of the cavalry by our infantry is the least incorrect; the charge by our heavy cavalry is slurred over and evaded; and while some honour is given to the courage of our light cavalry, their chivalry is still glossed over without that acknowledgment which a noble enemy would have made.

A field-officer, who witnessed from the elevation on which Lord Raglan stood the events of this sad day, and whose military *status* enabled him to know with certainty the events

which followed, gave to the author of this History the following relation of what occurred after the battle:—

“Eventually, the Russians retained possession of two of the entrenched posts (Nos. 1 and 2) held by the Turks in the morning, and nine 12-pounder English guns. Their columns also remained in the plain, about 1500 yards from our front, drawn up as if to offer battle. Much murmuring was heard that they should be allowed thus to defy us, and to keep possession of the hills on our right front. The Turks were loaded with abuse for running away from the outposts, and losing the guns; but the amount of obloquy seems undue. Others, besides Turks, would have left such very slight field-works if attacked by an army, and having no support within cannon range. These so-called redoubts were but a semblance of cover for the defenders, but no obstacle to the assailants. Any sportsman would have considered it no great feat to have ridden his horse over both ditch and parapet. Subsequently, the Russians rather concentrated their force on the village of Kamara and No. 1 redoubt, the nearest to Kamara and the nearest to Balaklava. This redoubt was, as the crow flies, but 3700 yards, and Kamara but 4200 yards from the northern part of Balaklava Bay. And though a high ridge intervened, this could not interfere with vertical fire. It was obvious that had two or three heavy mortars been brought round from Sebastopol, a distance of some fourteen miles (for which two or three days would have sufficed), and placed in redoubt No. 1, Balaklava Bay would in all probability have been quickly abandoned, and vast stores belonging to our army lost.

“On that night (the 25th), the orders to prepare to quit Balaklava were reiterated, and the necessary instructions were given to the commissariat, ordnance, and medical departments to withdraw all their stores. At the same time, Captain Tatham sent round the *Caradoc*, to inform Sir Edmund Lyons of the proposed abandonment of the harbour. The night following the battle of Balaklava was an anxious one inside the little harbour: all night long the vessels were shipping their cables, and the tugs towed them out as fast as they cast off. The commissariat shipped all their money, and much of the stores were re-embarked from the ordnance and quartermaster-general's departments. At each trifling alarm the Russians were looked for, as it was thought certain they would take advantage of the night to re-commence their attack. Had they done so, their success would have been almost certain; but, fortunately for the English, Liprandi commanded against us.

“On the evening of the 25th, Sir De Lacy

Evans, it is said, received orders as usual to send 800 men from his weak division into the trenches. During the usual midnight relief, a working party of 800 would necessarily occasion for about four hours a diminution of the force in position of 1600 men; add these to outlying pickets, and it will be seen how few must have remained disposable for holding a vital point. Not unfrequently a still greater number were required for the trenches; but the gallant general was so thoroughly impressed with the danger which threatened the English from the valley and heights of Inkerman, that he was led, it is stated, on this as on previous occasions, to utter a strong remonstrance against the impolicy of weakening his force. His reasons were probably unappreciated, and consequently his warnings practically disregarded.”

The tidings of the battle of Balaklava brought mingled tears and joy to every home in England. Wherever virtue and valour were prized, there was sorrow over the fallen brave; yet all felt prouder of a country which could produce such dauntless men. After the arrival of the public accounts, and the newspaper notices, there was an eager desire to peruse the letters of survivors, or of those who witnessed the deeds of their glory. When a family, in any rank of life, was known to possess such a treasure as a letter from the seat of war, all their acquaintances came with earnest heart and countenance to hear of the sanguinary tragedy, and deathless glory of Balaklava. To have joined in those glorious charges, to have led them, seemed to have been the acme of military honour, and it only remained for fame to crown the surviving heroes with her choicest wreaths.

A few of the letters which arrived at home, after this and the other battles, will give variety to our pages, and no doubt deeply interest our readers. Minor features of the conflict came out in such correspondence, which can never be presented otherwise by the historian. In these letters, too, we see the hearts of the combatants or spectators, and are enabled to enter into the feelings those great events stirred up as they were occurring, or left behind when they had passed away. Actors and spectators seemed to look back upon them with emotions of self-surprise, and mingled triumph and pathos, as they surveyed the wreck which attested the fury of the whirlwind of war. One of the most interesting letters from the pen of a spectator, was written by a gentleman of fortune, an amateur in campaigning, who dwelt in the camp; and who, if he did not go out to battle, lost no opportunity of observing its ebb and flow, and of soothing the wounded and weary who were borne from its dangers and its toils:—

Camp, October 29th.

"Well! I have seen a battle, or rather part—the bloodiest part—of a battle; and am amazed to find how little I have seen! If I had been told beforehand that the spectacle of two armies, arrayed front to front in a spacious valley, and assailing each other with the deadliest instruments of modern warfare, differs little, to the mere eye, from a review—that even to the *mind* of one 'who hath no friend or brother there' the event of the day is so absorbing, that at the moment he hardly heeds the human wrecks, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, which mark the course of every manœuvre—that a single combat is more stirring than a general engagement, and the anguish of one poor wounded wretch, whose groans are in your ears, more shocking than the most wholesale slaughter—I should have doubted. Yet such is the lesson of my own experience, and I believe that those who have witnessed similar scenes would, if true to themselves, bear me out in the avowal. I am glad, at any rate, that you do not depend upon me, exclusively, for an account of the battle of Balaklava. How any one, who has not somebody in the secrets of the generals by his side to explain the movements, can understand an affair of the kind is to me a mystery. If a man is in the *melée* he sees only that; if, on the other hand, he is at a sufficient distance to take in the whole field, he sees an array of dark sparkling masses—now moving, now stationary—covered with smoke, or emerging from it. Finally, he sees a certain portion of the whole marching away, perhaps in very good order. We will suppose that at such a juncture, by good luck, he really does know that the fight is decided, and which party it is that is retreating, and that he rejoices or laments appropriately. Nevertheless, as regards all the sudden emergencies, the daring movements and sagacious plans—all, in fact, that give the battle its historical interest—our spectator comprehends no more of them, believe me, than you comprehend of the manœuvres of a review.

"And now, having reduced your anticipations to the proper level, let me fairly own that I was on the wrong side of the ridge for observing the most interesting portions of the engagement of the 25th. The reason was that when, on that morning, repeated discharges of musketry and artillery in our rear proclaimed the long expected arrival of Osten-Sacken's force, I, in common with my neighbours, believed that it would very soon be beaten back again. The enemy were advancing at the time towards the ridge to which I have alluded, and which traversed the valley at a point between them and Balaklava. Now this ridge, though a great deal lower than the hills

which it connects, is yet high enough to conceal from persons on one side of it, the movements of troops for some distance behind the other. Assuming, therefore, that the enemy would be routed and pursued, I determined not to let the ridge intervene between me and the sport, and took up my position on what may be called the Russian, as opposed to the allied side of the hill, close to the French mortar battery, under the telegraph. The battery is situated just under the crest of the western hill-side of the valley in the rear of our camp, and commands a view of Balaklava to the right, broken only by the unlucky ridge.

"On arriving at the battery about half-past eight, I could see the Russians (computed at 20,000 strong) defiling from behind some rising ground to our left, on the opposite, or eastern side of the valley. Numerous loose horsemen preceded them. Detached portions of the force were scattered over the whole breadth of the plain, and the mortars near which I stood played upon some of the nearest of them with evident effect. We watched the shells bursting over and among them, and producing large gaps in their masses; but it was too far to see individuals being killed. The fire was not returned. After half an hour or so had been thus spent, a body of Russian horse charged over the nearest end of the ridge, and to the great mirth and delight of our party (I was standing among some French officers) we soon saw them galloping back again. Then they joined the main body on the eastern side of the valley, and the whole advanced up the farthest end of the ridge, where there were three Turkish redoubts, giving a cheer as they reached the summit. To our intense chagrin they stopped there; we saw nothing like resistance. After a time, the troops of the British first division (who had been ordered down from the camp) began to cross the ridge about its centre, and bodies of our cavalry took up their position between them and the western hills. The larger portion of the Russian force then retired half-a-mile. Our troopers shortly afterwards were seen galloping towards the enemy. There was a mass of smoke; and when it cleared away, we saw many corpses strewing the ground; and some horses galloping riderless, and some lying on the field. Whether they were British soldiers who had been slaughtered, or Russians, or both, we could not tell; but after the smoke had cleared away the *melée* was at an end. Excepting some sharp firing behind the Balaklava side of the ridge, in the direction of the redoubts, we could discover or hear nothing more; till at two, becoming impatient, I went down to the ridge to an earthwork manned by a French regiment

(the 27th). Here I perceived the whole arrangement of the British force. They were formed in three rows, extending across the valley; the first composed of regiments of the line, the second of troopers standing by their horses, the third of the Guards and Highlanders. Ambulances were posted here and there, and everything seemed ready for a general action; but after waiting till four, and seeing no new symptoms of a move on either side, I returned to camp—there to learn what I had really been looking at!

"I soon ascertained that all the most effective portion of the battle had taken place on that side of the ridge which I had visited too late. The Russians whom we saw galloping back over it in the morning were no doubt the relics of those whom the 'Heavies,' as you will have learnt, had drubbed so heartily, and against such fearful odds—one of the few spectacles in modern warfare, by the bye, which, from its having been a purely cavalry affair, had none of its effect marred by smoke. The splendid reception given by the 93rd Highlanders to the Russian cavalry, was shut out from us by the same unlucky screen. The troopers whom we had watched dashing into the fire of musketry and artillery on the further side of the valley, were, it is true, then and there making their terrible charge under Lord Cardigan; but so dense was the pall in which they were at once wrapped by the musketry and artillery of the enemy, so complete, too, our ignorance of the nature and object of the movement, that even now I can hardly believe myself to have witnessed that sublime display of military devotion. I had so far provided against this annoyance by arranging with — that I was to accompany him in the event of any engagement taking place, when I should have been pretty sure of seeing the best of everything, and with the best lights. But he, poor fellow, was, and is, sick on board the —; and even had it been otherwise, I suppose his duty would have compelled him to remain behind in camp with his chief, to look after the front. And—but that is enough in all conscience! Why I should have told you so long a story, with so little to tell, I'm sure I don't know, unless to convince you that seeing a battle is not always comprehending it, and to make you of a grateful and contented mind with your newspaper in the Temple.

"Next day I again went to the rear, and rode pretty close to the two redoubts, which were taken by the enemy, and which still remain in their hands. Cavalry pickets were posted near the other earthwork; but I learnt that no attempt would be made on the part of the allies to offer battle. Certainly, unless some great advantage was to be gained by a

general engagement, one thing is enough at a time—when that thing is the siege of Sebastopol; while there could be no point of honour with the Western powers in driving the enemy from posts which were wrested only from Turks. I saw eight or ten Russians and three or four horses lying dead on the slope, as I rode over the spot where the affair with the heavy cavalry took place. The rest, I suppose, had been buried in the twenty-four hours that had elapsed in the interval. The corpses bore the number '12' on their buttons, wore fur-trimmed pelisses, and belonged, I believe, to a crack regiment that goes by the name of the 'Weimar Hussars.' Their feet had already been stripped by our men of boots and stockings—a practice invariably resorted to, partly on account of the value of the articles themselves, and partly from a belief that money is to be found concealed in them. I noticed that the features of these men had become so coarse from exposure, that they expressed little beyond a stern, sad endurance. Still, the 'last enemy' had lent their faces a dignity which I have not seen in the countenances of their living countrymen; and the stark, white feet told eloquently of death. It felt strange to find and leave them there alone, scattered among the stones and thistles—and not a living soul to watch!"

A military correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* thus describes the scene, and judges of its cause and consequences:—

"The disaster, of which the mere shadow darkened so many a household among us, is not much less than the annihilation of the light cavalry brigade. Had there been the smallest use in the movement that cost us so much—had it been the necessity of a retreat, or part of any plan whatever, we should endeavour to bear this sad loss as we do the heaps of human life lavished in an assault. Even accident would have made it more tolerable. But it was a mere mistake—evidently a mistake, and perceived to be such when it was too late to correct it. The affair then assumed the terrible form of a splendid self-sacrifice. Two great armies, composed of four nations, saw from the slopes of a vast amphitheatre seven hundred British cavalry proceed at a rapid pace, and in perfect order, to certain destruction. Such a spectacle was never seen before, and we trust will never be repeated. There are two consolations—the first that, owing to the very incomplete state of our regiments, there were not more to exhibit in this fearful death-parade; and, secondly, that even in that awful progress, when officer and soldier felt themselves hurried to their doom by some inextricable error, they still kept their ranks, went fiercely on, rode

up hills, stormed batteries, and sold their lives as dearly as the manifest odds against them would allow.

"The error was one of unusual simplicity, and requires no science to understand it. There was no surprise, not even too short a notice. There was no misconception of the enemy's strength. There was no inevitable train of consequences, in which disaster was the slow result of successive operations. This grand military holocaust was a wholly distinct affair. The Russians, masters of the four redoubts taken from the Turks, and of a few cannon found in them, had been effectually checked by the firmness of the 93rd Highlanders and a splendid charge of the heavy cavalry brigade. They had paid for their temerity by a considerable loss, and had been compelled to surrender a good part of the ground they had won. It was about noon, when they had rested for some time, and were apparently preparing to retire with the guns they had captured, that the fatal movement took place. The cavalry then received an order to advance rapidly to the front, to follow the enemy, and attempt to prevent them carrying off the guns; and, as the circumstances under which the order was received were not a little formidable, they were told that the French cavalry were on their left. How far the order was itself the result of a misconception, or was intended to be executed at discretion, does not appear, and will probably afford the subject of painful but vain recrimination. It was interpreted as leaving no discretion at all; and the whole brigade advanced at a trot for more than a mile, down a valley, with a murderous flank fire of Minié muskets and shells from hills on both sides. It charged batteries, took guns, sabred the gunners, and charged the Russian cavalry beyond; but not being supported—and, under the circumstances, perhaps it is fortunate it was not—and being attacked by cavalry in front and rear, it had to cut its way through them, and return through the same cavalry and the same fire. The brigade was simply pounded by the shot, shell, and Minié bullets from the hills. Not more than a dozen were killed by the Russian cavalry, who, if they had been good for anything, would have taken care that not a single British soldier should return to tell the tale. Causeless as the sacrifice was, it was most glorious. A French general who saw the advance, and apprehended at once its fatal issue, exclaimed, 'This is indeed magnificent, but it is not war!' The enthusiasm of the moment, and the fellow-feeling of the two armies, almost led the Chasseurs d'Afrique to follow the British brigade to its doom, but they were wisely restrained, and did much better service by

charging a Russian battery on the flank, and for a time checking its fire.

"It is difficult not to regard such a disaster in a light of its own, and to separate it from the general sequence of affairs. Causeless and fruitless, it stands by itself, as a grand heroic deed, surpassing even that spectacle of a shipwrecked regiment, settling down into the waves, each man still in his rank. The British soldier will do his duty, even to certain death, and is not paralysed by feeling that he is the victim of some hideous blunder. Whatever the case of the common soldier, and however little he might know the full horrors of his position till death had done its work all around him, the officers who led him on, with a conspicuous gallantry that extorted the admiration of the foe, knew well what they were about. Nor were those officers mere soldiers of fortune, with nothing to lose but themselves, and no inducements out of their profession. They were men who risked on that day all the enjoyments that rank, wealth, good social position, and many fortunate circumstances can offer to those who are content to stay at home. Splendid as the event was on the Alma, yet that rugged ascent in the face of heights blazing with destruction was scarcely so glorious as the progress of the cavalry through and through that valley of death, with a murderous fire not only in front, but on both sides, above, and even in the rear."

The following letter was written by a gentleman on board the *Himalaya* troop-ship, giving a description of incidents after the battle, and an account of what he saw upon the field:—

"Since my last we have brought up from Constantinople 550 troops of different regiments convalescent; arriving here on the morning of the 24th, also a quantity of charcoal for the troops. As we approached the land we could see and hear heavy firing about Sebastopol. Among the officers who came up with us were Captain Dickson of the 30th, and Captain Warden of the 19th. Both these gentlemen had been wounded at Alma, and sent to Scutari Hospital, with leave to proceed home; but they thought themselves sufficiently recovered to be again of service to her majesty's arms, and, with more zeal than I think discretion, have marched up and rejoined their respective corps. When we see cases such as these of devotion to the service, one cannot wonder at the general success of the British forces. I shall now give you an account of what I have either witnessed myself, or heard from those actually engaged in it.

"October 25th.—At daylight heard very sharp and heavy firing towards Sebastopol, and also near Balaklava, increasing towards nine o'clock, and from that time incessant. Could

see occasionally shells bursting over the high hills by which the bay is surrounded; so as soon as possible I went on shore, and found that a very heavy cavalry action, with artillery, was going on. . . . Colonel Griffith got shot in the head; Brevet-major Clarke a sabre-cut at the back of his neck; Cornet Prendergast shot right through the foot; Cornet Handley stabbed in the side and arm, being at one time surrounded by four Cossacks, three of whom he shot with his revolver, and the fourth was cut down by his sergeant. I saw this young gallant fellow a few hours after, and he was then getting ready to rejoin his regiment from the temporary hospital, not finding his two wounds of sufficient consequence to keep him from his post. The colonel did the same, after getting his head dressed. Major Clarke did not, I believe, leave the field. I also saw Lieutenant Elliot, 5th Dragoon Guards, riding into Balaklava, his face so covered with blood, and his head bound up, that we could not recognise him. The gallant Captain White, too, of the 17th Lancers, was lying on his back when we came up to him, with a round-shot right through his leg, with Sir W. Gordon dreadfully cut about the head, both receiving, however, every attention and care from Surgeon Kendall, who was formerly at Southampton with Mr. Ward, surgeon of that town. In this garden and temporary hospital could be seen men with every description of wound—from the sabre-cut to the grape and canister-shot. One poor fellow's leg was taken off while we were there; nor can one easily forget the shocking scenes, the result of such a day's fighting. The surgeons (Brush and his assistant Chapple) of the Greys were working away with their sleeves turned up, arms bloody, faces the same, looking more like butchers than surgeons, so hard had they worked all day."

The same writer, after dwelling on various details, adds:—

"This afternoon, the two armies, the Russians being enormously strong, were waiting for one or the other to advance, throwing an occasional shell by way of invitation or challenge. But for several hours there they stood, as if content with what had already taken place, and we so near the two, that with the aid of my glass, a good Dollond, I could distinctly see the colour of their uniform (grey), and their standard, with an eagle on the top of it; I could also plainly see the dead, both men and horses, on the scene of the late encounter. I observed one horse stand fully an hour by the side of his dead rider, while others were wildly galloping about, not knowing which way to turn their riderless course. One of the most wonderful things, I think, is to see the way in which our riflemen go about in small detached

parties, crawling along on the ground up the side of a hill, till they appear to be within 300 yards of the enemy, and thus they lie on their bellies till a chance offers, when crack goes a Minié, and down falls a Russian. I was informed most credibly that one of these brave fellows a few days since thought he would go and do a little business on his own account, got away from his company, and crawled up close to a battery under shelter of a hill, lay on his back and loaded, and turned over and fired, when, after killing eleven men, a party rushed out, and he took to his heels, but, sad to say, a volley, fired after him by this party, levelled him with the earth, and he was subsequently picked up with thirty-two balls in his body. A party of Russian sharpshooters made a sort of attempt to come up to the battery manned by the marines; but a few well-directed shot from that gallant little body sent them back again, having taken nothing by their motion. Lieutenant Maxse, aide-de-camp to Lord Cardigan, was severely shot in the foot and ankle, and was carried on board his lordship's yacht, the *Dryad*. He was close to the unfortunate Captain Nolan of the 15th Hussars, who was shot in the breast while cheering and gallantly charging the enemy, and who, after getting off his horse, made two or three staggers forward, and fell dead.

"Whenever, during the day, you saw any of the Turkish soldiers, you saw the people hooting them, and calling them cowards and runaways. I witnessed two Irishwomen actually driving four of these chivalrous gentry before them, making them carry some things for them, probably to their own wounded husbands, and saying, 'Eh! ye cowardly divils, this is all you're fit for, to be our servants—sure, you are afraid to fight!' And on our return I saw a young middy drawn up before some fifty of them, abusing them most heartily for having run away. One of them made a sign as if he was going to draw his sword, when master midy sang out. 'Oh!' said he, 'I'm not afraid of you, such a set of cowards as you are,' set his arms a-kimbo, and then stood, the picture of a young lion, and, I should say, about as brave."

The following is from a light cavalry officer of rank:—

"We all knew that the thing was desperate before we started, and it was even worse than we thought. However, there was no hesitation; down our fellows went at the gallop, through a fire in front and on both flanks, which emptied our saddles, and knocked over our horses by scores. I do not think that one man flinched in the whole brigade, though every one allows that so hot a fire was hardly ever seen. We went right on, cut down the gunners at their guns (the Russians worked

the guns till we were within ten yards of them); went on still, broke a line of cavalry in rear of the guns, and drove it back on the third line. But here our bolt was shot; the Russians formed four deep, and our thin and broken ranks and blown horses could not attempt to break through them, particularly as the Russian cavalry had got round our flanks, and were prepared to charge our rear (with fresh men). We broke back through them, however, and then had to run the gauntlet through the cross-fire of artillery and Minié rifles back to our own lines, with their cavalry hanging on our flank. The heavy brigade, which had made a good charge of its own in the morning, covered our coming out of action, and lost some men from the artillery.

"There is no concealing the thing—the light brigade was greatly damaged, and for nothing; for, though we killed the gunners and horses of nine 12-pounders, we could not bring them away. . . . Nolan (who brought the order) is dead. The first shell that burst hit him in the breast. He gave a loud cry, his horse turned, trotted back (with him still in the saddle) between the first and second squadrons of the 13th, and carried him so for some way, when he fell dead. He was hit in the heart.

"In the two leading regiments, including Lord Cardigan (who led in person) and his staff, we had nineteen officers. Only three came out of action untouched both man and horse; all the others were killed, wounded, or prisoners, or had their horses hurt. . . . It was a bitter moment after we broke through the line of cavalry in rear of their guns when I looked round and saw there was no support beyond our own brigade, which, leading, in the smoke had diverged, and scarcely filled the ground. We went on, however, and hoped that their own men flying would break the enemy's line, and drive them into the river. When I saw them form four deep instead, I knew it was 'all up,' and called out to the men to rally. At this moment a solitary squadron of the 8th came up in good order. This saved the remnant of us; for we rallied to them, and they, wheeling about, charged a line which the Russians had formed in our rear. You never saw men behave so well as our men did. As we could not hold our ground, all our dead and badly wounded were left behind, and we know not who are dead or who are prisoners. All this makes me miserable, even to write; but it is the naked truth. Our loss in men is not so great as that in horses; for men whose horses were shot in the advance got back on foot. I hear from a man who dined with Lord Raglan to-day that they do us justice at head-quarters, and say that our attack was an unheard-of feat at arms,

and that Lord Raglan says that the moral effect has been wonderful. The Russian prisoners, since taken at Sebastopol, say that the Russians were petrified at the audacity of the attack, and the energy that could, after such a fire, break through their lines. These prisoners were taken in a very successful affair by Sir de Lacy Evans, who is a first-rate division leader."

"P.S.—Whatever might have been the error of judgment committed by Captain Nolan—if the mistake really originated with him, which we must not rashly assume—he paid a full penalty. He volunteered to accompany the charge, and had ridden but a few paces when a shot struck him, and his horse bore back his body, fixed rigidly in his saddle, as if even in death he vindicated his reputation as one of the finest horsemen of the age."

The last letter with which we shall illustrate the feelings and impressions of the actors and observers of this terrible tournament, was written by a captain in that distinguished regiment, the Enniskillen Dragoons. The letter is one of the most remarkable ever written by an officer concerning the personal encounters in which he was engaged:—

"I am, you see, alive at this date, but God knows how long after. You have, I presume, devoured all the accounts which have been sent home as to our glorious charge. Oh! such a charge! Never think of the gallop and trot which you have often witnessed in the Phoenix Park when you desire to form a notion of a genuine bloodhot, all-mad charge, such as that I have come out of, with a few lance-prods, minus some gold lace, a helmet chain, and Brown Bill's (the charger's) right ear. From the moment we dashed at the enemy (whose position, &c., you doubtless know as much about as I can tell you) I knew nothing, but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible and imperceptible influence to crush every obstacle which stumbled before my good sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows speak of it as being 'demoniac.' I know this, that it was such as made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave me such an amount of glorious indifference as to life as I thought it impossible to be master of. It would do your Celtic heart good to hear the most magnificent cheer with which we dashed into what P—— W—— calls 'the gully scrimmage.' Forward—dash—bang—clank, and there we were in the midst of such smoke, cheer, and clatter, as never before stunned a mortal's ear. It was glorious! Down, one by one, aye, two by two, fell the thick-skulled and over numerous Cosacks and other lads the tribe of old Nick.

Down too, alas! fell many a hero with a warm Celtic heart, and more than one fell screaming loud for victory. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, frenzy, strike, and down, down, down, they went. Twice I was unhorsed, and more than once I had to grip my sword tighter, the blood of foes streaming down over the hilt and running up my very sleeve. Our old Waterloo comrades, the Greys, and ourselves, were the only fellows who flung headlong first into the very heart of the Muscovites. Now we were lost in their ranks—now in little bands battling—now in good order together—now in and out, until the whole ‘Heavies’ on the spot plunged into a forming body of the enemy and helped us to end the fight by compelling the foe to fly. Never did men run so vehemently—but all this you have read in the papers. . . .

“I cannot depict my feelings when we returned. I sat down completely exhausted and unable to eat, though deadly hungry. All my uniform, my hands, my very face were bespattered with blood. It was that of the enemy! Grand idea! But my feelings—they were full of that exultation which is impossible to describe. At least, twelve Russians were sent wholly out of the ‘way of the war’ by my good steel alone, and at least as many more put on the passage to that peaceful *exit* by the same excellent weapon. So also can others say. What a thing to reflect on! I have almost grown a soldier-philosopher, and most probably will one of these days, if the bullets which are flying about so abundantly give me time to brush up.

“My dear fellow, our countrymen have not tarnished their fame in the Crimea. Gallantry and glory will never abandon the march of Celtic bands—never! Oh that I could have patience to write you of such deeds of individual heroism as have come within my notice! Fictionists are shabby judges of true bravery. No novel ever had a sham hero who comes up to the realities I have witnessed. One of my troop, for instance, had his horse shot under him in the *mélée*. ‘Bloody wars,’ he roared, ‘this won’t do!’ and right at a Russian he ran, pulled him from his horse by the sword-hand in the most extraordinary manner—then deliberately cutting off his head as he came down, vaulted into the saddle, and turning the Russian charger against its late friends, fought his way. This took less time to do than I to tell it. I saw another of our fellows unhorsed, and wounded, creep under a Russian charger, and ran the sword up his belly. The animal plunged and fell on his slayer, crushing him to pieces. . . . We must take this doomed place, even, as O’Grady says, if we be doomed who take it. Any one of our fellows is a match for three Russians.”

The gallantry evinced by individuals in the great charges at Balaklava, and the hairbreadth escapes which these brave men experienced, would fill many pages of history with stories as exciting as those which lend so much interest to the perusal of the novel or romance. Captain Toosey Williams, son of R. B. Williams, Esq., of Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park Gardens, London, and Buscot Park, Farringdon, Berks, led the second squadron of “the Greys.” It was his first action, he had spent his previous service chiefly as aide-de-camp to successive lord-lieutenants, at Dublin Castle; but, like many other courtly men, he hurried off to the war when queen and country required. Captain Williams was ill of fever when the memorable morning of Balaklava peeped through the mists which, along the banks of the Tchernaya, so generally hang over an October dawn. At the first note of danger he insisted on getting to horse, and sharing with his comrades the perils of the day. He fought with marked valour. Four times he was separated from his men in fierce encounters; twice with two horsemen, once with three, and once with even four. He in every instance got clear of his assailants, inflicting with his sword and revolver fatal penalties upon their temerity. After the battle, he was obliged to take to his bed with renewed fever, but refused to leave the camp, or be invalided. On the 20th of November, his case appeared dangerous, and he was borne on a litter through the tents of his brigade to Balaklava, where, being put on board ship, he was brought to Constantinople, and, after lingering some time, died at Scutari, regretted to a degree accorded to few officers even among those who were and deserved to be most regretted. It was Captain Williams who captured the Russian general at M’Kenzie’s farm.

Captain Winter, of the 17th Lancers, was another of the heroes who signalled themselves in that dark gorge among the Baidar Hills. He was the eldest son of Samuel Winter, Esq., of Agher, county of Meath, in Ireland—of an old Gloucestershire family, long settled in that country. He had previously known no service abroad, and was among the favoured officers who were placed on the personal staff of the Irish viceroys. He accompanied the reconnaissance in the Dobrudscha, so unfortunate for the horses of his brigade, under Lord Cardigan. At the battle of the Alma, he shared with his regiment the task of watching the Russian cavalry, who threatened the British left. At M’Kenzie’s farm, during the celebrated flank march, the captain distinguished himself by the promptitude and alacrity with which he took advantage of the Russian surprise. Perhaps no officer in his brigade performed so much out-

post and night patrol duty in the Tchernaya Valley. In the fierce charge of the 25th of October, he led the second squadron of his regiment, and was last seen among the enemy's guns, furiously cutting down the gunners. The first horse that galloped back to the cover of the British lines was Captain Winter's, wounded in several places by grape-shot.

Cornet Hugh Montgomery, a very young officer, merits notice in connection with the forlorn charge of the light cavalry. He was the eldest son of Hugh Montgomery, Esq., of Ballydrain, county of Antrim, and was a young man of superior education and refined mind. As a pupil at Harrow, and afterwards matriculating at Cambridge, he was noticed for his classical proficiency. At the age of twenty-four, he fell in the ranks of the 13th Light Dragoons, in the first line of Lord Cardigan's brigade. He was observed in desperate combat with six Russian Hussars, four of them fell by his revolvers, and his sword put the other two to flight. He retreated with the last straggling groups that came back from the enemy's guns, but seeing two of his men hard pressed by numbers, he returned to assist in their rescue, and was shot with a horse-pistol in the neck: thus falling a victim to loyalty, generosity, and valour.

By far the most noted person who fell on this day, where such rare valour made all worthy of note, was Captain Nolan, of the 15th Hussars, aide-de-camp to the quarter-master-general, Airey.

Lewis Edward Nolan was the only surviving son of Major Nolan, a gentleman of very limited means, in the county of Carlow, in Ireland. There were two branches of the family; the elder residing in Mayo, in the remote province of Connaught; the younger in Carlow, about forty Irish miles from the metropolis. Both of these produced many gifted and accomplished men, and not a few who won gloriously a soldier's honour and a soldier's death in foreign services—when denied, by a policy now happily obsolete, the opportunities and privileges of distinction in their own. When Major Nolan (father of our hero) retired from the military service, he resided in Milan, where he served the British government as vice-consul. Young Lewis Edward was then a schoolboy; the family taste was so decidedly military, that he and both his brothers were placed in the military school. Before he was fourteen years of age Lewis Edward had won an extraordinary renown for horsemanship, being regarded as at once the most fearless and elegant rider in Milan. His reputation as a horseman and a swordsman, and for his military talents generally, spread through Lombardy, became the subject of conversation in the Austrian army, and a

topic of admiring remark in the highest military coteries in Vienna. When attending the riding-school, at the military college, he was able to subdue a wild or vicious horse, when veteran riding-masters had failed to tame its temper, and render it fit for service. Some of the feats of wild enterprise and daring courage, which he performed in his equestrian exercises at Milan, are still talked of in that city and in the Austrian army. He was of a hasty and sanguine temper, high-spirited and haughty to superiors in rank, but kind and respectful to the poor; the pride of his tutors, and an idol with the common people and the soldiery, with whom the union of so much tenderness, gentleness, enthusiasm, and bravery, constituted the *beau idéal* of an officer and a gentleman. It was not generally understood, that with all his passion for enterprise, pleasure, amusement, and exploit of any kind, he was a student and a scholar. He was no stranger to the love of elegant studies, and he utterly despised professional ignorance. He studied profoundly all departments of military science, but most especially cavalry tactics—in which he became the greatest proficient of his age.

While yet a youth at Milan, Austrian officers of eminence in the emperor's service visited his father frequently. Among them was an imperial grand-duke, who presented him with a commission in an Austrian regiment of cavalry. He was scarcely entered upon the roll of his regiment when it was ordered from Lombardy to Hungary, and thence to Austrian Poland. While quartered there, many British gentlemen, travelling, sought his acquaintance—especially natives of his own country, who were naturally proud of his great reputation, which began to penetrate the military circles of England. Yielding to the importunities of these gentlemen, he entered the British service on the 15th of March, 1839; he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 4th infantry, as a preliminary to an exchange into the cavalry, where his services would be most prized. In a month he became a cornet in the 15th Hussars. He soon joined his regiment in India, where his fame had preceded him; and great curiosity existed in the regiment, and in the Company's service, to make acquaintance with the redoubtable cavalier. His countryman, Sir Henry Pottinger, then governor of the presidency of Madras, was desirous to give the young hussar some opportunity of distinguishing himself. His excellency was so delighted with the evolutions through which Cornet Nolan put the Hussars, that he attached him as an extra aide-de-camp to his own staff. Here his love of study enabled him to attain the Sanscrit, Hindostanee, and Persian languages, while he

appeared to mingle in all the gaieties of his companions. He pursued also his military studies, and suggested various improvements in the management of our oriental cavalry, which Sir Henry Pottinger was too good a soldier, and too intellectual a man, not to appreciate. Mr. Nolan was soon appointed riding-master to the regiment; and he greatly improved the men in the sword exercise.

Still, notwithstanding his merits, he soon found that being tempted into the British service was a bar to his military distinction—vacancies occurred, and fools were appointed over his head. He obtained a lieutenantancy, not because he deserved it, nor because he could serve his country better in that capacity—but his widowed mother, proud of her son, out of her small resources *purchased* it for him. Had he remained a hussar of Austria, the widow might have retained her little property, and the noble soldier would have been promoted for the same reason that he at first obtained a commission in that service—admiration of his qualities. He remained in India until 1852, without any promotion, but not without bringing the 15th Hussars to a state of great perfection as a corps of light cavalry. At last he obtained a troop, *without purchase*, through the influence of Sir Henry Pottinger and other officers, who urged upon the government the duty and propriety of conferring upon him that step. Soon after, the regiment returned to England; but Captain Nolan immediately went abroad (it was generally believed in the service of the government), and travelled through Russia and Prussia, to make himself perfectly acquainted with the cavalry system in the armies of those two nations. On his return to England, he published his book upon the *Organization, Drill, and Manœuvres of Cavalry Corps*. This book excited universal attention. His assertion that cavalry could break squares was a doctrine regarded by the infantry as heterodox. A discussion of the novel opinions of this publication was opened in the London and provincial press, and our French neighbours were engaged also with deep interest in the subject. The Horse Guards adopted several of the improvements suggested by Captain Nolan, and his fame attained a great elevation. It was a source of pride to his relatives and friends; to know that his book was in the hands of every cavalry officer in the kingdom who intended to study his profession; and many of the intelli-

gent non-commissioned officers and men were its students.

On the breaking out of war, he was ordered by Lord Hardinge to purchase horses in Tunis, Syria, and Constantinople, as remounts for the army; which task he performed with promptitude and skill—to little purpose, for many of these animals were allowed to die of cold and hunger by the incompetent staff. He was ultimately appointed aide-de-camp to General Airey; but in effect he served Lord Raglan in that capacity—being the only officer about the person of his lordship upon whom, as a staff-officer, he could place reliance for intelligence and extensive military knowledge. To the skill of Captain Nolan, the efficient state of our cavalry at the battle of Balaklava is mainly to be attributed. After his death the cavalry became of no service, the horses being allowed to die of hunger and for want of shelter. At the battle of Alma, he was much engaged in conveying orders through the hottest of the fire. At Balaklava we have already seen how he fell.

Captain Nolan had one fault, which, both as a man and an officer was injurious to him—his great excess of enthusiasm. It was sometimes amusing to listen to his bold assertions of the possibility of a cavalry general, at the head of British horsemen, riding down anything. An intelligent but determined advocate of the invincibility of the British infantry square, an acquaintance of the author's, would sometimes maintain this point in argument with the late captain, and it was a matter of no small entertainment to their circle, to mark the vehemence and dogmatism of their respective pretensions to the superiority of cavalry and infantry. This enthusiasm had some part in bringing about Captain Nolan's destruction. His age was only thirty-five years when he fell: he was unmarried. His widowed mother lost in him the third son who had fallen in the British service. Are there no honours which Britain bestows upon the bereft mothers of the fallen brave, who have rendered their country signal services while living, and at last laid down life for her glory?

We now bid farewell to the records of this tremendous struggle, and shall be happy if our humble narrative contribute ever so little to the feeling which will make the word Balaklava one of honourable and glorious association to British citizens and soldiers of our own, or, it may be, of other days.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BOMBARDMENT CONTINUED.—BLOWING UP OF A FRENCH BATTERY BY POWERFUL RUSSIAN BOMBS.—THE FIRST ACTION OF INKERMAN.

"They closed in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there—
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Oh! life and death was in that shout—
Recoil and rally—charge and rout,
And triumph and despair!"—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EARLY on the morning of the 26th, the batteries commenced as usual, and the Russians varied the monotony of the proceedings by bringing a sixteen-inch mortar into play from some of the vessels in the harbour. Before eleven o'clock, these tremendous bombs blew up the magazine of the principal French battery, silenced it for the remainder of the day, and dismounted nine guns in our right attack.

FIRST ACTION OF INKERMAN.

This action was commonly styled among those engaged in it, as the "Little Inkerman." In this war, independent of siege affairs, the English were engaged in four general actions,—the great battles of the Alma and Inkerman, and the minor actions of the 25th and 26th October. That of the 25th, or Balaklava, in which were some incidents of painful import, we have just narrated. We now proceed to that of the 26th. About noon on that day, a strong Russian force of infantry, supported by cavalry and artillery, were descried from the naval battery, sallying from the works near the Malakoff; other movements of troops were observed on the north of the head of the bay. These threatening appearances having been also discerned by those on the look out of the second division, the generals and staff of this division immediately took post on commanding points, and the pickets were pushed a little forward over the edge of Shell Hill. The Russian columns appeared to move slowly. Their destination seemed yet uncertain. The troops were soon on the alert along our whole line.

On a detailed map of the Crimea, a road is shown which, branching to the right from the Worronzoff Road in its course towards Sebastopol, descends the heights to the valley of the Tchernaya, close to the head of the great harbour or bay. Across this, on the inner slope of an eminence, the second division were encamped. The road, passing over the ridge, turns to the right, and winds down a deep ravine to the valley and head of the bay. To the left of this road, the ground rises to a second eminence called Shell Hill, about 1100 yards in front of the position of our troops.

Most of the space on and between both ridges was covered with low coppice. This was also exactly the scene of the subsequently great conflict of the 5th November.

From the first, the Russians showed great jealousy of any one advancing above the crest of Shell Hill. No sooner was the hat or cap of a single English officer or vidette discovered above this line, than he was saluted with sundry round-shot and shell, of no small dimensions, from the works or shipping of the enemy. As the ridge in front was rather higher than that behind which this division was posted, and as the road, as well as the slopes from the valley on the left of it, afforded facilities to the advance of an enemy not found at any other point of the plateau, this was notoriously the weak point of the allied positions. But this, it would seem, the head-quarter authorities could not be brought to understand.

Gradually the enemy stole up the heights, but the artillery of several other of the divisions, as specified in General Evans' report, came to the assistance of that under his command. Meanwhile, the pickets were so well directed by the officers in charge of them—especially by Lieutenant Conolly, afterwards promoted to a company for his services on this occasion, with the assistance of Sergeant Sullivan—that the enemy were kept at bay a sufficient time for both brigades of the division to take favourable ground, and meet the ascending foe. The contests between the pickets and the masses of the Russian infantry were exceedingly fierce: perhaps during the whole war, no bodies of troops, so few in number, fought against such desperate odds—it was a conflict between a few hundred men, and nearly twenty times their number. The Russians pressed up the acclivities, eager to reach the summit, carrying with them trenching tools, by which they hoped to form a position, which, reinforcements speedily following, would have enabled them to hold. Against this vast column, the brave men who were on picket duty held their ground with the most desperate tenacity. The courage and solidity of Sir De Lacy Evans' division and the Guards, at

the greater Inkerman, did not surpass that here displayed. Lieutenant Conolly's men fell fast around him, but he rallied the survivors, and still fought, refusing to give way an inch. Again and again the enemy, in vastly superior numbers, rushed upon him and his little band with the bayonet. They were met as they advanced with deathful volleys of Minié musketry, delivered within a few yards; scarcely a shot that did not put two, and many three men *hors de combat*—the Minié balls, piercing the bodies of the nearer soldiers, entered those in their rear, and thus destruction was caused similar to that which, on a larger scale, was inflicted at the second battle of Inkerman. When the advancing parties of the enemy closed with the gallant little bands, they sustained the bayonet charges, repelling the assailants repeatedly with heavy slaughter. Gradually and steadily these brave men fell back upon their supports, fighting every step—Conolly and Sullivan performing prodigies of valour even where all were superbly valiant.

Military men admire the arrangement by which General Sir de Lacy Evans met the enemy: it is universally admitted to have been the only perfect affair during the war. The great experience of that lion-hearted man, and the military genius with which he is naturally endowed, secured the only perfectly skilful feat of arms in the records of this war. The battle was General Evans' own; for although the Guards, under General Bentinck and the Duke of Cambridge, protected his right, and several regiments of General Cathcart's division supported him, he might have told the officers who brought him this aid, as he did the officer who conveyed to him the offer of assistance from Bosquet—"I thank the general, but the enemy is already defeated." After the pickets fell back, it became for some time a battle of artillery—the result of which was that the Russian cannon were literally swept off the field. Sir de Lacy Evans assured the author of these pages that he was under great obligations to the artillery on this occasion, whose courage and skill entitled them to his highest admiration. When the Russian guns were thus silenced, the British cannon opened upon the columns of infantry, and tore through them with round and case-shot, while the volleys of the British infantry rolled with incessant power and steadiness upon them. At last they gave way, chased by the infantry of General Evans' division down the slopes, and across the valley. In this retreat the Russians especially suffered from a Lancaster gun, worked by sailors, under the charge of Mr. Hewett of the navy. This gun rendered good service during the Russian onset, as well as retreat. Mr. Hewett was acting mate of the *Beagle*, and was placed by Captain Lushington, who com-

manded the sailors' division, in direction of this gun. In the early part of the action, the Russian skirmishers approached within 300 yards, and picked off some of the gunners with their rifles. Mr. Hewett received at this juncture an order from some quarter to spike the gun, and retreat. This order did not come from Sir de Lacy Evans, or Generals Pennefather or Adams; but it was very much of a piece with the order to Lord Lucan, that to Captain Barker to remove his battery at Balaklava, and the repeated directions to abandon the harbour. Mr. Hewett determined, like Captain Barker and Sir Colin Campbell, to give no heed to the cowardly and foolish command. He replied, "Such an order does not come from Captain Lushington, and I will not obey it until it does." He then blew away with powder part of the earthen parapet, and the right cheek of the embrasure, so as to obtain a sufficient lateral sweep for the gun, and fired a dozen rounds into the Russian column with devastating effect. As the brave men of the second division, directed by Sir de Lacy himself, pressed hard upon the enemy at this juncture, the latter gave way—Mr. Hewett discharging 68-pound shot upon them in their retreat, until beyond the range of his gun. The play of the British field-artillery was at the same time magnificent, and would have been more destructive, but most of the men of General Evans' division wore their great-coats—rendering them scarcely distinguishable from the enemy, especially as both were half hid in the coppice, through which the Russians skirmished with some audacity, as they got away from the British heights. Whenever our artillery officers could see a gleam of red through the grey great-coats, they took care to avert their fire, or cast it beyond upon the retreating foe.

During this short action, which did not last much more than an hour, the enemy continued to get up some long range guns upon Shell Hill—the position from which, in the greater Inkerman, they so fearfully galled our divisions. The advantage in this instance was but small, in consequence of the tenacity with which Captain Conolly, and the other officers of the pickets, held their ground; for already powerful batteries were prepared to open against Shell Hill, which soon silenced the guns there. Conolly and the other officers, trained in their duty by that great master of the art of war, Sir de Lacy Evans, and his glorious second in command, General Pennefather, knew too well the value of the positions to yield a foot until the supports were ready to offer the enemy an effectual resistance. The Russians left dead upon the field within our lines two officers and 181 men; 100 wounded prisoners, men and officers; and forty-eight men, and several

officers, unwounded; but the trail of their dead was left behind them all the way into Sebastopol. Sir de Lacy Evans, with the modesty which is so generally characteristic of the brave and wise, estimated the total loss of the enemy at 600 men. Other officers since that have computed it at 1000 men. Sir De Lacy Evans himself admitted to the author of this work, that his original conjecture was far beneath the truth, as facts proved to himself after his despatch was written. If we state the Russian loss to be 1200 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, it will be much nearer the real amount. This terrible chastisement of the enemy was effected with so little injury to the British as to make the contrast almost incredible. Only thirteen were killed, and seventy-three wounded; the Russians carried away no prisoners. The officer who had so lately captured Lord Dunkellin (heir of the Marquis of Clanricarde) was among the prisoners. The force of the assailants has been variously estimated. Lord Raglan made it 6000 men, which was far below the truth. The gallant general upon whom all the honour of the victory rested, informed the writer that he believed the number was from eight to ten thousand; and that the strength of his division in the action did not exceed 1800 men.

This splendid feat of arms was, as to its importance, acknowledged coldly in Lord Raglan's despatch, but the merits of the general were referred to in the most handsome terms. This does Lord Raglan great honour, for never did a man maintain more sternly his political and religious prejudices and antipathies than Lord Raglan—and the liberal opinions of General Evans were not likely to gain his favour, nor commend their possessor to his partiality. The manner in which his lordship, in this and other despatches, subjects his strong political bias to the justice and honour of the soldier deserves honourable mention. His lordship, however, allowed, in his despatch concerning this battle, his high aristocratic prepossessions to prevail in reference to Sergeant Sullivan. General Evans placed the names of the non-commissioned officers beside those of the commissioned officers who deserved well of their country; but Lord Raglan named the officers in his despatch, and left out the no less intrepid man who, if of inferior birth, was of as noble nature. This afterwards attracted the attention of the House of Commons, and the denunciations of the press; and General Evans succeeded, after some difficulty, in obtaining for the brave man a commission. He certainly need entertain no gratitude for the justice or favour of the commander-in-chief for obtaining what his proud valour won from the reluctant concession of those who are so slow to confer military honour on the humbly born.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, who was present at this action, thus describes the evidences he saw of the punishment inflicted upon the foe:—"All that afternoon waggons were bringing in wounded Russians. Passing the hospital tent of the first division, on the way to my own that evening, I saw a neat boot stretching out of the door-way, the wearer's leg being supported by an orderly. I looked in, but quickly withdrew. A very young Russian officer, extended on a table, whose thigh-bone had been splintered by a ball, was undergoing amputation of the hip-joint. As I turned away, the booted limb was detached from the bleeding mass, and laid upon the ground. He died in an hour. Outside the same tent next day, I saw a guardsman making soups in a large camp-kettle, while within a stride of his fire lay the bodies of five Russians, in different postures, who had died of their wounds, and had been laid there for burial. The young officer's body was laid apart, covered with a blanket, and near it, covered also, but not hidden, was a heap of amputated arms and legs."

Such were the appalling scenes which followed this short but decisive battle, which has been generally called a sortie, because the attacking force was not detached from the army of Liprandi in the field, but came out from Sebastopol, and was supposed to have been commanded by the junior Gortschakoff.

Much discussion took place in the English camp as to what could have been the precise motive of the enemy in thus forcing an action, on that particular point, with numbers which were inadequate to drive the allies from their position. The motives of the enemy were, however, clear enough to the indomitable man by whom they were repelled. The mere fact of carrying with them so large a supply of trenching tools, showed that they hoped, if possible, to make a lodgment. It may be urged, that if they had driven back the second division there were still the large bodies of British troops belonging to the other divisions, and the French division of Bosquet all hurrying up to the support of Sir De Lacy Evans: but Liprandi was on the alert, and had any lodgment been effected by Gortschakoff, he would have pressed forward, and ascended the heights in rear of Gortschakoff's columns, or perhaps have stormed Bosquet's position, weakened by the support sent to Sir De Lacy Evans. A sortie at the same time upon the British left might be effected by the garrison; this was, in fact, the plan upon which the second Russian attack on Inkerman was, with certain modifications, based. By this assault upon the position of General Evans, the Russians also gained a complete knowledge of the weakness of the English

position, and were encouraged to renew on a vast scale their attack upon the unprotected post of Sir De Lacy Evans. That general had not fought in fifty pitched battles, nor served on the quartermaster-general's staff in various campaigns, in vain. He knew well, that unless the position was strengthened, there was danger the most imminent; but his remonstrances to Lord Raglan and General Airey were, for the most part, treated with silent indifference. It is true, Lord Raglan wished to place a couple of guns in position there, to which General Evans objected—his sagacity foreseeing that so feeble a defence would only direct the attention of the Russians to the weakness of his position, and invite attack. After the action just now related, the general renewed his importunities to have the position strengthened. His arguments were met by the same cold and haughty silence as before, and nothing was done. Lord Raglan, in his despatch, did not seem to have any idea of the great importance of the position, the peril which menaced it, or the likelihood that the battle of the 26th was only preliminary to larger combinations for a more determined assault. He begins his despatch by some trifling notices of the continued siege operations, which amount to a statement that very little was done, and *then* he incidentally brings in the action of the 26th, as a sortie which was repelled with much address and energy by Sir De Lacy Evans.

If, however, Lord Raglan and his quartermaster-general, and the rest of his immediate staff, could not appreciate the events of the 26th, his lieutenant was not so dull, neither was the enemy. Sir De Lacy Evans could not sleep at night from the state of anxiety in which he was kept by the defenceless state of his position, and the uselessness of his remonstrances; and there is no doubt that the ill-health which deprived the army, in its hour of peril, of the loss of his services, was as much caused by this anxiety as by the accident which some days after befell him.

The excuse made by Lord Raglan for not sufficiently fortifying the extreme right of his line—that he had too few men, was absurd; for although his men were too few for the purposes to which he often uselessly put them, he could spare them for an extended line of defence before Balaklava, from which, on the 25th, he was driven, while he neglected the proper support of a position upon which the safety of his army depended. After the greater Inkerman, when he was still more pressed for men, he was obliged to strengthen this part by a large body of Turks—far greater in number than would have been requisite for erecting and manning formidable batteries

upon the heights occupied by the second division.

The action of “little Inkerman” might have opened the eyes of any commander not too haughty to consult those whose experience was much superior to his own, and whose military capacity and general attainments so much qualified them to be his counsellors.

The enemy profited largely by the knowledge this action gave them of the state of the British positions, and the mental calibre of the British chief; for on the arrival of Danenberg's reinforcements, every means were put into requisition to follow up the attack on Sir de Lacy Evans, upon a scale of magnitude, and with forethought and forces, almost ensuring success. While Raglan went on in his dreamy command, and while the versatile and undecided Canrobert paraded about among his men, and at the British head-quarters, as gay as he was brave, and, apart from a supreme command, also talented—Menschikoff, Gortschakoff, Danenberg, and Liprandi, with persevering industry, vigilance, and a deep and remorseless hatred, laid their schemes for the destruction of the allies, to be in ten short days carried into execution—or at all events, attempted with all the energy of mingled hope and despair, and national and religious rancour. Such was the action of the lesser Inkerman, and such its consequences.

The 25th and 26th of October were indeed eventful days to the allies, and left the traces of their influence long after the roar of their cannon died away.

The battle of Balaklava deprived us of a good and short road from Balaklava to the camp, and caused the dreadful sufferings incurred throughout the winter in bringing up to the lines provisions and munitions of war, especially as neither Lord Raglan nor his *alter ego*, General Airey, would make another road when prudence and reason dictated its urgency. That battle led to the insane orders to the ships to anchor outside the harbour of Balaklava, and thereby caused the ruinous loss of our stores during the storm which so soon after swept with irresistible fury the shores and waters of the Black Sea. The 26th taught the Russians that there was a way of assault open for them upon the British lines; and as no efforts to fortify the position were made after the action of that day, they learned to despise the command-in-chief of the allied armies, and to lay their schemes accordingly. The success of the 25th inspired the attack of the 26th, and that attack, although resulting in defeat, inspired the conception which was afterwards put into execution upon the 5th of November. The Russians felt that the allies had commanders that would not be taught by an enemy; and the British and French generals

commanding infantry divisions had bitter experience that their chiefs would receive no counsels from their friends, although grey in wisdom and scarred by war.

We shall close the detail of this action, and the discussion of its consequences, by the despatches, and by some specimens of the correspondence of those who wrote from the contested heights, in the anxious camp.

Second Division, Heights of the Tchernaya, Oct. 27.

MY LORD,—Yesterday the enemy attacked this division with several columns of infantry, supported by artillery. Their cavalry did not come to the front. Their masses, covered by large bodies of skirmishers, advanced with much apparent confidence. The division immediately formed line in advance of our camp, the left under Major-general Pennefather, the right under Brigadier-general Adams. Lieutenant-colonel Fitzmayer and the captains of batteries (Turner and Yates) promptly posted their guns and opened fire upon the enemy. Immediately on the cannonade being heard, the Duke of Cambridge brought up to our support the brigade of Guards under Major-general Bentinck, with a battery under Lieutenant-colonel Dacres. His royal highness took post in advance of our right to secure that flank, and rendered me throughout the most effective and important assistance. General Bosquet, with similar promptitude, and from a great distance, approached our position with five French battalions. Sir G. Cathcart hastened to us with a regiment of rifles, and Sir G. Brown pushed forward two guns in co-operation by our left. The enemy came on at first rapidly, assisted by their guns on the Mound Hill. Our pickets, then chiefly of the 49th and 30th regiments, resisted them with very remarkable determination and firmness. Lieutenant Conolly, of the 49th, greatly distinguished himself, as did Captain Bayly of the 30th, and Captain Atcherly; all of whom, I regret to say, were very severely wounded. Sergeant Sullivan also displayed at this point great bravery.

In the meantime our eighteen guns in position, including those of the first division, were served with the utmost energy. In half-an-hour they forced the enemy's artillery to abandon the field. Our batteries were then directed with equal accuracy and vigour upon the enemy's columns, which (exposed also to the close fire of our advanced infantry) soon fell into complete disorder and flight. They were then literally chased by the 30th and 95th regiments over the ridges, and down towards the head of the bay. So eager was the pursuit that it was with difficulty Major-general Pennefather eventually effected the recall of our men. These regiments and the pickets were led gallantly by Major Mauleverer, Major Champion, Major Eman, and Major Hume. The Russians were similarly pursued further towards our right by four companies of the 41st, led gallantly by Lieutenant-colonel the Hon. P. Herbert, A.Q.M.G. The 47th also contributed. The 55th were held in reserve. Above eighty prisoners fell into our hands, and about 130 of the enemy's dead were left within or near our position. It is computed that their total loss could scarcely be less than 600. Our loss, I am sorry to say, has been above eighty, of whom twelve officers are killed, and five wounded. I am happy to say hopes are entertained that Lieutenant Conolly will recover, but his wound is dangerous.

I shall have the honour of transmitting to your lordship a list of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates whose conduct attracted special notice. That of the pickets excited general admiration. To Major-general Pennefather and Brigadier-general Adams I was, as usual, greatly indebted. To Lieutenant-colonel Dacres, Lieutenant-colonel Fitzmayer, Captains Turner, Yates, Woodham, and Hemlin, and the whole of the Royal Artillery, we are under the greatest obligation. Lieutenant-colonel Herbert, A.Q.M.G., rendered the division, as he always does, highly distinguished and energetic services. Lieutenant-colonel Wilbraham, A.A.G., while serving most actively, I regret to say, had a very severe

fall from his horse. I beg leave also to recommend to your lordship's favourable consideration the excellent services of Captains Glazbrook and Thompson, of the quartermaster-general's department, the brigade-major Captains Armstrong and Thackwell, and my personal staff, Captains Allix, Gubbins, and the Hon. W. Boyle.

I have, &c.,

DE LACY EVANS, *Lieutenant-general*.

The Right Hon. Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 28.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have nothing particular to report to your grace respecting the operations of the siege since I wrote to you on the 23rd instant. The fire has been somewhat less constant, and our casualties have been fewer, though I regret to say that Captain Childers, a very promising officer of the Royal Artillery, was killed on the evening of the 23rd, and I have just heard that Major Dalton, of the 49th, of whom Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans entertained a very high opinion, was killed in the trenches last night. The enemy moved out of Sebastopol on the 26th, with a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery—amounting, it is said, to 6000 or 7000 men—and attacked the left of the second division, commanded by Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, who speedily and energetically repulsed them, assisted by one of the batteries of the first division and some guns of the light division, and supported by the brigade of Guards and by several regiments of the fourth division, and in rear by the French division commanded by General Bosquet, who was most eager in his desire to give him every aid.

I have the honour to transmit a copy of Sir de Lacy Evans' report, which I am sure your grace will read with the highest satisfaction, and I beg to recommend the officers whom he particularly mentions to your protection. Captain Bayly of the 30th, Captain Atcherley of the same regiment, and Lieutenant Conolly of the 49th, all of whom are severely wounded, appear to have greatly distinguished themselves. I cannot speak in too high terms of the manner in which Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans met this very serious attack. I had not the good fortune to witness it myself, being in front of Balaklava at the time it commenced, and having only reached his position as the affair ceased, but I am certain I speak the sentiments of all who witnessed the operation in saying that nothing could have been better managed, and that the greatest credit is due to the Lieutenant-general, whose services and conduct I have before had to bring under your grace's notice.

I enclose the return of the losses the army has sustained since the 22nd.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

In connection with the foregoing despatches it is very honourable to the British arms, and to the wise and intrepid general (Sir de Lacy Evans) by whom the battle of the lesser Inkerman was fought and won, that General Canrobert requested a copy of the report made by General Evans to the British commander-in-chief, in order to transmit it to his own government. So much did the gallant commander of the French admire that report, for its simplicity, modesty, and succinctness, and the mode in which the action was fought which it recorded, that he preferred sending home the British general's own narrative with his despatch, to the usual mode of only describing in his own language the achievements of his ally.

The report of General Bosquet to his chief was also very complimentary to Sir de Lacy

Evans. Bosquet, in his own *brusque* and generous mode, informed Canrobert that he could only find one fault in Sir de Lacy Evans' dispositions and performance on that day, which was, that the gallant British chief had left him (Bosquet) nothing to do—having gained a complete victory with his own small division, without the aid of allies, or of other divisions of his own army. General Bosquet was much impressed with the tact and generalship of the British chief, who rode over to the place, a mile and a half distant, where Bosquet had halted his battalions on the intimation from Sir de Lacy that their aid was not required, and from that spot the two generals rode back to the field of battle. The men of the second division, seeing the two popular officers together, welcomed them as they rode up the hill, after going over the contested ground, with the most enthusiastic cheers. This gratified the gallant Bosquet, not merely on account of the compliment paid to himself, but because of the devotion which it evinced on the part of the soldiery of Sir de Lacy's division to their chief.

It was a matter deeply to be regretted, that the numerical strength of the British did not allow of their following up, on the instant, the victory of the 26th. Throughout the whole siege there never again occurred so glorious an opportunity for storming the place. Had General Evans' division been 8000 men, as it ought to have been, instead of 1800, he could have entered Sebastopol with the retreating foe. The men of this division would have gone anywhere with him; and in the retreat of the Russians, the British were so mingled with them, that they might have penetrated the place with their flying battalions. It was well Sir de Lacy did not attempt it, as from the impotency and incompetency of the command-in-chief, he would have been left to perish with the few soldiers of his division. The total want of resolute counsels at headquarters would have made it a madly rash act for General Evans to have gone in with the fugitive enemy; although there can be no doubt that had he done so, and had he been, at the same time, bravely seconded by Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, the place must have fallen. In consequence of the various motives attributed by different writers to the Russians in directing this attack upon the position of General Evans, the author of this work communicated with the gallant chief himself, requesting his opinion, which will be found substantially as follows:—

Different reasons have been assigned as to the object of the Russians in this attack. Some have considered it a reconnaissance, preparatory to the greater offensive operation of the 5th of November. We believe, however, that it occurred in the following manner:—Great

rejoicings were known to have taken place in Sebastopol on the night of the 25th, in consequence of the capture of the artillery and part of the allied position at Balaklava. It was a first success after their overthrow at the Alma, and tended to restore the confidence of the Russian troops. A *Te Deum* was celebrated in Sebastopol on the morning of the 26th. The whole of the garrison were assembled. They were addressed, it was stated, by the general-in-chief, in glowing terms, on the victory of the preceding day. An extra spirit ration was issued, and it was resolved to take advantage of the supposed discouragement, and probable dislocation of the forces of the allies, by a sudden attack on the weakest part of our line. But though not a reconnaissance, the knowledge thus obtained of the ground, and of the numerical deficiency of its defenders, very probably led to the decision of repeating the attack, with at least quadruple means, on the 5th of November. In both instances, intrenching tools were brought up by the assailants, but in neither case were they used, in consequence, perhaps, of the resistance encountered having been greater than anticipated.

We now proceed to give a few letters, descriptive of the varied features of this combat, according to the course we adopt on occasion of all the leading and important incidents of the siege and its attendant conflicts.

An officer of the 49th thus writes:—"Since my last from here our division has been engaged. Yesterday I and two others were on a hill overlooking Sebastopol and the French lines, amusing ourselves with our spy-glasses, when all at once we perceived two strong lines of Russian skirmishers leaving the town and advancing towards our camp, which is on the right of the English line, to the northward of the half of Sebastopol we are investing. We immediately bolted back, in time to put on our shakos and coats; the firing, just as we fell in, was getting louder and quicker. On reaching the end of the slight rise, at the foot of which our camp is pitched, we were ordered to lie down and allow the artillery to pass us, and take up the crest of the hill. They immediately began playing on the advancing columns of the Russians, who were coming on as steady as a rock, driving our skirmishers, consisting of only three companies, before them. These latter, however, fought right well, disputing every bush and stone behind which they could lie down and fire, the artillery of the Russians sending grape and canister among them, and our own firing rockets and round-shot over their heads. This went on for about a quarter of an hour, or perhaps not quite so long, when the Russians could stand it no longer: they broke into skirmishing order, and retired as fast as they

could; nevertheless, they occasionally fired a shot from their guns, their men keeping up pretty sharp fire at the same time. Our artillery practice was beautiful; wherever a body of Russians was seen, there came a shell or a rocket sweeping everything before it. We followed them up for some time, and had the army, instead of one division, about 1500 men only, been engaged, we might have gone with them into the town. It was my luck to be left for about two hours with my company on picket, so that I had full opportunity of visiting the ground of my first battle-field. I shall never forget the horrible sights I saw; in one spot eight or nine men, dead and dying, their bodies ripped open, arms, legs, and heads blown off—all Russians. I did not see one of our men; at the moment they fell they were carried by the bandsmen of the division to the hospital tents. . . . We (49th) had two officers wounded, one very badly, shot through the shoulder—Conolly; he was shot heading a few men of his company, fighting hand to hand with the Russians, who wanted to take him alive, but he defended himself with his sword, wounded one, and was immediately shot by another who was a yard from him. Lord Raglan, who saw the whole thing, sent to know who the officer was who was fighting so bravely against such odds. When he heard that he had been wounded, he sent at once to know how he was getting on. I am happy to say that our surgeon says there are good hopes of him, as the ball just missed his lungs. . . . We hear that 15,000 more French troops are expected every day; good news, if true; as, although the men we have are in every way 'good men and true,' still our army is not what it was; sickness has greatly thinned our ranks. Cholera has almost entirely disappeared."

It will be perceived that the impressions of the officer who wrote the foregoing letter, were in accordance with our opinion that Sebastopol might have been entered with the fugitives, had the division of General Evans been suitably reinforced. The following is an admirable sketch of the affair; the quotation made from the words of a French general (who was no doubt Bosquet) shows the good generalship and resolution which the Russians had to encounter this time:—"On the 26th, it appears that Gortschakoff, one of the Russian generals, entered Sebastopol, and spread it about the town that the Russians had gained a splendid victory, and had taken no end of cannon, that the English had fled in disorder, and that a sortie from the town would quite finish them. This account inspired them with a little extra courage, for about 8000 of them made a sortie on the English trenches. We were, however, quite prepared for them; all

our heavy guns were loaded with grape, and our field-pieces crammed with bullets, &c. besides the guard of the trenches ready with their rifles and muskets. On they came, and when within a short distance of our trenches the signal was given, and all our pieces belched forth at once. The Russian column was changed in five seconds to a heap of dead and flying, the latter of whom our men then chased into the town. It was the work of three minutes. A French general, in describing the affair to me, said, 'I saw dense masses of grey coats marching on towards the English trenches, and was surprised to find all was still there—not a head appearing. Being afraid of the result, I ordered three battalions to go to their support. I turned to give the order, when I heard a roar like hell broke loose, and on the smoke clearing away, I saw a heap of struggling animals where the former column was, and the English red-coats quickening their motions.' It was the debt we owed them for the work of the day before paid with interest, cent. per cent., and something over."

The following account is also a graphic one—"I happened to be with the second division on the 26th when the order was given for them to turn out and stand to their arms. On our side, it was a sudden and unexpected attack until a few minutes beforehand. A lot of officers were standing on an eminence, looking down upon the skirmishers on both sides, having no idea that a powerful sortie was about to be made, when they saw some guns on an opposite ridge, to the right, about 1000 yards distant. No one had the least suspicion as to what they were, when some one looking through a glass, said 'Green guns, by Jove!' and all bolted. (The Russian gun-carriages are painted pea-green.) In two minutes more the round-shot began to sing overhead, and the sharp sound of musketry from the pickets showed that some sharp fighting was going on. The pickets were under the command of Major Champion, of the 95th. They behaved admirably, and, although compelled to retire, did so in excellent order, and kept the Russians in check until our artillery got to work. I saw three immense Russian columns cross the ridge I have just spoken of. As soon as our gunners got the range they sent a storm of rockets shot, and shell into them, and the column literally melted away. Our infantry then advanced, firing; and the Russians retreated and were followed by some of our skirmishers nearly down to the walls of Sebastopol. The second division, under Sir de Laey Evans, was the only one engaged. The Duke of Cambridge, with the Guards, was in reserve. Other divisions were coming up, and had the action lasted longer, would have come in full

it. Two officers were taken prisoners. From what they said, it appears that in the morning Menschikoff assembled the troops in Sebastopol, told them of the great victory obtained over the English the day before at Balaklava, that the English cavalry was destroyed, and that the infantry only required finishing; whereupon they demanded to be led against the English. As I was on the ground from first to last, and had nothing to do except to look about me, you may depend upon my account being correct. It is very much the fashion to say that the Russians must have lost so many, and I am afraid, in general, rather to overrate their losses; so I will give the losses on both sides, as far as can be correctly ascertained. Our loss was twelve killed, and seventy-one, including five officers, wounded, all of the second division. We took 100 prisoners; 112 bodies were buried by us, and we know of many more lying beyond our position, so far away that the burying parties would be under the fire of the guns of Sebastopol."

The following is an extract of a letter to the author, by an officer who took part in the en-

gagement:—"By some it has been conjectured that the close of this affair offered, perhaps, a peculiar opportunity for penetrating the enemy's works in the direction of the Malakoff by a *coup de main*. It is true, that on no other occasion was a large body of the enemy put so completely to flight. The 30th and 95th regiments were mingled completely with the Russians in pursuit of their columns, and probably, therefore, might have entered with them into their lines of defence, followed, if such had been decided on, by the remainder of the second division and the brigade of Guards. But this amount of force must have been wholly inadequate to maintain its position within the enemy's defences, unless rapidly supported by an advance of the whole of the allied army. But this, even if advisable, could only have been carried into effect by means of prompt and comprehensive dispositions, by both the commanders-in-chief. But this was out of the question, as neither of those authorities were present, or aware of what was taking place, till some time after the opportunity—if opportunity it was—had passed away."

CHAPTER XLIV.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL—FROM THE ACTION OF THE "LITTLE INKERMEN," OCTOBER 26TH, TO THE EVE OF THE GREAT BATTLE OF INKERMEN, NOVEMBER 5TH.

"The Soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth."—SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER the action of Inkerman, on the 26th, a curious incident occurred in the camp. When all was silent, the sentinels were alarmed, and many of the sleepers aroused, by the tramping of a large body of horse, who thundered along at a furious rate from the direction of the enemy near the Woronzoff Road. Before there was time to form a conjecture as to what it could mean, or to remember how improbable it was that the Russian cavalry would charge along there in that fashion, at that hour, 250 horses, without riders, saddled and equipped for hussars, galloped into the lines. Some were killed, some killed or maimed themselves, and the rest were captured; about 185 of them were unhurt, and the whole were serviceable. This restored the balance as to loss of horses incurred on the 25th. Many of them being greys, were handed over to the Scots Greys. This flight of steeds was occasioned probably by some French rockets fired at the enemy's pickets. As horses were very valuable on both sides, the incident was a matter of gratulation with the allies, and of chagrin to the Russians.

On the 27th, Admiral Lyons arrived off Balaklava in the *Sanspareil*, and at once adopted vigorous measures to prevent the abandonment of the harbour. It was alleged that he had much difficulty in prevailing with Lord Raglan to dismiss the idea; but at last his influence, which was very considerable with the British commander-in-chief, prevailed so far, that the latter consented not to give up the place unless the enemy made some fresh attempt upon it in great force. Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, Sir Colin Campbell, Colonel Hamley, Captains Powell and Christie of the royal navy, and, in fact, all who ventured to give any opinion, were energetic in their disapprobation of the policy of withdrawing our stores and shipping from the town and harbour. Captain Christie wrote to Quartermaster-general Airey, reminding that officer that the anchorage outside the harbour was most unsafe, and requesting measures to be taken for selecting another place of debarkation of ammunition and stores, if the ships were not to re-enter the harbour. To this letter General Airey replied, stating that it was in accordance with Lord Raglan's views that all

the transports not then required in the harbour should be got out; but he at the same time treats the measure as only precautionary, and adds, "perhaps we may not change the place of our landing at all." This indecision bore bad fruits from the first, in a few weeks it entailed wide-spread disaster. Among the minor incidents of mischief resulting from the indecision at head-quarters, was the perpetual damage to ships "lying on and off the harbour, from the variable winds and strong currents which set in round capes Ayia and St. George." In this way, the *Pride of the Ocean* was nearly wrecked on a fine October evening. On the 2nd of November, she again came off the harbour with a cargo of live bullocks. Her captain signalled that he was out of water for the cattle, but still he was not permitted to enter, and had to stand out to sea for five days. Arrangements were then made to take the cattle from her, *but upwards of ninety had perished for want of water, and all the rest were in a dying state!*

Captain Dacres of the *Sanspareil* became senior officer, and took charge of the defence of the harbour. He seems to have executed his task either with singular caprice, or understanding General Airey's orders for keeping ships out to be most stringent, he obeyed with a stern fidelity which no expediency could relax. As a specimen of the consequences, an occurrence may be related, which took place on the 3rd of November. Dr. Tice was the medical officer in charge of Balaklava, and as 200 invalids had arrived in camp that morning, the doctor applied to Captain Dacres for a ship to take them to Scutari. The captain peremptorily refused to allow any ship in for the purpose; there were no adequate means at Dr. Tice's disposal for the proper care of these invalids in the town, and the result was an amount of appalling suffering, and some loss of life.

Considerable apprehensions existed after the battle of Balaklava for the fate of the brave men who were left wounded upon the field, or fell as prisoners into the hands of the enemy; accordingly, it was deemed expedient to send a flag of truce to make inquiries concerning them. On the 27th, Captain Fellowes, attended by a trumpeter, was sent to the enemy's camp on the Tchernaya. The mode in which this flag of truce was received, was neither courteous nor generous. As Captain Fellowes approached the Russian lines, two officers, attended by two Cossacks, rode off to meet them, and demanded in French their business, which was politely and speedily communicated; one of the officers then remarked, "You must turn round, you cannot be permitted to approach our camp so near. This is an affair for the general to deal with, and I shall commu-

nicate with him." The English aide-de-camp and his attendant were compelled to remain with their backs towards the Russian lines for some time, when an aged officer appeared, followed by a small staff, and said in a fierce and vindictive tone, "*Je suis le général-en-chef ici; que voulez-vous de moi, Messieurs?*" The object of the British officer's message was again explained, to which the Russian listened with a cold and hard expression of countenance; when, however, Captain Fellowes requested permission to bury the British dead, the general replied with an air of indignation, which events proved afterwards to be assumed, "*We have buried the dead. Tell my Lord Raglan that we are Christians, and though we make war, we perform all the duties of Christians. The dead are buried. The wounded are taken care of.*" The British officer delivered some letters from Russian officers in the hands of the English, which seemed to mollify the hard-featured general a little, for he then said more softly, that he did not know the names of the British prisoners, but would inquire; and if Captain Fellowes returned another day, he would afford him particulars. As the English messenger departed, the stern-looking old man turned to him and remarked, "*Vous m'excuserez si je vous dise que votre attaque du 25me était une attaque bâte, partant selon la loi militaire.*" On the return of the British captain, he learned that there were only two officers alive in the enemy's camp—Lieutenant Clowes of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, and Cornet Chadwick of the 17th Lancers; that there were fifty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates prisoners, of whom only fifteen were without wounds. The Russians brought letters from the two British officers, testifying to the good treatment which they had received, but expressing a wish to have clothes and money sent to them. The cavalry charge of the 25th was of course the topic of conversation in the Russian lines, and the Russian officer who this time held communication with Captain Fellowes, imitating his chief in the former interview, remarked that it was a "*charge des fous.*" This officer also assured Captain Fellowes that the murder of the wounded arose from the barbarity of the Cossacks, and excited the horror of the Russian officers. He held up in his hand a piece of gold lace, and assured the British deputation that Cossacks would go anywhere or commit any crime for so dazzling a temptation. All this was, however, assumed, for shortly afterwards, at Inkerman, as previously at Alma, some of the most barbarous and ungrateful murders were perpetrated by the officers; and the officers made prisoners by us showed little gratitude for any kindness they received, and often betrayed the basest vindictiveness to those

who succoured and saved them. An instance of this is stated by the author of *A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol*, in the following terms:—"They brought in a Russian officer the other day, shot through both jaws with a Minié ball; it had also cut the root of his tongue so deeply as to make the end protrude from his mouth; and there was the greatest danger of his dying either from suffocation, or from the impossibility of swallowing food. He was placed in a little ruin used as a storehouse, and I lately went with —, of Brigadier-general —'s staff, to ascertain if we could be of use to him. He never looked up as we came in. It was night, and it was piteous to see him by the glimmering candle-light in that desolate place, sitting in his shirt on an old box, before being put to bed; his face tied up, and his swollen tongue being laved by the soldier who attended him. But my reason for describing to you such misery is to come. By the skill of Dr. Alexander, of the light division, this man recovered sufficiently to be sent on board ship; and he left the poor soldier who had helped to clothe him out of his own scanty wardrobe, and who had nursed him like a woman, night and day, without a single look, sign, or token of acknowledgment."

The state of things at Balaklava harbour was aggravated by the general inaction of the fleet, which it was supposed, both at home and in the camp, ought to have been able to effect something more than it did. Of course, the admirals attacking Sebastopol again was out of the question. A gentleman, then in the Crimea as an amateur, commenting upon the inability of the ships to come close enough in during the bombardment, and the good luck notwithstanding of the *Agamemnon*, and some others, in getting so close to some of the forts that the Russian fire went over them, observes:—"Whatever conclusion facts may suggest as to the part played by the fleets on the 17th, it appears that, in one respect, so favourable an opportunity as they then enjoyed cannot recur. The Russians, taught by experience, are said to have deepened their embrasures in Fort Constantine, so as to admit of the guns being hereafter depressed to the requisite level."

From information of the most trustworthy kind—and from quarters of the very highest authority—which has reached the author during the progress of these pages through the press, he is convinced that Admiral Dundas put forth every effort which circumstances and his means allowed; but a large portion of his best men, about 1500, were on shore, and he had no gun-boats, or small craft, of a description to enable him to effect anything against forts built on shores washed by shallow

waters. On this date, the 27th, the admiral wrote to the Admiralty, and his letter gives us a fair insight to the occupation of the fleets, and the feelings of the gallant officer himself. It will show why nothing was doing in the Sea of Azoff, and why Kertch was not attacked. The admiral writes in answer to a letter of the secretary of the Admiralty, already published in our pages:—

Britannia—off the Katcha, Oct. 27, 1854.

SIR,—With reference to your letter of the 13th instant, I beg you will acquaint the lords commissioners of the Admiralty that the *Sidon* and *Inflexible*, together with two French steamers of war, have been most active in preventing any force from entering the Crimea from Odessa by the Bay of Cherson. I have always been fully aware of the value of the Sea of Azoff to the enemy, and that could only be attained by the possession of Kertch. Some weeks ago I urged that 2000 men should be embarked for that place; but their lordships are aware that, from disease and the action at Alma, our troops have suffered great loss, and the French admiral, when he applied to his general for assistance to attack Kertch, was told of the impossibility of sending a man. The last report, by a neutral, that we have is, that the navigation through the straits at Kertch is entirely prevented by the enemy sinking ships and stones; and, under existing circumstances, all I can do is, when I have steamers to spare from the duty here, to send them off the port, to damage the enemy as much as possible.

It is necessary to observe that no troops have ever passed by sea to or from Anapa, all go by land through Kertch; and that the *Wasp*, which vessel recently arrived from off Anapa and Soujak, reports that the garrisons of those places are 8000 or 10,000 strong, so that without a military force it is impossible for me to act.

J. W. D. DUNDAS.

To the Secretary of the Admiralty.

Britannia—off the Katcha, Nov. 8, 1854.

SIR,—I beg you will acquaint the lords commissioners of the Admiralty that on the arrival of the *Sphinx*, *Gladiator*, and *Stromboli*, I prepared a squadron for the purpose of bombarding Odessa, and have obtained the consent of Vice-admiral Hamelin for the co-operation of the French steam-frigate *Cacique*, already employed off Odessa with Captain Goldsmith, of the *Sidon*. Yesterday I received from Admiral Hamelin a letter, of which I enclose a copy, and I have consequently postponed the bombardment for the present.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS.

To the Secretary of the Admiralty.

INCLOSURE.

VICE-ADMIRAL HAMELIN TO VICE-ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

Ville de Paris, Nov. 7, 1854.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—I receive this instant a letter from General Canrobert, informing me that he agrees with Lord Raglan, that an attack on Odessa by steam-boats throwing only a few shells, would be, in the present circumstances, rather unserviceable than useful. Consequently, the generals have ordered that it is not to be made.

Yours, &c.,

HAMELIN.

The jealousy existing among the naval commanders was calculated to cripple the exertions of the fleet. It must be mentioned, in justice to Admiral Dundas, that although severely animadverted upon in letters from the fleet, and in the newspapers of the British Isles, so great is his antipathy to controversy that he pre-

ferred injury to debate of any kind. It is certainly true that his second in command obtained the credit of every active measure. Yielding to the general opinion in this respect, supported by so many appearances, we fear that we have done Admiral Deans Dundas some injustice in a former page. It is one advantage of the publication of this history at intervals, that it gives opportunity of correcting data, and reviewing facts and allegations. Hitherto it has not been necessary to correct any statement we have made—writing, as we always do, from authority which is of the most reliable kind; and the press generally has acknowledged our accuracy, and the originality of our sources of information. No authority, however, is infallible, and it is a pleasure to give to Admiral Deans Dundas the benefit of any new light which may be thrown upon his command by the testimony of intelligent and competent witnesses. We are now convinced that whatever may have been the vigour of Admiral Lyons *while second in command*, Admiral Dundas has neither, in this history nor elsewhere, received his meed of praise. It is unnecessary to trouble our readers with lengthy documents on the merits of the rival admirals, as we must call them; for although we are sure Admiral Dundas felt no rivalry, events forced him into a position in which he and Admiral Lyons were competitors as much as co-operators. We give in a note below all that our pages can afford of space to this controversy.*

* An officer who knew well the state of the fleet, and the spirit of the commanders, and who was as competent as any man to offer an opinion, addressed to the author the following letter. As our encomiums upon Admiral Lyons' activity, and our censure of Admiral Dundas's supposed supineness justifies the call, *Audi alteram partem*, we print the letter *in extenso* :—

April, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In page 491, you say, 'Had Admiral Dundas shown activity and tenderness worthy of his high station,' &c. I know him well, and in my humble opinion this is a reproach utterly undeserved.

"Again—'but almost every duty devolved upon his second in command, Sir Edmund Lyons, whose authority was but limited.' Sir Edmund Lyons, I have no hesitation in saying, is entitled to the credit of being a diplomatist and special pleader of the first water. His first exploit in diplomacy was that of ingratiating himself into the friendship and confidence of that eminent specimen of royalty, King Otho, while conveying him in his frigate from Trieste to the throne of Athens. The consequence, it is alleged, was, that Otho soon caused it to be made known to the British government that it would be agreeable to his majesty were Captain Lyons accredited as British minister to his court. This was a berth far better than the command of a frigate. He is a man of address and fluent conversation. On arriving with the Black Sea fleet as second in command, there can be no doubt but that he zealously endeavoured to disparage his superior, and supplant him in the estimation of Lord Raglan. He soon got complete possession of the confidence of Lord Raglan, and the result was an actual hostility of feeling on the part of the unsuspecting and good-hearted Lord Raglan towards Admiral Dundas. To an apparent similar purpose, conversations were reported to have been usual on board the *Agamemnon*, derogatory to

The severe labour of maintaining the siege, and guarding the position, began now to tell severely on the English. Sir John Burgoyne made representations to the French general of engineers as to the necessity of strengthening the positions on General Evans' right, but no assistance was rendered. The English were bearing an undue proportion of the labour. The harassing nature of their duties is thus described by Mr. Woods:—"These night attacks, alarms, or surprises, are now matters of course. They have long failed to be surprises; we should be more surprised if they did not occur. In fact, they have ceased to be anything except a fertile source of blasphemies against enemies in general, and Russians in particular. They are, beyond all doubt, the most disagreeable and harassing incidents of the siege. For instance, after a laborious and exciting day—a day of such fatigue as renders rest, even in a tent, acceptable, you retire in all the great-coats you possess, to lie upon the ground. An hour or so gets you over the feeling of extreme numbness, which at first leads you to suppose you have lain down in a brook by mistake, and then you gradually drop off, not to sleep, but into a hazy state of existence, conscious of cold and conscious of wanting slumber; in fact, in that peculiar condition of vitality which in England justifies the immediate intervention of the Royal Humane Society. In this ambiguous state four or five hours pass away; I mean in literal time, for, if you estimated the period by your feelings, you would expect to wake grey and decrepid. It is past two o'clock—"the witching time of night" in the Crimea—when suddenly you feel a slight concussion in the earth, followed a few seconds after by the deep boom of a gun, and then comes the roar of a shell, screaming through the air, nearer, nearer, nearer, until it falls with a heavy dump outside the line of tents. Here it fortunately remains, and, after hissing for a moment like a locomotive blowing

the admiral-in-chief, and therefore not quite conformable with discipline. Letters to a similar tendency appeared, and one in particular was published in a great journal, dated from the maintop of the *Agamemnon*. This letter was afterwards discovered and avowed to be written by a friend of Sir Edmund Lyons, then staying on a visit to him. This letter, written by the friend of the latter, was considered to impugn grievously, not only the professional, but personal character of Admiral Dundas. It was easy, perhaps, to create ill-feeling towards Admiral Dundas at the military head-quarters, because he bluntly and repeatedly declared that the expedition was taken too late, and with insufficient means. Admiral Dundas, finding that Lyons was so great a favourite at the military head-quarters, thought it was more convenient for the service to place him permanently in communication with Lord Raglan; and I am not inclined to think that Admiral Dundas 'limited' unduly Sir Edmund Lyons' 'authority.'

"As for his qualities and great proficiency as a special pleader, only look at a leading article in this day's *Times*, on the gallant naval diplomatist's evidence of yesterday at Chelsea."

off, explodes with a loud bang, and the pieces go humming through the air. With a prophetic sigh, you guess what is to follow. Eight or ten more shells drop about the same place, too far off to hit you, but much too near to leave you perfectly unconcerned, and then five or six guns begin to go off at once, and make a roar. Still the camp is quiet, and the guardsman says, 'All's well,' as if he was at Kensington. The cannonade continues, and, after one or two temporary lulls, breaks out into a regular storm. Shells pour over the hill, and fall with a 'dab' into the wet soil, and you begin to see dimly the flashes of their explosions through the canvas of your dwelling, which at that moment you would so willingly exchange for lodgings, even in Islington. Still the allies make no sign of turning out, though the cannonade gets hotter every moment. In another minute you can plainly hear the sharp quick report of a musket, followed by another and another. Then the cannonade ceases, and the crack of Miniés spreads along our line of outposts. Still the allies are unaccountably quiet, and you begin to wonder whether Lord Raglan intends them to be massacred in their tents; and are just getting peevish and public-spirited about it, when the roll of drums in the distance tells you that the French are beating to arms. At the same time the signal, 'Guard, turn out' is passed along our lines, all the bugles begin to blow the 'assembly;' there is a moment of confusion, in which oaths prevail most distinctly, and then comes a rattle and hoarse murmur, and you know that 30,000 men are under arms and getting into their ranks. All this while your special correspondent has not moved, but, feeling for his revolver in his tent, is emphatically 'blessing' both Turks and Russians, and hoping against hope that there will be no occasion for him to turn out. During this time the fire of musketry has been increasing and coming nearer. Our pickets are evidently retiring, and you begin to think it is really a sortie after all. In the darkness you hear the 'Forward!' roared out to the different brigades, and a peculiar jingle and clatter show that the artillery are saddling and preparing for action. With a sigh you feel that you must go, and issue forth into the raw damp air and thick wet grass, which wets you as effectually as if you forded a river. The crackling of musketry and little flashes on the hills over Sebastopol soon tell which route to take; without such guides you would assuredly lose your way. You pass the batteries of artillery, at which an officer is cursing vaguely about loss of time, and, cutting across the camp, ascend the hills just as you hear the guns begin to rumble after. Our brigades are marching forward fast up the hill, in line, with supports in open

column. No one is very urbane, though all yawn and shiver amazingly. These, you feel, are the appropriate compliments of the season, about the many returns of which, if things go on in that style, you have serious doubts. Arrived upon the hill, the state of affairs is guessed at a glance. The sparkles of musketry are light and incessant in the valley beneath—one minute they swell into a continued rattle, for the next few seconds there is quiet and darkness, which is again broken by musketry, until the great blinding explosions and stunning report of the big guns run along the enemy's works, and your flesh creeps as you hear the iron volley tearing through the air. Half-an-hour of this work and the musketry gradually dies away: as it does so, the cannonade increases, and it is only an *alerte* after all. In the course of another half hour or so the enemy cease firing. Then the troops (by this time thoroughly numbed with cold, and wet with dew) return within cantonments, having been out about an hour. Within a minute after, they have piled arms; the men are stowed away in tents, and the camp as quiet as if no enemy were in existence. What I have now said may give your readers a general idea of the manner in which nearly every night is passed here. Of the discomforts attendant upon such sleep-walking heroism they can form no notion."

It is not surprising that the health of the men should give way under such circumstances as these, and accordingly the ranks of every battalion were diminished at a fearful rate. A gentleman of fortune, an amateur, says:—"The doctors have enough to do just now. Cholera is gone, but diarrhoea remains, and lying o' nights in the trenches is not good for the complaint. Still, though I often talk to the men out on picket, I never hear them grumbling; they only seem anxious to know when they are to storm 'Sebastopol,' and, faith, they are not singular in their curiosity. I have just been thoroughly sickened by seeing poor —, and —, go off in one of those white hearses, called ambulances. Fancy a live man being put on a stretcher and slid into a kind of pigeon-hole, under the seats, in the body of such a vehicle! I was glad that — determined to sit out the journey, as he best might, on the bench."

The condition of our allies, although better than ours, was still bad. There were no newspaper correspondents in the French camp to report the true state of affairs, nor did the public reports of the French government, nor the accounts of the Parisian press, present very faithful pictures. The French army suffered fearfully from ill-health and the climate, but in several respects they had advantages over the British. Their superior commissariat and

hospital management have been already noticed, and by these means the men were kept healthy, and restored when sick. Their numbers, in proportion to the labour required by their position, were much greater than on the part of the English. The position itself was in several particulars more favourable. It was remarked in narrating the events of the first day of the bombardment, that the French position was more exposed to the fire of the enemy, and the Russian artillerymen also knew it better, having previously made it their practice-ground. It was, however, less rocky, and therefore more favourable to the work of the engineers, sappers, and miners. The distance, also, between the French landing-places and their camp was considerably less than that between Balaklava and the English camp. This circumstance determined the French taking the left before Sebastopol; for, since the landing at Old Fort, the British had occupied the left. On the way from Old Fort to the Alma the left flank was the place of danger, and at the battle of the Alma, the left of the allied line had the more onerous task. But, in terminating the flank march, the English took possession of Balaklava, which necessitated their occupation of the right before Sebastopol. It was remarkable that the French had hitherto continued, from the landing at Old Fort, and indeed from the landing in Turkey, to keep the best positions, and secure the best quarters. The British staff seems to have been singularly *mal-adroit* in this particular, from the landing at Gallipoli to the formation of the lines before Sebastopol. We have conversed with officers as experienced as any in the British army, and several of these accustomed to large and responsible commands, and they have concurred in the opinion that the position of the English was less advantageous than that of their ally, for the reasons here stated. To this unhappy choice of a post, and of the position which it necessitated—exposing the British flank and rear to ceaseless and harassing attacks from the enemy—much of the overwork of the soldiers, and their consequent suffering and sickness, are to be attributed.

The enemy also suffered most severely. The bombardment caused great havoc; the sorties and attacks were conducted at a great sacrifice of men; and although reinforcements arrived, they were not composed of a proportionate number of engineers, sappers, miners, military artificers, and artillery. The seamen of the Russian fleet were thinned by the fire of the bombardment, especially from the English guns, and those could not be replaced. They were the most efficient defenders of the Russian works. A civilian, unconnected with the press, thus writes:—"Deserters bring very

cheering accounts of the distress in Sebastopol, and these appear to be confirmed by the circumstance that there is not more than one man seen working every three or four guns."

Indeed, by the end of October the allied guns had nearly ceased to fire, except in reply to the Russians, which the latter perceiving, greatly slackened their fire. This might partly account for what is written in the above extract; yet, making every allowance for this circumstance, it was obvious that great slaughter had been inflicted upon the gunners, and the accounts given by deserters, or which reached London by way of Berlin and Vienna from St. Petersburg, confirmed the impressions which appearances conveyed.

In the despatch of Lord Raglan, written on the 28th, allusion is made to the death of Captain Childers, of the artillery, who merited the eulogy the commander-in-chief conferred upon him. This young officer was son of Captain William Childers, late of the 42nd Highlanders, and grandson of Colonel Childers, one of the aides-de-camp of the Duke of York in the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren. The way in which he fell, and the circumstances attending his death and burial, are feelingly related by the superior officer of his company in the letter which follows; it is addressed to his father:—

Camp near Sebastopol, Oct. 25.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has fallen to my duty to be obliged to communicate to you the melancholy tidings of the death of your son, Captain Childers, of the Royal Artillery, and second captain in my company, who fell in his country's cause in the trenches before Sebastopol, on or about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd of October. He was standing by me, and left me to see the effect on the enemy's works; he put his head above the top of the earthen parapet, and a large round-shot struck him on the head, and his death was instantaneous—he could not possibly have suffered at all. Being myself a parent, I can feel for you and with you, and to me his death is irreparable. He had only joined me a short time, but in that time I had been able to appreciate his good qualities, both in a private as well as in a public capacity, and had he been spared, he would have been ere long an ornament to his profession. Willingly would I give way to my feelings and weep for him as for a brother, but stern necessity forbids it. I have a large family myself, and while I am writing these lines in haste, have to go into the trenches again, and God only knows who may be the next. The Lord gave and the Lord may take away, and we must all be prepared for our great change, whenever we may be called on. His remains I brought with me to the camp, and

yesterday they were interred in a secluded valley close to the camp, where they will not be disturbed when we quit the country. They were followed to the grave by numerous officers and men. I had a quiet coffin made to put him in, which I did with my own hands, assisted by his servant, and fastened him down myself, taking, alas! a sorrowful long farewell of one whom I much loved and respected. I have also made arrangements for his grave being banked up, to preserve it. I cut off some of his hair, which I now inclose. His effects, rings, &c., will be forwarded to England by the first opportunity. I have allowed nothing to be disposed of, as his family, I dare say, will like to keep all his things as tokens of the memory of one who, I am sure, must have been a good son. Trusting that I may meet him in a better world,

"Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly yours,
"JOHN NOBLE A. FREESE."

The state of the English cannon began now to cause uneasiness, the wear and tear of firing was rapidly rendering them unfit for use. Great anxiety, also, for reinforcements began to be openly evinced by men and officers; but the unflinching spirit of both bore them up through sickness, toil, and combat, with immortal honour. The British sailors were conspicuous for hardihood and endurance beyond all. On the night of the 27th they completed a very formidable battery on the heights before the French positions; this was executed with great perseverance and great recklessness of danger.

During the early morning of the 28th, before daylight, the Russians fired very heavily, and there appeared some intention of a sortie against the French, which was repulsed by the musketry fire of the covering parties in the trenches. By daylight the allies threw out strong skirmishing detachments, and during any lull in the cannonading, the Rifles, especially the British, kept up sharp-shooting upon the Russian embrasures. The usual error was practised on this occasion, of increasing the rifle fire when the artillery discharges of the enemy became less frequent: as we have elsewhere shown, the period when the cannonade is going on is the most suitable time for the occupation of the sharp-shooters. Of course, the chance of hitting their gunners is greatest when they are most exposed, which is when keeping up a quick fire, and not when they have partially or altogether retired from before the embrasures. These rifle parties were thrown out, not only to aid in silencing the cannon, but also to chastise and check the disposition of the enemy to assail the trenches. On the 28th, also, the cavalry abandoned their old camp, and took new ground on the heights,

in the direct route to Balaklava from the camp, very close to the rear of the French centre. The lower road, which had been hitherto so useful to the British, was now altogether resigned to the enemy. This was one of the results of the unfortunate battle of Balaklava. The position taken by the cavalry division, in spite of some pains employed in the selection, was miserably bleak and raw—cutting wind searched it by night and day, which was injurious to the men and destructive to the horses. The arrival of 1000 Turks, to aid in trench work, was a relief to the over-tasked British infantry divisions. The Chasseurs d'Afrique, who so bravely assisted our light cavalry at the fatal charge in the battle of Balaklava, were now also generous allies in supplying wood, prepared coffee, and other little comforts to their rivals and friends quartered beside them on the bleak steppe of the plateau on which the lines and encampments were formed.

Tidings were now heard in the camp from Lord Dunkellin, who was sent as a prisoner to Moscow, but most kindly treated.

On the 29th, the Russians, although their fire slackened, worked hard at new lines of defence, and in throwing up works in various directions. The results of their renewed efforts to erect fresh obstructions to the progress of the allies, as they appeared on this day, have been better described by Mr. Russell than by any other pen, military or civilian:—"At present we are all waiting for the French. I am not sure but that the French think they are waiting for us to '*écraser*' some of the obnoxious batteries which play upon their works from ugly enfilading positions. They certainly are exposed, in their advance towards their portion of the town, to very heavy fire. It is opposite to them that the assault must be made, and the first lodgment effected. The Quarantine Fort is opposed to them on their extreme left. Then comes a long, high, loop-holed wall or curtain extending in front of the town from the back of the Quarantine Fort to the Flagstaff Battery. The Russians have thrown up a very deep and broad ditch in front of this wall, and the French artillery have as yet made no impression on the stonework at the back. The Flagstaff Battery, however, and all the houses near it, are in ruins; but the earthworks in front of it, armed with at least twenty-six heavy guns, are untouched, and keep up a harassing fire on the French working parties, particularly at certain periods of the day, and at the interval between nine and eleven o'clock at night, when they think the men are being relieved in the trenches. Inside the Road Battery we can see the Russians throwing up a new work, armed with six heavy ships' guns. They have also erected new batteries behind the Redan

and behind the Round Tower. The latter is now a mass of crumbled stone, but two guns keep obstinately blazing away at our 21-gun battery from the angle of the earthwork around it, and the Redan has not yet been silenced, though the embrasures and angles of the work are much damaged. The heavy frigate which has been 'dodging' our batteries so cleverly gave us a taste of her quality in the right attack again to-day. She escaped from the position in which she lay before, where we had laid two 24-pounders for her, and came out again to-day in a great passion, firing regular broadsides at our battery, and sweeping the hill up to it completely. Occasionally she varied this amusement with a round or two from 13-inch mortars. These shells have done our works and guns much damage; but the sailors, who are principally treated to these agreeable missiles, have got quite accustomed to them. 'Bill,' cries one fellow to another, 'look out, here comes "Whistling Dick!"' The 13-inch shell has thus been baptised by them in consequence of the loudness and shrillness of the noise it makes in the air. They all look up, and their keen, quick eyes discern the globe of iron as it describes its curve aloft. Long ere 'Whistling Dick' has reached the ground, the blue jackets are snug in their various hiding-places; but all the power of man cannot keep them from peeping out now and then to see if the fusee is still burning. One of them the other day approached a shell which he thought had 'gone out;' it burst just as he got close to it, and the concussion dashed him to the ground. He got up, and in his rage, shaking his fist at the spot where the shell had been, he exclaimed, 'You — deceitful beggar, there's a trick to play me!' Our losses continue to be remarkably slight.—Five r.m. I have just heard that Major Powell, of the 49th, a most active and intelligent officer, has been killed in the trenches. Captain Maxwell, 50th regiment, M.P., had a miraculous escape lately. He was in a trench behind an embrasure, and happened to stoop for a moment. As he did so a 32-lb. shot came in through the embrasure, knocked off his cap, and carried away a piece of skin from the top of his head about the size of a crownpiece."

News arrived from England on the 28th and 29th which gladdened the hearts of the sick and suffering soldiery. The Duke of Newcastle's despatch, expressing the queen's approbation of her army, and the reception which the accounts of the battle of the Alma met with in England, arrived both in the newspapers and by private letters, and sent a thrill of joy through the camp. Groups of officers were gathered in one place, and of soldiers in another, discussing the newspaper articles and

the letters of "own correspondents." Lord Raglan's despatch concerning the battle of the Alma was deemed very inaccurate; and the *Times'* correspondent was put often and severely on his defence in reference to his account, which he felt himself obliged to correct in his next letter. The effect on the whole was greatly to stimulate the love of glory in the soldiery; the events of the great victory recurred again to the heroes who performed them, and they burned with impatience to add to their honour by the conquest of the grim city whose dark earthworks were so formidable. French papers arrived also on these days, and their encomiums stimulated the heroism of our allies. It was well that the British soldiery were not conversant with French, for although all the French periodicals lauded to the skies the valour and "solidity" of the English, there were certain hints of mismanagement and backwardness on the part of the British generals which were unjust; and as these were in the columns of government organs, there appeared a *quasi* official authority about them which added force to the innuendoes thrown out. Many of the British officers felt this keenly, and there were murmurs in the British camp in high quarters. It is to be regretted that these hints obtained a more substantive form subsequently, but were promptly met by Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, who wields the pen with as much genius as the sword. It is undesirable to interrupt the history of the siege by referring more particularly to the controversy which thus sprung up, but in a note below the reader can satisfy himself that the refutation given to these implications by General Evans, on behalf of the British, was as requisite as it was courteous and complete.*

* The following letter, addressed by General Evans to the *Times*, and which appeared July 2, 1855, will place the whole subject before our readers, as it refers with clearness and distinctness to the animadversions complained of, so as to render it unnecessary to quote them from the French and Belgian press:—

July 2nd, 1855.

"SIR,—In a recent letter in your columns from the pen of your excellent correspondent in Paris, special attention is drawn to an article on the Crimean battles published in the *Indépendance Belge*, and emanating apparently from some French military writer, perhaps a legitimist. This journal is said to be of extended circulation, especially in Germany. The article in question is calculated to disparage generally the British army. Among the passages quoted are those representing Marshal St. Arnaud as the 'sole and exclusive' victor in the battle of the Alma; and pointing out by name 'Sir George Brown and Sir de Lacy Evans, and their respective divisions,' as, in fact, only persuaded to face the enemy and perform their duty by the urgent remonstrances or exhortations of Marshal St. Arnaud. No one will deny that this distinguished chief, in remaining in his state of health at the head of the French army, gave proof of a noble military spirit. But, though he never before had seen British troops in action, he, doubtless, knew their character too well, as also the consideration due to senior generals not under his command, and who had tenfold

On the 29th various accidents took place, by which several officers were slightly hurt. Lieutenant-general Evans was severely injured by the fall of his horse, which rolled over him. He was very much contused, and the shock occasioned considerable pain and debility. The general had been suffering from diarrhœa for several days. He was obliged to go down to Balaklava, where he went on board the *Sismoom*. The command of his division devolved upon his senior brigadier, Pennefather, an officer in whom General Evans had entire confidence. The illness of Sir de Lacy caused the deepest regret through the whole army. Unquestionably he was the ablest general in the Crimea. The idea of appointing Lord Raglan, who never commanded a brigade, over the head of perhaps the most experienced general in the British service, was an injury to the country, and a crime against its interests and its honour. Lord Raglan had merits as a man and a soldier which all recognise, and all ought

greater experience than himself in regular European warfare, than to have addressed either the one or the other in the gratuitous tone thus described. As for Sir George Brown, I will hazard affirming that he had no intercourse whatever on that day with our gallant allies. With regard to myself the following were the facts:—Shortly after daybreak on the morning of this battle his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert did me the honour to come into my tent to confer on the co-operation of my division with that of the prince in the ensuing conflict. They informed me that this co-operation had been agreed to the previous evening between the two commanders-in-chief, expressed surprise that I had not been made acquainted with it, and showed me a well-executed plan by the French staff of the Russian position, and of the proposed lines of movement of the allied columns of attack. According to this plan, General Bosquet's troops and the Turks, supported by the powerful fire of the shipping, were to turn the enemy's left. The second British division, that of the prince, and two other French divisions, were to attack their centre. The whole of the remainder of the British army was to turn the enemy's right. I expressed the very great pleasure I should have in fulfilling my share of these operations, and with this view sent forthwith to Lord Raglan for permission—which was given—to place at once my right, as proposed, in contact with the left of the prince, which was promptly done. About three hours, however, elapsed before the armies (excepting the corps of General Bosquet) received orders to advance. To the unavoidable want of unity in command this delay was probably attributable. But before moving off both head-quarter staffs passed along the front. On reaching my division, Lord Raglan expressed to me a dissent from part of the plan alluded to, not necessary to observe on here; mentioning, also, in the course of his remarks, a disposition he supposed to exist on the part of the marshal or the French chiefs to appropriate me and my division altogether, which he could not allow; that he had no objection to my communicating and co-operating with, and regulating my advance by that of the prince's division, but could not consent to my receiving orders through any one but himself. On hearing this, I requested him to send to acquaint the marshal that such was his lordship's desire, as I believed a different expectation was entertained, which, if not removed, might lead during the action to misunderstanding. This his lordship immediately did. And it was arranged that Major Claremont, one of the British commissioners with the French army, was to be the medium of any communications to me which the French chiefs might find it desirable to make.

"The armies advanced. After about three miles a halt for a short interval took place by order of the commander

to recognise—but he had no claim, but that of seniority, to command such a man as Sir de Lacy Evans. Many a wish was expressed on the 29th of October, and more especially among his own poor soldiers, for his recovery. The urbane and courteous bearing of the veteran hero won the hearts of the troops as much as his intrepid bearing in the field, and the skill upon which the men were ever ready to place an implicit reliance.

The Turks who were brought up to work in the trenches were found on the whole efficient—their labour was not steady, but it was energetic. They were, however, in such a state of alarm lest the Russian shells should fall among them that the work was impeded. They did not endure this toil well, but fell off in great numbers, stricken with every form of disease known in the Crimea—dysentery, diarrhœa, intermittent fever, ague, and cholera; and, at last, typhus appeared in a malignant form, sweeping them away in a fearful manner.

of the forces. On the arrival of the second division in front of the village of Burluk, which, having been prepared for conflagration by the Russians, became suddenly for some hundred yards an impenetrable blaze, Major Claremont came to me in great haste, to say from the marshal that a part of the French army, having ascended the heights on the south of the river, became threatened by large bodies of Russians, and might be compromised, unless the attention of the enemy were immediately drawn away by pressing them in our front. I made instant dispositions to conform to this wish,—sending at the same time, as was my duty, an officer of my staff (Colonel the Hon. P. Herbert) to Lord Raglan, who was then a short distance in our rear, for his lordship's approval—which was instantly granted. We were already under rifle fire, directed by the enemy's skirmishers from behind the burning village. From that moment my division, and simultaneously on a line with it, the light division on our left, supported by the first, continued to advance as rapidly as possible against the enemy till their final overthrow. For the 'hailstorm of cannon and musket fire' under which this advance was made, I appeal to the despatch of Prince Menschikoff, who, I think, used this expression. And therein Sir G. Brown, and myself, and our divisions, completely, as I venture to feel assured, fulfilled our duty, and left not a particle of ground for the injurious terms directed against us in the *Independence Belge*. The combinations or movements before, during, and after that battle, as of all other battles, are no doubt fair and inevitable topics for criticism. But in this instance, whatever may be the motive, inaccurate statements affecting the reputation of officers and corps, such as that noticed by your Paris correspondent, cannot be allowed to pass current on the Continent without correction.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"DE LACY EVANS, *Lieut.-Gen.*"

"Bryanston Square, June 28."

It is obvious from the above letter that Lord Raglan had neglected to inform Sir de Lacy Evans of the agreement between him and Marshal St. Arnaud; while the latter and Prince Napoleon, to whom the arrangement was especially important from the position of his division, supposed General Evans to be in possession of Lord Raglan's orders to co-operate with the prince. Either there was gross misapprehension on the part of the French chief, or as gross negligence or want of promptitude on the part of the English commander. As to General Evans and General Brown, their divisions "bore the burning and heat of the day."

As they were under the command of Lord Raglan, the French did not send to them any medical aid—and the English surgeons were too few, and the medical stores inadequate. It was piteous to see them carried in groups down to Balaklava, not in ambulances or on litters, or in any manner such as was worthy of the honour of the English name, but on the backs of their tottering comrades, themselves scarcely less diseased. In the neighbourhood of Balaklava their dead crowded the place selected for burial, the stench from which polluted the atmosphere. Among all the dreadful sights created by official mismanagement and heartlessness, few equalled in horror the Turkish hospital and burial-place at Balaklava. It is absurd to cast the blame of this on the incompetency of the Turkish officers—these troops were attached to Lord Raglan's army, and worked in the British trenches. England is justly responsible for the shame of their neglect, and the guilt of their destruction.

The fire of the Russians upon the French lines was heavy; against the British it was slow and feeble. The enemy placed heavy guns on the heights overlooking their cavalry lines, in the vicinity of Balaklava, and otherwise fortified their positions. The British increased their defensive means in the same direction; a detachment of the English sailors and marines threw up a redoubt, and pitfalls were dug to prevent any sudden swoop of the Russian cavalry.

The night of the 30th, or rather early morning of the 31st, before one o'clock, the troops were aroused by one of those *alertes* so frequently occurring, and which we have already described. General Bosquet had planned a surprise, of which, either through a deserter or a spy, the Russians became aware: the result was that at the expected moment their infantry in the valley opened a continuous fire of musketry, which lasted for more than an hour. No enemy was near, but as Bosquet and his Chasseurs de Vincennes were expected, this was the reception the Russians imagined they were giving them. The sight, viewed from the heights occupied by Bosquet's division, was interesting—so constant and vivid were the flashes of the musketry, that the faces of the Russian soldiers could occasionally be seen.

The 1st of November opened with a bright moonlight over the camps and the defiant city, but it was piercing cold, and the men suffered severely. Some descriptions of illness seemed to be checked, while others increased, and rheumatism affected many of the English. As the morning dawned heavy mists overhung hill and valley, camp and city, and the shivering soldiers arose with chattering teeth and benumbed limbs from their unhealthy and inhospitable places of repose. The French opened fire after their long cessation, and worked their

guns with fierce energy for a time, but the enfilading batteries of the Russians replied with equal energy, if not with equal precision. Opposed to the British the cannon were almost silent, and the gunners seemed to be inadequate in number. The guns of the French, as usual, proved too light. The rifles of our allies did good service, pushing forward close to the besieged lines, and picking off the gunners through the embrasures. A high wind, which prevailed more or less all night, swept away the morning mists from camp and citadel, but added to the misery and illness of the British. The French seemed better off every way, and in better spirits.

On the morning of the 2nd November, about four o'clock, the Russians opened a sudden and tremendous fire. This was so unusual a proceeding at that hour, that astonishment was excited throughout the camps. It was soon found out that the Russians had received information of the hour at which the working-parties and workmen were relieved, and they hoped to effect some mischief as the reliefs moved up, and the parties on duty moved away from the trenches. No serious amount of loss was sustained. The Russians opened fire upon the Highlanders stationed near Balaklava. Some skirmishing also occurred, and various small affairs of outposts. The winter began to set in with great severity, and men and officers were sufferers: the physicians exerted themselves to the utmost, but the authorities did not co-operate with them. An artillery officer, describing the Crimean climate at this juncture, says:—"When a north wind whistled piercingly across the heights—when the dense fogs of November hung their grey drapery along the horizon, and rested in cold white masses on the hills—when the green turf became mire, and leafy coppice a texture of wet brown twigs and roots, and yellow turbid pools settled along the course of the ravines—it was no wonder that the tents of the Arab, who is at least dry and warm in his desert, seemed preferable to the camp before Sebastopol, and the hardiest soldier turned now and then a longing thought to the firesides of England."

A curious instance of Russian cajolery and enterprise occurred in the camp on the 3rd of November, showing that the Russians, of all nations, have the best spies. A French officer, as he appeared to be, passed quietly through the British lines: he was especially polite and agreeable, smoking and chatting with the English officers, and by degrees got into a discussion about the strength of the position at Balaklava. The English officers spoke frankly, as they might to an ally, admitting the difficulties of their position in general, and of the post at Balaklava in par-

ticular. An officer of the 79th Highlanders thought that the French officer did not speak in the accents of France, and yet only suspicious, he deemed it prudent to do nothing immediately, but to send off to Sir Colin Campbell, informing him of the presence of the dubious Frenchman. The Russian observed the movement, and detected the suspicion in the eye of the Highlander. He continued gradually to withdraw himself, as if passing towards Bosquet's division, and at last, quickening his progress to flight, he escaped to the Russian lines, conveying a mass of information to the enemy, which, no doubt, was found useful for the meditated attack of the 5th. The batteries and works of the allies assumed a formidable aspect at this juncture—the result of the continuous labour of the severely-tasked men. The appearance of the works was continually changing as the trenches were extended—zig-zags were cut, and batteries mounted or dismounted; but just before the approaching battle of Inkerman the allied lines assumed an attitude of strength greater than they had previously attained.

The Russians were as busy with their positions on the Tchernaya. They fortified the high grounds on their right by a large quadrilateral work mounting sixteen guns. On the opposite side, above and beneath the elevated village of Kamara, there were strong works, and in that direction they pushed their lines to the sea; so that, literally, the allied positions might be said to be invested.

On the 4th of November, the eve of the battle of the greater Inkerman, the Russians maintained a sort of minute-gun cannonade, which did little execution. The want of ammunition was still felt in the British camp—although on this day a supply arrived, it was utterly inadequate to the necessities of the army. Shot was landed in considerable quantities, of a size to fit none of the cannon employed! It was now obvious that the Russian army in the field was greatly augmented. It was alleged that the evening before more than 20,000 men had arrived. Whatever the precise number of these reserves, they were mustered in great strength on the northern heights of Inkerman. The czar had sent this imposing force, with almost incredible energy, over bad roads, roadless steppes, in Tartar waggons and on foot, by mules and horses, and in whatever way the country could advance their march. The 3rd *corps d'armée*, under General Dannenberg, which had garrisoned Bessarabia, arrived by forced marches. So great were the exertions of the Russian government, army, and people, that in one day the reinforcements coming from Odessa made a march of forty-seven English miles. On the night of the 2nd the rear-guard of these new

corps arrived, and continued to pour into the camp on the northern heights of the Tchernaya, to the night of the 4th. The day before this formidable alteration of affairs on the Russian side took place, a cavalcade entered northern Sebastopol with great pomp: this was the escort of the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, the emperor's sons. Soon after another but less imposing cavalcade entered, escorting Generals Dannenberg and Soimonoff.

On the night of the 3rd, and early morning of the 4th, an attack was expected, but all passed off quietly; at the same time an impression prevailed in the English camp that Lord Raglan intended an assault. The prisoners that fell into our hands related circumstances which have generally been supposed sufficient to account for the ferocity of the Russian soldiers at Balaklava; but when it is recollected that the wounded Russians in the field of the Alma were as murderous and cruel as in any subsequent battle, the narratives which these prisoners supplied cannot be accepted as palliating any of the Russian atrocities. These prisoners stated that, while the allies were encamped on the Katcha, the Russian army was mustered in battalions, and addressed by the commanding officers, who assured them that the allies stripped and flogged the Russian prisoners, and inflicted other atrocities upon them of the most barbarous kind; and that, consequently, the Russian soldiers generally resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and never to surrender as prisoners. This mode of stimulating the courage of the common soldiery is infamously worthy of the Muscovite army.

A few desertions from the English lines took place early in November; they were men of no character, and had been severely flogged. Rewards, in the form of pecuniary gifts, were distributed amongst a few of the British soldiers who had distinguished themselves by their valour. Amongst these the most conspicuous was Patrick M'Grath, who, being seized by three Russians, suddenly snatched from one of his captors his musket, shot him, bayoneted a second, and put the third to flight. The poor acknowledgment of his heroism was a five-pound note.

On the 3rd, Lord Raglan wrote home, continuing his report of the siege up to that date:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 3rd.

MY LORD DUKE,—Since I wrote to your grace on the 28th ult., the enemy have considerably increased their force in the valley of the Tchernaya, both in artillery, cavalry, and infantry, and have extended to their left, not only occupying the village of Kamara, but the heights beyond it, and pushing forward pickets and even guns towards our extreme right; and these yesterday fired a few shots, apparently to try the range, which fell somewhat short. These movements have induced me to place as strong a force as I can dispose of on the precipitous ridge in that direction, in order to prevent any attempt to get round to Balaklava by the sea; and the whole

line is strengthened by a breastwork which has been thrown up by the Highland Brigade, the Royal Marines, and the Turkish troops, thus circumscribing that part of the position; while immediately in front of the gorge leading into the town a strong redoubt is in course of being completed, which is to be garrisoned by the 93rd regiment and armed with several guns, and on the high ground behind and to the left is a battery manned by seamen, which terminates the position to be defended by the troops under the command of Major-general Sir Colin Campbell. Further to the left, and in a more elevated position, is the brigade of the first French division, commanded by General Vinôis, ready to move to the assistance of any of the British force that may be assailed, and maintaining the connexion between the troops in the valley and those on the ridge on which the main armies are posted.

The harbour of Balaklava is under the charge of Captain Dacres, of the *Sanspareil*, and Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons is in the roadstead outside, and is in daily communication with me. Thus, every possible step has been taken to secure this important point; but I will not conceal from your grace that I should be more satisfied if I could have occupied the position in considerably greater strength.

With reference to the operations of the combined armies engaged in the attack on Sebastopol, I have the honour to state that there is no material diminution in the enemy's fire, and yesterday morning, two hours before daylight, the cannonade from all parts of the south front was heavy in the extreme, both on the French and British lines, and it occasioned, I deeply regret to say, some loss, but less than might have been expected under the circumstances. In the meanwhile the French, who have before them the town and real body of the place, have taken advantage of the more favourable ground, and are carrying on approaches systematically on the most salient and commanding part of the enemy's lines; and they have constructed and opened batteries, the precision of the fire from which has most materially damaged the Russian works, although, as yet, they have not succeeded in silencing their guns. The weather is still fine, but it has become extremely cold, and there was a severe frost last night.

I beg to submit to your grace the nominal returns of casualties among the non-commissioned officers and rank and file from the 22nd of October to the 1st of November, both days inclusive, and a list of officers killed and wounded between the 27th of October and the 1st of November. Captain Maude, of the horse-artillery, an excellent officer, is, I am assured, doing well. I likewise enclose the naval return of casualties.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

There is a peculiar interest in the narra-

tives of individual officers who happened to be placed in circumstances to observe particular transactions. No officer, whether of high or low rank, can, from personal observation, record all the events of a siege or a battle; hence the experience of the subaltern, as well as the despatches of the general, is necessary to fill up the outline. The following extract is from the diary of a subaltern during this period of the siege:—"On the 29th I went on a covering party to the Sebastopol Road, which is situated in the ravine which separates our right and left attack. It was about the best place to be posted in during daytime, as it was some little distance from a battery, and few shot came near it. A covered way led from the Greenhill Batteries to this road, and latterly the sailors who were relieved from duty went home this way. On either side of the road were huge rocks, in which were many natural caves, which in the daytime were generally filled with our men, who lighted their fires and cooked their rations and coffee there; but at night they were moved down to a wall which ran across the road in continuation of the covered way. At night a subaltern's party of thirty men or so were sent out some little distance down the road, from which sentries were posted within three hundred yards of the Russian Redan, which yawned on us, and showed its huge black teeth. This was a wretched station to be on at night, as it was probable that if a sortie was made from the garrison, they would in all probability bring their artillery up this road under cover of the Redan, and we should not have been able to bring one gun to bear on them from our batteries. We could plainly hear the paddles of a steamer moving in the harbour, in all probability engaged in mooring a ship in a position to annoy us."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

"The thick mist allow'd
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,
Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud."

THE history of war presents no records of strife more terrible than that which raged on the slopes of Inkerman on the 5th of November, 1854. On the night of the 4th, silence and confidence reigned in the camps around Sebastopol. It was known to the whole of the allied armies that the enemy had received numerous and powerful reinforcements, but how they were likely to be employed was matter of vague and varied conjecture: a renewal of the attack on Balaklava, and perhaps at night, was

the most generally prevalent opinion. No notion was entertained anywhere that these hosts would be precipitated upon the position so long occupied by the brave and vigilant De Lacy Evans. Had he not been an invalid, the symptoms in the enemy's camp of approaching battle would not have escaped him; although it is likely that any remonstrances or requests of his to head-quarters, would have availed no more in awakening vigilance than those so often previously made by him. No extraor-

inary precautions, in consequence of the vastly increased forces of the enemy, were made by French or English. The pickets were not strengthened, nor were any directions given to watch the foe. Ammunition in the camp was scarce; there were great stores of it at Balaklava, but no pains were taken to have the exhausted magazines at camp replenished. Some regiments were almost without cartridges. The Russian batteries were all silent, and not a shot was fired from the allied works. The night was bitterly cold, the ground damp, the trenches contained lodgments of water, no soldiers were out except those on duty, and many men of the covering parties had their blankets about their legs and feet—the camps had not been so silent before. A few lights might be seen flickering in the lines, as the soldiers cooked their rations—the only sign of life visible. The silence was at last broken in a remarkable manner: at about eleven o'clock the church-bells in Sebastopol began to toll; the sound came slowly and solemnly upon the still and heavy air. At last these sounds died away, and all was again quiet for a brief space, when a single bell tolled sharply and continuously. The darkness was most profound, and the little air that moved brought every sound from the city with a distinct clearness into the camp. The outlying pickets reported that they heard chaunting, and described it as if arising from the united voices of vast multitudes. These things might have aroused the most stolid generals, but they did not stir the torpidity of the allied headquarters. All who had any knowledge of Russia, and the fanaticism of the Russo-Greek Church, might have foreseen that these sounds betokened the religious services of the newly-arrived hosts, invoking their patron saints to favour some enterprise of moment. From eleven o'clock on the night of the 4th, until two o'clock on the morning of the 5th, these sounds continued; after that they died away, the darkness grew denser, not a light gleamed from the camps, and a false and stupid security prevailed over the allied hosts. It was probably three o'clock when the out-pickets of the 55th, one of the regiments of General Evans' division at Inkerman, heard a dull rumbling noise, as if of heavy wheels in the Tchernaya Valley, at the foot of the heights on which the picket was placed. The noise was first heard by a sergeant, it was then recognised by some of the men, and at last reported to the officer. He, having heard similar noises on other nights caused by waggon entering the town, took no notice. The noise, however, continued for a longer period than that generally made by the convoys, and grew louder and more distinct, as if approaching the foot of the heights. It seemed to come

chiefly from the direction of Shell Hill, the eminence which overlooked the camp of Sir de Lacy Evans' division. The increased distinctness of the sounds produced no misgiving in the minds of the picket officers, even when the probability of their coming for a convoy passed away. Still the dull rolling sound crept nearer, and the men again and again reported to their officers. The decisive repulse given by General Evans, on the 26th, it was believed had discouraged the enemy, and rendered the post secure. The moral effect of the little Inkerman, it was deemed certain, had made it too hazardous for the enemy to attempt anything again in that direction. From the 26th to the 4th no enemy had shown himself there.

At about half-past four o'clock the French pickets of General Bosquet's division reported that Liprandi's army was in motion. Bosquet turned out his division with promptitude, and adopted such precautions as seemed requisite. He did not move his battalions, for although sounds came up from the Woronzoff Road, nothing could be seen, and no conjecture formed, of what the enemy intended. A few shots discharged against the works in that part of the plateau, although they fell short, led Bosquet to think that his position was menaced. About six o'clock the day dawned, struggling through heavy folds of chilling mist; a more gloomy morning, even in a Crimean November, seldom stole through the fogs of the Tchernaya Valley. At this moment several Russian soldiers, unarmed, showed themselves to the picket of General Evans' division, which was posted in the ravine on the left of Shell Hill. They were supposed to be deserters, as they beckoned to the British to come to them, who at once fell into the trap. As soon as they approached the supposed deserters, 500 men started to their feet from amidst the brushwood on each side of the ravine, and surrounded and made prisoners the officer and thirty men who followed him. This, fortunately, was in view of a few men of the picket, left behind for some purpose, who instantly ran to the nearest picket (that of the 55th), which was posted on the top of the hill. The enemy followed rapidly, and the party of the 55th had scarcely time to catch the alarm from the fugitives before the enemy was upon them. This regiment knew the ground better than any other British corps, having often before skirmished there; they accordingly fell back, contesting, with skilful step and desperate battle, every inch of ground against overwhelming numbers. Then began the battle of Inkerman. Before we describe the eddying crowds of struggling soldiery, it is desirable to convey some clear idea of the plan of action which the Russians entertained.

The point of attack was originally intended

to have been the position occupied by Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England. It was perilous in the judgment of that officer to weaken that post during the engagement, but he nevertheless contributed largely to the successful defence at Inkerman. General Soimonoff was to have passed stealthily along the west side of the ravine from Careening Bay, and to attack the British left, which was under the command of Sir Richard England. General Pauloff was to ascend from the Inkerman Valley, and to attack the right of the British, then under the command of General Pennefather (Sir de Lacy Evans being ill on board ship). During these movements a feigned attack was to be made at Kadikoi, the object of which was, so to engage the attention of General Bosquet as to prevent his rendering any assistance to Sir de Lacy Evans' division. The sortie from Sebastopol against the position of General England was that which was chiefly relied upon for inflicting defeat upon the British. This is not the view generally taken of the plan of attack, but this was really the idea of the Russian commander-in-chief. Dannenberg's *corps d'armée* had encamped at Tchorgoum on the 31st of October; Soimonoff entered Sebastopol with his division on the 3rd of November. Pauloff encamped before Balaklava with his division about the same time, and thus each division was in the right place, at the right time, for the execution of the intended project. According to the Russian accounts, Soimonoff commanded 16,000 men, and Pauloff very nearly as many. Thus powerful forces were arranged to act in combination on different points of attack, and these large bodies of men were so supplied with all the requisites of war, that the most sanguine expectations were entertained as to the result. This plan was certainly never carried into execution, as the following pages will show, but nevertheless it was the scheme of operations really intended. The actual attack was altogether upon the British heights overlooking Inkerman. This discrepancy between the battle which the Russians actually fought, and that which their plan contemplated, is thus accounted for. General Soimonoff was represented as having mistaken the instructions of his chief, General Dannenberg, or at all events to have mistaken his way—for he advanced along the east instead of the west side of the ravine, and arrived on the same heights as those ascended by Pauloff's division. There is some proof that this assertion is true, for the British were greatly confused by finding that on both sides of their position the Russians fought up the ascent. This false step on the part of Soimonoff (assuming the Russian allegations to be correct) involved serious disadvantages—because so contracted was the ground upon which *both* bodies of the Russian army

were precipitated, that Soimonoff and Pauloff were in the way of one another. There was no space for such vast numbers to deploy, and therefore the fire of the British Minié muskets and artillery made havoc unparalleled in the masses exposed to such a relentless fire. There was yet another feature in the grand plan of the Russian chief—a sortie from the south-western portion of Sebastopol. This was conducted by Major-general Timofeieff, and began later in the morning, full four hours after the battle had begun on the eastern slopes. Those troops emerged at the gate of the bastion No. 6, and crossed the ravine of the Quarantine Bay, and approached the siege works of the French. According to the Russian account this sortie spiked fifteen French guns, and inflicted terrible loss of men and munitions of war; but it is acknowledged a retreat was necessary, which was very brilliantly conducted, many French prisoners being borne into Sebastopol by the retreating Russians. The plan of the Russian chief, it will be seen from these accounts, was brilliant in conception, however imperfectly carried out.

The general character of the battle, the details of which we are about to furnish, was one of the most obstinate valour. The Russians, infuriated by an invidious nationality, bigoted religious zeal, and large supplies of an intoxicating spirit, rushed madly on, charging with the bayonet. The British with the same weapon withstood the attack, and poured in deadly volleys of Minié rifle balls as the enemy advanced. It was a series of desperate individual conflicts. The notion that the charge of the bayonet is seldom if ever resisted, was here confuted. The bayonet was the chief weapon of combat, and was used with desperate strength and determination. Assault and repulse, retreat and rally, the crashing of long bayonet lines, and the confused struggle of detached crowds of soldiery, mainly made up the chief portions of this huge fight. Men grappled hand to throat, scarcely recognising one another beneath the dense fog which spread its gloomy pall over the combatants. Mr. Russell says with much truth, in a small compass, "The battle of Inkerman admits of no description." It cannot be pencilled on a grand scale—it must be narrated as a series of fierce, bloody, and confused struggles, between bodies of men who scarcely fought under command, but sought by personal force and prowess to scale the height, or hurl from its summit the ascending foe. In the ravine—by the redoubt—on the slope—through the brushwood, men fought, irrespective of all leaders, with a tenacity and valour never surpassed—as if the gods contested the sovereignty of the world within the limits of Inkerman.

We shall here present the despatches which

will guide us through the details of the battle:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 8th.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have the honour to report to your grace, that the army under my command, powerfully aided by the corps of observation of the French army, under the command of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet, effectually repulsed and defeated a most vigorous and determined attack of the enemy on our position overlooking the ruins of Inkerman, on the morning of the 5th instant. In my letter to your grace of the 3rd, I informed you that the enemy had considerably increased their force in the valley of the Tchernaya. The following day this augmentation was still further apparent, and large masses of troops had evidently arrived from the northward, and on two several occasions persons of distinguished rank were observed to have joined the Russian camp.

I have subsequently learnt that the fourth corps *Armée*, conveyed in carriages of the country, and in the tightest possible order, had been brought from Moldavia, and were to be immediately followed by the third corps. It was therefore to be expected that an extensive movement would not be long deferred. Accordingly, shortly before daylight on the 5th, strong columns of the enemy came upon the advanced pickets covering the right of the position. These pickets behaved with admirable gallantry, defending the ground, foot by foot, against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, until the second division, under Major-general Pennefather, with its field-guns, which had immediately been got under arms, was placed in position. The light division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, was also brought to the front without loss of time; the 1st brigade, under Major-general Codrington, occupying the long slopes to the left towards Sebastopol, and protecting our right battery, and guarding against attack on that side; and the 2nd brigade, under Brigadier-general Buller, forming on the left of the second division, with the 88th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Jeffreys, thrown in advance. The brigade of Guards, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Major-general Bentinck, proceeded likewise to the front, and took up most important ground to the extreme right on the alignment of the second division, but separated from it by a deep and precipitous ravine, and posting its guns with those of the second division. The fourth division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, having been brought from their encampment, advanced to the front and right of the attack; the 1st brigade, under Brigadier-general Goldie, proceeded to the left of the Inkerman Road; the 2nd brigade, under Brigadier-general Torrens, to the right of it, and on the ridge overhanging the valley of the Tchernaya. The third division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, occupied in part the ground vacated by the fourth division, and supported the light division by two regiments under Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell, while Brigadier-general Eyre held the command of the troops in the trenches.

The morning was extremely dark, with a drizzling rain, rendering it almost impossible to discover anything beyond the flash and smoke of artillery and heavy musketry fire. It, however, soon became evident that the enemy, under cover of a vast cloud of skirmishers, supported by dense columns of infantry, had advanced numerous batteries of large calibre to the high ground to the left and front of the second division, while powerful columns of infantry attacked with great vigour the brigade of Guards. Additional batteries of heavy artillery were also placed by the enemy on the slopes to our left; the guns in the field amounting in the whole to ninety pieces, independently, however, of the ship-guns and those in the works of Sebastopol. Protected by a tremendous fire of shot, shell, and grape, the Russian columns advanced in great force, requiring every effort of gallantry on the part of our troops to resist them. At this time two battalions of French infantry, which had on the first notice been sent by General Bosquet, joined our right, and very materially contributed to the successful resistance to the attack, cheering with our men, and charging the enemy down the hill with great loss. About the same time a determined assault was made on our extreme left, and for a

moment the enemy possessed themselves of four of our guns, three of which were retaken by the 88th, while the fourth was speedily recaptured by the 77th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Egerton. In the opposite direction the brigade of Guards, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, was engaged in a severe conflict.

The enemy, under the cover of thick brushwood, advanced in two heavy bodies, and assaulted with great determination a small redoubt which had been constructed for two guns, but was not armed. The combat was most arduous, and the brigade, after displaying the utmost steadiness and gallantry, was obliged to retire before very superior numbers, until supported by a wing of the 20th regiment of the fourth division, when they again advanced and retook the redoubt. This ground was afterwards occupied in gallant style by French troops, and the Guards speedily re-formed in rear of the right flank of the second division. In the meanwhile, Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, with a few companies of the 68th regiment, considering that he might make a strong impression by descending into the valley, and taking the enemy in flank, moved rapidly forward, but finding the heights above him in full occupation of the Russians, he suddenly discovered that he was entangled with a superior force, and while attempting to withdraw his men he received a mortal wound, shortly previously to which Brigadier-general Torrens, when leading the 68th, was likewise severely wounded.

Subsequently to this the battle continued with unabated vigour, and with no positive result, the enemy bringing upon our line not only the fire of all their field batteries, but those in front of the works of the place, and the ship-guns, till the afternoon, when the symptoms of giving way first became apparent; and shortly after, although the fire did not cease, the retreat became general, and heavy masses were observed retiring over the bridge of the Inkerman, and ascending the opposite heights, abandoning on the field of battle five or six thousand dead and wounded, multitudes of the latter having already been carried off by them. I never before witnessed such a spectacle as the field presented; but upon this I will not dwell.

Having submitted to your grace this imperfect description of this most severe battle, I have still two duties to discharge, the one most gratifying, the last most painful to my feelings. I have the greatest satisfaction in drawing your grace's attention to the brilliant conduct of the allied troops. French and English vied with each other in displaying their gallantry and manifesting their zealous devotion to duty, notwithstanding that they had to contend against an infinitely superior force, and were exposed for many hours to a most galling fire. It should be borne in mind that they have daily, for several weeks, undergone the most constant labour, and that many of them passed the previous night in the trenches. I will not attempt to enter into the detail of the movements of the French troops, lest I should not state them correctly; but I am proud of the opportunity of bearing testimony to their valour and energetic services, and of paying a tribute of admiration to the distinguished conduct of their immediate commander, General Bosquet; while it is in the highest degree pleasing to me to place upon record my deep sense of the valuable assistance I received from the commander-in-chief, General Canrobert, who was himself on the ground and in constant communication with me, and whose cordial co-operation, on all occasions, I cannot too highly extol. Your grace will recollect that he was wounded at the Alma. He was again wounded on the 5th, but I should hope that he will not long feel the effects of it.

I will, in a subsequent despatch, lay before your grace the names of the officers whose services have been brought to my notice. I will not detain the mail for that purpose now; but I cannot delay to report the admirable behaviour of Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, who was unfortunately shot through the arm, but is doing well; of Lieutenant-general his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who particularly distinguished himself; and of Major-general Pennefather, in command of the second division, which received the first attack, and gallantly maintained itself, under the greatest difficulties, throughout this protracted conflict; of Major-general Bentinck, who is severely wounded; Major-general Cod-

ington, Brigadier-general Adams, and Brigadier-general Torrens, who are severely wounded; and Brigadier-general Buller, who is also wounded, but not so seriously. I must likewise express my obligations to Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, for the excellent disposition he made of his division, and the assistance he rendered to the left of the light division, where Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell was judiciously placed, and effectively supported Major-general Codrington; and I have great pleasure in stating that Brigadier-general Eyre was employed in the important duty of guarding the trenches from any assault from the town. Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, who had been obliged, by severe indisposition, to go on board ship a few days previously, left his bed as soon as he received intelligence of the attack, and was promptly at his post; and, though he did not feel well enough to take the command of the division out of the hands of Major-general Pennefather, he did not fail to give him his best advice and assistance.

It is deeply distressing to me to have to submit to your grace the list of the killed, wounded, and missing, on this memorable occasion. It is indeed heavy, and very many valuable officers and men have been lost to her majesty's service. Among the killed your grace will find the names of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir G. Cathcart, Brigadier-general Strangways, and Brigadier-general Goldie. Of the services of the first it is almost unnecessary to speak. They are known throughout the British empire, and have, within a short space of time, been brought conspicuously before the country by his achievements at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he had only just returned when he was ordered to this army. By his death her majesty has been deprived of a most devoted servant, an officer of the highest merit, while I personally have to deplore the loss of an attached and faithful friend. Brigadier-general Strangways was known to have distinguished himself in early life, and in mature age, throughout a long service, he maintained the same character. The mode in which he had conducted the command of the artillery, since it was placed in his hands by the departure, through illness, of Major-general Cator, is entitled to my entire approbation, and was equally agreeable to those who were confided to his care. Brigadier-general Goldie was an officer of considerable promise, and gave great satisfaction to all under whom he has served.

It is difficult to arrive at any positive conclusion as to the actual numbers brought into the field by the enemy. The configuration of the ground did not admit of any great development of their force, the attack consisting of a system of repeated assaults in heavy masses of columns; but, judging from the numbers that were seen in the plains after they had withdrawn in retreat, I am led to suppose that they could not have been less than 60,000 men. Their loss was excessive, and it is calculated that they left on the field near 5000 dead, and that their casualties amount in the whole, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to not less than 15,000. Your grace will be surprised to learn that the number of British troops actually engaged little exceeded 8000 men, whilst those of General Bosquet's division only amounted to 6000, the remaining available French troops on the spot having been kept in reserve.

I ought to mention, that while the enemy was attacking our right, they assailed the left of the French trenches, and actually got into two of their batteries; but they were quickly driven out in the most gallant manner with considerable loss, and hotly pursued to the very walls of Sebastopol.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

General Canrobert forwarded the following despatch to the emperor:—

Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Nov. 7.

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,—I have the honour to confirm my telegraphic despatch of the 6th of November, couched in these terms:—"The Russian army, increased by reinforcements from the Danube, and the reserves in the southern provinces, and animated by the presence of the Grand-dukes Michael and Nicholas, yesterday attacked

the right of the English position before the place. The English army sustained the combat with the most remarkable solidity. I caused it to be supported by a portion of the Bosquet division, which fought with admirable vigour, and by the troops which were the most easily available. The enemy, more numerous than we were, beat a retreat with enormous losses, estimated at from 8000 to 9000 men. This obstinate struggle lasted the whole of the day. On my left General Forey had, at the same time, to repulse a sortie of the garrison. The troops, energetically led on by him, drove the enemy from the place, with the loss of 1000 men. This brilliant day, which was not finished without loss to the allies, does the greatest honour to our arms."

The action, of which the above telegraphic despatch forms the summary, was most animated and warmly contested. At the first gunshot, the deserters who came to us revealed the real situation of the Russian army in regard to numbers, and enabled us to calculate the reinforcements it had successively received since the battle of the Alma. They are—1st contingent, from the coast of Asia, Kertch, and Kaffa; 2nd, six battalions and detachments of marines from Nicolaieff; 3rd, four battalions of Cossacks from the Black Sea; 4th, a great portion of the army of the Danube; and the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth divisions of infantry forming the fourth corps, commanded by General Dannenberg. These three divisions were transported by express, with their artillery, from Odessa to Simpheropol, in a few days. Afterwards arrived the Grand-dukes Michael and Nicholas, whose presence could not fail to produce great excitement among this army, which forms, with the garrison of Sebastopol, a total of at least 100,000 men.

It was under these circumstances that 45,000 men of this army attacked by surprise the heights of Inkerman, which the English army could not occupy with a sufficient force. Only 6000 English took part in the action, the rest being engaged in the siege works. They valiantly sustained the attack until the moment when General Bosquet, arriving with a portion of his division, was able to render such assistance as to insure their success. One does not know which to praise the most—the energetic solidity with which our allies for a long time faced the storm, or the intelligent vigour which General Bosquet (who led a portion of the brigades Bourbaki and Antemarne) displayed in attacking the enemy, who rushed upon their right.

The third regiment of Zouaves, under the chiefs of battalion, Montandon and Dubos, supported in the most striking manner, the ancient reputation of that force. The Algerian riflemen (Colonel de Wimpfen), a battalion of the 7th light (Commander Vaissier), and the 6th of the line (Colonel de Camos), rivalled each other in ardour. Three charges were made with the bayonet, and it was only after the third charge that the enemy surrendered the ground, which was covered with his dead and wounded. The Russian field artillery and artillery of position was much superior in number, and occupied a commanding position. Two horse batteries, commanded by M. de la Boussinière, and a battery of the second division of infantry, commanded by M. Barval (the whole under the orders of Colonel Forgeot), sustained the struggle during the whole day, in conjunction with the English artillery.

The enemy decided upon beating a retreat, leaving more than 3000 dead, a great number of wounded, a few hundred prisoners, and also several caissons of artillery, in the possession of the allies. His losses, altogether, cannot be estimated at less than from 8000 to 10,000 men. While these events were being accomplished on the right, about 5000 men made a vigorous sortie against our attacks to the left, favoured by a thick fog and by ravines which facilitated their approach. The troops on duty in the trench, under the orders of General de la Motterouge, marched upon the enemy, who had already invaded two of our batteries, and repulsed him, killing more than 200 men within the batteries. The general of division, Forey, commanding the siege corps, by rapid and skilful arrangements, arrived with the troops of the fourth division to support the guards of the trenches, and marched himself at the head of the fifth battalion of foot chasseurs. The Russians, beaten down upon the whole of their line, were retreating precipitately upon the

place with considerable losses, when General de Lourmel, seeing them fly before him, and urged by a chivalric courage, dashed in pursuit of them up to the walls of the place, where he fell severely wounded. General Forey had much difficulty in withdrawing him from the advanced position to which his brigade had been hurried by excess of bravery. The Aureille brigade, which had taken up an excellent position to the left, protected this retreat, which was effected under the fire of the place with considerable loss. Colonel Niel, of the 26th of the line, who lost his two chiefs of battalion, took the command of the brigade, whose conduct was admirably energetic. The enemy, in this sortie, lost 1000 men in killed, wounded, or prisoners, and he received a very considerable moral and material check.

The battle of Inkerman, and the combat sustained by the siege corps were glorious for our arms, and have increased the moral power which the allied armies have attained; but we have suffered losses to be deplored. They amount, for the English army, to 2400 men killed or wounded, among whom are seven generals, three of whom were killed; and, for the French army, to 1726 killed or wounded. We bitterly lament the loss of General de Lourmel, who died from his wound, and whose brilliant military qualities and conduct in private life seemed to promise future renown. I also have the regret to announce to you the death of Colonel de Camos, of the 6th of the line, killed at the head of his troops at the moment when it engaged with the enemy.

The vigour of the allied troops, subjected to the double trials of a siege, the difficulties of which are without a precedent, and to actions of war which recall the greatest struggles of our military history, cannot be too highly ulogised. I enclose my order of the day to the army for the battle of the 5th.

Accept, &c.,

CANROBERT, *General-in-Chief.*

The order of the day issued to the French army was as follows:—

Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Nov. 5, 1854.

Soldiers! you have had another glorious day. A great portion of the Russian army, favoured by the night and the fog, was able to establish itself, with powerful artillery, upon the heights which form the extreme right of our position. Two English divisions sustained an unequal fight with the invincible solidity which we know to be the characteristic of our allies; while a part of the Bosquet division, conducted by its worthy chief, came up to our support, and rushed upon the enemy with a boldness and intelligence to which I here render forcible homage. Definitively driven back in the valley of Tcheraya, the enemy left upon the ground more than 4000 of his men killed or wounded, and carried away at least as many during the battle.

While these events were in course of accomplishment, the garrison of Sebastopol made a sortie upon the left of our attacks, which afforded to the troops of the siege corps, and particularly to the fourth division, led most vigorously by General Forey, the opportunity of giving the enemy a severe lesson. The troops employed in retelling this sortie gave proof of an energy which much increases the reputation they had already earned by the attention with which they supported the onerous and glorious labours of the siege. I shall have to mention regiments and soldiers of all kinds and of all ranks who prominently distinguished themselves during this day. I shall make them known to France, to the emperor, and to the army. But I was anxious, at the first moment, to thank you in their name, and to tell you that you have just added a voluminous page to the history of this difficult campaign.

CANROBERT, *General-in-Chief.*

We annex a copy of the Russian despatch:—

Nov. 6th, 1854.

Yesterday, at Sebastopol, from the direction of bastion No. 1, there was a sortie, in which the following troops took part. Of the tenth division of infantry, the regiments of Catherinenborg, Tomsk, and Kolyvan; of the

eleventh division of infantry, the regiments of Selinghinsk, Yakoutsck, and Okhotsck; of the sixteenth division of infantry, the regiments Vladimir, Souzdal, and Ouglitich; and of the seventeenth division of infantry, the regiments of Boutyrsk, Borodino, and Tarontino. There was as much artillery as could be taken, considering the difficulty of passing the gates. A portion of the troops passed by the Inkerman bridge. The command of the troops was intrusted to the general of infantry, Dannenberg, commander of the fourth corps of infantry.

Our first attack upon the heights was very successful. The English fortifications were carried, and eleven of their guns spiked. Unfortunately, in this first movement, the commanders of the troops of the tenth division, who attacked the intrenchments and the redoubts, were wounded. During this period the French forces arrived to the assistance of the English. The siege-artillery of the latter was placed in position on the field of battle, and it was not possible for our field-artillery to contend against such an advantage. The superiority in number of the enemy's men armed with carbines occasioned a great loss of horses and men belonging to the artillery, and of officers of infantry. This circumstance did not allow of our finishing, without sacrificing the troops, the redoubts which we had begun to raise during the fight upon the points which the position of the enemy commanded even up to the town of Sebastopol.

The retreat was effected in good order upon Sebastopol, and by the bridge of Inkerman, and the dismounted guns were brought back from the field of battle to the place.

The Grand-dukes Nicholas Nikolaievitch and Michael Nikolaievitch were in the midst of the terrible fire which prevailed, and set an example of coolness and courage in the fight.

Simultaneously with this sortie the Minsk regiment of infantry, with a light artillery battery, under the command of Major-general of artillery Timofieff, executed another against the French batteries, and spiked fifteen of their guns.

Our loss in dead is not yet exactly known, but the number of wounded extends to 3500 men and 109 officers. Among the latter are Lieutenant-general Soimonoff, who received a ball through the body, and soon died from the wound; Major-generals Villebois and Ochterlohné; Colonels Alexandroff, commander of the infantry regiment of Catherinenborg, Poustovoitoff, ditto of the infantry regiment of Tomsk, Bibikoff, ditto, commander of the Chasseurs of Okhotsck, Baron Delwig, ditto of the infantry of Vladimir, and Vereuvkine-Scheluta, ditto, commander of the Chasseurs of Borodino. Major-general Kischinsky, chief of the artillery, received a contusion from the bursting of a shell; Major-general Prince Menschikoff, belonging to the suite of your imperial majesty, a contusion in the neck; Colonel Albedinsky, aide-de-camp of your imperial majesty, and Captain Greigh, of the cavalry, my aide-de-camp, a contusion in the head. General Dannenberg had two horses killed under him, and all the persons by whom he was surrounded were wounded.

The loss of the enemy cannot have been less considerable, and the sortie of General Timofieff cost the French dear; for, while he was pursuing them with formidable masses, they fell under a violent fire of grape-shot from bastion No. 6.

While these movements were being executed, the troops under command of Prince Gortschakoff made a strong demonstration against Kadikoi, and thus kept in inactivity the enemy's detachment at Balaklava.

Having presented to our readers the way in which the battle commenced, the plan which the enemy had in view, and the despatches which afford a general outline of the contest, we proceed to fill up the details. While the picket of the 55th regiment fell back fighting before the advancing foe, the alarm spread rapidly through the camp, and men flew to arms on every side. The brave picket fought with the greatest obstinacy,

yielding only to overwhelming force. As they gradually gave way, the guns which the Russians had drawn to the foot of the hill during the night were rapidly advanced up the ascent, and were placed in position at the top, on the spot which the Russian sergeant, who had deserted, previously advised the British quartermaster-general to occupy. This warning had been in vain, and also one still more significant—for, at the battle of the Little Inkerman, it was at that spot the enemy planted their formidable artillery. Its occupation by strong batteries was destructive to the British, and mainly aided the foe in resisting the indomitable courage of our troops.

Early in the morning, Brigadier-general Codrington, of the light division, visited the outlying pickets of his own brigade. This was the general's usual habit, and this vigilant usage was very serviceable on the present critical occasion. Captain Prettyman, of the 33rd regiment, was on duty, and conversed for some minutes with the brigadier on the possibility of a sortie being attempted under favour of so gloomy a morning, and that the enemy would calculate upon the drizzling rain and soaking mist spoiling the fire-arms of the pickets. It was when the brigadier turned from this conversation, in the direction of the lines of his brigade, that the first sharp rattle of musketry between the 55th and the enemy commenced. The general galloped in the direction of the reports, and came to the conclusion at once that it was not a mere *alerte*, or even sortie, but an attack in force upon our flank, and upon the most vulnerable point of the position. While admitting that this post was imperfectly defended, and concurring in the censure which ought to rest upon those whose neglect left it so, it is necessary to correct the impression that there was no work to keep the enemy at bay. The eloquent correspondent of the *Times* is only partly correct in the following strictures:—"No one suspected for a moment that enormous masses of Russians were creeping up the rugged sides of the heights over the valley of Inkerman, on the undefended flank of the second division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in camp imagine that a subtle and indefatigable enemy was bringing into position an overwhelming artillery, ready to play upon their tents at the first glimpse of daylight. It must be observed that Sir De Lacy Evans had long been aware of the insecurity of this portion of our position, and had repeatedly pointed it out to those whose duty it was to guard against the dangers which threatened us. It was the only ground where we were exposed to surprise, for a number of ravines and unequal curves in the slope of the hill towards the valley lead up to the crest and

summit, against the adverse side of which our right flank was resting, without guns, intrenchments, abattis, or outlying defence of any kind. Every one admitted the truth of the representations addressed to the authorities on this subject; but indolence, or a sense of false security, and an overweening confidence, led to indifference and procrastination. A battery was thrown up of sandbags, and gabions, and fascines, on the slope of the hill over Inkerman, on the east, but no guns were mounted there—for Sir De Lacy Evans thought that two guns in such a position, without any works to support them, would only invite attack and capture. In the action of the 26th of October, the enemy tried their strength almost on the very spot selected by them this morning; but it may now be considered that they merely made a *reconnaissance en force* on that occasion, and that they were waiting for reinforcements to assault the position where it was most vulnerable, and where they might speculate with some certainty on the effects of the surprise of a sleeping camp on a winter's morning. Although the arrangements of Sir De Lacy Evans on repulsing the sortie were, as Lord Raglan declared, 'so perfect that they could not fail to ensure success,' it was evident that a larger force than the Russians employed would have forced him to retire from his ground, or to fight a battle in defence of it, with the aid of the other divisions of the army; and yet nothing was done. No effort was made to intrench the lines, to cast up a single shovel of earth, to cut down the brushwood, or form an abattis. It was thought 'not to be necessary.' A heavy responsibility rests on those whose neglect enabled the enemy to attack us where we were least prepared for it, and whose indifference led them to despise precautions which, taken in time, might have saved us many valuable lives, and have trebled the loss of the enemy, had they been bold enough to have assaulted us behind intrenchments."

It is indubitably true that the representations of Sir de Lacy Evans were not attended to, nor his suggestions even properly discussed, although no officer in the Crimea had the slightest pretension to claim equal skill and experience in war with that general. It is questionable whether any general in the British army has rendered his country such varied and effective service as this man—whose heroism in the field, goodness in the camp, wisdom in the senate, and genius, constitute him one of the most remarkable men in our country and our age. It is not correct, however, that not "a shovelful of earth was thrown up." Nor was the defence to which Mr. Russell refers, as "a battery of gabions, and sandbags, and fascines," altogether the fragile work which he describes it. The work was solidly

constructed, and enabled the Guards to make a terrible and protracted defence with the Minié musket and the bayonet. Mr. Russell is in error in stating that nothing was done to make this defence efficient, for Sir de Lacy Evans, although he received no help for the purpose from head-quarters, set his men to the task; and, as far as their enfeebled condition in health and numbers allowed, he employed them in giving a somewhat formidable character to this work. Mr. Woods asserts that the battery had no *banquette*, but officers who well knew it, aided in its construction, and fought in its defence, aver that, however imperfectly made (for the reasons already named), it was not wholly destitute of that advantage.

Mr. Russell's assertion, that "no effort was made to intrench the lines, or throw up a single shovel of earth," is irreconcilable with the account of Colonel Hamley, who fought on the spot, and whose description we know, from other and still superior sources of information, to be correct:—"The first division was posted about half a mile in rear of the second. On its right a narrow path descended the steep boundary of the plateau to the valley of the Tchernaya, crossing a ford of the stream between the ruins of Inkerman and the cluster of heights where part of Liprandi's force was posted. About a third of the way down, a shoulder projected from the precipice like a terrace, and on this the French constructed a small redoubt, into which we put two guns, to fire down on the plain, and to sweep the terrace, and which was at first garrisoned by guardsmen, but afterwards made over to the French. The latter had formed an almost continuous intrenchment from their great redoubt on the plateau above the Woronzoff Road to this point; and we had begun, on the 4th of November, to carry it onward round the face of the cliff opposite Inkerman, so as to include the front of the second division. But the work proceeded but slowly and interruptedly; and up to that time, the ground, which had already been the scene of an attack, and was now again to become so, had only two small fragments of insignificant intrenchment, not a hundred yards long in all—and more like ordinary drains than field-works—one on each side of the road, as it crossed the ridge behind which the division was encamped. Amidst the many loose assertions and incorrect statements which have appeared in the public prints respecting the operations of the campaign, there is one frequently-recurring error which deserves notice, as it is calculated to mislead military readers in forming their estimate of the different actions. Every species of intrenchment which appears on a position is talked of as 'a redoubt.' At the Alma the

English force has been repeatedly described as storming intrenchments, and the battery where the great struggle took place is always mentioned as 'the redoubt.' The two-gun battery, where the Guards fought at Inkerman, is also a 'redoubt;' and one writer describes it as equipped with 'a breastwork at least seven feet high.' A remarkable breastwork, certainly, since the defenders, to make use of it as such, must needs be about ten feet in stature! There were no intrenchments, nor any works intended as obstacles in the Russian position at the Alma. The only works of any kind were two long, low banks of earth, over which the guns fired—intended, not to prevent our advance, but to protect the guns and gunners from our fire. The battery at the Inkerman was a high wall of earth, riveted with gabions and sandbags, sloping at the extremities, and having two embrasures cut in it for the guns to fire through: from end to end it was about twelve paces long. Now, premising that field-works are said to be enclosed when they afford on all sides a defence against an enemy, and that, when they are so constructed, that the defenders behind one face fire along the space in front of them, parallel to another face, the one is said to flank the other; a redoubt may be defined as an enclosed work without flank defence. It is either square, circular, or many-sided; and it is evident, to the least informed reader, that a continuous parapet and ditch, guarded from behind at all points by musketry, must be a formidable obstacle to assai, and must greatly increase the facilities of defence."

It is obvious that General Evans and the men of his division did all they could, with their strength and means, to make their position secure, and that their exertions in this way materially contributed to obstruct the advance of the Russians in this battle. General Evans' division, under Major-general Pennefather, was first under arms, and offered the first resistance to the enemy. The division had been so reduced by battle, and labour, and sickness, that it scarcely numbered 1500 men; but there was not in the whole army a body of men more trustworthy and gallant. Their discipline was perfect, and their confidence in their chief unbounded. They were not left to grapple alone with the foe for any long time, for Codrington had called out both brigades of the light division, and hastened to their relief.

The men of either division had not the slightest conception of the duty to which they were summoned, and they advanced carelessly and confidently, believing that it was one of the *alertes* so common in thick and clouded weather, or at most a sortie, and that the enemy would soon be driven in. On they

came with their reckless and forward bearing, but were soon undeceived as to the character of the encounter before them; for through the thick mist the flashes of innumerable musketry played incessantly, and the uproar of the enemy's approach sounded strangely, as if the surging of rushing and rising waters bursting their bounds below, and spreading upwards in a resistless deluge. The Russian soldiers had been intoxicated by strong drink and bigotry for the occasion, and in the frenzy of this double inebriety they came on less regularly than was their wont, and with a confused, but hurried and resolute tread, unlike that of the Russian infantry on ordinary occasions. They came up the slopes shrieking rather than shouting: it was not the voice of a gallant soldiery coming to the charge against a worthy foe, emulous of his fame and eager to win the laurel of the brave—it was a vindictive and drunken cry, a yell horrible to hear, the utterance of barbarous natures incited and goaded to a fierce and brutal onset. The light division moved to the ravine on the left side of Shell Hill, and scarcely had they drawn up when a Russian column came against them. The brigade (Buller's) nearest to the column waited until it arrived within twenty yards, and then poured in a deadly volley. It was difficult to see the enemy in the mist, but the men fired low, almost every shot told, and before the Russians could deploy, the "lights" charged with the bayonet, breaking the column into fragments, and driving the scattered groups headlong down the hill. It was a splendid charge, much like one of the old Peninsular feats, when the French came on in close column, and the "thin red line," discharging its volley, instantly rushed forward with the bayonet before the enemy could form into line. Just as at Waterloo, Picton's infantry received the French upon the left centre of the British line, dealing destruction among their columns at the moment when about to perform the manœuvre of deploying, so was it with the light division in this charge at Inkerman. While these troops were routing the enemy in this manner, the second division had moved forward to the brow of the hill in front of their own position, and drew up on the spot most menaced, the old Simpheropol Road, which ascended to the camp from the vale of the Tchernaya. The whole plan of the enemy, or, at all events, that part of his plan which involved the assault of this position was now revealed. The ground taken up by the second division was exposed to a raking fire of artillery from the summit of Shell Hill. It is difficult to say whether the action of artillery or infantry should be most noticed at this juncture; artillery officers always make the artillery conflict the battle, and the moments of closer com-

bat as subsidiary to the operations of the thundering guns; while officers of the other arm mostly represent the battle as being fought by it, and the artillery or cavalry as only auxiliary forces which were employed when wanted. In this instance, the cannon from Shell Hill appeared to rage against the camp as if conscious of the conflict, and sharing in the fierce resentment of the Russian nation.

The roar of cannon, the volleys of musketry, and the yells of the intoxicated enemy, mingled in strange confusion with the tread of hosts and the clash of steel in the pit-like darkness through which the combatants sought one another. The 41st regiment, and six companies of the 49th, were dispatched to occupy the two-gun battery, already so frequently referred to. Three guns of Woodhouse's battery accompanied them, under the command of Major Hamley. The battery afforded the men good shelter from the cannon on Shell Hill, as they lay down under the parapet. The moment they sought and found this shelter, the enemy changed the range of their guns, and swept the position occupied by the rest of the second division. So dim was the morning that this operation, so unfortunate for the second division, could not have been the result of any especial skill. While the guns from Shell Hill poured every description of death-dealing missile on the second division, that portion of it holding the two-gun battery was assailed by a fresh column of Russian infantry. They pressed forward, not with simultaneous shouts or cheers, but every man yelled as if under the influence of demoniacal possession; they rushed in their drunkenness and fury towards the battery—its defenders met them with a shower of Minié balls, which searched the column through. The men of the two regiments spread themselves on either flank of the battery, as its construction and space did not admit of their ranging themselves advantageously within it. The able correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says:—"Through the thick mist the yells came loud and long, and, rushing up with a dash and spirit for which we have not given them credit, the enemy threw themselves headlong upon the battery." Their assault could hardly be fitly described as made with dash and spirit—they charged rather like madmen, ignorant of motive or aim, and actuated only by an infuriated and impulsive desire for destruction.

Probably this body of the enemy numbered 5000 men. They came on in column, but so dense was the compact mass that the whole front seemed covered with it. It loomed through the fog as if a gigantic human machine, precipitated by an unseen hand against the post where it was resisted and broken. It is marvellous that the little band of Britons

could have ventured to receive so vast a body, but the position was the key of the English line—at all events at that part of the day; the men knew this, they determined to hold it, and never was determination more gallantly sustained. Silently the British waited, and just as the swarming multitude arrived within ten feet of the battery, a tremendous volley of Minié balls rang out from its embrasures and flanks, and 200 Russians lay dead before it. The enemy were appalled by the suddenness and destructiveness of this reception, and fell back, but after a short pause the front seemed to be pressed forward by the concourse in the rear, when, instead of flinging themselves headlong upon the battery (as Mr. Woods writes), trusting to their overwhelming numbers speedily to end the conflict, they opened a close fire for several minutes. The English fired each as fast as he could; no bullet missed—as if discharging their pieces into a vast wool-pack, the bullets entered the dense mass of the Russian soldiery, every shot telling upon more than a single foe. It was impossible for the Russian or any soldiery to remain under such a fire. So coolly, closely, steadily, and yet rapidly and surely, was it dealt forth, that the enemy went down before it in multitudes. As fast as they fell in front others pressed forward, but their fire did not produce much effect upon the English, who fought under the protection of the battery, and with perfect steadiness. Goaded by the reproaches of their officers, the foe at last rushed forward, passing through the embrasures and over the banks. The scene of struggle was now in the inward space, and it was bayonet to bayonet and hand to hand. The British used the butt-end of their muskets, beating down the Russian guard and smashing their bayonets. The suddenness with which the English, as if by a simultaneous impulse, resorted to this mode of combat, confused the Russians, and disconcerted their accustomed mode of handling their weapons. The enemy was driven out, or rather, we should say, seized with a sudden panic before the heroism they encountered, fled—for it was physically impossible for so small a band to drive back such a host.

The positions of the defenders at this moment were as follows:—The second division, under General Pennefather, held the front. One brigade, consisting of the 41st, 47th, and 49th, under Brigadier Adams, was the most forward. The 30th, 35th, and 90th, had supported them *en échelon*, until all became mixed in the confusion of the terrible *mêlée*, except the detachments holding the two-gun battery. To the left, nearest Sebastopol, General Sir George Cathcart's division took ground, consisting of the 20th, 21st North British Fusiliers, 46th, 57th, 63rd, and 68th. The general and his two

brigadiers, Torrens and Goldie, were at their head. A portion of the light division, as already described, had early moved under Codrington to the assistance of the second division, and was followed by Sir George Brown, and so much of the remainder of the division as could be collected for the purpose. The Duke of Cambridge and the Guards came up upon the right of the second division (that farthest from Sebastopol). Sir Richard England, with a portion of his division, also moved up—a circumstance generally overlooked by writers upon the war. One writer describes him as being in reserve. There was no reserve at Inkerman—the troops came up as fast as they could, by brigades, battalions, or companies, and took the ground most important to occupy at the moment. Very early in the morning, Sir Richard England's attention had been caught by sharp musketry three or four miles to his right, and as he judged, from the position overlooking the ruins of Inkerman; and after providing for the security of his own front, where 1200 men of the third division were already in the advanced trenches, he took the Royals and 50th, with some guns, to aid in repelling the attack. With these troops, and accompanied by his brigadier, Sir John Campbell, he joined the left of the light division.

Colonel Bell, himself a participator, thus describes the advance, position, and service of General England at this juncture:—"On the morning of the 5th of November, the moment we heard the rattle of musketry on our right, Sir Richard England ordered his division under arms, and moved off without delay to the scene of action. We did not muster strong, because part of the division was on duty in the trenches, and a force left in front and to support our pickets. The force Sir Richard England took into the field was very judiciously disposed of, and prevented the enemy from making any further advance to turn the left of our defensive army. It was indeed a bold measure, drawing away the third division at all from its own ground. Here, as at Alma, Sir Richard England met the wishes of other general officers, and readily accorded that aid which was so needful; and although his division was not so much engaged in the field as others, it was entirely the chances of war, for the third division was placed in what was considered the most dangerous and exposed position in sitting down before Sebastopol."

The battle in and around the two-gun battery continued to rage, and the men of General Evans' division did all that men could do to resist the foe. The weight of the enemy's masses at length overpowered the defenders, and the Russians took possession of the battery in such strength that all hope of dislodging

them seemed extinguished. At this moment the Guards advanced, and attempted this terrible task. They were led on by the Duke of Cambridge with skill and dauntless courage. They commenced their advance soon after the second division became warmly engaged, but it was some time before they could be brought into action—for the majority of them had only returned a few minutes before from the trenches, drenched with rain and nearly paralysed with cold, having been twenty-four hours on duty; 300 of them had been on picket; and all, like the men of the other divisions who hurried into the fight, were weary and fasting. The men, however, seemed eager to fall in and support their comrades already engaged with the ascending masses of the Muscovites. They arrived on the brow of the hill above the two-gun battery at the actual moment when the 41st and 49th had been driven out, and were falling back obstinately and slowly upon whatever support might be afforded to them. The bearing of the Guards was magnificent; the language might be applied to them—

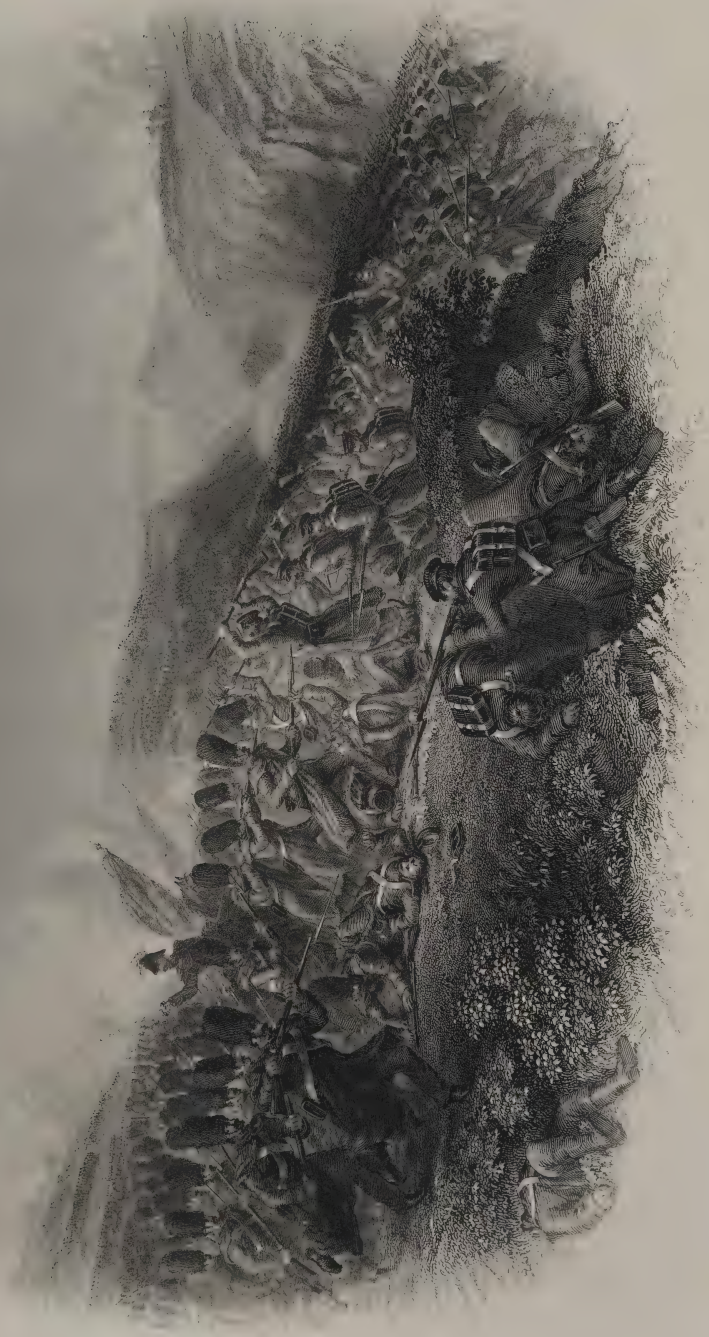
"If a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self were lure alone."

The enemy were exulting in their victory with infuriated yells, which were soon lost in the bold cheer that rang out from the advancing lines of the household brigade. The Grenadier and Fusileer Guards charged with the utmost impetuosity, and the Russians, except the piles of their dead and dying, were literally swept from the two-gun battery and its vicinity. The Coldstreams, who arrived shortly after, took up position with the other battalions of their brigade, the whole of which only numbered the regulation strength of a battalion of the line on India service or in time of war. This fine battalion placed themselves in the centre of the battery, the Grenadiers taking their right and the Fusileers their left. The baffled and repulsed Russians were soon pushed forward again before the advance of increasing numbers, and the battery was assaulted by assailants more numerous and fierce than before. Some relate that fresh draughts of *raka* (a most intoxicating spirit) were supplied to them on the field, until the men ceased to be conscious of their real situation, but were inspired with additional strength to rush headlong to the assault. The battery was simultaneously stormed in front and on either flank by overwhelming numbers, and with intensified fury. Three times the parapets were scaled, and the enemy crowded into the long-defended space—and as often were they driven back with appalling slaughter. Still fresh numbers pressed forward, and the brave band of defenders were surrounded—

every man believing that all was lost, but determined to die rather than yield. So near were the contending parties that they fired into one another's breasts. A single shot into each wave of the enemy as it rolled up, was all that each man in the line of defenders could get time to fire—it then became close bayonet work;* but the Russians literally clambered over the heaps of their slain countrymen to renew the sanguinary contest.

The height of the walls of the battery prevented our men from firing over, except in some spots—nearly the whole of the fire, therefore, was directed through the embrasures. The Russians, perceiving this, gathered close in under the battery, and threw the muskets and bayonets of their slain countrymen over the parapets, and also huge fragments of rock which plentifully covered the ground thereabouts. The guardsmen proved themselves superior even in this rough practice—hurling the missiles back again with more rapidity and energy. This queer contest lasted longer than might be supposed; more than ten minutes elapsed before the Russians put an end to it by another desperate charge through the embrasures. This was as furiously resisted, and even the embrasures became choked with the Russian dead. The body of the enemy opposed to the Guards equalled a British division of infantry in its full strength. These were increased so much by fresh masses directed on the spot, that the Guards could no longer hold the post. The pressure on either flank was so great that both Grenadiers and Fusileers were pushed back behind the battery—the enemy at the same moment assailing the uncovered flanks of the work, and pouring in upon the Coldstreams in multitudes. The Guards were now surrounded, while the dense fog prevented their seeing anything but the gigantic mass of foes louring through the haze around them. The same cause prevented their desperate situation from being seen by any who could give them help—if there were any not themselves at the moment so dangerously engaged as to allow them extending succour to their comrades. In this terrible conjuncture the word was passed,

* Mr. Russell represents the antagonism of infantry with the bayonet as unknown before Inkerman, except at Maida. This assertion, made by many others before Mr. Russell, is, however, a mistake: repeatedly, in the war of the Peninsula, the French crossed bayonets with our men, not only in resisting their entrance by the breaches of fortresses, but in the open field. By consulting *Napier's History of the Peninsular War*, the reader will find instances. The Sikhs crossed bayonets, not only with the Sepoy, but with the British infantry. Bayonet charges also occurred between the French and Bavarians, and the French and Austrians, in the late wars. In none of all these, however, was so protracted and sanguinary a contest maintained, and never before did the decision of a battle depend so much upon a series of close and murderous bayonet struggles.



THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN

Charge of the Guards.

"Keep firm on the colours!" and a contest, the most bloody in the history of any field, commenced. Mr. Woods describes their efforts and their losses here, in the following words:—"The little band, now scarcely 1000 strong, dashed up the hill against their assailants, leaving in and around the battery mounds of Russian dead, and eight officers and 200 men of their own corps killed and wounded. As the enemy sprang into the work, the latter were instantly bayoneted. Some of the officers were found with as many as twenty bayonet wounds, and with their skulls smashed with the but-end of muskets. This was particularly the case with Sir R. Newman and Lieutenant G. C. Greville. After having distinguished themselves in the most heroic manner they were wounded, and left in the battery alive; when the Guards retook it, their corpses were scarcely recognisable. On the day before the battle I saw Lieutenant Greville—at ten o'clock in the morning of the 5th of November, while the fight was still raging, a body was shown to me which I was told was poor Greville's, but hardly a feature was distinguishable. Repeated blows (nearly all, I presume, given after death) had destroyed the face."

While the second and light divisions were maintaining an unequal contest on the brow of the declivity, and the two-gun battery was so well defended by the obstinate valour of part of the former division, and the brigade of Guards, a battle of artillery, if possible still more unequal, was being waged. Notice has been already taken of the fact that the first three guns which came into action were under the command of Major Hamley. This officer gives the most graphic and minute account extant, of what he calls the "duel of artillery" which then took place, which awoke the echoes of the mist-clad hills, and uttered in thunder the defiance of contending hosts:—

"Townsend's battery of the fourth division had arrived at the left of the position during one of the rushes made by the enemy. Four of the guns were taken almost as soon as they were unlimbered, the Russians being close to them in the coppice, unawares; but some of the 88th and 49th retook them before they had been many seconds in the enemy's hands—Lieutenant Miller, R.A., taking a leading part in the recapture of one of the guns of his own division of the battery. In all these attacks on our left, the Russians were prevented from turning that flank by Codrington's brigade of the light division, which, posted on the further bank of the ravine, skirmished in and across it with the enemy's infantry throughout the day. Four guns had been detached early in the battle to support this brigade, but they were met, whenever they came into

action, by so heavy a fire, that they were compelled to remain inactive, for the most part, under shelter of a large mound of earth. When the Russian infantry was driven back, a cannonade re-commenced along their whole line, to which our guns replied warmly, though overmatched in metal and numbers. The Russians were computed to have sixty pieces, of which many were guns of position, while we had six 9-pounder batteries of six guns each; but our gunners continued the fire with admirable steadiness.

"Soon after the Guards came up on the right, the three guns first sent there had been withdrawn for fresh ammunition, having fired away all in the limbers, and being separated from their waggons. I had then gone to the ridge where the road crossed it. The duel of artillery was at its height—there was not a moment when shot was not rushing or shells exploding among the guns, men and horses going down before them. Grape-shot, too, occasionally showered past, from which it would appear that the Russians had brought some iron guns into position—as grape fired from brass pieces would destroy the bore, from the softness of the metal. The ships in the harbour, and the battery at the Round Tower, also threw shot and shell on to the slope. This cannonade was the preface to another infantry attack, which now threatened our right, and a battery was ordered to that flank. While I was delivering this order a round-shot passed through my horse, close to the saddle, and rolled us over. He had shortly before been struck by a musket-ball in the haunch, which did not disable him; and had been wounded by a cannon-ball at the Alma, being one of the few horses that ever survived such an event. This was the poor fellow's last field; while on the ground another cannon-ball passed through him. A sergeant of artillery, a very fine young fellow, named M'Keown, ran to extricate me; he had just lifted me from under the horse, and I was in the act of steadying myself on his shoulder, when a shot carried off his thigh, and he fell back on me, uttering cries as if of amazement at the suddenness of his misfortune. I laid him gently down, resting on a bush, and looked at the wound; the leg was smashed and almost severed. Calling two men to carry him to the rear, I hastened to the right after the battery. Advancing in the thick bushes beyond the spot where the battery had come into action, I turned about and saw it retiring. It was already at some distance, and the movement was explained by the appearance of a line of Russian infantry suddenly extending along the upper edge of the slope, between me and our alignment, and at about forty yards' distance. On my left, lower down the slope, as I turned towards our

position, men of different regiments, principally guardsmen, were retreating from the two-gun battery. Being lame from a recent injury, I considered myself lost—the bullets cut the branches and leaves on every side, and all attempts to rally our men were met by the unanswerable reply that their ammunition was spent. At that moment the right of the position was absolutely without defence, and the enemy, by advancing resolutely, must have turned it. But from panic, or some other cause, they fortunately retired instead of advancing—a friendly slip in the ground afforded a shelter from their last shots, and the men who had retreated rallied and laid down under the low intrenchment already spoken of, while their officers distributed fresh packets of ball-cartridge. On this intrenchment a heavy fire of artillery was directed, which continued for nearly an hour. An officer whom I met there, to whom I was lamenting the death of my horse, told me he had placed his in a hollow close at hand, where he was quite secure; but, going to visit him presently afterwards, he found that a shell had penetrated this admirable retreat, and blown him to pieces. I saw a magnificent team of chestnut gun-horses prostrated here by a single destructive shell, and five of the six did not rise again."

It was nearly eight o'clock before Lord Raglan arrived upon the ground. His lordship and staff appeared filled with profound anxiety, as soon as they were able to obtain some glimpses of the state of the field: this was difficult, for the fog still continued dense, and rolled over the English position as if in successive waves. All the British troops that were engaged at any time through the day had arrived at their respective posts by that time. They had literally crowded along from their tents to the scene of tumult: some came without ammunition, some with a round or two; others with their Minié muskets wet and unserviceable; a few were without shoes, and most had on their great-coats, which encumbered them, and sometimes made it difficult for the artillery to distinguish them from their enemies. Lord Raglan placed himself at the rear of the second division, and was witness to the singular heroism of General Evans, who, from his sick-bed on board ship at Balaklava, went forth on hearing the first sounds of battle, and placed himself at the head of his division. Ever generous as brave, he refused to deprive his second in command, Major-general Pennefather, of the honour of heading the division before the enemy; but riding about with him as if he was his aide-de-camp, afforded that officer counsel from the ample stores of his experience, and encouragement from his dauntless and hopeful spirit. The conduct of General Evans on this occasion

was such as will not only give to his name one of the brightest places in the rolls of British military glory, but also cause it to be one of those to which history points all nations, when holding up the example of the brave and generous of whatever realm. Colonel Hamley pays this tribute to the bearing of the general:—"During the battle, Sir de Lacy Evans, who had been sick on board ship at Balaklava, rode up to the field with his aide-de-camp, Boyle, and, calling upon me by name, began to question me about the battle. He looked extremely ill, but was as cool and intrepid as he always is in action. While I was speaking to him, a shell, crashing through some obstacles close by, rose from the ground, passed a foot or two above our heads, and, dropping amid a group a few yards behind us, exploded there, wounding some of them—but Sir de Lacy did not turn his head."

Lord Raglan remained near the second division, which was the post of danger, during the remainder of the day, where his person was exposed to the hottest fire. The adjutant and quartermaster-generals, and the commander-in-chief of the artillery, were with him when he arrived on the ground. It soon became obvious to these officers that the day was going against the British—their numbers were diminishing rapidly, while the Russians poured up through the fog as if they were demons of the mist, and their numbers were exhaustless. At this hour the Guards, reinforced by two regiments of the fourth division, and supplied with ammunition, charged the two-gun battery, of which the enemy had kept possession since the Guards had been compelled to retire. The Russians, awed by their determined approach, fled from the work, followed by the fire of the 20th and 41st regiments. The 41st entered the enclosure, the 20th guarded the flanks, and the Guards fell back upon the old Simpheropol Road, to prevent the Russians from getting up that way and falling upon the rear of the battery. As soon as the Guards effected this retrograde movement—which could not have been observed from the veil of cloud which hung over it—the Russians, as if moved upon the old spot by some terrible instinct, again rushed up the ascent, and fell upon the battery, coming round the opposite flank; their artillery poured a deluge of shot, shell, and case upon the spot, and the 41st and 20th staggered back, amazed and broken by the ruthless fire. The enemy again entered, to be as promptly once more expelled; for the two regiments, instantly re-forming, charged with the bayonet and drove them out. The battery was now like a slaughter-house—its interior choked with dead and trampled men, and others lying across the embrasures; the embankments everywhere

stained with blood, and the slain and the dying, quivering in their last convulsive throes, strewn thickly around.

Such was the scene on the right of the short line of defence which the British had formed. At its centre the fight raged only with a little less fury. The Guards defended the old Simpheropol Road; lower down, and amongst the thick jungle of brushwood, the Russians maintained a bloody warfare with the 47th, 49th, 55th, 77th, and 88th regiments. A close musketry fire, followed by immediate concussions of the scattered groups, characterised the combat. The British fought by desultory charges, and a still more desultory fire: every man was a hero, and struggled as if England trusted to his arm alone. The battle of Inkerman has been called a soldiers' battle: it was as much an officers' battle, only that the officers fought like private soldiers—like them grappling hand to hand with the enemy, and never did the example of British officers so stimulate their men as on the declivities of Inkerman. The soldiery regarded with the highest admiration the chivalry of their officers, and gloriously emulated it.

The masses of the enemy were at last rolled down from the vicinity of the Simpheropol Road, and as they fell back, showers of Minié and musket-balls crashed through their dense columns. They were repulsed with a slaughter which astonished their victors—they fell in bodies of men, as if mowed down, by the close and steadily directed fire of the English. Relieved from the infantry in their front, the wearied men rested on their arms, but death gave them short respite, for the artillery of the enemy swept their positions, carrying destruction with every discharge. It was impossible to allow the British to fall back, for the enemy below were preparing for another onset: some lay down, but the Russian shot tore through the brushwood, and bounded among the serried ranks. At this instant, a louder roar of artillery was heard behind—the Russian guns opened upon the French siege-works, preparatory to the sortie already noticed as part of Menschikoff's plan of operations. The roar of cannon was then followed by volleys of musketry, and the sortie was made. It was repulsed so promptly, that had the French sufficient force they could have entered Sebastopol with the flying foe. A portion of the French did penetrate Sebastopol, but being unsupported, could effect little, and some were made captives. General Lournel fell. They dispatched officers to General Bosquet for support just as Lord Raglan's aide-de-camp also reached that general with a similar request. He, however, could not accord it to either. Liprandi manœuvred in the plain below, occupying the attention of Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava,

and of Bosquet in his fortified position. Had Liprandi manœuvred better, the fate of the day had probably turned for the double-headed eagle, and two fine armies would have been his prey; but it soon became clear to the intelligent glance of Bosquet that Liprandi was only engaged in a feint, to prevent his dispatching assistance elsewhere. As soon as he became convinced that no attack would be made upon the rear by that general, Bosquet, with dispatch and judgment, sent assistance to the British, by whom it was then alone and urgently needed. Before this decisive event could influence the fortunes of the day, those fortunes were to remain chequered, and attended by many an incident such as gives to war its gloom and terror. General Strangways, esteemed by the whole army, was struck in the thigh by the splinter of a shell which fell among Lord Raglan's staff. The shell burst in the horse of Captain Raglan Somerset, and sent off splinters in every direction, killing the charger of Colonel Gordon, and wounding several men and horses. He mildly requested to be lifted from his horse, and they laid him upon the dark heath. Surgical aid was prompt, but all assistance was in vain—he languished an hour and died, as true a hero as ever breathed out life upon the field of war. Lord Raglan's attention was now called to the fact, that the Russian guns of position overmatched our field-batteries, and he immediately ordered up two iron guns, powerful 18-pounders, which were a match for Russian guns of far heavier metal. They were siege guns, and the only cannon of that description not actually fixed in the trenches. It is marvellous that his lordship did not issue this order as soon as he arrived on the field, for the overpowering weight of the Russian artillery was then as obvious as when the order was sent. Colonel Gambier, who commanded the siege artillery, brought up the guns with alacrity—but in doing so was wounded, and compelled to retire from the field. The command then devolved upon an officer every way equal to the task, Lieutenant-colonel Dickson. He at once saw the importance of silencing the enemy's guns on Shell Hill, the fire from which had covered the repeated advances of the Russian columns from the commencement of the battle. Colonel Dickson so brought his guns into position as to attack Shell Hill effectually, where they swept the artillerymen from the Russian cannon, and checked their fire.

While this judicious arrangement was proceeding, the columns of the enemy, which had been repulsed from the two-gun battery and the front of the old Simpheropol Road, were reinforced and again in motion, and this time they mounted the heights with a quickness of step at variance with the usual motion of Russian

soldiers advancing to attack, which is slower than that of the English and French in similar circumstances. Speedily the enemy's compact columns rushed up to the points of attack, so often and so ingloriously attempted by them throughout the morning. They advanced with a resolute mien, as if determined to accomplish their object or perish in the effort, and as confidently as if inferior numbers of the defenders had not so frequently repulsed their own confident predecessors.

At every step the fallen, who had before clambered these steep against British ball and steel, intercepted the advance of the new columns of attack—yet on they came, and with more apparent self-reliance than ever. It was afterwards alleged that this resolution was inspired by the presence of the imperial dukes, who accompanied them to the foot of the hill, and whom many of the soldiers believed to be in actual command. All the sacredness with which a Russian invests the czar now animated them: their holy Russia was represented in the field by the sons of her sacred chief; they must as true Russians die for the czar; the glory of conquering in the presence of his children, even at the expense of life, was the highest they could hope to attain on earth, and would open the gate of heaven. The column which was directed upon the two-gun battery—that centre of a narrow and sanguinary circle of destruction—drove out the 41st as a strong torrent sweeps away the branch that has fallen across its course; it was the resistance of a regiment to an army corps. Yet the gallant 41st fought fiercely as they retired, the officers sacrificing themselves to save and to encourage the men. The brave Colonel Carpenter and five of his officers fell in front of some fifty of the men on the fatal spot. The efforts of the British to retake the post were again bold and prompt. The Guards advanced from the position to which they had fallen back, and charged down the hill. Sir George Cathcart considered the most effectual mode of retaking the post was to descend into the ravine upon its right, and make a flank and rear attack. Several officers informed Sir George that if he descended into the ravine he must be lost, with any force which he could take with him, for the Russians had lined both sides of it in anticipation of any attempt on the part of the British to take advantage of its shelter. Sir George was one of the rashest officers, as well as one of the most forward and spirited in the English army; he, in keeping with his temperament, did not listen to the entreaties of these officers, but dashed precipitately into the ravine, followed by a mere handful of men. It consisted of four companies of the 68th regiment, and 150 men of the 20th and 46th. He also desired to take the Guards with him, but General Ben-

tinck wisely led them down the slope. Sir George had scarcely left his position, and got fairly into the ravine, when he perceived that he was surrounded; he then sought to retrace his steps, but in vain; the foe lined either ridge, and poured down their fire into the small band, who were thus sacrificed to their commander's precipitancy. Sir George himself paid the heaviest penalty which error can exact, except the loss of honour—he was shot through the heart.* As he fell, his intimate friend and aide-de-comp, Colonel Charles Seymour, rushed forward to assist him, and fell wounded by his side. Major Wynne and Lieutenant Barker shared their fate. The Russians, closing upon them, bayoneted the fallen repeatedly, lest the smallest chance of life should remain. We were at war with assassins, not soldiers.

The view here given of the mode in which Sir George Cathcart met his death, is that presented by persons who were well informed as to the details and general events of the battle. It is but just, while representing the gallant general's fall as the result of his own imprudence, to present another view of the case, given by one of his own officers, a subaltern of the 20th regiment. This officer states that the men had become engaged in the ravine, and Sir George lost his life by attempting to take them out; and the writer seems unconscious that the gallant chief rashly conducted them thither himself. The officer thus writes:—"A large column of Russian infantry was at this time pouring a deadly volley into the fourth division, which, Sir George Cathcart observed, was also out-flanking them; and portions of the different regiments of which his division was composed were maintaining a most unequal struggle against an overwhelming force. The gallant general observing this, rode down into the ravine in which they were engaged, and rallied them. The enemy had actually gained a hill in rear of the flank of his division; but still his coolness and undaunted courage, for which he was noted, never failed him, and riding at their head, he gallantly cheered them on. My regiment, the 20th, was one that was inspirited anew by his presence. Many of them had fallen, and K— amongst the rest was here grazed by a round-shot, which put him *hors de combat*. He was waving his sword and cheering on the men, when the shot struck the hilt and then grazed his shoulder-blade, which rendered him senseless for some little time. A cry at this time was raised that the ammunition was failing, when Sir George exclaimed, 'There is nothing left for you but the bayonet.' He then observed that a large body of men had gained a hill in rear of his

* Russell says through the head.

division, but whether friends or foes it was impossible to discern. A tremendous fire was poured into our scattered division, and Sir George led them up the hill, cheering them at the same time, when he fell from his horse, a shot having passed through his head. Our poor fellows were surrounded, and great numbers were killed and bayoneted on all sides; but they gained the hill with the loss of 500 or 600 men. Brigadier-general Goldie here met with his wound, which the day following proved fatal. Lieutenant-colonel Swiney, 63rd regiment, Major Wynne, of the 68th, and Lieutenant Dowling, of the 20th, were also killed, with numbers of men and officers; Brigadier-general Torrens was also severely wounded."

The foregoing description by the subaltern of the 20th differs so little from that of the *Times*' correspondent, that it would seem as if either the subaltern was not in the fight himself, or could see nothing where he was, and preferred to take his account off-hand from the *Times*. Both accounts are, we believe, inaccurate as to the cause and way of Sir George's death.

Fighting against desperate odds, and falling fast at every step, these fragments of Sir George's division extricated themselves from the ravine, and drew up, shattered and dispirited, upon the crest of the hill.

The ill-success of this manœuvre paralysed the action of the Guards, who formed upon the slope, while the Russians, securing the two-gun battery, ascended to the hill above it, where portions of the 20th regiment, under Colonel Crofton, who had endeavoured in vain to support the 41st at the battery, had retired with that regiment; thither also the Guards fell back, and portions of the 47th and 68th regiments had also formed up. Here the battle was renewed with the old obstinacy. The British were nearly without ammunition—the Russians were well supplied; the British were a thin, broken, and scattered line—the Russians came in numbers like the locusts, and as if, like them, havoc was certain in their track. Resistance seemed in vain; yet there the brave English remained, struggling in the brushwood with the bayonet against innumerable foes—realising Scott's description of another conflict:—

"The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark, impenetrable wood;
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell."

At this juncture the heroism of the Duke of Cambridge sustained the fortunes of the hour. According to Colonel Hamley, he ran the gauntlet of the Russian fire as he galloped before the despairing British, calling on them to stand to their arms and fire. Such of them

as had ammunition promptly responded to the call, and the whole line, as if by an electric shock, caught the spirit of the prince. What a contrast to the scions of the imperial house of Russia! while the latter, sheltered even out of cannon range the greater part of the day, the grandson of a King of England, and the cousin of his queen, rode along the front of danger, inspiring the drooping spirits of the men by his own chivalry. His royal highness narrowly escaped a warrior's death—the Russians turned their muskets upon him with deliberate aim, one shot entered his sleeve, another slew his charger, and he was bruised by the fall. His staff fell fast around him; Captain Clifton's horse was killed by a round-shot, and he was himself wounded in the face by a splinter of a shell; Major Macdonald, also on the duke's staff, lost his horse—as he did at Alma; a third officer in personal attendance on his royal highness was killed. This was Captain H. F. Butler, brother of the hero of Silistria. He was a noble officer, and while imitating his chief in cheering the drooping courage of the men, received a bullet in his brain, and fell down dead at the feet of his leader. Truly, the father of these gallant Butlers deserves the sympathy of his country, and long will the memory of these intrepid officers remain green in the hearts of the brave. Brigadier-general Bentinck was about this time wounded. Brigadiers-general Adams of the second division, and Goldie, of the fourth, were mortally wounded, and Brigadier-general Torrens dangerously. In another direction Sir George Brown fell: he had behaved in the most heroic manner, surpassing in glory even his conduct at the Alma, when he received a bullet in the arm and side. Mr. Russell thus refers to the incident:—"Sir George Brown was hit by a shot, which went through his arm and struck his side. I saw with regret his pale and sternly composed face, his white hair flickering in the breeze, for I knew we had lost the services of a good soldier that day." The loss of so many officers is partly to be accounted for by the directions which the Russian soldiers received to direct their aim as much as possible at the officers, and partly to the chivalrous manner in which they exposed themselves for the encouragement of the men. Our troops now gradually retired from the hills at the right, fighting with their usual tenacity as they fell back. The Russians pushed forward their forces, and finding cover in the brushwood (about four feet high) on each side of the road leading to the post of the second division, they kept up an unintermittent fire. As our men fell back under the galling fire of this fusillade, the Russians, rushing from the coppie, charged them repeatedly with the bayonet, but were in every instance repulsed with heavy slaughter.

Still our men necessarily fell back—it was impossible for their remaining numbers to make head against the swelling flood of bayonet and flame which rose against them. All order was gradually lost—men and officers fought in crowds or groups, according to their numbers, and irrespective to a great extent of particular corps. Every clump of scrub and brushwood was the scene of close and bloody conflict. Separate combats were waging in this way along the whole line of defence. The great danger which now existed was the attainment by the enemy of the summit of the ridge, so as to give them room to deploy upon the plateau, and thereby bring the remnant of our stricken bands under a wider range of fire. This was at last about to be accomplished, for the English were slowly and sullenly retiring upon the camp; the enemy had gained the head of the road, and began to display their numbers in an effective position. All seemed lost; some of the men cried out for ammunition, some exclaimed “It is all over—it is no use!” still they fought in their despair, and fell with their faces to the foe. It was at this terrible moment that Bosquet and his light division arrived. That officer, having detected the feint of Liprandi, and prepared his guns to give the cavalry of the Russians a warm reception, should they come within range of the crags on which his force was posted, moved his light troops rapidly forward to the right flank of the English line of battle. The sun had now triumphed over the rain and mist, and the whole field was bathed in that rich and mellow light which immediately ensues when the sky is cleared after showers; the contending armies could see one another at last. The Russians had reached the plateau, and were on the point of deploying there; the English, wearied and reeling before the mighty masses hurled upon them, were still bearing a front with the most desperate valour, when the blast of the French light infantry bugles resounded along the height, and a battalion of Chasseurs moved between the English and their assailants. They were received with a storm of shot, shell, canister, and musketry which utterly astounded them, and they fell back upon the British, still more disheartening the latter. Before any fatal effects could follow this new disaster, General Bosquet launched two regiments, each numbering about 1500 men, upon the Russian flank. The Zouaves formed the first line, the Chasseurs Indigènes the second; they charged on to the two-gun battery, sweeping the dark battalions of the enemy before them with fire and bayonet; their *vivats* rang over the now illuminated heights, gleaming in the display of hostile steel, echoing with the shouts and tread of the rallying hosts, and reverberating with the sound of innumerable arms.

Through all the danger of the conflict, the battle-cry of the gallant French rose up distinct and clear—and gladly did the English catch the sound, and as they caught it, with simultaneous feeling their shattered line rallied, responding with British cheers. The French regiment in the road mingled with the rallying English, and became inextricably mixed up with them as all charged on together against the daunted and surprised enemy. The Russians ran from the battery, pursued by the nimble Chasseurs and Zouaves, and the dense columns which were deploying on the summit were stricken as if by a single stroke, and went reeling down before the rallied and inspired soldiers they had with such difficulty forced back. It now became a massacre; the enemy was still far superior in numbers, but seemed to have no longer heart—they turned from the line of bayonets pointed so fiercely against them, and fled in every direction through the brushwood. Their retreat was ably covered by troops arranged for that purpose, but these also fell back, bravely preserving as much order as averted for the moment a complete rout. They were hotly pursued by fresh regiments of French until panic seized them universally, and they fled, flinging away their arms in their flight. Nothing could be more ignoble and dastardly than the manner in which the fugitives sought safety at the expense of one another, and cringed before conquerors to whom before they showed no mercy. Forty thousand Russians were chased from the field of battle by scarcely 12,000 British and French. On the left of the English line the resistance of the enemy was stouter. Two French regiments charged them in the ravine under Shell Hill. The fire of the Russians was for a few moments so terrible that these regiments showed symptoms of hesitation, but the English forming up in their support, the whole dashed upon the enemy with the bayonet, clearing both ridges of the ravine, and strewing its sides with dead.

The Russian guns on the heights—about ninety pieces, most of them pieces of position—now opened upon the conquerors with renewed fury, and many fell under this deadly cannonade. The camps of the second and light division were covered with shot and fragments of shell, and the tents were torn and shattered by the fire. This cannonade was preparatory to another attack; but, fortunately, Bosquet had brought up guns as well as infantry, and sent three field batteries to assist those of the English. A new “duel of artillery” now commenced, in which the Russians, from sheer weight of metal, would have had the advantage, had it not been for the two guns of position brought up by Gambier and Dickson. Captain D’Aigular now greatly distinguished himself in working these guns. They were fired

with slow but deadly precision against Shell Hill, until the enemy withdrew his batteries, leaving, as was afterwards discovered, 100 dead, two broken carriages, five broken tumbrils, and seven tumbrils in an unbroken state and full of ammunition. How many wounded they had borne away, and what works of *material*, could not be ascertained. During this cannonade, the Russian infantry were rallied by their officers with most creditable zeal and courage, but did not advance far—the fire of our fieldpieces breaking up their columns. Once more they were rallied, and the enemy threw forward his last reserves; but the musketry of the allies gave them a terrible reception—they did not wait for the bayonet, but sought safety in shameful and confused flight. When they reached the Tchernaya Valley their disorder and terror were pitiable. A marsh extended from the head of the harbour for some distance, which was made passable by a narrow stone causeway. As they crossed this in their flight, the French artillery made havoc among them—every shot told, and brought down numbers as it crashed into the dense masses of the fugitives.

General Bosquet had brought up his Chasseurs d'Afrique, who watched for an opportunity to charge, forcing their agile Arab chargers among the brushwood. They were followed by other detachments of the cavalry of our ally; but the ground was unsuited for that arm, and little was effected by them. The remnant of the British light brigade was also advanced to a position where it was supposed they might be of service, but their sabres were not employed; several officers and men were, however, put *hors de combat* by the enemy's cannon. During the latter part of the action, a portion of General England's division was of great service. The position necessarily occupied by that general did not give him the same chance of distinction as others; but no troops on the field were more eager to be forward in the van of war than the gallant third division; and their leader, Sir Richard England, was worthy of them. He had, however, a post to keep, which, until the proper juncture arrived, could not be left unguarded. At the right time, Sir Richard, with the portion of his division available, vigorously charged the enemy, and contributed to the fortunes of the day. The gallantry of the regiments of the third division was conspicuous on this occasion, and by the impetuosity of their charge prevented the enemy from rallying.

The following report of General England will disclose the nature of the service rendered by him and his division:—

*Camp, Third Division, before Sebastopol,
Nov. 7, 1854.*

SIR,—In conformity with your directions of yesterday, I have now the honour to acquaint you, for the information of his excellency the commander of the forces,

that on hearing musketry on the morning of the 5th instant, I ordered the third division to get under arms; and, finding soon afterwards that the fourth division had moved off to the scene of action, I occupied their position by half of the 28th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Adams, directing also the royal regiment of foot and the 50th, with two guns under the command of Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell, to proceed to the support of the first and light divisions. These I and the staff accompanied.

Meantime, Brigadier-general Eyre, somewhat reinforced, held the command of the troops in the trenches in our front, and the ground usually belonging to the third division, who was in like manner placed under the charge of detachments of different corps, which were in part employed on other duties, under Colonel the Honourable A. Spencer, 44th regiment. The demeanour of the enemy was at first of that character, and his number so great, that it was difficult to decide whether it was his intention to confine his efforts to an attack merely on the right of our line, or to assail generally and equally the left and centre of it—so that it was necessary to observe the whole space from the deep ravine on my left to the ground, upwards of two miles off, on which the light division was engaged; but I was glad to find myself soon enabled to give some very reasonable aid to the operations of Major-general Codrington in that quarter, as well as to supply the demand made for assistance by H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.

Individually, I placed myself on the ground to the left of the enemy's main attack, and opposite to his right, finding that I could at that point best direct any movements in which the third division could be called upon to partake; and I remained there the whole day, with the exception of making one rapid visit to the positions belonging to us on the left, for the security of which I considered myself equally responsible. The vigilance of the officers, however, who I had left in charge of that ground relieved me as to all apprehensions for its safety.

The loss of the third division in these matters on the 5th instant amounted to eleven killed and twenty wounded, but to the present period of the siege they have lost (exclusive of the casualties just mentioned) seventeen killed, and eight officers and 103 sergeants and rank and file wounded.* The reference to these numbers will perhaps plead my excuse for taking this occasion of recommending to the favourable notice of his excellency the commander of the forces, the commanding officers of the brigades and regiments; and I beg to assure his lordship that on all occasions their conduct has entitled them to my highest commendation.

It would be presumption in me to attempt to describe the action of the 5th instant, but I can safely assert that the officers and men of the third division did their best to bring it to a successful conclusion, and that, as at Alma, all exerted themselves to give those proofs of loyalty and devotion, which indeed the whole army seems so desirous to evince; and thus I trust to be pardoned for mentioning the names of Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell,† Brigadier-general Eyre, C.B., Colonel Bell of the royal regiment of foot, Lieutenant-colonel Waddy of the 50th regiment (wounded), and Lieutenant-colonel Lowth† of the 38th regiment; also of Colonel Cobbe† of the 4th foot (wounded at Alma), Colonel the Honourable A. Spencer of the 44th foot, and Lieutenant-colonel Adams of the 28th regiment. Further I beg also to mention in high terms of commendation Major J. S. Wood and Major the Honourable H. Colborne of the adjutant and quartermaster-general's departments respectively, and Captain Stewart Wortley of the latter; also Captain Neville, and the other officers of my personal staff, together with Major the Honourable C. Hope and Captain Danielli of the 38th regiment, the brigade majors serving with this division.

I beg to add that Doctor C. Forrest, deputy inspector-general of hospitals, has at all times earned my warmest approbation by the strict attention paid to the sick, and that Mr. Assistant Commissary-general de Fonblanque has discharged with great success the duties of his department.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
R. ENGLAND, Lieutenant-general.

* There was some small increase to these numbers discovered afterwards.

† Since killed.

Sir Richard England, both at Inkerman and Alma, was placed in a position of great utility and importance, for which he received but little public credit. All military men of rank and talent have been prompt to do honour to the services of Sir Richard, but the popular mind is necessarily swayed by the more obvious aspect of matters; and, as at Alma and Inkerman, Sir Richard's division suffered very little, the general public supposed that he was less forward than other officers. At Inkerman the post occupied by General England prevented the left of our position from being turned. At Alma his division was in *support* (not in reserve, as was generally represented) of Sir De Lacy Evans' division, to which he rendered the greatest services in the hour of need. During the most critical portion of the struggle at Alma, General Evans sent to General England for the aid of his guns; the latter not only afforded the guns, but accompanied them himself, crossed the river, and exposed himself in the thickest of the fire. Let any of the detractors of this brave man ask General Evans how he behaved on that occasion. Sir De Lacy is too noble-hearted and gallant himself, and too justly desirous of the good opinion of his country, not to do justice to every soldier, whether fortune smiles or frowns upon him. The author has heard the friends of each of these officers speak in the highest eulogy of the other, as to their conduct at Inkerman and Alma. General Evans not only felt grateful for the promptitude with which Sir Richard sent forward the guns, but invariably testifies to the unostentatious gallantry of General England in offering his personal aid. The following letter will establish this fact:—

Bryanston Square, Feb. 14, 1855.

In reference to your letter, I beg, in reply, to say that, as is usual in such cases, the generals commanding the three divisions principally engaged at the battle of the Alma (namely, the second, light, and third divisions) were required to transmit reports to the commander of the forces, relative to the operations respectively executed under their directions.

In my report, only a small part of which was published, there was a passage, I believe, nearly in the following words:—That towards the latter part of the battle, Sir Richard England, who commanded the third division, in reserve to the second, sent to me, by a staff officer, to ask if I required any assistance from him. I requested that he would send me to the front the whole of his artillery. It was my fault that this request had not been previously made. Sir Richard England, without a moment's delay, rapidly came up himself, with twelve pieces of cannon, and thus contributed to enable us to open, a few minutes subsequently, a battery of about thirty guns, which produced destructive effects in the masses of the enemy. This fact, honourable, as I think, to his zeal and promptitude, and of considerable importance, was officially reported by me at the time—and it would ill become me to forget it.

Yours very truly,

DE LACY EVANS.

To the Hon. —, M.P.

The following letters from Colonel Bell and Colonel Stuart confirm also our views of the gallant general's conduct:—

3, Crescent Row, Exeter, Southernhay,
Feb. 28, 1856.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter, with its inclosure, followed me from Liverpool here, and I have much pleasure in bearing my humble testimony to the soldier-like conduct of Sir Richard England, at the battles of the Alma and Inkerman. Sir Richard was conspicuous in leading his division within the range of the Russian guns at the Alma. He was halted by command, as a reserve to the second division, being himself under fire; and so far from keeping his men back, that he seemed most anxious to push on to the aid of some gallant regiments in our front, who were suffering much from the enemy's rapid fire. I received Sir Richard's orders through an aide-de-camp to move my corps (the Royals) to the left and to the front, to be ready for anything. Seeing the 23rd regiment falling fast, I dashed my corps across the river to their support; but just as I formed up on the left bank, the Russians here gave way.

I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,
GEORGE BELL, Colonel.

Aldershot, April 9, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter of yesterday, and its inclosures (the latter I beg to return). I lose no time in acquainting you that with the exception of the third division having been represented at the Alma, in Colonel Bell's letter, as being in reserve instead of in support, I most cordially concur in every word he has stated relative to the forward conduct of Sir Richard England, and the disposition of the troops under his command, both at the Alma and Inkerman.

I have always considered that, in the former battle, the third division was in *support*, and *not* in reserve. Its first brigade, and one regiment of the second brigade, were in support of the second division; the other two regiments of the second brigade in the same position to the Guards' division. I do not think my memory misleads me when I say, that when moving off from our bivouac on the morning the action was fought, Sir Richard England was informed that the third was to *support* the second division, and that, on our coming in sight of the heights of the Alma, Sir Richard England received orders through a staff-officer to assist the Guards' division (which was to the left of the third, and in support of the light division), should our left be too hardly pressed. I will here remark that Sir Richard England and the staff crossed the river immediately in rear of the 30th regiment, and were for some time on its right, when it was drawn up in line on a hillock to pour its fire upon three Russian regiments that were in column in rear of the battery which caused so much destruction to our Guards and light division. Hoping that I have made my description of the position of the third division at the Alma intelligible to you, believe me to remain,

Yours truly,
STUART.

The following is a faithful account of the services of General England and his division during their services in the East, up to the battle of Inkerman, furnished by a gentleman perfectly conversant with the facts:—

"The third division of the army, to which Sir R. England was appointed, being stationed at Gallipoli, he relieved Sir George Brown at that post in the end of April, 1854. The troops were employed in fortifying a line of defence selected by the allied engineers, from the Sea of Marmora, on the right, to the Gulf of Xeros, on the left. These duties pressed a good deal on the brigades, but the division was healthy and in high order. It was reviewed by Marshal St. Arnaud, Canrobert, and others, who here borrowed for the adoption of the French our method of forming squares and other evolutions. Hospitalities were exchanged, and

our gallant allies preserved with us the most cordial 'fraternity' to the last.

"In July, the third division embarked for Varna, and like the rest of the army was employed in hard labour to make gabions and fascines preparatory to the descent on the Crimea. The cholera thinned the ranks of the army severely at this juncture. When the troops effected their landing at Old Fort, they moved up by divisions to a position from which that landing might have been easily opposed by the Russians. The night which followed was a very fatal one to many who had a tendency to cholera. We had nothing on shore, and it rained in torrents. In moving to the Alma, the third division supported and marched behind the second, whilst the first division supported the light; the fourth division was considerably in the rear. In this manner the attack was made; but as the fire became warmer, Sir R. England galloped to ask General Evans how he could best assist him. They then brought their united batteries to bear on the retiring columns of the enemy, and the third division was in the act of deploying between the Guards and the French, when intimation reached them that the latter did not intend to advance further that day. The vexation of our troops at this announcement was extreme. This division especially had only, as it were, just come into action. They had lost twenty-two men, and saw that the day was ours, and that they were not to be allowed to take advantage of the victory.

"On the 23rd, the march was resumed to the Katscha through an endless jungle, each division moving independently, with orders to steer south-east; and they all debouched at McKenzie's Farm, at which point the rear of a Russian column moving out of Sebastopol was caught by our troops, some ammunition blown up, and the third division placed so as to watch its progress, and cover the rest of the British army in their descent to the Chernaya.

"On the 27th, the third division moved from the plains of Balaklava towards Sebastopol, and having assisted at the first reconnaissance of that place, took up various positions until that ground was allotted to it opposite the dockyard, which it held to the end of the operation; having the fourth division under General Cathcart on its right, and the French division, commanded by Prince Napoleon, on its left. The siege operations now began, and daily sickness and daily casualties in killed and wounded soon told upon our effective strength until the battle of Inkerman:" where General England's services were important, although the loss of his division was but slight.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before the battle terminated; by five the Russians

had entirely disappeared, and their guns were withdrawn from the heights. The chill, dull winter evening set over the victors and the vanquished; and over the blood-stained slopes of Inkerman, the dead and dying were thickly strewn. The plan of Menschikoff was completely frustrated—his sortie was repulsed by the French with signal defeat. The feint of Liprandi against Balaklava, and the position of Bosquet was discovered in time by the French general, and succour was sent in the crisis of the battle. The contemplated attack upon the trenches of the third division (the extreme left of the British attack) was never made—the Russian general missing his way, and coming where he was neither expected nor desired, he increased the confusion of the assailants at Inkerman, and added to the fearful numbers of the Russian slain. The grand attack was itself repulsed by the enduring courage of the British, and the impetuous charges of the allies, united, at the close of the hard-fought day. It was a great struggle of blood, the like of which, considering the numbers engaged, had never been witnessed in the hardest fought battle. Sixty thousand Russians had been hurled back to the feet of the imperial princes from before whom they had advanced in the confidence of numbers, of the Divine blessing, and with the inspiration of exuberant loyalty, religious zeal, national enthusiasm, and military pride. The Russian soldiers had been all taught that no army could stand before that of their emperor, and that he had a right to subjugate the power and appropriate the spoils of all nations. The events of Inkerman did a great deal to dispel the illusions of the Russian soldiery; and had a true account found its way into Russia, it would have probably opened the eyes of the Russian people, or such of them as could read, as to the futility of their czar contending with the alliance of nations against him.

The night of the 5th of November was one of sadness to the victors—they had gained a great battle, but at terrible cost. Still, when the losses were computed, the French lost more in proportion than the English as to numbers and the time in which they were engaged. So badly directed was the aim of the Russian musketry, and so unequal were they to the British in close combat, that the loss of the English in slain was not one tenth that of their opponents, and of these many were murdered after they fell wounded. Even Russian officers joined in this work of assassination: one major was seen, limping about the field, thrusting his sword into the wounded English. One of the Duke of Cambridge's staff took him prisoner, and the Duke intimated the probability of his being hanged as an example. He afterwards attempted to make his escape, but was again wounded. Before opportunity was

found for bringing him to trial, he died—it was believed of shame and remorse. The loss of the British was in killed 462, wounded 1952; and 198, including officers, were reported as missing—some of whom were afterwards discovered to have been made prisoners, others were proved to have fallen, and some were never heard of. The officers killed amounted to 43, the wounded to 102; the sergeants killed were 32, wounded 123. Four generals were killed—Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, and Brigadiers Strangways, Goldie, and Torrens. Four generals were wounded—Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, and Brigadiers Bentinck, Buller, and Adams. The French loss was 1726 killed, wounded, or missing. The estimates of the Russian loss were various. Prince Menschikoff reported that he was unable to ascertain, but that the wounded were more than 3000. It is probable that the killed, wounded, and prisoners amounted to nearly 20,000—a third of the whole army. The carnage was frightful, and justifies this high computation of the havoc in the Russian battalions.

During the battle there were many acts of the most chivalrous and romantic courage. Colonel Hamley noticed a guardsman thrust down a number of his adversaries with prodigious strength, and the most persistent courage, until at last he fell. After the battle, the colonel had the curiosity to look for him, and found him slain, with fifty bayonet wounds in his body. He turned back his collar, and saw stamped on the blue blouse shirt he wore, the un-English name Mastow. A private soldier named MacLaghan, an Irishman, performed prodigies of valour. The gallant conduct of Sir R. Newman and Lieutenant Greville will long leave their names dear to the admirers of patriotism and courage. Sir Thomas Troubridge, when desperately wounded, losing both feet, still fought, laying hold of such support as he could find, and encouraging the men to persevere. His name is still often pronounced by officers and men who fought at Inkerman. A French officer, an ensign, leaped upon the parapet of the two-gun battery, and continued to wave the tricolour amidst showers of shot until the enemy was driven out. A British sergeant was attacked by five Russians, he slew three, and fell exhausted and wounded; according to his own account his eyes failed, and he had nearly swooned, when a French officer galloped up, sabred the two Russians, and with powerful hand lifted up the prostrate Englishman upon his horse, and riding with him to the rear, placed him under surgical attendance, and kissing his hand, returned to the fight. It was supposed that this noble Frenchman himself subsequently fell, as the performer of the generous deed could never be traced.

Many of the wounds inflicted upon the British were horrible—they were so frequently struck by bullet and bayonet. The most extraordinary case is that of private Thomas Walker, 95th regiment, who was in hospital nearly twelve months, during which time he had thirteen pieces of his skull removed by Dr. Parry. He was wounded at Inkerman by the bursting of a shell, which carried away a portion of his skull, laying open the brain, and he was discovered some hours afterwards wandering about in a state of total unconsciousness. His recovery is considered very extraordinary. This brave fellow on his arrival at home was seen by her majesty, who made him a present of £10.

Several prisoners were taken by the Russians in the commencement of the engagement, some of whom were well treated, others were used most barbarously. It mainly depended upon the disposition and rank of the captors how the poor prisoners fared. The following is from the *United Service Gazette*, and may be taken as a specimen of the treatment of our officers. It accounts also for both the hardships and amenities of Russian imprisonment:—

“Captain James Duff, of the 23rd regiment, was taken prisoner the day of the battle of Inkerman, while on picket in the White House Ravine, leading to Careening Bay. He attributes the fault of his capture to a party of men of the — division on his right, who fell back without passing on the alarm. Captain Duff and his picket were fighting in front, and had nearly expended their ammunition, when, to their surprise, they suddenly found some of the enemy on their flank. The men perceived they were being surrounded, and attempted to fall back. As they did so, one man who kept close to Captain Duff was knocked over. He then tried to make for a path leading up to the hill, and had proceeded a few yards when he met some Russians in front directly opposing his further progress. They had got round them. Eight or nine men then closed upon Captain Duff, and, as he still struggled to escape, one man gave him a tap on the head with the butt-end of his musket, which slightly stunned him. The Russians then carried him off in triumph; they would not let him walk. He soon recovered from the blow on his head, and while going along was fully aroused by a volley of Minié rifle balls, which came whistling among his escort. Two or three of them were wounded, and the remainder then allowed him to walk with them to the rear. Some of the men spat upon him, and he thought they would have shot or bayoneted him, had it not been for the protection of the soldier who particularly regarded him as his own especial property. It appears that every Russian soldier who captures an officer, and can produce him alive,

gets the order of St. George. In case of the officer being dead, the private would not be believed were he to state that he had made a prisoner of him while alive. Unless, therefore, under extreme excitement, the Russian soldier will do what he can to keep his prisoner safe, that is, provided he can hope to remove him to a place of security; if the prisoner be badly wounded, and there is a chance of his not being able from any cause to reach the place where the soldier could establish his claim, there is no doubt he will receive little mercy at his hands. But it is rather a satisfactory thing to know, in case of accident, that, if taken, it will be an object of interest with the captor to try and present his prize to his superiors in a state of living entity and personal completeness. Captain Duff remained on the field during the whole of the battle of Inkerman, and saw the fight from the Russian position. He appears to have been greatly surprised at the number of guns which the enemy had contrived to get into position on the heights during the night. During the first part of Captain Duff's imprisonment he was treated badly enough. His uniform was taken from him, and he was supplied with clothes of a very coarse description. He was marched through the country with a gang of convicts—felons of the worst description—who were being removed for transportation to the penal settlements of Siberia. With these men, and with two soldiers of the guard, one on each side of him, he slept at night and had his meals, and they were taught to regard him and call him their '*camarade*.' As they passed through some villages the bigoted peasantry pelted them with stones. There was no opportunity offered for ablation, and the state of dirt and neglect into which they fell became most repulsive. The condition of the prisoners, however, could hardly be expected to attract attention, for it would seem that the officer who commanded the guard over the prisoners of war and the convicts, though unfettered by restrictions, exhibited as little anxiety about the surface of his own person as he did about those of the men he was guarding. When the insect visitors who honoured him with their presence became too numerous and too importunate, his servant was desired to remove a portion of them, and the occasions for this interference were rather frequent. Once during the long march the officer was seen to apply soap and water to his person, but only once during the rout of 700 miles to Moscow. At last Moscow was reached, and here not only the scene was changed, but the condition of the British prisoners. A house was given up to them, and they received frequent civilities and attention from the better classes of society in the city. They were invited to *fêtes* and parties, and in certain circles, more espe-

cially among the ladies, were made especial objects of compassion, and became the lions of the day. No difficulty was experienced in getting bills on certain London houses cashed, and a premium was given on the exchange. They found also at Moscow a clergyman of the Church of England. At Odessa they experienced the same kind of civility as at Moscow, but the social parties and entertainments were wanting. The news of the battle of the Tchernaya and its termination had reached this latter place before Captain Duff left, and the attempt against the allied position was admitted on all sides to have been defeated. The failure produced general and marked depression of spirits. Strange to say, the Russians pretend not to regard Alma and Inkerman as defeats; they say that their general ordered the troops to retire from motives of policy, but were not driven back. The battle of the Tchernaya, according to them, was our first real victory."

The aspect of the field was awful, when on the morning of the 6th it could be seen. The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* relates that "some 400 or 500 Russians, killed and wounded, were lying among our tents; and here also were many, too many, corpses of Zouaves and French infantry of the line." The able author of that letter does not explain how all these corpses of friends and enemies came there. It is to be presumed that they were wounded men who died under treatment of our medical officers, as the Russians never penetrated to the tents of the camp, but the tents of the second division were almost all swept away by the fire from Shell Hill.

The wounded English were taken from the field on the evening and night of the 5th, so that before dawn of the 6th a great many were removed. The soldiers generally refused to take in the wounded Russians until our own men were provided for; after that they showed a kindness to their enemies nobly contrasting with the infamous conduct of the Russians to the wounded English. Immediately after the battle, the English might be seen giving water to the fallen Muscovites, placing knapsacks under their heads, and wrapping them in blankets to protect them from the biting air of the Crimea winter night. It was horrible to witness the contortions, convulsions, and writhing agonies of those who died of bayonet stabs; those who fell by the bullet seemed to die in comparative peace. Puncture wounds caused tetanus, and other symptoms of agony, which our tired soldiers often stopped to soothe, but their efforts were too frequently in vain. The writer last quoted was an eyewitness to the shocking spectacles presented, and he thus writes:—"A little above the line of tents was the brow of the hill overlooking Inkerman Lights. Here was the spot where

the allied artillery engaged that of the enemy after the retreat, and here the sight was sickening indeed. There is nothing so awful as the spectacle of the bodies of those who have been struck down by round-shot or shell. One poor fellow of the 95th had been struck by two round-shot in the head and body. A shell afterwards burst on him and tore him to pieces, and it was only by the fragments of cloth, with the regimental buttons adhering, that you could tell that the rough bloody mass which lay in the road had ever been a human being."

The aspect of the field after the battle was perhaps more terrible than that of any other, not excepting Waterloo. Many of the British had perished of bayonet wounds, and it was remarkable that very few seemed to have fallen by a single thrust. The number of English or French who had died by musket or rifle-balls was very small, and the French fell victims to the bayonet in a smaller proportion than their allies. The artillery, however, made sad havoc of both—taking off heads, cutting bodies nearly in two; some had a leg carried completely away, others had an arm, and some both legs or both arms, or legs and arms together. The most heart-chilling sights of mutilation were presented where the Russian shells fell, or the round and case-shot tore through the thin line of the English or advancing columns of the French. Where the Guards had been compelled to retire from the defence of the wall above the Inkerman Valley, the British had suffered terribly:—"Across the path, side by side, lay five guardsmen, all killed by one round-shot. They lay on their faces in the same attitude, with their muskets tightly grasped in both hands, and all had the same grim, painful frown upon their faces, like men who were struck down in the act of closing with their foes. Beyond this, the Russians, guardsmen, and line regiments, lay thick as leaves, intermixed with dead and wounded horses. The latter, with fractured limbs, were now and then rising, and after staggering a few steps, rolling over among the corpses, snorting and plunging fearfully." From the wall just named to the two-gun battery through the brushwood, the trampled track was slippery with blood. From the battery the sight was such as no pen, however graphic, could describe, and no mind, however familiar with fields of carnage, could conceive. More than 2000 dead bodies were stretched in their gore, and stiffening in the cold night air, around the parapets of that contested earthwork. The wounded were also numerous, and their groans were pitiful in the ears of those who offered their assistance, which for many came, alas! too late. The cries of the wounded horses were painfully expressive of suffering; and for hours

during that dreadful night of woe and victory, above all sounds, the wailing of a faithful dog—which had followed its master's fortunes in march, by bivouac, and through the tide of battle—arose; crouching by the prostrate form of its master, or standing upright over him, the animal raised its head, and pierced the night with its lamentations. It was horrible to witness the contortions and writhings of those, who, dying of punctured wounds, were frightfully convulsed. All these sights could be witnessed, for the moon rose resplendently over the valley of Inkerman, and from the English heights the opposite heights could be distinctly seen, and the slopes far down into the vale, and the Tchernaya, reflecting the silver moonlight, gliding peacefully between the over-frowning hills. The slopes of Inkerman sparkled with the scattered weapons, which flung around, by reflection, the strong moonlight. Every sound, as well as every sight, appealed with distinctness to its appropriate sense. So serene and still was the evening, that the gurgling in the throat of the dying, and the faint moans of those exhausted by loss of blood, smote the ear with painful perspicacity. Some of the dying seemed to forget their own condition, and to think only of the loved ones far away; their last words were the dear names of those who fostered their childhood, whose parting tokens blood-stained, were now clasped to their breast.

A poor Irish youth, a mere boy, called, in the rich and sorrowful tone so peculiar to his native land, upon his mother; and up through the listening night the pitiful words came from his lips, faintly and still more faintly, "My mother—oh, my mother!" until his spirit passed from the scene of strife and anguish. Another soldier, also an Irishman, articulated with a singular distinctness, as if his very soul spoke, while a comrade bent over him, "Mary—shall I see you no more, Mary!" Whether this was to wife, or sister, or love, his dying heart was true to her, and uttering the fond name, his lips ceased to speak for ever. A tall guardsman called aloud upon his father, until the bearers of the wounded, attracted by his cries, carried him off the field. Some of the prostrate lost reason, and seemed as if they had a preternatural strength, although the injuries they had received prevented their rising; they called out to charge the Russians, challenged comrades to come on, vowed dreadful vengeance, shouted wild hurrahs, and recounted, incoherently, the events that had befallen themselves or others during the hour of carnage. One sergeant swore by St. Patrick he had only killed four, and seemed in his frenzied or bewildered state bitterly to accuse himself of such remissness. Many of the wounded lay calmly and quietly awaiting help, or resigned

to the will of heaven, and some less severely stricken than their fellows, soothed them with words of hope, placing their heads or persons in less painful attitudes. "Keep up a good heart, Peter," said one poor fellow as he adjusted the head of another upon a shako that was near, "keep up a good heart, Peter; we'll see the old people at home yet, and Peggy will be waitin' for you, you know." The accounts given by gentlemen, both officers and civilians, published and unpublished, of what they saw and heard while the wounded were being assisted that night, and while they sought for friends who were missing and supposed to have fallen, would constitute a large and painfully interesting volume.

It was a trying task for those who, with lanterns, turned up the faces of the slain to look for officers or comrades. The conduct of the soldiery to the wounded was exceedingly tender and humane—removing them with the greatest care and softness of manner, although they had been themselves engaged all day in the exhausting strife. These men were kind also to their wounded enemies, who requited them with looks of fierce resentment, muttered curses, or efforts of impotent rage. Our men could be easily distinguished by the ambulance parties, although generally in their grey great-coats; for their superior stature and better figures, and their more open and manly countenances, as they often lay with their faces upturned to the moonlight, did not easily admit of mistake. One of the most distressing scenes of that sorrowful night, was the efforts of the English women, the wives of soldiers, to find the bodies of their husbands who had not returned when the fight was over. With a sudden jerk they would drop the head of some dead soldier, whose figure and uniform led them at first to apprehend that it was the loved one they sought. Sometimes their suspicions would be confirmed, and then the hill-side rang with the shrill lamentations of their grief. Oh! what cries of despair burst from the hearts of these poor English soldiers' wives as they found, thousands of miles from home, their only friends and protectors on earth—perhaps the father of their children—stark, cold, and bloody, by the hill-side of Inkerman! Some found their wounded and still living husbands, and brought them timely solace and succour; others laid them down amidst the dripping brushwood, and clasped their dead in a lust and wild embrace, until some generous hands separated it, and bore them wailing or swooning away to the camp.

The appearance of the dead was as various as the causes of their fall:—"Some lay as if asleep; others were horribly contorted, and with distended eyes and swollen features appeared to have died in agony, but defying to

the last. Some lay as if prepared for burial, and as though the hands of relatives had arranged their mangled limbs; while others again were in almost startling positions, half standing or kneeling, clutching their weapons or drawing a cartridge. Many lay with both their hands extended towards the sky, as if to avert a blow or utter a prayer; while others had a malignant scowl of mingled fear and hatred, as if indeed they died despairing. The moonlight imparted an aspect of unnatural paleness to their features, and as the cold damp wind swept round the hills and waved the boughs above their upturned faces, the shadows gave a horrible appearance of vitality; and it seemed as if the dead were laughing, and moving to rise. The Russian soldiers were inferior in appearance to those at Alma. In all that relates to discipline and courage our late antagonists were far superior. They were all clean, but ragged in the extreme. None had knapsacks, but merely a little canvas bag of that disgusting, nauseous-looking stuff they call their bread. No other provisions were found on any. The knapsacks, I presume, were left behind, in order that they might scale the heights on our right with greater facility. Every man wore strong, well-made Wellington boots, of a stout but rough-looking brown leather. On none that I have heard of were found either money or books. On many were miniatures of women and locks of hair. They appear to have been veteran troops, as a large number bore the scars of previous wounds. The dead officers, as at Alma, were with difficulty to be distinguished from the men. They behaved very well indeed. Trenches were dug on the side of the hill for the Russians, as they lay. Into them, till they were full quite to the surface, the enemy's dead were thrown in ghastly heaps, sixty or seventy in each pit. As fast as they filled, shovelful of earth were loosely scattered over them, and that was all. Before the winter was over, the heavy rains had washed the scanty covering from the dead, and disclosed them fully to our view, with their features undistinguishable from corruption, but with their hands still clenched upon the tattered flesh, and their arms still pointing to the sky. The English and French lay side by side in deep graves by themselves. In the ravine in the side of Shell Hill was a large limekiln, this was used as a vault, and filled to its summit with Russians."

The whole of the night of the 5th and morning of the 6th was expended in conveying the wounded to the hospital tents; by noon this sad work was accomplished, but the whole day was consumed in carrying them in French ambulances, Turkish arabas, Tartar waggons, and English stretchers to Balaklava. The work of burial now engaged the British

and French, and a number of lives of the allies was lost in its performance, as well as in carrying the wounded off the field. The Russian ships in the harbour were careened, and flung shot and shell over the heights upon the slopes where the battle had raged. Great havoc was made among the Russian wounded who still lay upon the field, and the unburied dead of all the contending armies were mutilated horribly. The indignation of French and English was great, and it is marvellous that the poor soldiers exposed to this galling fire, should continue to show such kindness to the wounded Russians, and to the few prisoners taken under such ferocious and cowardly provocation. Lord Raglan sent a flag of truce to Prince Menshikoff, inquiring in indignant terms whether the war was to be conducted with honour and on civilised principles, or with the barbarity of savages. Lord Raglan also called the attention of the prince to the fact that, as at Alma and Balaklava, the Russian wounded were seen ferociously stabbing the wounded French and English, contrary to everything previously known in warfare.* The reply of the Russian commander-in-chief was evasive and dishonourable. He doubted whether the wounded were killed, except perhaps in some cases where provocation had been given, and that he would punish those who did the like, if proof were afforded to him of their guilt. The firing, he said, was not directed against the burying parties, but against the Turks, who were intrenching the position. The prince must have presumed that the allies would set about that necessary operation, for in fact they did not begin to intrench until the 7th. He excused the barbarities of both acts, by alleging that the Russian soldiery were much incensed by the French pickets having plundered the Church of St. Vladimir, which was situated outside the Russian lines. This church was erected on the site of one of the most anciently erected Greek churches, and was a sort of *sanctum sanctorum* for the Russians in the Crimea. It was supposed by them that the French in stripping it were actuated not merely by the love of plunder, but by the envy which they supposed inflamed the Latin Church against the orthodox. The French appreciation of Prince Menshikoff's complaint was shown in their afterwards gutting the church of all its furniture, and they even took down the timbers of the roof for firewood.

The sincerity of the brutal and bigoted Menshikoff may be judged by the fact, that no Russian soldier was subsequently punished for slaying the wounded, although they who had done so made a boast of it in the garrison;

and the shelling of the burying parties from the ships went on after the return of the flag of truce from Sebastopol, as it had done before. Throughout the whole campaign the Russians stained their arms with dishonour, by the most cruel, vindictive, and cowardly practices. No advantage was too small to take, even although dearly paid for,—and they were always willing to fling death among their own troops,—if there were the smallest chance of thereby injuring an enemy. It became necessary, in order to save our men from the fire of the ships, to withdraw the ambulance as well as burying detachments, and numbers of wounded Russians were therefore of necessity left to a miserable end upon the cold heath. That this would be the probable consequence of his conduct was well known to Menshikoff; but reckless of human life, amongst countrymen or strangers, this heartless apostle of the orthodox church scattered the brands of death everywhere, though only one heretic soldier might perchance be stricken.

On the 7th of November, the attention of the opposing armies was concentrated on the siege; and the battle of Inkerman, and the scenes which were witnessed on its field of slaughter, when the events of the battle had passed away, were matter of history. Few pages have been set apart to war, by the muse of history, over which fame sheds so bright a halo of glory, or pity weeps such compassionate tears.

This is an appropriate place in which to present to our readers a very curious and somewhat instructive account of the battle, which appeared in a German paper, and which was written obviously under Russian influence. The account was published in Berlin. "The plan of the battle of Inkerman was thus devised. Soimonoff, who was with the tenth division in the town, was, supported by some regiments of the sixteenth and seventeenth divisions, to break up from there, to march along the left of the Malakoff Hill, proceed along the west side of the ravine running into Careening Bay, and fall upon the left wing of the English army; while General Pauloff, with the eleventh division, from the northern camp at Inkerman, was to cross the Tchernaya bridge, mount to the plateau at the side, after passing along the defile, and attack the English on their right flank. For the purpose of detaining the French, and preventing them from coming to the assistance of the English, there was to be, in addition to a general cannonade from the ramparts, a sham attack made on their left wing by General Timofegen. General Gortschakoff was to operate against the Sapoune Heights, for the purpose either of fettering General Bosquet to that position, or of enticing him down to the valley."

* This likewise occurred in India, where the wounded soldiers of Tippoo Saib stabbed the wounded Sepoys.

For the purpose of preventing or remedying any mistakes that might arise in the execution of this widely-combined plan, a semaphore was erected on the heights behind Inkerman, so as to convey instructions either to Sebastopol or to Tchorgoum, Gortschakoff's head-quarters. During the battle Menschikoff kept his station at this telegraph. General Dannenberg had the immediate conduct of the action, and attached himself to the second column under Pauloff.

"On the 4th of November, the dispositions for the attack of the ensuing day were forwarded to the different commanders. The heights above Inkerman were to be attained, and if possible a firm footing was to be gained there. Soimonoff, with three regiments of the tenth division, three regiments of the sixteenth division, one regiment of the seventeenth division, twenty-two heavy and sixteen light guns, was, at six o'clock A.M., to execute the movement above described. Pauloff, with three regiments of the eleventh division, two regiments of rifles, of the seventeenth division, with their artillery, was also at six o'clock to throw a bridge over the Tchernaya, near Inkerman, and then advance rapidly to effect a junction with Soimonoff, at which moment General Dannenberg would take the combined command. Gortschakoff was to co-operate with his troops at Tchorgoum, was to effect a diversion, and endeavour to get possession of one of the approaches to the Sapoune Heights. Lieutenant-general Moller, with the garrison of Sebastopol, was to watch the course of the action, to cover the right flank of the attacking troops with his guns, and if any confusion were visible in the enemy's batteries, he was to take possession of them."

At General Dannenberg's suggestion, the hour for marching was altered to five o'clock for both Soimonoff and Pauloff. The former was to place his reserves in the rear of his right wing, in the calculation that his left would be covered sufficiently by the ravine leading to Careening Bay. (The words of the order communicated to Soimonoff required him to march along the *left* side of the ravine; he understood this as the side on his own left hand when advancing up the ravine; Menschikoff had, however, meant the left side of the ravine, according to its course towards the sea. To the mistake, which brought Soimonoff, instead of to the left to the right wing of the English, where Pauloff had already as many men as the *terrain* would admit of handling, the Russians mainly attribute their want of success.) The Russian official lists are quoted, to show that, on occasion of the battle of Inkerman, of which the above is the plan, the Russian forces actually engaged amounted only to 29,700 men, viz.:—

UNDER SOIMONOFF.

	Bayonets.
Twelve battalions of the tenth division.—Regiments Catherineburg, Tomsk, and Kolyvan. . .	8100
Twelve battalions of the sixteenth division.—Regiments Vladimir, Souzdal, and Ougliche	5100
Four battalions of the seventeenth division.—Regiment Boutyrsk	2400
	16,200

UNDER PAULOFF.

	Bayonets.
Twelve battalions of the eleventh division.—Regiments Selinghinsk, Yakoutsck, and Okhotsck . .	8400
Eight battalions of the seventeenth division.—Regiments Borodino and Tarantino.	4800
Half a battalion of 4th Rifles	300
	13,500

The writer then describes the driving in of the English pickets, which agrees substantially with our own account. The troops who conducted this operation are thus referred to, and the way in which, from a Russian point of view, the British conducted themselves, is thus criticised:—

"It was, on the one hand, the advanced guard of Soimonoff's column advancing from Sebastopol; on the other hand, it was the two regiments of rifles (Borodino and Tarantino), from Pauloff's column, approaching through the nearest defiles, with their sharpshooters in advance, and beginning to climb the precipitous heights from the Inkerman side; the fog and their grey cloaks kept them invisible till they were close at hand. The pickets of the second English division, on the extreme right wing, had only just distinguished, through the drizzling rain, the Russian riflemen climbing up, when they were compelled by the whistling of their bullets to retire to the crest of the hill, defending, however, every yard as they went. Immediately afterwards the pickets of the fifth or light division found themselves attacked from the town side, and compelled to retire. The English now supposed they had to do with a sortie on a large scale; but what puzzled and confused them entirely was, that not only on the left and in the front there was a heavy fire of artillery, but that also in the rear, on the heights towards Balaklava, there were heard volleys of artillery and musketry. On the left there was the fire from the walls of the town, flashing out of the grey mist in a circle of flame, to which Soimonoff's guns soon added their lightning flashes; in the rear it was Gortschakoff's troops effecting their diversion against the Sapoune Heights. As the French on the hills above briskly answered the fire with heavy guns, though at random, on account of the mist that shut out everything from sight, the English commanders in camp were at a loss to tell on which side the real attack was. In this uncertainty they had, for the moment, nothing else to do but to defend themselves when they

were attacked, but at first their movements were vacillating and uncertain."

The arrangements (if such they could be called) of the English are then taken almost *verbatim et literatim* from Mr. Russell, and the description of the Russian operations is resumed.

"The Russian movement and attack proceeded. General Soimonoff, a meritorious officer, had commenced his march in the grey dawn of the morning, but, without a guide or a map of the locality, he had in the darkness, instead of crossing over to the left or west side of the Careening Bay ravine (so as to fall upon the centre and left wing of the English), remained upon the right side, and advanced to the attack there, by which movement he came into collision with their right wing, which was to be attacked by Pauloff's column. The disadvantage of this false direction was that, from the confined nature of the ground, his troops were very much in the way of Pauloff's column, and neither the one nor the other could find space to deploy. Everywhere, as they were compelled to move in columns, they suffered extremely during the long way they had to march from the severe fire of their antagonists, who from their small number at first had the advantage of presenting a small front, and could more frequently supply it with fresh troops. While the Russians were moving about in columns of companies the English were drawn up in a line two deep, and their long-ranging guns enabled them to inflict mortal wounds on the Russians at a time when the latter were unable to reach them at all with their fire-arms. . . . Nevertheless, thanks to the courage and unshakable steadiness of the Russian soldiery, the action wore, at the commencement, a favourable aspect; not so much in consequence of their numerical superiority, as on account of the unexpectedness of the attack, the surprise in the fog, which, by magnifying every object in its dim obscurity, showed the English large masses everywhere (at least we must conclude so from their ridiculously exaggerated reports, in which a few battalions are made to figure as 10,000 and 20,000). In this first episode there were engaged on the Russian side Soimonoff's three foremost regiments, and the two regiments of rifles from Pauloff's column. The rest of the troops, that is to say, the greater part of Soimonoff's column (four regiments), and the main body of Pauloff's column (three regiments), were situate partly in the rear, as reserve, and partly only came up at a late hour, along the Sappers' Road. Thus there were not more than twenty battalions of Russians, or 13,000 bayonets, engaged in this first stage of the engagement, against which the English had gradually collected their entire force, also amounting to 13,000 men. Campbell's, Codrington's, Buller's, and

Goldie's brigades stood opposed to Soimonoff's troops. The other four brigades—Torrens', Pennefather's, Adams', and Bentinck's—were opposed to Pauloff's rifles.

"Hardly had these two latter regiments of rifles (Borodino and Tarantino) mounted the heights, driving the English outposts before them, when they, although out of breath with climbing, threw themselves furiously upon the nearest troops (Pennefather's and Adams'), forced them back, and deployed towards the redoubt; while, on the other side, the Tomsk and Kolyvan regiments of rifles, supported by that of Catherinenborg, driving in the pickets of the fifth division, stormed wildly against the left side of the English front (Codrington and Buller's brigades, supported by Campbell's and Goldie's). Thus the conflict commenced almost simultaneously along the whole line of battle, enveloped as it was in fog, and as the Russian soldiery gave themselves little time for firing, but rather, in the proud consciousness of their valour, sought to reach their enemy as soon as possible with cold steel, it soon came to the most embittered bayonet engagement. With astonishment did the English see these attacks with the bayonet; they had flattered themselves with the delusion that no troops in the world could compete with their powerful well-fed men, and here did the Russians, whom they looked down on so superciliously, venture to challenge them to it, to attack them, and what is more, several times to put them to the rout; for the Russians' favourite weapon, ever since Suwarow's time, has been the bayonet. Thus along the whole extent of the confined *terrain* there commenced a furious fight—now with the bayonet, now with fire-arms, but without a decisive result, for the forces of each side were equal. The Russian artillery, however, twenty-two 12-pounders and sixteen 6-pounders, belonging to Soimonoff's column, did the English great damage. The grenades, which they threw with great precision, were constantly bursting in the midst of the English ranks, and with their massive fragments of iron hurled death on all sides, while their balls tore open great chasms in the lines, threw down or tore to pieces the tents of the encampment, and wounded or killed the people engaged in camp service. Three battalions (Tomsk and Kolyvan) rushed boldly on the little redoubt in front, took it, spiked the Lancaster guns there, and hewed the carriages in pieces. Further and further they penetrated into the camp, now open to them. Two battalions (Catherinenborg) for want of room crossed over to the other side of the Careening Bay ravine, attacked the camp there, and also spiked four guns. But they were driven out again, being too weak for want of support. The English rallied all their powers, and obsti-

nately defended every inch of their encampment. In this the light troops of Brown's division, all practised shots, armed with capital Minié rifles, did good service, by picking down the Russian generals and officers, and also the artillerymen and horses. It was thus that the action was brought to an equipoise, and soon it took a turn to our disadvantage, for the most distinguished leaders had already fallen. Not only the colonels of the three foremost regiments, even the commanders of the battalions, and a great part of their officers, were put *hors de combat* by death or by wounds. Among them were the commander of the artillery, Colonel Lagoskin, Brigadier-general Villebois, and General Soimonoff. Deprived of all their superior leaders, and thus become uncertain and wavering, the combatants gradually gave way; and as the English, hereby inspired, made all the more furious attacks, they fell back into the upper portion of the ravine, through which the old post road leads, and endeavoured to rally here under cover of their heavy guns. These latter had been posted by General Shabokritzky—who had followed slowly with the other four regiments of the column—on an acclivity, from which they could take the English line point-blank and askew; he had covered it on both sides by the regiments Ouglitche and Boutyrsk, while he kept the regiments Vladimir and Souzdal behind him in reserve. Thus was a stop put to the whole active operations on this side—only the artillery continued the engagement without interruption; as fast as a battery had exhausted its ammunition, or become injured, it was retired and replaced by another.

"On the left side, also, where the rifle regiments of Borodino and Tarantino were, the action had lasted a long time with varying fortune. The battle raged forwards, backwards, beneath, above, among bushes and underwood; above all, the redoubt on the wing had been the object of many an attack, till at length General Bentinck led up his Guards—the *élite* of the English army. These chosen troops pressed irresistibly forward to the redoubt, tore it from the Russians, and consigned it to the safe keeping of the Coldstreams. As about this time two battalions and a half of the French joined the English, the two Russian regiments were still more hardly pressed, and at length were compelled, together with Soimonoff's troops, to retire into the ravine, where they, however, did not, like the latter, remain, but quitted the field of battle altogether, and proceeded to the valley of Inkerman. Thus ended the first act of the bloody drama, which was soon followed by one still more sanguinary. In spite of the resolute attacks of the Russians, the English had given another proof of their military virtues, and had made an heroic defence."

Notwithstanding the compliment paid to the military virtue of the British, we must not be tempted to accept the statement of this historian. The account we have given of the action shows that the French force alleged to have come to the assistance of the Guards, is an incorrect version of the real occurrences of that portion of the day. The narrator again draws upon the *Times'* correspondent for his facts on the English side, and, by keeping too close to that excellent authority, obviously without consulting any other, he admits several errors into his narrative. He then resumes that part of the story in which we are interested—the course of events within his own lines.

"General Dannenberg, who had arrived on the ground early, was distributing his orders from a rising ground near the batteries, and assigning to each column as it came up the direction of its attack. Around him also death was busy, and struck to the ground by his side, adjutants, officers of the *état-major*, officers bringing reports, or fetching orders; for a long time, he and his beautiful brown charger remained unhurt. On a sudden, his horse sank beneath him, struck by a grenade on the shoulder, and another horse was brought him by an orderly. At the moment the general was about to mount this fresh horse, another ball laid it also low, and a third was procured. Death was ranging abroad, and spared neither the highest nor the lowest, but yet could not subdue the courage, the resolution, and the invincible steadfastness of all. At the very beginning of the action, the commander of the French corps of observation, General Bosquet, had galloped from his position near the telegraph into the English camp, followed by four companies of *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, and two battalions of the 6th and 7th regiments of the line, together with two mounted batteries. In the vicinity of a mill he met with the two English generals—Cathcart and Brown—and offered his assistance. But the old English pride revolted at the idea of requesting, or even of accepting, aid from Albion's ancient rival. The generals declined the offer, as they had their reserves still, but requested him to cover their right flank. After leaving his two and a half battalions and two batteries at the spot indicated, General Bosquet repaired to a height to examine into the nature of the attack made upon his own position, and ascertained that it was only a feint, and, while disposing his troops to take part in the general action, he received notice from various English officers that his assistance would be very welcome on their right. General Bosquet then moved rapidly to his left with two brigades of his own division (Bourbaki and Antemarre), and one

brigade of the first division (Monet); altogether about 9000 men. General Canrobert had also joined Lord Raglan, that he might be at hand in case his forces were required; and, while there, received a wound in the arm, which, however, did not compel him to leave the field."

The accounts of General Bosquet's interview with the British generals at the beginning of the action, and their refusal to accept assistance, are purely fabulous. The entire number of troops sent by the French to the aid of their ally scarcely exceeded 6000; they were not 9000, therefore, as this writer asserts. He admits that 3000 of the 9000 remained in reserve, but the whole force sent by Bosquet to the succour of Lord Raglan did not much exceed 6000 men.

"It was now about eight o'clock, the battle was waxing hot again on the heights of Inkerman, and the second act commenced. General Pauloff's three regiments, with their guns, that had come by the Sappers' Road, arrived at that time, just as Soimonoff's troops gave way. These were the men who had fought at Oltenitza, and Dannenberg sent them immediately up to the front—the regiment of Okhotsck first, that of Yakoutsck second, and Selinghinsk last. The struggle that ensued was even severer than the former. The Okhotsckers attacked with the bayonet, and succeeded in driving back the English until they got up to the redoubt, and attacked it; but there the Coldstream Guards, although surrounded and cut off from the rest of their division, maintained their post in spite of repeated attacks. The guns that Pauloff had posted on the opposite side of the ravine caused them great loss, and they had already lost more than 200 of their number before they burst out and cut their way through the approaching succours. The Okhotsckers also lost most of their superior officers; their colonel, Bibikoff, was severely wounded.

"In the meantime, the two other regiments, Yakoutsck and Selinghinsk, had crossed the ravine; the first-mentioned succeeded in driving the Coldstreams out of the redoubt again, although reinforced by the two other regiments of the Guards, and by troops from Cathcart's and Buller's brigades; on this occasion, the Guards lost twelve of their officers, and Brigadier Bentinck was wounded in the arm. The Guards, Cathcart's division, Sir de Lacy Evans', together with the French battalions that had co-operated, were driven back by Pauloff's valiant troops; the other redoubt in the centre of the English lines, was already taken after a severe struggle, and the Russians were again in the English camp. A party of Russian skirmishers had crept up through the brushwood, and picked off the horses and

gunners of a battery of six guns, stationed on an eminence in the midst of the English camp; a Russian column swept along the road against it, and the artillerymen succeeded only in saving four out of the six pieces, in spite of the determined resistance offered by the English, firing by companies as they drew back. The battle had now attained its climax; it was raging among the tents on the flank and in the rear of the second division. Most of the English generals were *hors de combat*; the Britons, sadly reduced in numbers, and exhausted by the length of the struggle, defended themselves but faintly. More and more the fortune of the day inclined to the Russians; they had still four regiments unemployed, while the enemy had brought up all his reserves. It was about eleven o'clock when, on a sudden, the shrill tones of horns were heard above the rolling and rattling of the fire. The third act—the turning point of the battle—commenced; the French arrived.

"In the same proportion as the assurance of this timely aid revived the sinking spirits of the English, it discouraged the Russians, who felt themselves at once on the point of being deprived of the fruit of five hours' hard fighting. Close after the three battalions of Zouaves, Chasseurs de Vincennes, and Chasseurs d'Algers, there came up, also, Bosquet's remaining troops on the right of the English, thus outflanking the Russians. The English had by this time no more than 8000 men capable of continuing the fight. Bosquet's three brigades brought them 9000 fresh men, of whom, however, one brigade (Monet) remained in reserve; therefore, say 6000 men (French) came to the assistance of the 8000 English. Opposed to these 14,000 men were only Pauloff's three regiments (Okhotsck, Yakoutsck, and Selinghinsk) that had mustered before the action 8500 men, and now hardly counted 6000. Of Soimonoff's column, the three regiments of his tenth division had been perfectly disorganised by the loss of all its superior and so many subaltern officers, and took no further part in the action. The two regiments of rifles (Borodino and Tarantino) had entirely disappeared from the field of battle; the other remaining four regiments of Soimonoff's column were stationed in the ravine as reserve, or for the protection of the artillery. Thus, these troops of Pauloff were now opposed to a force of more than twice their number, after a three hours' fight, after a night march along a sticky soil, and after climbing steep acclivities. Victory, under those circumstances, was out of the question. Their task was now to retire with as little loss as possible of men, guns, and honour. This was, indeed, difficult, posted as they were on the edge of precipitous ground, with an over-

powering enemy ready to crush them, supported by the combined English and French batteries. They had to rescue their guns from the heights on which they were, and bring them off along the roads by which they had come. The slightest wavering would have seen them hurled over the steep sides of the plateau; they gave way, therefore, gradually, and maintained their steady retreat, step by step and troop by troop. Although deprived of the invigorating hope of victory, they repulsed all the attacks even of the fresh French troops; the 6th French regiment had even at one time lost its colours in a hand-to-hand encounter, and it was only the immense exertions of Colonel Camos, and at the expense of his life that they regained it. The English light cavalry did not venture to show itself. The Russians had no cavalry at all, on account of the *terrain*. It was not till all their guns were brought off that the Russians commenced their actual retreat under a massacrering fire of artillery; and this retreat, crowning as it did all the achievements of that day, has gained for them the respect and admiration even of their enemies. It was in this retreating fight of man to man that the English recovered the two guns they had previously lost; they were not recaptured as has been reported—they were simply left behind by the Russians, from the horses that were dragging them having been shot. This retreat of the Russians was like that of a lion followed up by the hunters.

“General Dannenberg now advanced one of his two reserve regiments (*Vladimir*) to cover the retreat of the troops towards the town and towards the Sappers’ Road into the Inkerman Valley, and over the bridge into the camp on the north. The combined English and French did not venture to pursue them further than the old post road, on account partly of the resolute bearing of the *Vladimir* regiment, partly on account of the fire of the retiring artillery, and partly on account of the frightful ravages produced in their ranks by the enormous shells thrown from the decks of the steamers *Chersonese* and *Vladimir*, which had, as a measure of precaution, been anchored in the bay at the mouth of the Tchernaya. Thus ended this battle, one of the most sanguinary on record, at two o’clock P.M., after lasting eight hours.

“And what was it that foiled the Russian attack?—The bravery and steadfastness of the English? Undoubtedly much must be laid to this account, for they were splendid, and the British soldier fought worthy of his best days. But the Russian fought no less bravely, and bravery alone did not decide it. Was it the superiority of the English army—the use of the Minié rifle? This weapon certainly produced great effects; at the distance of 1500

paces it deprived the Russian regiments of their officers; on the other hand, the Russian sharpshooters—only ninety-six to each regiment, with guns that could kill only at 1000 paces—killed and wounded as many English officers, and more generals. Was it the false direction that Soimonoff took? In great measure, for the reasons already given—to which must be added that of his own death, which completed the disaster, and rendered his regiment ineffective for the remainder of the day. Another disadvantage was that the columns, instead of arriving at their destination simultaneously, came up one after the other. All these circumstances conspired to the disadvantage of the Russian attack; but that which was most fatal was the incorrect execution of the sham attacks or diversions, more particularly of that one which failed to prevent Bosquet’s coming to the assistance of the English, and it was that decided the fortune of the day.”

Deeply interesting as the perusal of this account must be to our readers, they cannot fail to perceive that it is, by a cleverly assumed air of candour, an obvious attempt to cover the disgrace of the Russian arms. The number of the enemy actually found dead upon the field of battle, is sufficient proof that forces were brought into the field far superior to what it is here pretended constituted the attacking army. The retreat of the Muscovites was only well conducted while they were under the cover of their guns; as soon as they were deprived by their position of the protection of the artillery, they fled in the utmost confusion. According to the admissions of this writer, the inferiority of the Russian army, as an army, to the allies, is beyond dispute. He allows that the British fought with unabated heroism and skill when their chiefs were picked off by the Russian rifles; he affirms that the loss of their officers caused the Russian soldiery to waver and despond. The conduct of the Muscovite generals he severely criticises; and if his critique be founded upon facts, they seem incapable of carrying out a well organised or complicated scheme of movements. In another portion of his narrative, after defining the nature of military feints and diversions, he points out that General Timofegen carried out his feint admirably on the French left; while General Gortschakoff, who had to operate against Bosquet, thoroughly failed in his object by negligent and unskilful conduct. To him and to Soimonoff, more especially to the former, the Russians attribute the defeat at Inkerman. Liprandi ought to have his full share of their censure, for had he so handled his men as to keep Sir Colin Campbell and Bosquet in suspense about the rear of the allied positions through the day, Bosquet

would not have stirred, Sir Colin would have been obliged to claim assistance for the defence of Balaklava, and the commanders-in-chief would have been embarrassed, and perhaps their forces beaten.

Every account, Russian, French, or English, bears the same testimony to the indomitable bravery and endurance of the English, both officers and soldiery. The charge at Assaye, the whirlwind attack at Salamanca, the obstinate courage of the squares at Waterloo, have not added to the pages of English military story more lustre than the conduct of the men who maintained the deadly and protracted bayonet conflicts of Inkerman.

There remains now only to furnish the reports of Generals Forey and Bosquet to complete the picture of the battle in all its varied parts and details. These reports are in themselves a confutation of those features of the Russian story to which we have objected—even allowing for the desire of Forey and Bosquet to place matters in a light favourable to their own troops. There is no account extant which gives the details of the Russian attack upon the French trenches. Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, proceeded to the French lines, but only remained for a short time, turning away to the more important contest of Inkerman. Mr. Layard remained at the French position, but has given no narrative of the events which fell under his cognisance. General Forey's report to General Canrobert is, on the whole, a faithful representation of the attack and repulse. Bosquet's account of what occurred at his position is also exclusive: no British officer or visitor was there to record the occurrences. The account given by the French general is, with the exception of some minor detail, one of fidelity.

It will be more consecutive, as to the order of events, to present first the report of Forey, and then that of Bosquet.

GENERAL FOREY'S REPORT.

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 7, 1854.

MY GENERAL,—I have the honour to acquaint you that on the 5th of November, at nine o'clock in the morning, the left of our attack against Sebastopol was assailed by a Russian column, composed of four battalions forming the regiment of Minsk, one battalion of the regiment of Wolhynsk, and of a certain number of volunteers who joined them. This column, 5000 strong, supported by a battery of artillery, left the city by the bastion of the Quarantine, and proceeded along the ravine situate on the left of our lines. Its march, favoured by a thick mist, could not be immediately arrested, and it threw its force upon the batteries Nos. 1 and 2, which it reached; the occupants of these batteries having been compelled to retire towards the battalions of the 39th and the 19th regiments of the line, and upon four companies of the Foreign Legion charged with the defence of the trenches. These battalions, or portions of battalions, were also compelled to retire before the efforts of the Russian column, but they vigorously resumed the offensive when two companies of the 19th battalion of Chasseurs, in reserve at Clocheton, and four companies of the Foreign Legion, from the building of the Carrières,

arrived at the scene of the conflict. The General de la Motterouge, who occupied his post at the trench in the first parallel, rapidly advanced with some companies of the 20th Light Infantry upon the points attacked. When he reached the batteries Nos. 1 and 2, they were already abandoned by the enemy, who was thrown back upon the opposite side of the ravine, at a little distance from the trench. Encouraged by the general, our soldiers advanced with ardour beyond the first line of defence, pursuing the enemy, and subjecting him to a murderous fire. They stopped themselves at the height of the building called 'Du Rivage,' taking up a position behind the walls, whence they continued their fire.

While these events were going on, and at the first report of the *fusillade*, I mounted my horse and adopted the following dispositions:—I ordered General de Lourmel to proceed directly upon the burnt house, and General d'Aurelle to march in advance of his front along the Sebastopol Road which borders the sea. His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon was instructed to hold his division under arms, and it advanced as far as the Maison du Clocheton to support my right, while an effort was being made on the left. Levailant's division having taken the place of the brigades of Lourmel and Aurelle at the moment of their departure, went in advance of their front in columns by brigades. General Levailant placed himself at 500 metres behind this line, to judge of the moment when his aid would be necessary. I placed myself at the head of the 5th battalion of Chasseurs, and of my artillery, and I followed the ravine of Carrière perpendicular to the Sebastopol Road, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the enemy in case he should have advanced beyond the batteries No. 1 and No. 2. Such were the general dispositions which I took to put myself in a condition to be prepared for every event on the side of the *corps de siège*. I was briskly attacked; I heard the fire in the direction of Inkerman; I knew that you were then smartly engaged; but not being able to judge from what side the most violent effort would be made, I felt bound to advance to the combat with my first lines, supported by the whole of my reserves. The brigade of Lourmel, carried away by indescribable ardour for their chief, bore down the enemy before them as soon as they met. Two battalions of the 26th regiment of the line furiously pursued the Russians, who retired in disorder. It was then that General de la Motterouge, perceiving General de Lourmel arrive on the height of the Quarantine, where he was in position, followed him in his movement of offence. Our troops, stimulated by the ardour of success, very nearly reached the walls of the fortress, impelling before them the mass of Russians; while the section of artillery, commanded by Lieutenant de la Hitte, poured upon them a shower of shells and balls. I had taken position, with the five battalions of Chasseurs, on the right flank of General de la Motterouge, and on the height of the Quarantine.

Thinking that the pursuit of the enemy was carried much too far, I sent the Chef d'Escadron Dauvergne, and le Capitaine d'Etat-Major Colson, to bear orders to the generals to retire immediately. There was much difficulty in effecting this movement, so great was the ardour of the chiefs and the soldiers. The retirement was supported by the position which I occupied on the right with the five battalions of Chasseurs; in the centre by the rest of the brigade of Lourmel, *échelonnée*; and on the left by General d'Aurelle. This general officer had inclined towards the sea-shore, and had taken by main force, in the midst of a mass of projectiles discharged from the bastions of the town, the buildings of the Quarantine, which he occupied with the first battalion of the 74th regiment of the line. He had left in second line, in a dominant position, Colonel Beuret with two battalions, ready for every event. The occupation of this building was very useful. It protected effectually the retreat of the brigade of Lourmel, and I cannot too much approve of this disposition, adopted by General d'Aurelle, for it put an end to the desperate *fusillade* by the Russians, who, having been brought again in advance, bordered anew the opposite (the north) side of the Bay of the Quarantine. The fire of the 74th regiment, directed with certain aim, forced them to retreat a second time, and to retire into the fortress. It was upon the opposite side (the north) that I wished to arrest the pursuit of the

enemy, if, impelled by a warlike ardour, which I deplore, the brave General de Lournel had not led his troops beyond. In this pursuit, seriously wounded by a ball which traversed his chest, he gave up the command to Colonel Niel, who was obliged to effect a retreat under an extremely violent fire from all the batteries of the place—a movement which did not terminate until they reached the back of the ravine of the Quarantine. Our losses have been very considerable; but I do not believe I am far from the truth in calculating at about 1200 the number of the Russians killed, or placed *hors de combat*. The enemy obtained no advantage in compensation for his losses, for our trenches are intact; and of the eight guns spiked, six renewed their fire immediately, and the other two did so to-day.

I cannot give too much praise to the troops engaged on the 5th of November. I was most completely supported by every one—generals, officers, and soldiers. The officers of my staff, from the commencement of the siege, and in particular during the day of the 5th, have never ceased to distinguish themselves by their bravery and *sang froid*. General d'Aurelle exhibited a high degree of military intelligence during this day. General Lournel who, though wounded very seriously, did not give up his command until his strength was exhausted, has been the admiration of all. He has succumbed to his wound. I cannot express to you the grief this misfortune occasions me. The army loses in him a general whose chivalrous bravery knew no obstacle, and a chief for whom there seemed to be reserved a high destiny.

You will remark, general, by the number of officers put *hors de combat*, that they were the special object of the fire of the enemy. The French officers, proud of their position, do not disguise their rank, like the enemy, under the *capote* of the soldier.

I am, with respect, &c.,

* The General commanding the Siege Force,
FOREY.

REPORT OF GENERAL BOSQUET RESPECTING THE BATTLE OF INKERMEN.

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 7, 1854.

At the break of day, on the 5th of November, the enemy showed themselves in position upon three points of our lines, namely—1. Upon this side of the bridges of Inkerman, opposite the right of the English. 2. In the plain of the Tchernaya, menacing the English redoubt. 3. In face of the telegraph. They had occupied these positions under cover of the night, and of a thick fog, and they opened their fire about half-past six o'clock before Inkerman and before the telegraph. I ordered the whole corps of observation under arms, and I went myself beyond the mill. General Bourbaki followed me with a battalion of the 7th Light Infantry, a battalion of the 6th regiment of the line, four companies of the Foot Chasseurs, and two horse batteries. I there met the two English generals, Sir George Brown and Sir George Cathcart, together. I offered them my aid, informing them that I was followed by the troops which I have just mentioned, and by others which I could withdraw from the lines if the serious attack should occur in front of the English. They thanked me, and assured me that they had at that moment reserves, but that they had no one towards the right in rear of the English redoubt, and they begged me to secure them at that point, which I at once did. I then went to ascertain for myself what would be the effect of the two attacks by the Tchernaya and the plain of Balaklava in face of the telegraph. They were evidently false attacks.

I was examining the nature of the threatened attack in face of the telegraph, when some English officers came to inform me that the fire had become serious on their right. Colonel Styl especially gave me excellent information, and I instantly caused General Bourbaki to proceed towards the English right. At the same time I gave orders that a battalion of Zouaves, and a battalion of Algerine Tirailleurs to march in the same direction. Finally, a little after, General Antemarre received instructions to march towards the same attack with a battalion of Zouaves and the two battalions of the 50th. The two battalions of the second division had been directed, since the break of day, upon the telegraph; I

sent one of them to the English right, in order that they might join the two horse batteries already in motion. I rejoined the troops led by General Bourbaki as they were about to form in line. All the ground in front of the English right was unoccupied, having no one upon it but the guard, who preceded, by a distance of twenty paces, the first row of tents. I did not hesitate to push my two battalions in advance, with the four companies of Foot Chasseurs, who charged the enemy with extreme bravery, and very nearly reached the small advanced redoubt on the right. Upon the arrival of the battalion of Zouaves (Dubos commanding), and the Algerine Tirailleurs, I made a fresh charge, and continued it as far as the crest which commands the ravine of the road. I reckoned that the English would be able to support my left beyond the road, but they were prevented from doing so. The enemy turned my left by the road, and for a moment I was, I may say, surrounded. The Zouaves of the Commandant Dubos took the heads of the columns, which turned us in the rear, and completely stopped them. It became necessary for me to re-form my line for a moment, in order to resume the charge, which this time also succeeded in a marvellous manner. But the enemy, crushed by the fire of the British artillery, and of the French artillery, which I had caused to assemble on the crest in rear of my left, at length offered no further resistance, except while flying.

In these encounters with the bayonet, our field of battle was covered with dead; it was a real butchery; several officers had their horses killed under them. The 7th Light Infantry, commanded by Chef de Bataillon Vaissier, showed an ardent and brilliant courage, which merits particular notice, as likewise the skill and enthusiasm of the Foot Chasseurs of the 3rd battalion. The battalion of the 6th regiment of the line charged most brilliantly, and well revenged the death of their brave colonel, M. de Camos, who fell amid the ranks of the enemy. The battalion of Zouaves, commanded by Dubos, manoeuvred with that intelligence and bravery at every turn, which is never disturbed, even when surrounded by the enemy. The Algerian Tirailleurs leaped as agile as panthers through the brushwood. This day does them honour, and likewise their colonel, De Wimpfen. The other battalion of Zouaves, and the two battalions of the 50th, gave us vigorous support, without having occasion to charge the enemy. During this combat, the two horse batteries, under Commandant La Boussinière, and the battery of the second division, directed by Commandant de Barval, had to maintain a fierce duel with the Russian artillery, which was composed of 24 and 30-pounders in position, and of a considerable number of fieldpieces. Our batteries, aided by an English battery of 9-pounders, had the honour of extinguishing the Russian fire, and reducing it absolutely to silence. This combat of artillery was directed by the brave Colonel Forgeot, who rendered me, during this day, the greatest services. Finally, at the moment when the Russian fire was extinguished, I caused to be led to the last crest a divisional battery supported by two battalions, which covered with shells and balls the bridge of Inkerman, over which the Russian troops rushed in great disorder, and we had the pleasure of seeing them fly in a complete rout. But this rout was protected by the marshes of Inkerman, which we unfortunately could not traverse, for otherwise our cavalry would have ended the day gloriously.

The brigade of General Monet, arriving in second reserve, had no occasion to act. It, however, experienced losses by the cannon-balls of the enemy, fired from pieces having an extreme range.

Before the telegraph we had only one cannonade without wounded, but I feel real pleasure in here expressing how much the detachment of marines, under Captain de Cautensens, served those excellent 30-pounders, which kept the enemy's line very distant, and caused them to experience a severe loss.

I have thanked the Generals d'Antemarre and Bourbaki, who so valiantly headed their troops; and Colonel de Cissay, my chef d'état-major, who has most energetically aided me. I wish I could mention all the brave men who so well fought at Inkerman—but this would be to name every one.

The General of Division commanding the Corps of Observation,
BOSQUET.

When the news of the battle of Inkerman reached western Europe, the feeling was one of blended sympathy and exultation. The noble stand of the English was praised in France in every variety of panegyric. The battle of Inkerman was the theme of the French periodicals, and the conduct of their own troops was depreciated in comparison with that of the English. In the Parisian and even provincial theatres, representations of the warfare in the Crimea were popular; and whenever a *quasi* English soldier appeared upon the stage, he was hailed with loud and continued *vivats*. Considerable numbers of the English officers, and some of the common soldiers, came home by way of France; and on these occasions the demonstrations at Marseilles, Toulon, and Paris, were of the most enthusiastic kind. British officers, perhaps wounded, and with stained and worn uniforms, were frequently at this time seen in the streets of Paris; and wherever they went, the populace crowded around, and kindnesses were lavished upon them. The imperial court and government were also most courteous in their attentions to the wounded English coming home through France. A sentiment of the most profound admiration for British valour animated the whole French nation. They were the heroes of all the popular French songs, whether adapted to the theatres, the saloons of the fashionable, or the circles of the populace.

In Great Britain, the enthusiasm was not less, and the pride was greater; there was, however, a lurking feeling in the English mind, that bad generalship left exposed a position in itself not only important, but tempting the attacks of a vigilant and self-sacrificing enemy. There was much indignation expressed on this head in the metropolitan and provincial press, and in all circles in the empire, except perhaps a few of the more courtly. Still the word Inkerman stimulated the war-like enthusiasm of the English—they felt themselves to be indeed sprung from “fathers of war-proof;” they had, as a nation, lost nothing of the martial daring, enterprise, or pride of those from whom they derived this heroic spirit. If the Alma spread a sense of glory through the nation, so Inkerman sent its light of exultation like an electric flash through every part. There was no colony of England too remote, nor peopled by a race too little English, to feel the pride, and exult in the renown of Inkerman. In the London clubs—in the meanest taproom—in the workshops of Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and Nottingham—in the furnace-rooms and forges of Warwickshire and Staffordshire—among the hills of the Celtic Scot, and in the remotest glens of Ireland,—the word was pronounced, and all heard a triumph in its

enunciation. Never did a great battle make a nation at once so proud, so exultant, and so solemn, as this made the whole British people. In the palace and in the parliament, the popular feeling was participated. The conduct of the Duke of Cambridge added alike to the pride and gratulation of court and people. Her majesty could not but be proud of the part her gallant cousin bore on the memorable day; and the people rejoiced that a prince of the house of Brunswick bore himself so bravely. Memorials and addresses poured in upon her majesty, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary, upon the noble conduct, and congratulations upon the safety, of the illustrious prince—now more illustrious than ever—so nearly related to them; and thus the royal household and the humblest of the people triumphed together.

The populace had another triumph which was all their own. *The hero* of Inkerman was one of themselves—a man who owed nothing to the court, although a gentleman by birth and education; one of their own most trusted representatives in parliament—Sir de Lacy Evans. He had so signalised himself, that never, even in the most heroic ages, and the most heroic nations, was a finer instance of self-negation, patriotism, loyalty, military spirit and courage shown, than by that gallant man. The electors of Westminster, who had so often before had reason to congratulate themselves on their choice of a representative in the Commons, were now flushed with satisfaction and joy at the noble behaviour of General Evans, so eloquently described in Lord Raglan’s despatch. Stray where one might within the city of Westminster, or London, everywhere the name of General Evans was sure to be the subject of popular eulogy. The government and parliament promptly acknowledged their sense of the services of the British army. The Duke of Newcastle addressed a letter to Field-marshal Lord Raglan, from which we have taken the following extract:—

Her majesty is desirous of expressing her gratitude for the noble exertions of her troops in a conflict which is unsurpassed in the annals of war for persevering valour and chivalrous devotion. The strength and fury of the attacks, repeatedly renewed by fresh columns with a desperation which appeared to be irresistible, were spent in vain against the unbroken lines and the matchless intrepidity of the men they had to encounter. Such attacks could only be repulsed by that cool courage, under circumstances the most adverse, and that confidence of victory which have ever animated the British army. The banks of the Alma proved that no advantages of position can withstand the impetuous assault of the army under your command. The heights of Inkerman have now shown that the dense columns of an entire army are unable to force the ranks of less than one-fourth their numbers in the hand-to-hand encounters with the bayonet which characterised this bloody day.

Her majesty has observed with the liveliest feelings of gratification the manner in which the troops of her ally the Emperor of the French came to the aid of the divisions of the British army engaged in this numerically unequal contest. The queen is deeply sensible of the

cordial co-operation of the French commander-in-chief, General Canrobert, and the gallant conduct of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet; and her majesty recognises, in the cheers with which the men of both nations encouraged each other in their united charge, proofs of the esteem and admiration mutually engendered by the campaign and the deeds of heroism it has produced.

The queen desires that your lordship will receive her thanks for your conduct throughout this noble and successful struggle, and that you will take measures for making known her no less warm approval of the services of all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, who have so gloriously won by their blood, freely shed, fresh honours for the army of a country which sympathises as deeply with their privations and exertions as it glories in their victories and exults in their fame. LET NOT ANY PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THOSE RANKS BELIEVE THAT HIS CONDUCT IS UNHEEDED; THE QUEEN THANKS HIM, HIS COUNTRY HONOURS HIM.

Her majesty will anxiously expect the further despatch in which your lordship proposes to name those officers whose services have been especially worthy notice. In the meantime, I am commanded by her majesty to signify her approbation of the admirable behaviour of Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, and her regret that he has been wounded in the action. Her majesty has received with feelings of no ordinary pleasure your lordship's report of the manner in which Lieutenant-general his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge distinguished himself. That one of the illustrious members of her royal house should be associated with the toils and glories of such an army is to the queen a source of great pride and congratulation.

To Major-general Bentinck, Major-general Codrington, Brigadier-generals Adams, Torrens, and Buller, your lordship will be pleased to convey the queen's sympathy in their wounds, and thanks for their services.

To the other officers named by your lordship I am directed to express her majesty's approbation. The gallant conduct of Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans has attracted the queen's especial thanks. Weak from a bed of sickness he rose at the sound of the battle—not to claim his share in prominent command, but to aid with his veteran counsel and assistance the junior officer upon whom, in his absence, had devolved the duty of leading his division.

Proud of the victory won by her brave army—grateful to those who wear the laurels of this great conflict—the queen is painfully affected by the heavy loss which has been incurred, and deeply sensible of what is owing to the dead. Those illustrious men cannot indeed receive the thanks of their sovereigns, which have so often cheered the soldier in his severest trials; but their blood has not been shed in vain. Laid low in their grave of victory, their names will be cherished for ever by a grateful country, and posterity will look upon the list of officers who have fallen as a proof of the ardent courage and zeal with which they pointed out the path of honour to no less willing followers.

The loss of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart is to the queen and to her people a cause of sorrow which even dims the triumph of this great occasion. His loyalty, his patriotism, and self-devotion, were not less conspicuous than his high military reputation. One of a family of warriors, he was an honour to them and an ornament to his profession. Arrived in his native land from a colony to which he had succeeded in restoring peace and contentment, he obeyed, at a moment's notice, the call of duty, and hastened to join that army in which the queen and the country fondly hoped he would have lived to win increased renown.

The death of Brigadier-general Strangways, and Brigadier-general Goldie, has added to the sorrow which mingled in the rejoicing of this memorable battle.

The queen sympathises in the loss sustained by the families of her officers and soldiers, but her majesty bids them reflect with her, and derive consolation from the thought, that they fell in the sacred cause of justice and in the ranks of a noble army.

I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant,

NEWCASTLE.

Field-marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

Another communication, announcing her majesty's intention to bestow certain military decorations on the occasion, was also forwarded to the general commanding in chief.

MY LORD,—I have received the queen's commands to signify to your lordship her majesty's gracious intention to confer a medal upon all the officers and soldiers of the army who have been engaged in the arduous and brilliant campaign of the Crimea. This medal will bear on it the word "Crimea," with an appropriate device, a design for which has been ordered to be prepared.

It is also her majesty's desire that clasps, with the names of "Alma" and "Inkerman" inscribed upon them, shall be accorded to those who have been in either, or both, of those hard-fought battles, and that the same names shall in future be borne on the colours of all the regiments which were engaged on those bloody and glorious days.

Your lordship will be pleased to convey to the army this royal command—an additional proof of her majesty's appreciation of its noble services, and her sympathy with its valour and renown.

I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant,

NEWCASTLE.

Field-marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

The Emperor of the French was not less congratulatory to his army; he thus addressed General Canrobert:—

Palace of St. Cloud.

GENERAL,—Your report respecting the victory of Inkerman has excited deep emotion in my mind. Express, in my name, to the army my entire satisfaction with the courage it has displayed, with its energy in supporting fatigues and privations, and its warm cordiality towards our allies. Thank the generals, the officers, and the soldiers, for their valiant conduct. Tell them that I warmly sympathise with their misfortunes and the cruel losses they have experienced, and that my constant solicitude shall be directed to the task of softening the bitterness of them. After the brilliant victory of the Alma, I had hoped for a moment that the routed army of the enemy would not so easily have repaired its losses, and that Sebastopol would soon have fallen under our attacks; but the obstinate defence of that town, and the reinforcements received by the Russian army, have for the moment arrested the course of our success. I approve of the resistance you made to the impatience of the troops who wished to make the assault under circumstances which would have entailed too considerable losses.

The English and French governments direct their serious attention to their army in the East. Already steamboats are travelling the seas with considerable reinforcements. This increase of assistance will double your forces, and enable you to assume the offensive. A powerful diversion is about to take place in Bessarabia, and I receive the assurance that from day to day in foreign countries public opinion becomes more and more favourable to us. If Europe should have seen without alarm our eagles, so long banished, displayed with so much *éclat*, it is because it knows that we are only fighting for its independence. If France has resumed the position to which she is entitled, and if victory has again attended upon our flags, it is—I declare it with pride—to the patriotism and to the indomitable bravery of the army that I owe it.

I send General de Montebello, one of my aides-de-camp, to convey to the army the rewards which it has so well merited.

In the meantime, general, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LETTERS FROM OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, AND CIVILIANS WHO ACCOMPANIED THE ARMY,
CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

"Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE correspondence from the Crimea immediately after the battle of Inkerman was most interesting to the British public. Every new account was read with avidity—every heart was strained in yearning sympathy for the surviving brave, and in reverential compassion for the fallen. Perhaps the tidings of the battle of Waterloo alone vied with those of Inkerman in producing this kind of excitement, often as the news of victory had elated the hearts of Englishmen during the present century. A chapter containing the impressions of those who fought, of those who were witnesses, although not actually engaged, and of such as, passing among the victors or the vanquished, obtained information fresh and recent, cannot fail to place many of the events of the dreadful day of Inkerman more vividly before the reader than any history, however carefully compiled and minute in detail, could without such a chapter present them.

We shall first give an extract from the journal of Sir Edward Colebrook, who, in company with Mr. de Lane, Mr. Layard, and Mr. Kinglake, was witness of many of the great events of this war. Sir Edward has printed his journal for private circulation among his friends only, but has obligingly presented the author with a copy. He was not present at the battle of Inkerman, but witnessed the reconnaissances and preparations of the enemy up to the evening of the 3rd. His account of the appearance of affairs just before the attack, proves how remiss the allied commanders were in not more effectually providing against the surprise, and the imminent peril of the greater disaster of a defeat:—"Joining Sir Colin this morning, I found all on the *qui vive*. Signals from the hill on the right announced that the enemy were advancing, and some force was seen in motion along the mountain height. Sir Colin all life at the prospect of action. A couple of guns opened against the hill, but the shells exploded in the intervening ravine, and the Russian showed no desire to bring their fieldpieces nearer. Some skirmishers could be seen pushing forward through the brushwood, but a shot or two from our guns sent them to the right-about. All was silent. We waited patiently to see if this would be followed up by a demonstration in our front, but the ridge remained bare as ever. I rode up the hill to the right,

but the Russians had now quite withdrawn. Their force in the distant valley has certainly been very much increased since my last view, and officers on the hill told me that it has been reinforced during the last two days. Two fieldpieces seem quite unequal to the defence of a position, whose importance is such, that, if carried, our other batteries would be taken in reverse, and Balaklava would be untenable. Sir E. Lyons, whom I met on my return, thought the object of the Russians to-day had been to ascertain whether English or Turks held this important point. It struck me that they wanted to know what guns we had, but the reconnaissance had probably both objects in view."

The following letter was written by a civilian to a friend in the Temple, and is a graphic and faithful account of what fell under his own observation.

Caradoc, Nov. 10th.

"I am on my way home; but as this letter will reach you some days before I can follow it, I take the opportunity of sending you a rapid account of what I have seen since I last wrote. You know, of course, from other sources, that a tremendous battle has been fought, and *how* it was fought. I shall as usual, therefore, relate only what I witnessed myself.

"We were at breakfast on board the —, on Sunday the 5th, when indistinct sounds of heavy firing attracted our attention; and Captain — mentioned that he had noticed them ever since dawn. Of course, the gig was soon manned, and took a strong party ashore. — got a pony, but most of us, myself included, were compelled to walk. After a mile or two, I was obliged to diverge from the rest, as I meant to go in the first instance to my old camp-quarters, there to borrow —'s mare (he had got well again, and had returned to work), and to join him and the general on the field. It was a seven-mile up-hill trudge. The occupation of the valley by the Russians had closed the shortest way (by the telegraph); and the nearest road, moistened by a Scotch mist, had been churned by ammunition-waggons and horses' hoofs into unctuous mud. When, therefore, I had climbed to the crest of the plateau, I cut across country. The fog prevented one's seeing far ahead, but the sharp reports of musketry, and the roar of artillery, were quite enough to mark the direction, even without the stream of French and English soldiers,

bearing on their backs, and on stretchers, the wounded to the rear. I did not stop to question these men, but tried to read in their faces the fortune of the day. They all looked grave, and behaved with a silent, manly propriety, in good keeping with their sad office; but quite at variance with the stories one reads of the conduct of soldiers when relieved, as these were, from surveillance.

"On arriving at the road which leads to my old quarters, I found it full of waggons carrying ammunition to the field, and wounded from it. But I was surprised to perceive, when at last (about one) I arrived, that my friend —, and a brother aide, instead of being in the thick of the contest, were in camp. Their looks showed that something wrong had happened, and I soon heard, with great concern, that poor general — had been badly wounded, and was then lying, faint from loss of blood, in what used to be my tent. A shell had also hurt, but not severely, —'s knee. Both my friends were naturally absorbed in devising means for conveying their gallant chief to some place where he would be more fitly sheltered than under canvas. But they found time, in a few hurried words, to describe the carnage which they had witnessed, and pointed out the spot (easily visible from the tents) where the battle had raged the most fiercely. No nag, of course, could now be lent me, nor was there any one whom I could join in the field. The fight, however, had become purely one of artillery; and the best point of view—as well as the safest—for seeing the practice on both sides, was some position opposite the centre of the line of fire. Having ascertained that a place called the Five-gun Battery (in reality the right Lancaster Battery), answered to this description, I decided on going there.

"The Five-gun Battery is between the Round Tower and the tents of the second division. It commands the best view I have obtained of Sebastopol; and, now that the fog had cleared away, the city appeared to great advantage. There was a mound behind the battery, four or five feet high, so situated as to conceal persons lying down under it from the Russians in the field, but not from the garrison in the town. Nor was it quite steep enough, I should think, to have stopped a rolling round-shot from any direction. Though, however, both the enemy's field-artillery on our right, and the fort and ship-guns on our left, commanded the position, our party was too small to be much noticed. It consisted of General England and his staff, and a troop of horse-artillery. The horses of the latter, which the mound could not conceal, were probably the occasion of the very few missiles that actually lit near us. The Round Tower was firing over our heads at the allied armies. The Russian park of artillery, on the

other hand, had enough to do with the antagonists before them, who, already (it was not quite two o'clock) were slowly gaining ground. In fact, the only narrow escape I had, was from a shell, which did me the honour to burst within a few yards of me, when my ears were, for the first and last time, regaled with the peculiar *hum* which marks the near approach of the flying fragments of those uncomfortable projectiles (I picked up a hot bit as a memento). Still, though we were comparatively safe, I was amused, considering all things, by the politeness of an officer present, who on lighting his cigar from mine, expressed an artistic regret that he should 'spoil so beautiful an ash!'

"At this time, the aspect of the battle, as seen from our position, was as follows:—Two large bodies of the allied troops stood, or rather lay, close before the foremost tents of the second division, a little below the long low rounded outline of the hill on which these are pitched, and which, on its furthest side, descends to the Tchernaya. Another mass occupied a place (as seemed to me) about a hundred yards in advance, on the very profile of the hill. The whole of this ground, I should tell you, rises gradually for two or three hundred yards in front of the tents. Crossing the highest portion of its outline, was a fourth body of the allies. The ground then makes a dip for about four hundred yards, when it makes another gradual rise of the same rounded character, until it reaches an elevation somewhat higher than the hill occupied by the French and British troops. Here I counted six bodies of the enemy. I suppose the two armies were seven or eight hundred yards apart. All parties were pounding away with their artillery, and the wind carried off the smoke, so that we could clearly see the spectacle. About three, the allied troops gradually advanced, till their foremost park of artillery occupied the bottom of the valley between the two hills. In half an hour more, the Russians were in full retreat towards Sebastopol. I could see them in their long grey-coats marching past us, with their arms shouldered, and in good order.*

"My sketch of the ground was now completed, the victory won, and I got up and prepared for my long trudge, so as to be in time for dinner on board the —; but I had not walked many paces, when one of our regiments was brought forward past me, to fire at the retreating foe. Stretchers were being carried behind them; and though I had often seen such implements used in carrying the wounded, I confess it gave me a shock to see them borne close behind these soldiers, now walking well and erect, their faces full in my view—in *anticipation!*—an anticipation soon

* A little later in the day the enemy lost all order; their retreat was a discreditable flight.

realised. Directly they arrived at the place where I had been lying, it seemed alive with round-shot, throwing up the dust in all directions; while the stretcher-bearers were running here and there—I knew too well for what reason. It did also occur to me (why will thoughts cross one at the wrong times?) that, perhaps, it was lucky for a certain person that these poor fellows did not come up before; that had that happened, he might have presented himself at a particular nook of the Temple with a wooden leg; but with no honours, no pension, to show for it—only sharp shafts of ridicule, and ‘*Que, diable, allait-il faire dans cette galère?*’ Ah, ha! you have lost that triumph! But to return—a very long way—the Lancaster gun in front is said to have done good service at this juncture, by mauling the retreating columns of the enemy. I confess I looked hard with my glass, and could see no gaps made, nor any approach to unsteadiness. That however proves nothing; as a battle is such a huge complicated affair, and there is so much difficulty in getting a full view of it, that it is only by comparing the accounts of a large number of witnesses, that a correct notion of the whole can be obtained by any one. As I had to return in time for —’s dinner, I could not, as some of my friends did, go over the field that evening. It was dark when I got to Balaklava, and, as usual, a boat was not to be had for love or money. A *deus ex machinâ*, however, at length appeared, in no less a person than Admiral —, who kindly gave me a seat in his gig. His Turks rowed so well, that my contempt for the tribe was in complete abeyance till I got on board the —. Here I was rejoiced to learn that the general had been safely brought. His cot was swung between two great guns, with a curtain drawn before it, in the cabin where we dined. Every one was glad when, during our dinner, he rallied from his loss of blood sufficiently to put in now and then a word from behind his screen. He was lying in the cot I had myself slept in up to that day. Is it not a curious string of coincidences that, when wounded on the field, he was given to drink some weak brandy and water, which I had mixed for the purpose of giving the wounded at Balaklava (the flask being part of the kit I had sold to one of his aides), that he was next put upon the stretcher and in the tent that had belonged to me, and that he was now lying in the cot which I had occupied?

“The morning after the fight, I again walked to the front, and went over a portion of the field. No English wounded, I rejoice to say, were visible. I made many inquiries of the stretcher-bearers, while they were engaged in picking up those Russians who had

lived through the night, and from what they told me, I infer that all, or nearly all, our poor countrymen were removed the evening before. The slope on the other side of the tents is not very steep: in fact, a pony which I had borrowed in camp walked up and down it quite easily. There was a good deal of low oak scrub, but it was not thick enough to prevent one picking one’s way through the place. Our men were digging large pits for burying the dead. The horrors I had heard of as having been witnessed on the field by those who went there directly after the action, were to a great degree abated. The Russians who yet survived were too faint to do more than groan faintly. They seemed grateful, poor fellows! when I gave them small portions of brandy from my flask; but, as I had not tempered it with water, and wished to distribute it as widely as possible, I poured out only a tablespoonful for each man. It might, perhaps, have served to keep them alive, after the cold night, till they could be taken to hospital. I could see comparatively few English and French among the dead. The former, as you know, fought in their grey great-coats, from their not having been time to take them off; and the inconvenience which this occasioned, by confounding friend and foe, will, I should think, cut short the clamour against the hue of our line uniforms. Those writers at home who have been running at red, like mad bulls, ignore the circumstance that the French—pretty good judges in such matters—make their infantry wear trousers of the same colour. No doubt, it is an inconvenience for troops to be seen plainly by the enemy; but it is a greater one not to be seen plainly by their own comrades; especially when, as happens in our case, the latter shoot the best of the two. Many of the Russian dead had been stripped, and appeared to be good specimens of men. Most of them had blue eyes, regular features, coarse brown complexions, and averaged, I should say, rather more than the height of Frenchmen. They were provided with what looked like little bolsters, but which were really bags of crumbled brown biscuit. It did not taste bad, and I suppose it is given them broken up for the purpose of being made more readily into porridge. Each man had four days’ provisions—a circumstance which, with the fact of their having brought gabions and fascines, shows how confidently they expected to establish themselves on Sir De Lacy Evans’ position. The attitudes of the dead were most startling. I think I told you that I found the hussars, who were sabred by our heavy dragoons at Balaklava, lying flat on the ground. Here, on the contrary (and the same is said to have been the case at the Alma), the dead were strewed about in every imaginable pos-

ture. Arms were stretched upwards, as if warding blows, or dealing thrusts. Bodies were half-raised; the head bent forward, the nether lip bit in, the eyes open—but for the glassy stare and marble feet, you might have thought them springing at your throat! The suddenness of the stroke had fixed the last moment of volition. Those who had bled to death lay placidly.

"You will have heard of the atrocities committed by the enemy on the wounded. As I returned from the field, I met two or three hundred prisoners being taken into Balaklava, upon whom, as they passed, all kinds of abuse were being lavished by our men. I saw one of these Russians, in particular, signalise a private who was smoking to give him a light; but it was refused with the most hearty maledictions. Now, as vindictive feeling towards the conquered is the very last sentiment that enters the breast of an English soldier, these are symptoms of the extent to which the barbarities in question are beginning to inflame the minds of our army. Let the irritation go on a little longer, and 'quarter' will be unknown.

"On the 8th I obtained, by Captain Derri-man's kindness, a passage in the vessel from which this is dated. She is bound for Constantinople, whence, as I have not time to deliver my letters at the Embassy, I shall proceed at once to England. Dining on board her, before she started, were the Duke of Cambridge and his staff, General Bentinck (wounded in the arm), Major Nasmyth, and others. H. R. H. mentioned many interesting circumstances connected with Inkerman, and told us that a ball had penetrated his overcoat, but had glanced off in consequence of striking against a gold cuff-button of his shirt. He was suffering from aguish symptoms, but looked well, considering the amount of rough work which he had gone through.

"About nine p.m., I saw the last of the—. On board her were all those to whom chiefly it was due that my visit to the Crimea was an enjoyable one."

An officer of Sir George Cathcart's division, who was on duty in the trenches the night of the 4th, and the whole day of the 5th, describes the anxiety and suspense felt by him, and those similarly situated to himself, during the dreadful hours through which the battle raged, and the scenes he witnessed when, released from trench duty, he returned to the tents:—

"The only account we received on the right of the trenches was, that the fourth division was engaged, and that its gallant general had fallen: but we could gain nothing further that day, until our rations were sent to us the following morning, with orders to remain on

duty twenty-four hours more, when the sad truth was revealed. The total loss of my regiment was—1 officer, 2 sergeants, 10 rank and file, killed; 8 officers, 17 sergeants, 1 drummer, 104 rank and file, wounded; 28 rank and file missing. We were much disappointed at not being relieved from the trenches, and enabled to see our poor wounded brother officers. We were sitting down in despair when an order came from Brigadier-general Eyre, in command, that the fourth division were all to be relieved. This news was most welcome, and we hurried home; but, what did our camp look like? All was disorder, and groans poured forth from the tents, and came piercing on our ears. I went into my tent, and found my friend and messmate, K—, in bed; but, as usual, in capital spirits,—and I congratulated him sincerely on his narrow escape, for one inch more and his shoulder-bone must have been smashed. I then continued my visit to the other tents, and found many sufferers, though none appeared in immediate danger: there was, indeed, great hope that all would recover.

"Poor Dowling had, however, received a mortal wound, and his body was found on the field that day (6th), stripped of all but his flannel shirt: his watch had been taken from him. His wound was through his forehead, and his death must have been instantaneous, which was some comfort to know—as those savage barbarians with whom our brave fellows had to contend, were not content to see them on the field wounded, but took advantage of their helplessness to bayonet and mutilate their bodies in the most frightful and barbarous manner.

"Several of our men died: they had fewer comforts than the officers, and certainly their case was more pitiable; but they received every attendance and care which it was possible to afford under the circumstances.

"The melancholy duty of burial over, we returned to camp, a hundred yards below, and heard from our officers and men their own anecdotes of escapes, and the deeds done that day. The colonel had some slight wounds, and his sword and brass scabbard were crumpled up like paper by a shot: a bullet had actually struck the plate of his belt without hurting him. Colonel C— had the fore-finger of his right hand much shattered. Captain B— had a shot through the upper part of his arm, but this did not prevent him from continuing to command his company, the Grenadiers, and bringing them out of action. Major S— received a bad wound in his back from a wounded Russian, whilst leading his company, but the ruffian who inflicted it had his brains blown out immediately by S—'s right hand man. Captain W— received a contusion,

which laid him up for some time. Lieutenant B—— was supposed to have received the most serious wound of all in his back, and when he was carried home and lifted out of the stretcher, a ball was found on it. Lieutenant P—— had his ribs blackened by a ball. K—— also told me, that when he came to his senses he found himself in a most perilous position, the bullets whistling about him. He therefore managed to crawl behind a small stack of hay; but had scarcely left his former position when a cannon-shot struck the place, and killed another wounded man just beyond him. It was most fortunate that he escaped the Russian bayonets. Soon afterwards he was taken to his brother-in-law's tent in the light division, and was able to ride home on his pony. On the 6th, Captain G—— and H. D—— rode over to see him, and sat with us in our tent for some time.

"We were much shocked to hear of the death of Sir R. N——, of the Grenadier Guards. He belonged to the same county as ourselves. We met him often in the camp, and he lunched with us but a few days before the battle. His kind disposition endeared him to all who knew him, and his sad fate will be long and deeply lamented.

"The manner in which the enemy's fire was kept up was wonderful; and Brigadier-general Pennefather, who had seen other fierce battles in India, said that he had never heard anything like it before. This gallant officer was also heard to say, 'I shall never forget the left wing of the 20th regiment;' this, coming from such lips, was highly complimentary. The wounded were being brought in on litters this day, and large parties were sent to bury the dead. Wounded Russians were also brought in and placed in a yard not far from our camp. The loss of horses was enormous, and I heard that sixty artillery-horses alone had perished.

"Lieutenant Duff, of the 23rd, was taken prisoner on picket, on the morning of the 5th, together with some men. A strange circumstance is connected with his capture. When he saw that all chance of escape was over, he threw his watch into the cave where he was, or placed it under a stone. Some time afterwards he wrote to a brother officer from Sebastopol, and told him to go to the cave for the chance of finding it there. The officer accordingly went there, and secured the watch for his friend.

"The enemy were very expeditious in getting their guns up, and were on us before we knew where they were. A great deal of this was to be attributed to the arms of the men on picket being drenched with rain, and not going off in sufficient numbers to give timely alarm."

The following was written by Captain Kingcote to his father, Colonel Kingcote. The

letter, in a literary sense, is without merit, and gives a very desultory account of the action; but as the captain was on Lord Raglan's staff, and rode beside his lordship throughout the day, it derives importance from that circumstance. He gives a particular account of the narrow escape of the Duke of Cambridge, and the intrepid conduct of Dr. Wilson, whose conduct was perfectly heroic upon the occasion. Colonel Kingcote relates a circumstance, not in his son's communication, that a Russian battery kept moving about in the direction of Lord Raglan and his staff, and this is made to account for the death of Strangers, and the narrow escapes of his lordship's aide-de-camps. It is very much to be doubted whether the Russians paid such very particular attention to the British commander-in-chief, for the fog was so thick during the greater part of the action, that it was impossible for the enemy to take such precise aim against his lordship. The risks incurred around his person were less than those around the person of any of the generals of division or brigade; but so dreadful was the artillery-fire of the enemy, and so long and so closely did the battle rage, that no position was exempt from danger, and death was busy everywhere. The captain does no more than justice to the calm and dignified bearing of Lord Raglan, who, during the Peninsula war, when attached to the staff of his kinsman and great chief—the Duke of Wellington—frequently attracted the notice of that illustrious commander by his imperturbed courage. Captain Kingcote is not correct in his assertion, that no men were drawn away from the trenches. To remove any thence was, however, most hazardous. It is somewhat surprising that an aide-de-camp of Lord Raglan should be so indifferently informed as to represent the two-gun battery as being held through the day only by the Guards. Some *lapsus penne* must account for this. The various troops by whom the battery was held, as the successive storms of battle burst over it, are mentioned with accuracy in the narrative we have given. With these qualifications, Captain Kingcote's letter will be read with interest. A less "rollicking" style would have been more becoming the subject:—

Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Nov. 8.

"Your letters of the 17th reached me on the night of the 5th, after, as you will have heard by the electric telegraph, we have had a more severe engagement even than at Alma, having been attacked about 6.30 A.M. on our right by the enemy in immense force, almost before we were prepared for it, as it was a foggy morning, and they were able to bring their guns up the heights unseen by our pickets. Our second division being on the ex-

treme right, were first engaged, the brigade of Guards coming up immediately, and the fourth division following. The Russians sent up masses, column after column, at the same time keeping up a terrible fire, the ships also throwing shells at a terrible rate. Our men shot away nearly all their ammunition, and had to retire at several points. On the extreme right there was a small redoubt with two embrasures, but the guns were not in it; it was held by the brigade of Guards, and three times did masses of the Russians come up to it and regularly surround it, and were driven back. The fourth time they came up, our men were obliged to retire, so few being left; but, some more coming up, it was re-taken immediately, bayonets being crossed in every direction. Two French regiments came up, shortly followed by a brigade, and then another with artillery; but still the Russians came right up to our guns at our centre, but were compelled to retire with great loss, though their guns still kept up a tremendous fire. We then got up two 18-pounders, which made beautiful practice, and cleared the heights; we were not in a position to follow them, but the French followed, and sent them away a little faster, it being about four P.M. before all firing was over. Our loss has been dreadfully large. (Captain Kingcote here states the loss.) The French lost about 1400. Poor Sir George Cathcart was killed. Charley Seymour, also at the same time at his side, was wounded and bayoneted by the Russians. Poor General Strangways was shot through the leg when riding by Lord Raglan's side, and died shortly afterwards. Paulet Somerset had his horse killed under him, but, further than his leg being bruised from the horse falling on it, was not hurt, and I am thankful to say none of us were touched, though we were under heavier fire, and for a considerably longer time, than at Alma. How we escaped I know not, but, thank God, we did so. The poor brigade of Guards suffered most severely, our regiment less than the other two, as far as officers went. The Coldstreams had eight officers killed and five wounded; the Grenadiers, three killed and three wounded. Our regiment one, poor Blair, killed; Colonels Walker, Hughes, Drummond, Gipps, Baring, and Blane, wounded, but none at all dangerously, I am happy to say. We furnished several pickets, which took off several officers. By the despatches you will have a far better account than I can give—and a more correct one—and you will see the terrible list, which makes one dreadfully melancholy to write or think about it; and, as I know no officers, either killed or wounded, that you know in particular, I shall leave you to see the names in the papers. The escapes every one had, the way small bodies of our men

were surrounded and cut their way out, and such like stories, would fill volumes. The Duke of Cambridge was quite surrounded once, and, had it not been for Dr. Wilson (who was in the 7th Hussars) drawing his sword, and cheering some men on, I believe he must have been taken* or killed. The brutes of Russians bayoneted our wounded men on the ground, and many lives were lost in that way. A letter has been sent to Menschikoff, from Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, in remonstrance, which I hope will be of some use. The Russians have suffered tremendously—some estimate their loss at 15,000, no one under 6000 or 7000. People said they never saw the dead lie so thick as they did at Alma, but here they lie three times as thick; and, round the redoubt I mentioned, which was unenclosed, and held by the Guards, they lay literally in heaps—lying dead in the embrasures, having been bayoneted—so it shows how they fought. Our men, at one time, being out of ammunition, actually flung stones at them. Not less than 50,000 infantry came against us, and, from what we can make out, not more than 7000 of our men were engaged; so it shows how nobly they fought; indeed, beyond all praise. From what the prisoners say, it appears that most of the troops were a new division, brought up from Wallachia and Bessarabia by forced marches in waggons and conveyances of all kinds; that one of the grand-dukes had arrived and upbraided the general for not attacking us, holding out threats of Siberia, &c. Up they did come at us, and most determinedly, too, and well they know how to bring up their guns, and where to place them; and another thing, also, they know how to get them away; though they left six or seven tumbrils and more than sixty dead horses, with one limber, yet they got every gun away. Their great strength is in artillery, which is of very heavy calibre. Their infantry fought better than I thought—but then they were fresh troops. The field of battle was covered with thick, stunted brushwood up to one's waist. Our men had their great-coats on, unfortunately, as they were turned out so early, whereby many mistakes arose. The French came in the nick of time, and fought well; the artillery and the Zouaves particularly. General Canrobert was in the thick of it, and helped us nobly; General Bosquet also. Now, indeed, there can no longer be any doubt of the French and English fighting side by side, as I saw many of our men lying dead by a Frenchman's side, and they carried off our wounded, and we theirs.

"The Turks were not engaged, but we make them useful in digging, &c. The enemy made a feint on Balaklava, and a very poor

one. Owing to our loss, the generals have determined to fortify the right very strongly, and to wait for reinforcements before they attack the town; and if, as we hope, we can make a battery to command the Inkerman, we shall stop their force by that road, and it will be near towards investing the place, as they will have only water communication left. We are to keep as quietly as possible at the siege, to save ammunition. Had they not had a tremendous licking they would have attacked us again before this, and at present they seem to have retired towards the Belbek. I suppose we must make up our minds to be here for the winter, or until we take the town, and I hope some time or other we shall clear the Crimea of the Russians; and, depend upon it, some day or another they will get paid out, after we have licked them, by our being in a position to follow them up, and make their retreat a regular flight. They went away in great confusion the other day, and they actually brought fascines and gabions to make a lodgment. The prisoners say their force is 120,000, but that cannot be true. I am afraid my description is very bad, but you will see plenty of others. Every one had wonderful escapes the other day. A shell pitched on the flap of my saddle behind my leg and sword, which it bent, fell on the ground, where I saw it fizzing, but before I could kick my horse out of the way it burst, without touching me or my horse. Why the horse's ribs were not broken I cannot conceive. I rode Fusileer again until two o'clock, when my other came up, Fusileer being done up and lame. He is all right now. Lord Raglan rode Shadrach the whole time. Charles and Yates are both quite well. Of course every one is cut up at losing so many good fellows, but officers and men are particularly cheerful, and ready to be at them again. Even though we have licked them so tremendously, it does not seem so great a victory as the Alma did. But then one was new to it, and it was the first flush of victory. I never saw anybody so beautifully calm and collected as Lord Raglan during the whole fight, and there were many anxious minutes for him, our force being small, and we did not dare draw any man away from the trenches and our left."

The next letter is from a bombardier of the Royal Artillery, and describes the efforts and sufferings of that arm of the service:—

Scutari Hospital, Nov. 15th.

"DEAR WILLIAM AND KATHERINE,—I take this opportunity of writing to you these few lines, to let you know that I am well in health, thank God! hoping when this reaches you it will find you in the same. My dear brother and sister, I am sorry to inform you that I got wounded on the 5th inst. from a

round-shot striking me on the outside of the left ankle while engaged with the enemy. They commenced about six o'clock in the morning, and did not finish till about a quarter to four P.M. I got hit about half-past twelve, but was treated very well by the officers of the 55th regiment, who dressed my ankle for me, gave me blankets to lie upon, and as much brandy as I wanted. About six A.M. we were aroused by a fire of musketry; our battery being on duty, we were hooked in and ready. We then moved up to the support of the infantry, and came into action front, there being about fifteen to one of infantry, and six to one of artillery against us. Their motive was to force our position (which was a strong one) and gain our heights, which, if they had, good night to us, as they have got their Danubian army in our rear and right, and a very strong force in Sebastopol. Dear Bill, I hope you will return an answer by the first mail, and give me all the news and a paper, for I am beginning to weary already. I wrote about the battle of Alma, but I can assure you that it was child's play to that of the 5th. We had only three batteries (eighteen guns) to keep them in check for about four hours—viz., Turner's, Franklin's, and Woodhouse's, and horses, wheels, limber-boxes, and men were strewed about in all directions. We were then supported by twelve guns from Captain Paynter and Captain Thomas's old company. We kept firing shot and shell, but to no effect, for on came their infantry till within 100 yards of us. Our battery got the word to limber up and retire, but it was of no use; we were determined to give them a parting dose; so my gun and the one next to it loaded with common case, and gave it to them, causing them to stagger and turn. They were then within thirty yards of us. Our infantry rallied, cheered us, and charged them. They then retired in great disorder, we pitching into them as fast as we could load our guns. Their artillery then opened on us, doing great execution. This continued for about an hour and a half, when up came their infantry again in masses. Our infantry had fired away all their ammunition, and could only keep them back by throwing stones at them. However, we opened fire on them again, but we were forced to limber up and retire, not till our battery lost three guns (left half-battery). My gun had a very narrow escape, six of my gun numbers and four horses being unfit to do anything. Lieutenant Broughton, two others, and I had to limber up the gun with great difficulty, the Russians being only five or six yards from us. We retired about 150 yards, and were met by the French artillery and infantry coming to our support. It would have done your heart good to hear the cheering and to see shakos,

red nightcaps, &c., tossed in the air when they passed us. Then it was that the enemy caught it in earnest. The French retook our left half-battery from them and drove them back from the heights. Very shortly after that, while going to change a broken wheel, I was struck, and carried to the rear half-an-hour afterwards; the wounded were sent on board ship. I arrived in Scutari on the 9th, and, as the mail went on the 10th, I wrote to Hannah. Dear brother and sister, I hope you will cheer her, and tell her that I am not badly hurt, and also hope to see all very soon. I saw M'Gooney about a week before I met with this, and he was then in good health. It was getting very cold in the Crimea when I left. I think Sebastopol will fall this month. I will try to remain for a month or six weeks in hospital, so as I shall be able to receive an answer to this letter from you. Dear Bill, if you can send me a paper with an account of the battle of the 5th I shall be very glad, because, while Sergeant Henry (who was bayoneted at his gun) and I were lying on the ground, Dr. Perry and the captain came and visited us, and told us both that he would not forget either of us for our bravery, and I expect he has spoken to the general about us. My kind love to you, Katherine, and Margaret. Please tell Hannah and the children I hope to see them soon, crowned with laurels. About 9000 of the enemy killed, wounded, and prisoners. Hoping to hear from you by return of post,

"I remain your affectionate brother,

"A. BISHOP."

The following letter is from a British officer who was on picket; it confirms the suspicions entertained by the British, that the cruelty of the Russian soldiers was at the instigation of their officers—at all events in some cases:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 7.

"The action on the 5th lasted about nine hours; nearly all the available English and some of the French were engaged. The Russian loss was very great indeed. We also suffered very much. I was commanding a company in support of the pickets; when I went out I had fifty men, and when I returned twenty-three were absent! I was not hurt, but a musket-ball passed between the lining of my forage-cap and my head, just cutting off a little hair, without injuring the skin. They fire very badly—up in the air. They always kill the wounded; I saw them myself. I saw many English bayonet the Russians in grand style. Alma was a joke to the fire we were under part of the time. The say in the camp that the Russian loss was about 20,000 men; that may be a little over, but it was certainly prodigious—they cover the plain everywhere.

My company and our light company behaved splendidly. I made use of Dean and Adams three times. I was about to fire another time, when the Russian threw down his musket, and I took him prisoner. We asked some of the prisoners how it was they murdered our wounded; they replied, 'it was by order of their general.' I saw one ruffian at some distance kill a wounded man; I fired my rifle at him and knocked him over. The Guards were hard pressed, and behaved as guardsmen should, but they suffered very much. If government do not send out clothing and great-coats soon, our poor fellows will be badly off. The medical department has been sadly deficient."

As the Guards bore so prominent a part in this battle, it is appropriate that a letter from one of the soldiers of that brigade should be cited. In that which is furnished to our readers, ample notice is taken of the gallant conduct of the Duke of Cambridge, whose heroism at Inkerman can hardly be too much lauded:—

"We have had another general engagement, on the 5th of November. Well shall I remember that day. I ought never to forget the goodness of God in bringing me off the ground safe and without a scratch. And now I will endeavour to give you an account, as far as I am able, of the battle; but I must tell you that on the night preceding the battle it was very foggy, and the morning was misty. The Russians availed themselves of it. A strong force, about 40,000 men (we are informed), under the command of General Osten-Sacken, from Odessa, with numerous artillery, got possession of some heights, and when the mist cleared away opened fire, drove in the outlying pickets, and got possession of the hills overlooking the second division tents. It was about a quarter past six A.M. When the firing commenced I was just up, and saw the second division falling in. Some men were killed in front of their tents. We fell in anyhow. We had only six companies—two on picket; the Grenadier Guards, five companies, and I believe, the Coldstream Guards, seven companies. The brigade of Highlanders are guarding Balaklava; the second division is encamped on our right. We went up, and a fearful sight it was in going through the second division encampment; the shells were bursting over our heads, and the cannon-balls rolling through us, knocking down tents, and poor bāt-horses were knocked to pieces by them. We were, of course, all taken by surprise, finding the enemy being so near, and had gained possession of a redoubt; and the Duke of Cambridge, with only the Guards and two companies of the 48th, said, 'You must

drive them out of it.' Well, then, they were only twenty yards from us, and we were firing at each other. The pioneers and drummers, with the stretchers, were told to find the best shelter they could, and so I myself, with our drum-major, were lying down behind a small bush, and we both expected every moment to be shot, the bullets actually passing within a few inches of our heads, and breaking off the branches over us as we lay there. Well, they succeeded in driving the Russians out of the place, and got them down the hill, when they were ordered to retire. They retired, and the Russians came up with redoubled strength, and completely surrounded us. The Russians took possession of the redoubt. The Duke said, 'They must come out of it again.' The Russians cheered, as also did the Guards. Things now looked desperate, as we had no support, except the Almighty, and He defended the right. At it they went, and for half-an-hour things seemed to favour the enemy. We were all surrounded—no getting out. The Grenadier Guards nearly lost their colours; they had only about forty men to defend them. We gave another cheer, and out of the redoubt they went again, and the Grenadier Guards managed to keep their colours. We drove them out at the point of the bayonet down the hill. The Guards were ordered to retire again, but would not, and, in fact, could not; if they had got down this steep hill, they could not have got back again well. The brave French came up to our assistance, and kept them at bay while we retired and got our ammunition completed, and then the brigade of Guards were formed into one regiment of six companies, and at it we went again, and by this time, plenty of assistance coming to us, we managed to do them, but at a great loss to us. Officers behaved bravely. The Coldstreams had eight officers killed on the field; the Grenadiers, three officers. Only picture to yourself eleven officers being buried at one place and time! There was not a dry eye at the funeral. We had Colonel Walker wounded in three places. Colonel Blair died, and was buried to-day. He had only joined three weeks ago. He was shot in the breast. Our adjutant, Captain Drummond, Captain Gipps, Colonel F. Seymour, and Mr. Elkington, were all wounded. Colonel Ridley and Colonel Dalrymple left us to-day, sick. We have scarcely any officers now left. We had two sergeants, four corporals, and thirty-one privates killed on the field, and eleven have since died of their wounds.

"The brigade of Guards now would not number one regiment. After I had had some supper, and helped myself to a drop of rum, I went and helped the doctor to dress the wounds of

the men—an awful sight to see; but I can stand anything now, I am as hard as a flint. I have some of the poor fellows' blood on my hands now, and I am sure you cannot form any idea of a field of battle without you actually see for yourself. If I am spared to come home, you will never believe my stories."

A correspondent of the Parisian journal, the *Presse*, communicated some remarkable information concerning the Russian preparations for the battle:—"The new reinforcements which have come to the assistance of the Russians had been already announced to the commander-in-chief from Perekop. It was known that this army, commanded by General Dannenberg—the most able, we are assured, of all the Russian generals—and by the two Archdukes Michael and Nicholas, was composed of the 10th, 11th, and 12th divisions. Each of these corps consists of sixteen battalions of infantry, of two batteries of artillery, and of a force of cavalry, the number of which is not accurately known. Altogether, 30,000 men have arrived at Sebastopol, post-haste, having left their baggage behind at Nicolaieff. Having reached a forest two leagues to the north-east of Sebastopol, the army halted, and the two archdukes put themselves in communication with Prince Menschikoff, who paid them a visit. A council of war was held on the 3rd, at which the two archdukes, Prince Menschikoff, and General Gortschakoff, were the only persons present. It was decided at the council that an attack should be made upon the allied forces two days afterwards. The army was to advance towards Inkerman, to take possession of the fortified works which crown the heights, and surround the plain of Inkerman. After having accomplished this, the army was to attack the eastern side of the French works towards Balaklava. At the same time a vigorous sortie was to be made to help these operations. The point chosen was a spot between the Fort Quarantine and the Southern Fort. A portion of the garrison of the city and of the southern port was to attack and destroy the first and second French batteries, which are causing considerable damage in the town. Matters being thus arranged, Prince Menschikoff reserved to himself the command of the town and the disposition of the columns which were to make the sortie. The army and the reinforcements which had come up were placed under the command of General Gortschakoff. The army of operation was to receive also draughts of troops from the garrison of Sebastopol. The archdukes were placed on the staff. Measures were immediately taken to insure the due execution of these plans. On the 4th a solemn celebration took place. A mass was chanted with all due solemnity by bishops who had come with the archdukes. At the

end of the mass the troops were assembled, and one of the prelates addressed them. I should have been incredulous as to the details which I am about to communicate had I not received them from a Russian officer, at present a prisoner at Balaklava, and if they had not been confirmed by special investigations which I have made for the purpose of ascertaining their truth. The bishop began by reminding the soldiers of their duty to the czar and their country, and drew their attention to the two archdukes, who had come to share their dangers. He then spoke of their enemies, and gave an explanation of the battle of the Alma calculated to flatter the self-love and to elevate the courage of the imperial army. The English came under the special notice of the bishop. He said they were poor soldiers, destitute of all energy, and hostile to the cause of God. His allusions to the French were a mere echo of the proclamation of the czar at Moscow in the year 1812. The most remarkable point, however, was the strange conclusion of the address:—‘If you are conquerors,’ cried the bishop, ‘great joy is in preparation for you. We know from unimpeachable sources that these English heretics have in their camp an enormous sum, which God will give into your hands. This sum amounts to 30,000,000 roubles. The emperor makes you a present of

the third part of this tremendous sum. The second third is reserved for the purpose of the rebuilding of Sebastopol, which you are on the point of relieving. The remainder will be divided among the princes and officers who will to-morrow be your commanders in the battle. Every one of you soldiers will receive 580 roubles. To the wounded the emperor promises a month’s pay and rations. As to those of you chosen by God for a glorious death, your emperor will permit you to dispose of your share in the booty by will. Whatever may be the wishes of any of you, they will be respected solemnly.’ The speech was terminated by an appeal to the God of armies to bless the soldiers of Russia. A distribution of medals and coronets followed. The officer who has given me these curious details is a person of high family, with a spice of Voltairianism in his composition; but he assures me that the scene was almost sublime. It was calculated to make a great impression on the soldiers, on whom the recollection of the battle of the Alma had operated most prejudicially. Whatever may have been the cause, whether it were the exhortation of the bishops, the presence of the princes, greed for gold, or any other reason, there is no doubt that the Russians fought most admirably on the morrow.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE FALLEN HEROES OF INKERMEN.

“Far brighter the grave or the prison
 Illumin’d by one patriot name,
 Than the glory of all who have risen
 On liberty’s ruins to fame.” MOORE.

NEVER did men deserve better of their country than those who fell on the fatal hill of Inkerman; for their bravery, devotion, and death, are embalmed in their country’s memory. In another part of this History faithful memoirs of some of these men will be found, sketching their military career up to the breaking out of the war: their conduct from the landing at Gallipoli to the gloomy morning of Inkerman, will be found in the general narrative of the events which transpired during that period. Sir George Cathcart, Generals Torrens, Goldie, Adams, and Strangways, had their part in our brief record of the leaders of the host; but there were many who fell that day of humbler rank, who were scarcely inferior in genius, and not at all inferior in valour to those noble chiefs. Of these we now give such sketches as our space allows.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CARPENTER, who fell at the head of the 41st regiment, was one of those whose life was most signally sacrificed to

his country’s service. He was the only son of General Carpenter. He entered the gallant 41st as an ensign, on the 1st of October, 1818, was made lieutenant in a year and a half, purchased a company in five years after he became lieutenant, was named major by brevet after the long interval of thirteen years, purchased a full majority in seven years more, and in 1850 attained to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, after having served thirty-two years. When brevet-major, he served with his regiment in the Affghan war, where it fought and suffered much. He took part in the contests at Candahar, Ghuznee, and Cabul, and was in many minor actions during that war. In the expedition to Kohistan, Major Carpenter bore a part, and in the storm and capture of Istaliff. The Bolan and Khyber Passes, where petty but dangerous and adventurous contests gave officers and men opportunities of showing their personal prowess, witnessed also the good conduct of this gallant soldier. At Alma the 41st suffered very little. At Inkerman, as we

have shown in a previous chapter, the regiment was engaged in the hottest of the fight—five officers, two sergeants, and thirty-two rank and file were killed; six officers, four sergeants, and nearly ninety rank and file were wounded—the regiment was decimated. Bravely fighting at their head, Colonel Carpenter fell cheering on his men to the charge. When the 41st were compelled to retire from the two-gun battery, so dense was the smoke that the men could not see where their beloved commander lay, and therefore could not carry him out of action. The regiment, reinforced and supported, retook the battery, but found their colonel, who was not mortally wounded when they retired, pierced with several bayonet wounds, and his face and head beaten with the butts of the enemy's muskets. He was borne to the rear, and died the next day. The chaplain of the division gave the following touching account of him:—"Poor Colonel Carpenter, of the 41st, was dreadfully wounded. He received me most warmly. He told me all that had befallen him. He appeared quite aware of the dangerous condition he was in, and gave utterance to a long and fervid prayer. I could not restrain him from speaking. At last he seemed exhausted, and the surgeon, who just then came in, evidently considered him dying. Next morning I was surprised to hear from the surgeon that he was better, but in the course of the day he died. He was pierced through the stomach. He expressed anxiety about his poor wife and children; he joined fervently in prayer, casting his care upon God. He was calm and resigned, but in extreme pain."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M'KINNON was the son of W. M'Kinnon, Esq., M.P., of Hyde Park Place, London. The family, as the name imports, is Scotch, and many members of it have distinguished themselves in the military profession. The subject of this notice did not enter the army so early as most of our young officers do. In the nineteenth year of his age he was gazetted to an ensign-lieutenancy in the Coldstream Guards. In five years he became lieutenant and captain, and in six years more, captain and lieutenant-colonel. He had only been eleven years in the service altogether when he fell, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He had purchased his way up, and had high military connexions and political influence—therefore, and not from any peculiar merits of his own, he was a lieutenant-colonel in the twenty-ninth year of his age! Our readers can see from previous pages of this History how many years it required for Sir de Lacy Evans, Sir George Brown, Sir Colin Campbell, and many other officers, after passing through numerous battles and forlorn

hopes, to reach that rank. In this instance, however, purchase and favouritism—the blights of the British army—raised rapidly into rank a deserving man. Early in the campaign he was invalided, and left in command of the invalids at Varna. An order arrived there to send on to the Crimea all convalescents and the gallant colonel, although still an invalid, in his ardour for active service, nominated himself as one of the convalescent. He had not long arrived before his services were required in the two-gun battery at Inkerman. He dropt wounded in front of the Coldstreams; the mode in which he fought and fell is thus recorded by one who saw both:—"M'Kinnon of the Coldstream Guards, who, to my knowledge was ill—too ill to be on duty at all—advanced to the front of his men, flourished his sword, and shouting to them to charge, fell while in the act of waving his hat. He was avenged by his men, as also was poor Cowell, who fell not far from him." After the action, he was found bayoneted in several places, the enemy having treated him in a manner similar to that of Lieutenant-colonel Carpenter. He was married, and his last words were a wish that his death might be so gradually broken to his wife as not to injure her by the shock. This gallant officer distinguished himself by his forward courage, even where all were heroes.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COWELL has been named in the foregoing notice as having fallen beside M'Kinnon. He also was the son of a soldier and a general. At the age of twelve years, he became a page of honour; at the age of sixteen, he was gazetted to an ensign-lieutenancy in the Coldstreams. After less than seven years' service, he obtained a lieutenant-captaincy; and in another seven years became a captain and lieutenant-colonel, without having seen any active service, or fired a shot in the front of an enemy. He began in the right way to obtain military promotion in England—by being a royal page. To be the son of a lord or a general does far more to ensure promotion than to lead half-a-dozen forlorn hopes, or suffer wounds and losses for the country's honour. Of course, Lieutenant-colonel Cowell *paid the regulation price* for being appointed to a position of responsibility and command. As in the former instance, so in this—the man was good, although the system which promoted him was bad. No man fell more heroically at bloody Inkerman than Lieutenant-colonel Cowell. Like his intrepid compeer, M'Kinnon, he displayed the greatest eagerness for action, and at his own expense: not brooking the delay of a government vessel, he reached Varna, and joined the forces at a moment when his activity and hopeful spirit

rendered him a useful accession. On the day of the battle in which he fell, he was on picket where, according to the rule of duty, he should have remained; but hearing that the battle was going against our forces, and that the Coldstream Guards had lost many officers, he delivered his charge of the picket to another officer, and hastened to share the perils to which his regiment was exposed—where he nobly distinguished himself, and “foremost fighting, fell.” He was borne to the rear, but his wound was mortal. His last words were (doubtlessly referring to the fact that he had left the picket to join the battle), “I hope I have done my duty—at least, I die a soldier’s death.”

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHAMPION, of the 95th, was one of the commanding officers of regiments who perished in this great battle. This officer was born in Edinburgh, 1815, and descended, by both his paternal and maternal ancestry, from some of the best blood in North Briton. He was educated at Sandhurst, and, like most of the officers having the advantages of that military school, was an accomplished member of his profession. At the early age of sixteen, he entered the army as an ensign, and served in various parts of the world. His travels were subservient to the cause of science and taste, being an excellent botanist and zoologist. Kew Gardens and the British Museum acknowledge and are enriched by many of his gifts. To all the scientific, and some of the literary institutions of Great Britain, he is well known. Lieutenant-colonel Champion, then major, was second in command of the 95th in the Crimean expedition; it was attached to General Evans’ division—a commander with whom, from his scientific attainments and literary tastes, Major Champion was likely to sympathise. At the Alma, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment was disabled, and Champion took the command, and conducted it in such a way as to entitle him to the respect of those under his authority, and those to whom he was responsible. Lord Raglan highly commended him to the Duke of Newcastle for his valour and intelligence at the Alma. His only fault, as the commanding officer of a regiment, was his excessive zeal for the service, and anxiety to fulfil to the letter every duty that was expected of him. His attention to outpost duty was severe, and his health suffered from it. He concurred in the apprehensions and cautions of Sir de Lacy Evans, his chief, as to the danger of leaving the post at Inkerman no better defended; and his conviction that the enemy would come on in some early morning of fog and darkness, was constantly expressed. At the battle of the Little Inkerman, fought on the 27th of Oc-

tober, the 95th regiment, with the 30th, literally chased the enemy from the field. Two corps more worthy of a gallant rivalry could not be selected in the army, for no regiments have more honours on their standards than the 30th, and the old 95th. When the 41st were giving way at the ever-memorable battery, Champion, with a wing of his regiment, rushed to their assistance, and perhaps saved, at the moment, the 41st from terrible disaster. Scarcely had he performed this duty, than he was ordered to support the Guards, and again showed his quick courage and practised skill. His seniors having fallen around him, the command devolved upon him, and, heading a desperate charge upon the two-gun battery, as he mounted the parapet he was shot in the heart. He held on to the parapet until the charge was successful: carried to the rear, his wounds were dressed, and, placed on ship-board, he was brought to Scutari, where, on the 30th of November, death ended his honourable career.

MAJOR ROOPER, of the *Rifle Brigade*.—Edward Rooper was born at Wick Hill, Brighton, and was the son of a clergyman—the Rev. Thomas R. Rooper, formerly rector of Abbots Ripton, Hants. On his fifteenth birthday, January 24, 1834, young Rooper was gazetted to a second lieutenancy in the *Rifle Brigade*. Having served nearly five years, he was nominated first lieutenant. During the Caffre war, Mr. Rooper served under Generals Sir Harry Smith and Sir George Cathcart. From both those distinguished officers, Mr. Rooper obtained the highest eulogies for his activity, intelligence, and enterprise. When peace was proclaimed in the colony, he was appointed local magistrate in the district of East London, Buffalo River Mouth. There he distinguished himself by his assiduity and attention to business, gaining the marked approbation of the governor. His excellent qualities were not lost upon the settlers any more than upon the superior authorities. The following address was presented to him upon his removal from the district:—

“To Edward Rooper, Esq., Captain of the *Rifle Brigade*, Resident Magistrate, &c.

East London, Buffalo River Mouth,
April, 1850.

“SIR,—On the eve of your quitting this post, and your necessary retirement from the office of resident magistrate for East London, it would not be common gratitude were we to witness your embarkation without previously recording the very high sense we entertain of the uniform kind and affable deportment which, during your residence here, you have observed towards each and all; of the very honourable and impartial manner in which

you have administered the duties attached to your magisterial office; and also of the great interest you have invariably taken in the welfare of this town; that we may here state, with perfect sincerity, that the line of conduct you have thus pursued, has endeared you to us all, and that deeply we regret your leaving our port. We pray that, wherever your steps may hereafter lead, the blessing of the Almighty will be your invariable lot.

"With every respect, we remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient servants," &c.

Subsequently, Captain Rooper was appointed, by Sir George Cathcart, one of the commissioners for inquiry into the claims of settlers, on account of the losses they incurred by the cattle raids of the Caffres. In this invidious position, Captain Rooper behaved with great moderation and prudence, again meeting with approbation from the superior authorities, and the people among whom his delicate duties were performed. Captain Rooper was a man of taste and scientific attainment: he explored the botany of Caffraria and its neighbourhood successfully, sending home various specimens of rare, and some of previously unknown plants. His talent as a draughtsman, and his general taste and skill with the pencil, were highly appreciated by the army in Caffraria. Some of his drawings of the scenes and events of warfare among these wild tribes became subjects of much public interest. On the breaking out of the eastern war, Captain Rooper accompanied the Rifle Brigade. His services were highly appreciated by the "rough and ready" commander of the light division, and by the general-in-chief. At the Alma he behaved most gallantly, and, during the siege, up to the battle of Inkerman, he was most actively employed. On that dreadful day, he fought with desperation; but little opportunity was afforded for skill—courage and energy won the day; and Major Rooper, amongst the energetic and the brave, signalled himself as he had previously done when prudence and moderation were the qualities requisite in his situation. He escaped the field of Inkerman with life, but with a mortal wound, which at first did not appear formidable. On the evening of the battle, he wrote to his venerated father, expressing a hopeful sense of his situation. The letter is a beautiful specimen of the filial feeling of a brave man:—

November 5, 1854.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—It has pleased God that, in a severe action this morning, I should receive a wound in the shoulder. We have so many hit, that the doctor cannot quite determine about my case. I hope and trust, though, it is only a slight hit. I will not fail to write

again as soon as I know. In God's hands I leave the event. I hope my mother will bear up against it. We have lost my poor friend, Sir George Cathcart; our brigadier-general is badly wounded. Poor Cartwright killed, Bullock wounded, and a great many men. I had no support, and in a sharp and fierce fight I did my duty, which is some consolation. With best love to all, and praying my mother will not feel the misfortune too much, I remain, with best love to all, your affectionate son,

"EDWARD ROOPER."

"P.S.—I am in little or no pain, but cannot sit up to write."

The next day he again wrote; the letter is still hopeful, and the references to the battle give information on some points of detail not elsewhere attainable:—

November 6, 1854.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I know you will expect daily bulletins from me, so I write again, having sent one hurried letter to you yesterday. It is now twenty-four hours since I was hit, and no bad symptoms to induce the doctors to alter their first favourable opinion. I think it has pleased God to spare my life, and if so, the wound is, I think, unimportant. The bone is not broken, and I am in little or no pain. We had a terrible fight. An enormous battery charged me while I had only fifty men of different regiments; but we managed to get to the guns before them, and these were limbered up, except one, which the enemy took in our entrenchments. However, we rallied the men, charged, and drove them back with great loss. I had my jacket-pocket cut out by a ball. We drove them back, and retook an intrenchment lower down across the road, and held it against a fearful fire from sixteen guns, and vast numbers of their men, for half-an-hour. We were firing at 100 yards. Of course, some of the men did not like it. Ours were scattered all over the place. I never had ten together after the first affair, having to go up and down to incite the men to fight. It was sharp, but necessary work. Our brigadier, Goldie, was talking to me when he fell, badly wounded. One other, Torrens, is very badly hit. Of poor Sir George I wrote yesterday. I have lost many friends. My old company went into action thirty-six men, and came out sixteen. Two sergeants, including my old John [his faithful servant], are in the number killed. He was close by me, and did his duty well, as all our men did. The enemy's loss is very great—600 prisoners and more, and their dead lay very thick. Still their number was so great we had difficulty in holding our ground. I never got reinforcements at my place, which, if they had taken, they would have gone right up to the camp.

One general wounded, and since dead; one colonel of engineers killed—such victories are very dear. Poor little Agar Cartwright killed, Coote and Buller badly wounded in the thigh, but going on well. We had only 300 men and eight officers in action. Of those, eighty-three wounded; killed and missing, about thirty; one officer killed and two wounded; indeed a third, Mr. Flower, who got a scratch somehow. Horsford was knocked down by a shell bursting close by him, but was unhurt, though a narrow shave for his remaining eye. He had a ball through his cloak too. Our loss is said to be 2500—that of the enemy enormous. General Cathcart is said to have put it at 20,000; but he did not tell me so, and I rather doubt it. I am writing on the 7th, and had a deal of sleep in the night, ate a lot of breakfast, and am sitting up, almost and entirely without pain. Please God, matters will continue satisfactorily. I am told, however, under the present favourable circumstances, I cannot expect to be fit for duty for six weeks at the earliest, and perhaps shall go to Scutari to get under cover from the cold, which we expect will soon be severe. Pray write to Clifford, of Temple Lane, to send me this week's *Punch*, as I do not fancy it will be very lively work there. Horsford commands our brigade for the present, our three generals, and many of their staff, being killed or wounded. Unluckily, I cannot command the regiment in case of another fight, but I do not quite abandon hope as to getting on. Poor General Goldie, who was with me, is since dead of his wounds, or no doubt he would have spoken of me; however, I shall be thankful if nothing worse happens than at present appears. Poor Sir George (Cathcart) is very much regretted by all officers and men of the regiment; he was very kind to us, and had the highest opinion of us. In taking us up he told General Pennefather, 'He brought a regiment to help him who could and would do anything.' The fight was far more severe than at Alma in every way, where the Russians were supposed to have about a similar force to that we had. I know not why, but though I sent repeatedly for reinforcements, I could not get any. The French came up and helped us, in good time too, for we were being driven back at all points just then. I do not think we could have had 8000 men engaged. Our engineers neglected to imitate the French, or were too stupid to think of defences; except little places thirty or forty yards long, there was nothing to stop the enemy. Our allies have a proper ditch along their whole front. I hear we are doing the same now. The Russians during the battle made a sally on the French lines, and were driven back. The French entered the town with the enemy, though not in sufficient force

to stop there. A feigned attack was also made on Balaklava. The two combined had the effect of bothering the generals, and preventing them concentrating their forces on the real point. I hope to write to you next week a more detailed account of the matter. With best love, and entreaties to my mother not to let this little mishap worry her,

"Your affectionate son,
"E. ROOPER."

Having been sent with others of the wounded to Scutari, he died *en route* on board the *Golden Fleece*, and was committed to the deep by Commander Scales, with the solemnities due to the occasion. He sleeps the sleep of the brave.

MAJOR THOMAS NORTHCLIFFE DALTON, of the 49th regiment.—This intrepid officer was the son of John Dalton, Esq., of Herringford Park, North Yorkshire. He was educated at the military academy, Sandhurst; and was gazetted to an ensigny in the 61st regiment of foot, at the age of eighteen years, in September, 1837. In three years he obtained the rank of lieutenant, and in three years more that of captain. During the campaign of 1848-49, in the Punjab, the 61st was actively and most severely engaged, and the subject of this biographical notice behaved admirably on all occasions. In 1851, he was promoted to the rank of major; before the breaking out of the war he exchanged into the 49th, and held the command of that gallant corps in going out to Turkey. At the battle of the Alma his horse was killed. On that occasion his conduct was perfection—officers and men were filled with admiration of his coolness; he imitated successfully in this respect his divisional chief, Sir de Laey Evans. In the battle of the Little Inkerman, the 49th fought like a battalion of chosen heroes, and amongst them Major Dalton was conspicuous for cool intrepidity, attracting the notice and approval of General Evans, whose eye never fails to mark the brave, and whose pen never omits to do them justice. At Inkerman, as will be seen from the foregoing pages, the 49th was in the very hottest of the fight, and Major Dalton, as at Alma and the Little Inkerman, was as the soul of chivalry among them. In cheering his men against the fearful odds they had to encounter, and setting them an example of dauntless duty to their country, he fell. One of his own poor soldiers thus wrote concerning him and another gallant officer of that corps, no less brave if less conspicuous in rank:—"All of us lament the death of Major Dalton and Adjutant Armstrong. They were well liked both by officers and men; and if ever there was a brave man, Major Dalton was one. In the heat of action I could not but admire his cool collected way. He gave the word of com-

mand the same as if he was on a common parade." After the battle, the officers of the regiment sent an address to his father, which contains this honourable testimony to his merits:—"He was as good and gallant an officer as ever graced the British army. His kindness had won him the esteem of all his officers, his gallantry the confidence of his men, and one universal feeling of regret was felt by his comrades in the loss they had sustained by the fall of such a commander."

CAPTAIN EDWARD STANLEY was born in Dublin, and was a nephew of the late Sir Edward Stanley; the family being an offshoot from the house of Derby. Seldom has a passion for the military profession been developed so early in life, as in the case of the subject of this notice. In his sixteenth year he entered the service of the Queen of Portugal, and during the struggles of Donna Maria for her throne, young Stanley fought with conspicuous gallantry, becoming a favourite with all the more forward and gallant soldiers among our Peninsular friends. The author of *Our Heroes*, gives an admirable sketch of Mr. Stanley's conduct in the Peninsula:—"Young Stanley was appointed an ensign, and his Spanish comrades hailed the light-hearted and dashing Irishman as one who was entitled to be made much of. He had not been many months in the Portuguese service before he distinguished himself by his daring. On two occasions, at the head of a small detachment, his gallantry was conspicuous. In the first affair he was surrounded by the enemy, and his men saw nothing for saving their lives short of immediately surrendering their arms. Stanley, however, had read too much of the history of Wellington's campaigns not to know that the Portuguese soldiers, when properly led, might be made to emulate the best troops in the world. He ordered them to fix bayonets, fire on the rear, and then charge in front. The order was obeyed, and he succeeded in bringing his detachment out of the hands of the enemy, with a loss of only four men. In the next encounter, he, with only twenty men, took, after a smart engagement, which lasted an hour, thirty prisoners. At this period he was but a mere boy. In the general action at Oporto, fought in July, 1833, Stanley earned the commendations of his superior officers. In this important affair he headed, not only his own company, but when a brother officer was shot down, he joined his corps to that of the latter, which, unofficered, was in a state of confusion, and about to fall back, but for the manner in which he rallied them. The men acted with his own as bravely as he could desire, and under his spirited leading they succeeded in doing great service in the battle. Young Stanley, however,

in this action, was severely wounded in the arm. He remained in Portugal until matters in Spain assumed such dimensions as to invite one of his enterprising character to share in them. He soon, however, grew tired of the Spanish service; and now having had his prowess in Portugal duly honoured by its queen conferring on him the Order of the Tower and Sword, he returned to England early in the year 1835, with the intention of entering the British service." It was not easy to obtain a commission in the British service at that juncture; but a romantic circumstance, which had occurred long before, offered him the opportunity of serving his own country. When William IV. was a midshipman, he visited Halifax, Nova Scotia, where a ball was given in honour of the young sailor-prince, destined to be afterwards known as "the sailor-king." During the ball, Prince William danced with a young lady of great personal attractions, and of so graceful a mien and manner as to make a strong impression upon the taste and respect also of the royal midshipman. At the conclusion of the dance, he expressed himself as most agreeably influenced by her society, and promised that, should he ever attain to power, and she ever need patronage, it would only be necessary for her to send him the music of that dance, and he would grant any request that might be reasonably proposed. After the lapse of many years, the beauty of the Halifax ball became a grandmother, her grandson became the dashing young officer in the army of Don Pedro, while the royal midshipman was seated upon the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. The lady wrote to his majesty, pointing out the soldierly qualities of her grandson, and requesting for him a commission without purchase in the English army; the music of the dance in which the prince and the young Irish lady were partners at Halifax was enclosed in the envelope with the petition. A prompt reply, in the handwriting of the king himself, acknowledged a perfect remembrance of the happy evening, and the obligation it inspired, and announced that Edward Stanley was nominated an ensign in his majesty's 57th regiment of foot. The youthful but experienced aspirant for military renown hastened to join his regiment at Madras. He was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and in 1845 was senior captain of his corps. The regiment was attached to General Cathcart's division in the Crimean expedition, and was not engaged in any very severe encounter with the enemy until the 5th of November. It was then in Goldie's brigade, upon which so much of the fierce contest devolved. It may be said, without exaggeration, that no officer of his rank contributed more to the victory than Captain Edward Stanley. He fell, leading on

a fragment of his regiment to the final bayonet charge.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KENT ALLIX, *1st Royal Scots*.—He was born in the year 1823, at Willoughby, near Grantham, and was educated at Harrow. Choosing the military profession, his education was completed at Sandhurst, where he produced a strong impression of his genius for the calling to which he aspired. His attainments at the military college attracted the marked attention of the authorities, and he was rewarded with an ensigncy without purchase. Having joined his regiment at the depot, Buttevant, near Mallow, in the south of Ireland, his attention was given to the active details of his profession, in such a manner as to attract the notice of the superior regimental officers. A detachment of the royals were ordered to head-quarters, at Gibraltar, and Ensign Allix went with them. He served two years in that garrison, and became lieutenant. His attention to discipline, and knowledge of our regimental system, made him a suitable person for the post of adjutant, to which he was soon appointed. This appointment he retained until shortly before the breaking out of the war. During the interval, Lieutenant Allix saw much service in America. When the Chobham experimental camp was formed, Captain Allix was selected by General Evans as his brigade-major. The general, with his keen discrimination of talent, saw the superior qualities of the young captain, who was proud of his general, and successfully imitated his military virtues. He attached himself to Sir de Lacy during his divisional command, and when the health of the general compelled him to retire on board ship, shortly before the battle of Inkerman, Captain Allix then remained in the camp, rendering his efficient services to General Evans' successor. At the battle of the Alma, the gallant aide-de-camp won Sir de Lacy's approval, who recommended him for promotion, as did also Lord Raglan. On the ever-to-be-remembered 26th of October, he behaved with great intrepidity and skill, fighting at the outposts, and prolonging their resistance until time was gained to bring up the division. The general gave him his thanks in terms that must have been most encouraging to any officer, coming from the hero of half a hundred battles. At Inkerman this skilful and gallant young officer was numbered among the slain, having to the last performed his duty to his country, entitling his name to his country's honour.

CAPTAIN JAMES FRANKLYN BLAND, *of the 57th*.—This gallant officer was born at Derryquin Castle, county of Kerry, Ireland, but the family

is English. He was only twenty-four years of age when he fell, nobly seconding the desperate and heroic efforts of his senior officer, and friend and countryman, Captain Edward Stanley. He entered the 57th as an ensign, in 1847, when seventeen years of age; his promotion was rapid, for on the heights of Inkerman he was a captain. When Stanley led on his little line of less than fifty men in the last fearful bayonet charge, he ordered Bland to keep open the communication; but Bland, seeing his senior officer fall, led on the little band committed to his care, and, putting himself at the head of both detachments, charged the enemy, sweeping them back, until at last he fell at the head of his glorious followers. An officer of rank thus wrote concerning the courage of our hero:—"Like an avenging angel, he dealt death to every Russian within the sweep of his weapon. How it was he escaped so long unhurt, I know not, as balls were whistling around him, and bayonets dozens of times lunged at his body. I never imagined a man could be so cool and so fierce at the same moment. They are brutes, those Russians, or they would not have killed so brave a fellow when they might have taken him prisoner. They appeared to me to have marked him for their vengeance; but he certainly sent some ten fellows to their account, within twenty or thirty yards of where I was keeping my men on the defensive. I had only known him for five days up to Inkerman. Had he lived to the end of this war, he must have gone up high. I am always thinking of him as he appeared before my eyes on that day. His regiment had but 170, or some such number in the field, but they did the work of ten times their number. Only fifty or sixty of the glorious fellows escaped the murderous onslaught. Poor Bland, he has three terrible wounds in the head, either of which was more than sufficient to settle him. He died after a magnificent display of bravery; and I feel certain that he did fearful execution on the enemy, well persuaded that for him there was no escape."

CAPTAIN AUBREY CARTWRIGHT, of the Rifle Brigade, was born in the year 1825, at Flore, Northamptonshire, the seat of his father, Colonel Cartwright, a Peninsular and Waterloo hero. On the 15th of October, 1841, Aubrey entered the Rifle Brigade as second lieutenant, and had the good fortune to make his way up to the rank of captain in seven years. He was engaged under Sir Harry Smith in suppressing the Boer insurrection in South Africa, where, the Rifles being much employed on outpost duty, young Cartwright saw a great deal of active service. In August, 1848, a contest of some magnitude

occurred between the queen's troops and the insurgents, commonly known as the battle of Boem Plaats; it was the gallantry displayed by Mr. Cartwright in this action, which obtained for him the command of a company. Captain Cartwright accompanied his battalion on the Eastern service, and entered into all the duties it involved with alacrity and zeal. At the Alma, the captain was noticed for his coolness and courage. He escaped unhurt from that battle, and through all the skirmishes around Sebastopol up to the day of Inkerman. Well as all who fought there deserve the laurel, amidst the meritorious Cartwright found opportunity to distinguish himself. After enduring, at the head of his company, the incessant attacks of the enemy for hours, his men fell so fast around him, that the speedy annihilation of the remnant seemed inevitable. At their head he still kept the enemy at bay, exclaiming, "Stand firm—for the honour of England and the Rifles!" The enemy, perceiving his influence over the gallant few who stood with him—who coolly maintained their fire, bringing down one or more at every shot—directed their muskets almost exclusively upon him. It was miraculous how he escaped; but for nearly half an hour he seemed to bear a charmed existence. At last, this constant fire took effect; and, while shouting "Firm, my men!" he staggered forward and fell, pierced with balls. His brave Rifles paid their last tribute of fidelity to him by still "standing firm," until they fell around their fallen leader. The men of the Rifle Brigade still talk of the glorious death of Captain Cartwright.

LIEUTENANT ROSS LEWIN, *30th foot*.—This spirited young officer was born in the county of Clare, province of Munster, Ireland. His father, Major Lewin, fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. It was a family of soldiers—not holiday soldiers, but men of valour and of the field. In 1847, Ross became an ensign, and did not obtain his lieutenancy until the year the war broke out. At the Alma he led a party of skirmishers as his division (Sir De Lacy Evans') advanced to cross the stream. At the Little Inkerman, Lewin commanded a company. His own account of the part he took in it is well told; the letter was written to his family, and marks some little incidents that did not fall within the scope of our narrative of that battle:—"The Russians," he observes, "attacked our position on the right, in the morning of the 26th; the 30th furnished three advanced pickets. I had the honour of forming one of them with the company I command. Captain Acherly's and my pickets met the Russians as they advanced in skirmishing order, and remained at about sixty

yards from them, keeping up a direct fire. This lasted for about half-an-hour, when the Russian columns and artillery appeared, and we had to fall back, being only about seventy men. We again made a stand on a slight knoll. The Russians advanced cheering, which was rather uncalled for, considering that their 8000 drove in for a time seventy men of ours. Again we had to retire another 100 yards, and then some of our artillery opened fire, close over our heads. Their practice was very good; but still the Russian columns came on slowly through the brushwood. The pickets were now reinforced by the rest of the 30th, and we advanced with a cheer in skirmishing order. This made the enemy waver. Their fire was very heavy, but not well directed. Our Minié balls told tremendously on them as the regiments that arrived on the hills in the rear commenced firing, with sights fixed, at 400 yards. We now advanced in all kinds of parties, different batches of men following different officers. As we kept cheering and firing, the Russians began to retire in the most unmistakable manner. They were pressed very closely, and several were driven into a gorge where they got blocked up. An officer of the 41st, myself, some sergeants, and thirty men came up, and fired right into them. Every shot told, and if men could have been brought up in time, the pass would have been filled with their dead. The general (Pennefather) met our party returning, and shook hands with me, saying that we 'gave them a good slating.' He added that the '30th behaved like gentlemen.' They certainly had the honour of the day. They had seven killed and twenty-three wounded—a very small loss, considering the fire they were under. Alma was a great battle, but yesterday's was much more exciting, as we came sometimes within twenty yards of the Russians: in fact a few were bayoneted. Their loss was about 550 men." At the greater Inkerman he again commanded a company, and continued fighting at its head until it had nearly disappeared beneath the bullet and bayonet of the enemy, and until he himself dropped mortally wounded. It was in the last great bayonet charge he was stricken down. Repeatedly during the progress of the action he was in extreme danger, and as often extricated himself by his activity and daring. On one occasion he was surrounded by the enemy, but he cut his way through, leaving three of their number victims to his sword. He was carried off the field, and survived until the 7th. His remains were laid that night beside those of Captain Connolly, who had distinguished himself so much both on the 26th of October and the 5th of November. His dying words were, "I am quite resigned; it was a glorious victory, gentle-

men." He was an enthusiast in his profession to the last. Alas! that war should exact such sacrifices; and that the young, the gifted, the brave, must sink mutilated in premature death to satisfy, it may be—as it was in this case—the ambition of a cruel prince or a blood-thirsty nation!

LIEUTENANT GIBSON, 30th foot, was the second son of Mr. Wood Gibson, of Cross Street, Manchester. He was born in the year 1830, but did not enter the army until he was twenty years of age, when he was gazetted ensign of the regiment in which he fell. His lieutenancy was obtained in 1852. No soldier was ever more devoted to duty. At the battle of the Alma he persisted in going into action, although under the influence of fever: his excitement and courage bore him up through the conflict. The command of his company devolved upon him, and it was proud of its young leader. The next day the fever resumed its power, and he was sent to hospital. Before his recovery was established he rejoined his corps, time enough to take a glorious part in the lesser Inkerman. He took a prominent part in the magnificent charge of the 30th and 95th, when they chased the enemy to the very entrance of Sebastopol. At the greater Inkerman he maintained his position for some hours unhurt, but was at last struck in the breast by a musket-ball. Sergeant Jamieson, of his company, endeavoured to remove him from the field; but he replied, "No, sergeant, I am badly hurt, but not mortally, and I will not therefore quit the field." In this state, and weak with loss of blood, he led two bayonet charges of his company; in the second, a musket-ball entered his brain and killed him on the spot. Such chivalrous devotion as this young man exhibited was not rare in the British army, nor confined to any rank, or any arm of the service; but who can refuse the tribute of eminent respect where those who were thus devoted are numbered with the slain?

CAPTAIN EDWIN RICHARDS, 41st regiment.—This brave officer was born at Ravindor House, county of Carlow, Ireland; the house of his father, Captain Edwin Richards, R.N. He was educated in the Royal Naval School, New Cross, near London; but preferring the army to the navy, he was sent thence to the Prussian military school at Bonn. In 1849, when nearly twenty years of age, he entered the 41st regiment, and rose rapidly, having obtained a company before he fell. His promotion, however, was by purchase; he was another of the superior men who found opportunity of early promotion by means of a bad system. Having served with his regiment in his native country, and in the Mediterranean, he embarked with

the 41st for the East. He was well acquainted with the Greek language, ancient and modern, and with the Greek character, which knowledge he found available during the expedition. When the troops embarked from Varna for the Crimea, the youngest captain of each brigade was ordered to remain behind with the invalids. This was to the impetuous spirit of Captain Richards a severe trial, and after great efforts he succeeded in exchanging with an invalid officer at Scutari, and rejoined his regiment before Sebastopol. He missed the Alma and the flank march, but was in time for the opening of the trenches before the besieged city. He took part in the well-fought battle of the 26th of October, under Sir de Laey Evans. His account of his part in that action is given with a lively and confident air, and, short as it is, notices some peculiarities that ought not to escape attention:—"We had a pretty hot affair yesterday for almost an hour and a half. We were attacked by about three times our number; and it ended by our driving the enemy back with a loss of at least a thousand killed and wounded on their side, and only fifty-eight and five officers on ours. They did very well indeed when opposed to our pickets, who always wear great coats; but when we came on in red, and our men yelling like savages; they could stand it no longer. I believe there is something in the colour which frightens them. I do believe we are the kindest enemy in the world. It is wonderful to see the attention our soldiers pay to the wounded Russians; and our surgeons take as much pains with them as with our own. The enemy are certainly not to be despised. Two of their battalions advanced yesterday like men, under a heavy fire of our artillery. I have not got over the loss of Alma yet; but still I cannot grumble, as I am the only captain who managed to get away from the depot at Varna yet!" At the great battle of Inkerman, Richards was one of the first officers who hurried to the front to receive the enemy, and support the pickets. During the day he fought with obstinate valour. Captain Donovan, a friend and fellow-countryman, wrote home to their mutual friends, giving an account of how he fought and fell.

*33rd Regiment, Camp before Sebastopol,
Nov. 7th, 1854.*

"The 41st picket was attacked by the enemy on Sunday morning before daylight. Edwin's company was ordered out to strengthen them, but before he had advanced far he was surrounded by Russians. Refusing to surrender himself a prisoner, he shot four of his opponents and killed two with his sword; thus dying the noblest and most glorious death a man could die, without pain. Shot through the body and stabbed by several bayonet wounds,

he suffered no pain, as death must have been instantaneous. The Colonel (Carpenter) was killed; poor Edwin's subaltern was killed, and several others of his regiment. It was an awful day! After eight hours' hard fighting, most of it hand to hand (under the fire of seventy pieces of heavy artillery), we drove the enemy from the hill, which Edwin and others had so gallantly died in defending. Edward (cousin of Captain Richards) and I went over the field as soon as we could stir from our posts, to look for poor Edwin, but he had been brought in, and was buried with four other officers by the chaplain of the second division next morning."

ENSIGN CLUTTERBUCK, 63rd regiment.—James Hutton Clutterbuck was son of Robert Clutterbuck, of Watford, Herts, and grandson of the author of the *History of Hertfordshire*. This youth had not attained his twentieth year when he died at Inkerman, having received a bullet in the neck, which descended to the chest and pierced the lungs. He had been in the army only sixteen months. How he fought and died has been well described by an humble soldier of his regiment, in the following letter:—"The regiment, with the 21st, formed line. We charged gloriously. We routed thousands—and as fast as we could run in pursuit and load our pieces, they fell, for we could not miss them, they were so thick. We chased them for the best part of a mile—past their own intrenchments, and close up to that in the thick of the whole of it, fell poor Mr. Clutterbuck, who was carrying the queen's colours, and cheering the men on. I think the last words he said were, 'Come on 63rd!' when he received a shot right through the neck, which killed him instantly. He died gloriously. I never saw a braver man than him in the field that day, although it is with sorrow I have to record his death. I was by his side the whole of the time; it was between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 5th, that he received his death-wound. After the fight was over I went to him, and had his remains removed to the camp. I took a small piece of his hair, which I send to you, to give over to his respected friends. His disconsolate father may well be proud of having such a son, for he fought and died bravely with the queen's colours of the 63rd regiment in his hand. We lost General Cathcart and Colonel Seymour, adjutant-general; Mr. Clutterbuck was laid alongside of them."

LIEUTENANT SWABY, 41st regiment.—This valiant young officer was a son of George Swaby, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, Jamaica. The subject of this notice received a military education in France and Prussia; and in August,

1850, was appointed to an ensigncy in the 41st, then serving in Ireland. Thence he accompanied his regiment to the Mediterranean; it was doing garrison duty in Malta, when the war breaking out, more active engagements awaited it, and Mr. Swaby obtained the step of lieutenant. At the Alma, before Sebastopol, and in the Little Inkerman, the gallant young officer behaved with coolness and intrepidity. During the whole of the Crimean expedition, up to the 5th of November, his gallant behaviour attracted general notice, and much respect in his own regiment particularly. He was a good draughtsman, and employed his pencil in various departments with taste and ability; several admirable pictures were sent home by him. His genius for caricature afforded much amusement to his messmates, and the pictorial pages of *Punch* have borne occasional testimony to his love of drollery, and his power of conveying amusement by his sketches of men and things. On the 5th of November, he did his desperate part in the ranks of the 41st. His services that morning were called for on picket, and knowing well that everything depended upon keeping the enemy at bay until a sufficient force could be collected to resist the attack, he obstinately contended for every inch of ground against the rising wave of Russian soldiery. His superior officer ordered him to fall back, and the men, who were much attached to him, besought him to retire, as he kept his person in front of his few soldiers, exposed to a terrible fire from the enemy. It is supposed that he did not hear the voice of his commanding officer, for he did not retire, but maintaining his post to the last, fell, covered with wounds. Major Goodwin wrote to Lieutenant Swaby's brother, an officer in the 18th Royal Irish, thus:—"His men, seeing themselves surrounded, begged of your brother to retire, but he answered, 'No, I shall not; I will fight to the last.' He was seen to fire his revolver several times, and then to use his sword. His body was brought in three hours after the battle, pierced with nine wounds, the fatal one being a gun-shot through the abdomen. By his side was the dead body of a Russian officer with a deep sword-cut through the head. He was buried the next morning, the chaplain of the division reading the funeral service, and the whole regiment attending. His men speak of him with the deepest regret, and are unanimous in admiration of his gallantry and courage."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, Bart.—Thomas St. Vincent Cochrane Troubridge, son of Admiral Troubridge, was happily not among the slain at Inkerman, but he was among those who were desperately wounded; and as his valour was singularly

conspicuous, we take an opportunity in this place of describing his heroic conduct. He was born in the year 1816, and in his eighteenth year joined the 73rd regiment, and was promoted in two years afterwards to a lieutenancy in the 7th Royal Fusileers. In six years he was made captain, and in eight years more became major, which rank he held in the expedition to the Crimea. During the occupation of portions of Roumelia and Bulgaria, the activity and fine spirit of Major Troubridge made him a favourite, not only of his corps, but of the light division. Sir George Brown was known to entertain the highest confidence in his gallant major. There is an honour which has not been accorded to Major Troubridge, but which the annexed note will attest,* and for which the author offers his cordial thanks to the writer.

At the battle of the Alma, the subject of this notice greatly distinguished himself. He led his regiment up the heights, exposed to the hottest fire of the enemy. Next to Sir de Lacy Evans' division, the light division suffered most at Alma, and went through the severest fighting; and foremost among the gallant regiments that composed it, Troubridge led his Royal Fusileers. He escaped the dangers of the day, although his uniform was torn by the bullets of the enemy. At Inkerman, he was field-officer of the day for the first brigade of the light division. The care of its outposts devolved upon him. He was one of the first officers who descried the foe mounting up against the position of General Sir de Lacy Evans. The position occupied by Major Troubridge was the Five-gun Battery, upon which the enemy directed an appalling fire. There the gallant soldier cheered all around him by his brave and hopeful spirit, although his companions in arms fell fast. Towards the close of the battle, a large shot struck him, carrying away his right leg and left foot. He fell close to a gun, and as the men were about to remove him out of fire, he ordered them to

place him upon the cannon. There he lay through the remainder of the battle, his wounds bandaged up, which prevented his bleeding to death. From that position he gave his orders with the greatest coolness, resisting all persuasions to consent to be removed. Major Bunbury, upon whom the more active command of the battery devolved, in vain implored him to allow the men to carry him to the rear. He determined to remain until death or victory terminated his duty there. Never was there a more majestic act of courage. Victory declared for our arms, and *then* he was borne away on a litter, and received surgical aid; his life was spared, and his heroic fortitude has become a glorious episode in the history of war. In his corps, the name of the gallant Tom Troubridge is a pride to every soldier. His country is proud of him. Her majesty is not less so; for when her hands hung upon his breast the Crimean medal, she burst into tears. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and a baronetcy was conferred upon him. A soldier writing home shows with what feeling the men regarded his promotion:—"Our brave Major Troubridge did not care about the Russian balls, for, after he lost his legs, he placed his stumps on the gun-carriage in the battery, and said, 'Fire away, lads!' and he bleeding, as we all thought, to death! He wouldn't hear of being removed until we had beaten the enemy; every one says he'll be made a lord; in our regiment we think he ought to be made two lords—one for the right leg and one for the left. When Sir George Brown heard of the brave deed, he said, 'Tom Troubridge is a glorious fellow!' We all hope he'll get as well as ever, only of course he won't have his legs. They may talk of the bravery of other commanders in the battle of Inkerman, but they can't take the shine out of the 7th Royal Fusileers—God bless Sir Thomas for it!"

Sir Thomas Troubridge is an officer of intellectual claims as well as valour. He is enthusiastically attached to his profession, and has studied it in all its branches. His books are of high authority in the army:—*Minor Operations of the War*, the *Military Manual*, and the *Battalion Drill Table*, are productions of his pen. It is no small satisfaction to us that we are able to number Sir Thomas Troubridge with such men as Sir de Lacy Evans, Sir John Burgoyne, Sir Richard England, the Earls of Cardigan and Lucan, and other of the great actors in these great exploits, among the subscribers to this work. Upon its pages no braver name is recorded than his.

We must here dismiss our record of the brave who fell at Inkerman; but in closing the chapter it is appropriate to notice the scene which followed the dreadful tragedy when the fallen chiefs were collected and consigned to

Vice Royal Lodge, Dublin,
April 17th, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having just seen your *History of the War*, I observe that in a note you express a doubt as to which regiment landed first in the Crimea. I therefore think it only an act of justice to inform you, that a company of the 7th Fusileers, under Major Sir T. Troubridge, was in my boat; and that the only boat near us was one belonging to, I think, the *Sanspareil*, and having Rifles on board. Sir G. Brown had previously landed with Captain Dacres, R.N. As you have done me the honour of mentioning me, I may say that mine were the first troops landed in the Crimea. But you have made a mistake in spelling my name, it being spelt with an E, not an A. I only write this that you may do justice to a regiment that I have known long, and that is second to none in the British army.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Truly yours,

"C. VESEY, Com., R.N., A.D.C."

"Professor Nolan, PH.D., L.L.D."

their cold resting-places on the bleak plateau before Sebastopol.

The burial of the superior officers was an occasion of painful interest in both camps of the allies. The body of Sir George Cathcart was recovered; it was pierced by one bullet and three bayonet wounds. The officers and men of his division whose duties allowed of their attendance followed his remains to the grave with the most profound sorrow, for he was much beloved. The bodies of Sir George Cathcart, Brigadiers-general Strangways, R.A., and Goldie of the fourth division, were interred in separate graves. The heroes sleep

side by side, in the old battery on the hill above the camp of the fourth division, the senior officer in the centre. Near them were also laid, with military honours, Colonel Savoury of the 63rd, Captain Blunt of the 57th, Lieutenant Dowling of the 20th, Major Townsend, R.A., and many other officers who were deeply regretted by the army. It was a mournful procession, to which the lines of the late Mr. Slater well apply :—

"Their weeping friends, with sorrow deep opprest,
Moved slowly on, to bid them form to rest
In peace and quiet, free from every care,
Their slumbers guarded by the soldier's prayer."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL AFTER THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.—THE GREAT STORM, AND LOSS OF STORES AND SHIPPING.—NARROW ESCAPE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Fierce howls the warring blast,
The waves leap high, my heart within me fails,
Come to my help, O Lord! the storm assails;
Let me not sink at last!"

H. HOGG.

WHEN the sad office of burying the dead was performed, men began to review and to discuss the events of the battle of Inkerman, and the circumstances which produced it. Seldom were the proceedings of a commander-in-chief more severely criticised by an army. The obstructions thrown in the way of General Evans' desire to put his position into a proper state of defence were, in spite of the personal popularity of Lord Raglan, severely animadverted upon; nor did his orders given on the 7th, two days after the battle, to intrench the position and otherwise make it defensible, much mollify the angry feeling which prevailed. The temper of the army was also severely tried by the accumulated proofs of cruelty to the wounded English on the field, and the admissions of deserters. The *Invalide Russe* and the *St. Petersburg Journal* asserted that the cruelties of the French to the Russian wounded at the Alma, were avenged by the exasperated Russian soldiers upon the English at Inkerman. Justice to our ally demands the confutation of this libel, so industriously circulated by the German and Belgian press throughout Europe.

Only eight days before the battle of Inkerman, Lord Cowley wrote a despatch to the French minister, enclosing a report from the British commissioner at the head-quarters of the French army, after the allies had left the Alma, and encamped upon the Katcha. This report, from such a man as Brigadier-general Rose, is worthy of all reliance :—

Paris, Oct. 27, 1854.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—I have the pleasure of transmitting to your excellency, on behalf of her majesty's

principal secretary of state for foreign affairs, the enclosed copy of a despatch sent to her majesty's government by Brigadier-general Rose, who testifies to the humanity displayed by the French officers and soldiers towards the Russians.

I embrace this opportunity, &c.
COWLEY.

Head-quarters of the French army,
(left bank of the Katcha), Sept. 23, 1854.

MY LORD,—Your lordship will learn, with great satisfaction, I am sure, that the conduct of the French officers and soldiers towards their wounded enemies, at the battle of the Alma, has been humane in the highest degree. I saw, upon the field of battle itself, French soldiers giving food and attending to the wants of the wounded Russians, and saw a Russian by the side of a Frenchman carried off on litters. Obeying the inspirations of a great heart, Marshal St. Arnaud had given orders that the enemy should receive the same attention as his own soldiers. When the Zouaves had carried the telegraph by storm, they uttered enthusiastic cries for the emperor, and several of them, surrounding me and shaking me by the hand, shouted acclamations for the queen, adding, that nothing could stand against the united French and English.

ROSE.

A third cause of murmuring in the army was the reports of certain prisoners, of the existence of a road along the south side of the harbour, by which it was assumed the Russians brought out their guns, and were nearly enabled to surprise the camp of the second division. The quartermaster-general, Airey, was much censured for acting upon the supposition that no such road existed. This general impression was, however, wrong; there was no such road, as we have before asserted, although a track existed. No road by which guns and munitions of war could be brought in or out of Sebastopol had been then completed. The prisoners were not acquainted with the topography of Sebastopol nor its neighbourhood,

for they belonged to corps which had only recently arrived under Dannenberg; the old garrison had been removed, or had fallen by the sword and disease. The importance of this question, as affecting the generalship of the allied commanders, and the qualifications of the English staff especially, can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Woods is especially the champion of the opinion that a road existed; in noticing the discontents of the army, immediately after the victory, he thus expresses himself:—"The discontent on this head was by no means lessened when the result of the examination of the prisoners taken gradually transpired, and it was known, beyond a doubt, that a road along the south shore of the harbour into the town did exist. This road, which had been finished and used for traffic since July, 1854, ran straight under the cliffs of the south shore, and joined the old Simpheropol Road, about a mile below the part where it began to enter the English camp. The night before the battle of Inkerman, the Russians had muffled the wheels of their artillery, and brought them silently to the very foot of the hill on which the out-pickets of the second division were posted. At dawn, which, as everything seemed to favour the enemy on this day, was thick and foggy, the picket itself was surprised, an alarm avoided, and the guns got into position to command the English camp, while the troops still slumbered. When the battle gave General Airey such fearful proof of the existence of the south road, his only reply was, that he had been misled by wrong information."

In a former page of this History it was asserted, on the authority of Mr. Upton, and of officers of intelligence and rank, that the road in dispute had never existed in fact. Mr. Upton having assured General Airey, and Colonel Steele, the military secretary, that no such road had been formed, the commander-in-chief acted upon that testimony. After the battle of Inkerman, General Airey (as is intimated by Mr. Woods) changed his view upon the subject, and then charged Mr. Upton with giving him false information, on which account that injured gentleman was most unfairly used. Mr. Bracebridge taking a deep interest in the fact, and regarding Mr. Upton as the object of injustice, directed inquiries in various directions, which issued in the conviction on the part of the former gentleman, and all concerned, that there was no road—unless a track passing by the water's edge, by which a man or horse might go, could be called one. The Russian cannon and other material could be conveyed by boats, and were so taken. The following letter from General Evans to Mr. Bracebridge, and the extract of evidence given by Mr. Upton before a

board of inquiry appointed in the Crimea under the authority of the commander-in-chief, will set the controversy at rest, however reliable the opinions of such men as the correspondents of the *Morning Herald* and of the *Times* may be:—

*Bryanston Square, London,
March 12th.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am glad you have approved of what I wrote to Mr. Upton. It was no fault of his, but his misfortune, that his dwelling and property were under the fire of the besieged and besiegers of Sebastopol. Your object you state, however, is to assure me that there was no road such as that respecting which Colonel Steele, as you say, suspected him of having used some deception. My staff and myself were under an impression that the road did exist. You inform me that Major Mills, of the 52nd, ascertained the non-existence of this supposed road. Further, I have understood from Admiral Sir S. Lushington, that he ascertained that there was no such road. In short it is now, as I believe, quite certain that the doubt cast on Mr. Upton's conduct on this point had no foundation. I think he has been inequitably used, and as you take an interest in his fate, I shall be glad if this declaration of my humble opinion can be made to assist in any way towards obtaining him reparation of the inconsistent severities to which he has been exposed.

"I remain, very obediently,

"DE LAZY EVANS."

"C. H. Bracebridge, Esq."

The next is an extract from a letter written from the Crimea in the spring of 1856, by another officer of eminence, whom we are not authorised to name:—"The road does stop before you get to the head of Careening Bay, but infantry could pass along, and cavalry, in single rank, file along to the town by the docks; but artillery certainly not, it might have been brought in boats, and landed opposite Inkerman."

Sir Edward Colebrooke, who visited the field of Inkerman before and immediately after the 5th, and after the fall of Sebastopol perambulated the city and suburbs, thus writes:—"I heard accusations directed against Mr. Upton, for having misled the quartermaster-general's department as to the existence of a road in this direction. What I saw of the ground satisfied me that the information given by this Russianised Englishman was substantially correct. The road from Inkerman to our camp was well known, and in fact the second division was encamped upon it. The road leading from the town was not known, because it did not exist, and it was the good fortune of the Russians, or the neglect of our people, that

enabled them to bring up their artillery without interruption. In the excellent Narrative of the Campaign by Colonel Hamley, it is assumed that the Russian artillery was brought up to Shell Hill by the old post-road : and Mr. Woods, the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, in his published account of the war, also assumes that the force from the town formed a junction with that beyond the Tchernaya before advancing; and dwells much on the supposed ignorance of the quartermaster-general, of the road from the town to Inkerman, which enabled the Russians, as he thought, to bring their artillery by this circuitous route. In what I have said of this double attack, I have followed substantially the account of the Russians themselves, which is confirmed by what was told me by Sir T. Troubridge, the force under whose command met the fire of the Russian columns as they passed along the edge of the ravine, and drove them successively inwards. This must have had an important effect on the action. I do not pretend to speak confidently as to the precise point at which this division ascended the height, for my survey of the ground was a hasty one."

In addition to this unquestionable evidence, we present Mr. Upton's reply to the suspicions entertained by the military authorities against him concerning this road :—

"With reference to the road said to have been constructed along the south side of the water leading to Inkerman Bridge, I decidedly gave it as my opinion that no such road existed at the time I was taken prisoner. I grounded that opinion on the fact of my never having heard of it; on the difficulty of constructing one along the precipitous cliffs near to the powder-magazine, and across the deep ravine at the Careening Bay; also upon the fact that the troops after the battle of the Alma entered Sebastopol by the road which I positively asserted to be the post-road, up to the time I was taken prisoner, round the windmill, and on the Woronzoff Road into the town. And again, I became more convinced when I read in Prince Menschikoff's despatch in the English newspapers, that, after the battle of Inkerman, the Russian troops retreated across the bridge at Inkerman by the north side into Sebastopol. But even supposing this road to have been commenced, as I now have been informed by many deserters it was, in the month of July last year, it agrees with written evidence laid before the board, of my having asserted that if a road existed it must be one recently constructed. However, I consider the importance of the existence of this road very much lessened by my having remarked at the time, that the canal could easily have been converted into a road; and this canal runs along the south side

of the water from the immediate neighbourhood of the bridge at Inkerman to the Dockyard Creek, and from many points, if converted into a road, might have had communication with the plateau above. I was not questioned as to whether a road existed by which Sir de Lacy Evans' division could have been attacked, but as to whether one existed by which supplies could be conveyed into the town. I should have thought it easier to have made a road for that purpose, either from Inkerman or the town, as then there would not be the difficulty of making a long embankment at the Careening Bay. And there was nothing to prevent a large force coming out of the town near the Malakoff Tower and from Inkerman by the then existing roads. I never said that Sir de Lacy Evans' division was safe from attack, as I could not form an opinion on that subject. Neither did I say that it was impossible to make a road, as stated by the quartermaster-general—for having said the canal could be converted into one, it would have been absurd."

It must appear extraordinary to every one why more confidence was not placed in Mr. Upton's information.

The Russians seemed anxious to leave an impression with the allies that they were able to support the defeat at Inkerman; for, on the day after the battle, there were symptoms of renewed attacks, which kept the British on the alert, and part of the fourth division remained under arms all the ensuing night; and the second division, after all its struggles on the previous day, was again called out, the drums beating an alarm.

The next night a working party of the 20th regiment were employed to throw up a trench across the Sebastopol Road, very near the Redan. This party was accompanied by the quartermaster-general of the fourth division, and two officers of engineers. The night was one of beautifully clear moonlight, but the Russians did not discern the workers, and the grim Redan was silent. Before midnight an intrenchment was formed, another was begun in the rear of the pickets, and some progress was made in its formation before it was necessary to remove the men. Had they been detected, and the guns of the Redan had opened upon them, the brightness of the night would have exposed them to certain and heavy loss. The officer who commanded this party observes:—"I was often surprised that the Russians never attempted a sortie at this point. The men were worn out, and it was difficult to get them to work with any rapidity or energy; but it was naturally to be accounted for—from being over-worked, and not having proper food. I have seen men in the trenches, by my side, eating raw salt pork and beef

like cannibals; and when asked why they did it, their reply was, 'We have no time to cook it, sir.' Could we expect anything but disease from the effects of such a diet? The coffee was also a great part of the time in an unroasted state; and how was it possible that this could be used by those who had not time to fry it, even if they had materials for so doing? Up to this time we had received our rations pretty regularly, until the bad weather set in, and the rain rendered the roads almost impassable. The commissariat used every means in their power; but when the provisions did fall short, it was evident that they had not sufficient stores, if any, in camp, and nothing was to be obtained by them nearer than Balaklava. The trenches had now become in a most dreadful state of mud and filth, and it was very necessary to be cautious when we sat down in them, as there were many unpleasant little animals in the shape of lice to be picked up there, which did not add to our comfort: the tents of the men were also full of them, as well as the occupants themselves."

On the 7th of November a council of war was held at Lord Raglan's quarters. General Canrobert was unable to attend, being still disabled by the contusion he received at the battle. The impressions of the council were of discouragement. The siege-guns were nearly worn out, while the enemy's defences had been repaired with incredible diligence, and their supply of artillery was inexhaustible. The victory just gained had added renown to the allied arms, and crowned the soldiers of England with unfading laurels; but the moral influence of the commanders suffered both in their own armies and in those of the enemy. The troops, both French and British, were greatly reduced in numbers: Mr. Woods computes the former at 30,000, which seems too low an estimate, as large reinforcements had been received after the battle of Balaklava; the British he calculates at 13,000, which is probably correct, and not much above that stated by Mr. Russell, which caused so great a sensation in England.

Whatever were the decisions of the council, the appearance of the generals was remarked by the officers and soldiery as gloomy and dispirited. The Duke of Cambridge left immediately for Balaklava, and went on board the *Caradoc*, to take passage to Constantinople. His royal highness had suffered from illness and anxiety, and received several contusions at Inkerman. His departure was deeply regretted by the whole army, and by the French; but his own gallant Guards, whom he led with such heroism, chiefly lamented his loss. While rewards and honours have been showered upon various officers, it is natural to inquire, Is it because his royal highness is so near the throne,

that it has been deemed expedient to pass him over without such promotion as would be equivalent to those titles his high rank renders it impossible for him to receive?

After the 7th the Russians, with the exception of one infantry division and the cavalry under Liprandi, were posted on the opposite banks of the Tchernaya, apparently awaiting reinforcements to resume the offensive once more. The allies made vigorous preparations for such a contingency. The 46th British regiment arrived most opportunely—a very fine body of men; their band accompanied them, playing "Cheer, boys, cheer," as they marched up to the lines: the "boys" *were* cheered by the arrival of such a body of fine soldiers. Nearly 3000 French arrived with the 46th, and about 2000 Turks. All these were set to work in intrenching and strengthening the allied positions. The British intrenchments in front of the second division were rapidly perfected; those in the rear of the light division were armed with heavy guns. The Two-gun Battery was at last armed. General Bosquet placed the ridge overlooking the valley of the Tchernaya in as perfect a state of defence as French engineering could effect. The Turks rendered valuable assistance to the general in accomplishing this object. The entrance to Balaklava was also made stronger, although the same vacillation as to occupying the harbour seemed to continue at head-quarters—as if some fatality doomed the British authorities to expose the transports and shipping to the greatest possible amount of danger.

Colonel Hamley describes the works made immediately after the battle in these terms:—"The ditch and parapet already in front of the second division were enlarged, completed, rendered continuous, and armed with batteries. Three redoubts, two French, and one English, were constructed on commanding points, *ours being on the ridge occupied by the Russian guns of position* in the battle. In advance of these, other works and batteries were extended to the verge of the heights, looking on the head of the harbour, *on the causeway across the marsh*, and on the last windings of the Tchernaya. To oppose these the enemy threw up batteries on the heights on their side of the valley, and opened fire from the nearest of them; while, further back, long lines of intrenchment extended along the hills."

The words in italics show what ought to have been done by Lord Raglan before the battle, and what would have been done had General Evans been in the chief command, or his suggestions and requests been heeded by the chief to whom the safety of the army and the success of the enterprise had been entrusted. When the new works were constructed on both

sides, the warlike precaution and power presented around Sebastopol were truly enormous, and such as may well excite the surprise of men for centuries to come. The Russians outside the town destroyed the bridge over the Tchernaya; this arose from reports made to them concerning the reinforcements of the allies, which were greatly exaggerated.

The condition of the Russian army in the field was reported by deserters to be extremely wretched. Many of the men had no knapsacks—none had tents; they were badly supplied with necessaries, and had no comforts. The heights were exposed to cold, cutting north winds, alternating with thick drizzling rain. No bivouacs could be more doleful than those of the Muscovite troops on the eastern heights of the Tchernaya. The cold and bleak positions of the allies on the western plateau was not so trying. The muddy waters of the Tchernaya justified at that season the name of the stream—"black river;" this was the only drink the "Muscovs" possessed. Every effort was made by the Russian government to forward supplies; but the state of the roads, the weather, the disloyalty of the Tartars, the peculations of officials, and the blockade by the allied fleets, prevented the execution of the bold and vigorous plans of the czar.

The French made timely preparation for the winter. Great coats arrived with hoods, which delighted the soldiery; and those eccentric sons of Mars, the Zouaves, appeared still more eccentric in this novel garment. Sheepskin jackets, *à la Tartar*, were also served out from the French clothing depots, and were sources of comfort to the wearers, and of amusement to the beholders. The English did not make their preparations with similar activity; but Mr. Commissary-general Filder exerted himself greatly in regularly distributing to the troops their rations, which were ample in quantity, but often not the best in quality. The amount of military stores landed immediately after the battle of Inkerman was prodigious. The English brought guns and mortars of a very large calibre from Malta, and both fleets landed ordnance of the heaviest metal. With these the trenches were armed, and some of them placed in an excellent position to annoy the Russian shipping in the harbour. The siege went on languidly notwithstanding all this preparation. The guns of both attack and defence were only fired at intervals.

On the evening of the 12th, the garrison deviated from the feebleness of its fire, and cannonaded the French trenches with vehement fury. This was alleged by deserters to have been occasioned by an apprehension of an assault. Very little injury was inflicted by this storm of artillery; the French opposed

to it a steady and converging fire, from which the town suffered much. At no previous period were the French guns served so well, or the French batteries injured so little by a heavy cannonade. It is probable that the reports of the deserters of the motive for the Russians opening so formidable a fire were erroneous, and that it was done to cover a sortie upon the French lines, which was made that night. The French repulsed it with promptitude, losing only fifty men; the enemy left 300 dead and wounded before the trenches.

An English officer, in command of a large covering party, describes his experience in the trenches this night as follows:—"On my arrival, I found a Pole there, who had deserted, and come in over the parapet. The soldiers were very kind to him, and he made known to them, by signs, that it was posted about Sebastopol, that the allies cut off the ears and noses of those who deserted to them. How agreeably surprised he must have been when he found the scissors were not applied to him! Those in charge of him were anxious to hand him over to my tender care, but I thought he would be of much more use at head-quarters, and would not accept him; accordingly he was taken to the camp, and appeared very happy under existing circumstances. About midnight we were aroused by a report of rifles, and bullets whizzing over our heads. It appeared that the Russians in 'the Ovens' were blazing away at our advanced sentries, and the French on the left. Accordingly we fixed bayonets and stood to arms, and I received orders from the officer in command of the trenches, to be ready to charge them outside the parapet, in the event of the enemy advancing on us. A salvo was fired on the French works, as usual, and volleys of musketry; but nothing further occurred, and we settled down on our haunches again. It was a bitter cold night, and the wind searched into every corner and crevice of the batteries. I felt very unwell, and reported it to the commanding officer, who kindly said he would dispense with my services, but that if I remained until the morning, he should not require me to be relieved by another officer. Knowing how hard the work was, and how short of hands we were, having only five subalterns for duty, I determined on remaining, and proceeding home at the dawn of day. Heartily glad was I to crawl home when it arrived. I immediately went to bed, and was laid up for some time with rheumatism and fever. The rain fell in torrents that day, and our poor men had great difficulty in cooking their provisions. The whole camp was like a well-trodden ploughed field, nothing but mud and slush. Our tent was so old and thin, that the rain came through in great quantities; but I

fortunately had a waterproof sheet, which I laid over my bed, and it rendered me great service. But the men, however, had not these luxuries, and had to fight against the elements as best they could. The tents were crowded to excess, and for some time they had as many as twenty men in each, and consequently swarmed with vermin. The men's clothes were torn and in a filthy state, and their boots were in tatters on their feet. No one can form an idea of the wretched picture the English soldier presented at this period, or of his emaciated appearance."

The weather became now truly formidable to the allies—the prospect out at sea was menacing, piles of dark clouds gathered on the horizon, and sudden gusts swept in deluging showers over the plateau. These were the presages of the dreadful hurricane of the 14th.

An illustration of the utter mismanagement in the principal departments of the army is given by Mr. Woods, in relation to the death of Captain Williams:—"Captain Williams distinguished himself at the battle of Balaklava. He had only come off picket, after twenty-four hours' duty, a few minutes before the battle commenced, and though in a high state of fever, he insisted on being at the head of his troop. The day after the battle, his fever increased and dysentery set in. He sought shelter with Mr. E. J. Smith, the postmaster to the forces, a gentleman who was then, and is now, well known among all our officers for his acts of friendship and kind-hearted hospitality. Though tended with a brother's care by Mr. Smith and Major Nasmyth, poor Williams sank fast; and his medical attendant saw that, unless he got instant change of air, his recovery was hopeless. A medical board to grant the requisite sick-leave was applied for, several times promised, and several times postponed, though each delay diminished the patient's chance of life. Williams's friends, and he had many, advised his leaving at once, and getting a medical board at Constantinople to sanction the step he had taken. But the gallant young officer was reluctant to take any step which could be perverted, even by the most scrupulous, into an apparent breach of the regulations of the service. He waited patiently for the medical board, but it never met, and each hour that passed lessened the hope of its being of any service to him. At last, his remonstrances were overruled by his friends, and he suffered himself to be placed on board the *Caradoc*, for passage to Constantinople, and to take his chance of meeting with a medical board there that would adjudge upon his case. He arrived at Constantinople, and was instantly taken to Messire's Hotel. But the change came too late, and within two or three days

after his arrival, he breathed his last. My readers will scarcely credit the fact, but I have been informed on the very best authority that, the day before his death, Captain Williams was actually placed under arrest for being absent from his regiment without leave; *i. e.* without the formal permission of a medical board, in endeavouring to get which he had literally lost his life. Comment in this case is indeed needless."

The dreadful storm of the 14th of November greatly influenced the condition of the opposing armies and the fortunes of the war. It will be recollected by the reader, that in consequence of the partial success of Liprandi at the battle of Balaklava, and the alarm excited by the results of that engagement at the British head-quarters, the shipping was ordered out of the harbour. No vessel could enter without the orders or consent of Captain Dacres. The loss of the *Prince* steamer during the tempest was felt very severely by the British, and may be attributed wholly to that circumstance. This magnificent vessel arrived off the harbour on the 8th of November. She let go an anchor, which "ran out;" the same thing happened upon her letting go a second; both anchors were lost in more than thirty fathoms of water. Thus deprived of her anchors she stood out to sea, and afterwards returned, and was affixed by a hawser to the stern of the *Jason*, while another anchor and cable were got ready for her. This accident has been accounted for by the *Morning Herald* in the following plausible and probably correct manner:—"It is a very common thing for newly-built vessels, hastily getting ready for sea, to take on board their anchors and cables, and, coiling away the latter in the cable tier, leave the ends out for clinching at a more convenient period. This was most likely done in the case of the *Prince*, and in the hurry of her after preparations, the clinching was forgotten entirely. Such a thing as cables drawing the bolts and running out, after having been properly secured, was never yet heard of with any vessel, much less a steamer anchoring in still water." As soon as the *Prince* was made fast to the *Jason*, Lieutenant Baynton, R.N., the admiralty agent, went into the harbour in his gig, and reported himself to Captain Dacres. He then reported himself to Captain Christie, who was in the *Melbourne* steamer, which, like nearly all the transports, was anchored outside. On the morning of the 9th, the vessel anchored off the port with one anchor. Captain Christie instantly sent Captain Hutchinson, R.N., to Captain Dacres, to state the situation of the ship, and to request that a tug should be sent to assist in bringing her in. Captain Dacres refused, and alleged that there was no room for her in the harbour. Captain Christie re-

paired to his senior, pointing out the fact that there was room enough, but his remonstrances were unavailing. All this time the weather was very bad, and storms seemed gathering on land and sea. On the 11th, the weather improved, and Captain Christie, whose activity and vigilance seem to have been beyond praise, again sent to Captain Dacres, more urgently if possible than before, pleading for the admission of the *Prince*. His remonstrances were again in vain, and the unfortunate *Prince* remained outside; although the lull in the gale that day was of short duration, and the weather continued to grow worse, until the great storm burst over the defenceless ships, strewing them in wrecks over the agitated sea and stricken shore.

We have been thus particular in relating the preliminary facts in connection with the *Prince*, as the loss of that vessel produced a sensation in England so much greater than that created by the wreck of any other ship which perished in the disaster of the 14th. It is evident from the foregoing remarks, the truth of which may be relied upon, that the ship was sacrificed either to the incompetency of the harbour commander, or the directions given from headquarters. Captain Christie was afterwards greatly blamed, and painful allegations as to his incompetency were made in the press and parliament of England: that officer, however, had not the charge of the harbour, but of the commissariat vessels; and it was in spite of his entreaties and warnings that the *Prince* and other transports were left beating about after the beginning of those gales which were the forerunners of the hurricane of the 14th. That Captain Christie was not blameworthy, there is abundance of other evidence in existence, from which we make a single selection. When, in the early part of 1855, it was intended to try Captain Christie for the loss of the *Prince*, and of another ship called the *Resolute*, Captain Baynton, of the royal mail steam-ship *Medway*, son of Lieutenant Baynton, the admiralty agent of the *Prince*, addressed to that ill-used officer the following letter:—

“MY DEAR CAPTAIN CHRISTIE,—I have, as you may imagine, a very vivid recollection of all the circumstances connected with my poor father's loss; and in reply to your question as to my knowledge of the cause of the steamer *Prince* not being brought into harbour on her arrival off this port, I distinctly remember my father to have told me, that on reporting his arrival to Captain Dacres and requesting his instructions, he was informed that there was no room in Balaklava harbour for her reception, but when convenient, an officer would be sent out to assist her in. I have no hesitation in saying that there was plenty of room in this

harbour for the *Prince*, as I feel confident that there are at present at least double the number of ships now lying here, which in my opinion renders the fact indisputable.

“Yours very truly,
“EDWARD BAYNTON.”

The *Resolute* already referred to was a powder-ship. Captain Lewis, the master, in vain sought for permission to bring her in. As in the case of the *Prince*, Captain Christie could do no more than use his good offices; and Captain Dacres was either determined to act against light and reason, or he issued with fatal fidelity the stupid orders of his superiors. That the fault did not rest altogether with them is evident from the fact that General Airey, the quartermaster-general, being anxious to obtain the warm clothing which was on board the *Prince*, sent down to Balaklava, inquiring when she could be taken into port and her cargo discharged. Captain Dacres replied, “If the weather moderates, the *Prince* will be brought into the harbour, but while this wind lasts, it will be impossible.” This was on the 10th.

On the 11th, Captain Lewis of the *Resolute*, being very uneasy for the safety of his ship and her valuable cargo of powder, went on board the *Trent* to consult Captain Ponsonby. The latter described the anxiety and impressions of Captain Lewis about the strange way in which his ship was kept beating about in the heavy gales in the following terms:—“Lewis told me that he had represented to Captain Christie that the *Resolute* was in a dangerous position, and that Captain Christie replied she should be taken inside as soon as he could possibly get her in; and Lewis added, ‘I think there is some *contra* order from a higher authority, which Captain Christie cannot get over. I wonder if Lord Raglan has anything to do with it?’” On the 12th, those two officers again consulted, and Captain Dacres was again applied to without success. Lewis declared that his ship could not remain where it was in such weather. Captain Dacres replied, “*I have nothing to do with it; but why do you not go to sea?*” Captain Lewis answered, “I have the working stock of powder on board, and cannot go. What would be said if powder was required, and I was not at hand? The whole siege would be stopped, and the responsibility I would incur would be more than my position is worth.” Captain Lewis then added, “There is an excellent berth where I lay before, and my old moorings are still there: let me come in at once, as I cannot answer for the consequences of another night like the last.”

It would appear that, however anxious the quartermaster-general might have been for the

landing of the warm clothing, he did not desire the admission to harbour of the *Resolute*, and that the fear at head-quarters of an attack on Balaklava had some influence over the mind of Captain Daeres; for Captain Ponsonby (already referred to) relates what occurred after the above conversation between the master of the *Resolute*, and the naval commandant of the harbour, thus:—"I then volunteered to go outside with the *Trent*, and tow the *Resolute* in; but Captain Daeres said, 'I have no authority to allow a powder-ship to come in, but I certainly think she ought to be inside.' Captain Lewis then told Captain Daeres that he had got the promise of Captain Christie that he should be brought inside as soon as possible. After this interview we went on shore, and Admiral Lyons happened to be on the beach. Captain Lewis went to him, and requested him to allow him (Captain Lewis) to bring his ship inside the harbour. What answer Admiral Lyons made I cannot say, but it was very unsatisfactory to Captain Lewis, who came to me and said, 'It is a very hard case that I am compelled to lay outside, and lots of room in here, and with my ship deep with the very sinews of war. Captain Christie would let me come in, were he not overruled by a higher authority.'"

It is difficult to account for Admiral Lyons' acquiescence in these arrangements. Much as we feel honoured by having the gallant admiral's name among those of the subscribers to this work, we cannot but participate in the feeling expressed by the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, in reference to his share in the matter, and which impartial truth requires us to notice:—"On the 12th of November, Admiral Lyons, who had anchored outside the harbour in the *Agamemnon*, quitted and rejoined the fleet off the Katcha. A great many transports, and four vessels of war were then outside; and Admiral Lyons may, therefore, be said to have tacitly approved of their being there, as he made no remonstrance or remark about them. Even when, as we have seen, the case of the *Resolute* was brought under his notice, he declined to permit the ship to enter. Either, therefore, Admiral Lyons must have thought the anchorage a safe one, or else he was aware of the reasons which induced Captain Daeres to refuse to let the ships inside, and thought them sufficient. At this time most of the vessels had been compelled to let go both anchors, and veer out 120 and 150 fathoms of cable. The *Prince*, the most valuable and important vessel of all, had, as we know, only one anchor, but kept her steam up. On the 12th, it blew a gale, with cloudy weather. On the 13th, the weather was moderate, but it still blew fresh, with thick clouds and incessant rain. On the afternoon of the 13th

November, Captain Christie received a letter from Admiral Lyons, which was delivered by Mr. Layard, M.P. It was only a letter of introduction, in which Admiral Lyons presented the bearer as his 'friend;' and after one or two ordinary commonplace praises, went on to say, 'He (Mr. Layard) is not very well, and I am really anxious that he should have a comfortable passage to the Bosphorus. This I hope to secure for him through your kind offices, in one of the good transports going soon. What weather!'

'Yours faithfully,

'EDMUND LYONS.'

'What anxiety you must have had with your transports in these gales!'

Although the fate of the *Prince* and the *Resolute* created the greatest stir at home, there were various other ships, laden with important cargoes, left outside and wrecked; many others would doubtless have been lost had it not been for Captain Christie, and Mr. Commissary-general Filder. These ships ran in and delivered their cargoes under the orders of the commissariat, and in the teeth of those of the naval governor of the harbour, with whom a constant conflict of remonstrance and complaint and opposing authority was kept up by the commissariat service. In fact, the commissariat, like the medical department, was treated by certain officers of the united service with utter contumely, and their arrangements were often and insolently embarrassed, to the injury of the expedition. On the morning of the hurricane, there were anchored outside the harbour her majesty's steam-ships, *Retribution*, *Niger*, *Vesuvius*, and *Vulcan*; the steam-transports, *Prince*, *Avon*, *Melbourne*, and the *City of London*; the sailing transports, *Resolute*, *Mercia*, *Lady Valiant*, *Caduceus*, *Pride of the Ocean*, *Kenilworth*, *Medora*, *Wild Wave*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *Sir Robert Sale*; the freight-ships, *Progress*, *Wanderer*, and *Peltoma*, with a private Maltese brig—making a total of twenty-one ships. Inside, there were four men-of-war, eight steam and seven sailing transports—making nineteen ships. There were also four tugs, and several private ships belonging to camp sutlers. There were in all thirty ships inside the harbour; it has often since held 200. All the vessels outside might, therefore, have been moored within; this, indeed, would not have wholly protected them from the violence of the tornado, which swept the land-locked harbour with fury; and although the water was but little agitated, because of the shelter afforded on every side, yet the masts and rigging caught the tempest as it rode on in its fury, sparing nothing which it could reach.

Before describing the tornado which broke

upon the ships under circumstances which left the great majority of them so little prepared, it is necessary to show how the harbour itself was governed. Perhaps never before, in the history of the English navy, did such gross mismanagement exist where officers of that navy held authority. There were no written or printed harbour rules distributed among the shipping; no harbour-master and his assistant staff to superintend, with vigilance and activity, the execution of previously concerted and published orders. The dangers were many, and scarcely any precautions were taken against them. Ships laden with powder, shells, and other combustibles, were moored up quite close to the houses. A fire, even if no explosion of powder and shell took place, would have been necessarily most destructive—town and shipping must, in such case, have suffered seriously. It would, however, have been next to impossible for a fire to have taken place in any ship without extending, reaching the ammunition vessels, and causing explosions that would have destroyed everything in Balaklava itself, and upon its waters. Such a catastrophe might have proved the ruin of the army. Yet, will it be believed, lights might be seen at all hours of the night on board every craft, fires were constantly burning, drunkenness prevailed to a shocking extent amongst the crews; broils and disorders, in the town, in the boats, on the decks of the transports, in their holds and cabins, were notorious. How these things did not lead to the destruction of ships, town, and stores in the harbour and on the shore, is inconceivable. It was the common amusement of the mates and other officers on board the merchantmen to practise with “Colts” and rifles during the day, so that persons rowing about in the harbour, either for amusement or business, were in constant danger. These improprieties were in vain made matters of complaint there, and matters of publicity in England. The naval authorities abroad, and the Admiralty at home, were alike indifferent: confusion was allowed to reign, and a reckless anarchy characterised everything at Balaklava.

Such a state of affairs assumes a graver importance when it is known that all the stores of the army were either on shipboard or on shore at Balaklava. It has been seen by the reader, that again and again our brave soldiers were sacrificed for want of ammunition. At the battle of Inkerman, when His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge exhibited a prodigality of courage seldom exhibited in battle, and called to his men to fire, he was answered by his brave Guards with the thrilling cry that there was no ammunition. When Sir George Cathcart and a portion of his division were surrounded in the same battle,

and he called on the men to fire, he was met by the same terrible response. It would have seemed like a mockery from any general less trusted and less loved, to have answered, as he did, “Have you not your bayonets!” they had indeed their bayonets, but bayonets could not reach the enemies who, from the sides of the ravine above, poured upon the gallant band a deathful fire.

Before the storm broke out on the 12th, Commissary Filder wrote to Lord Raglan, exploring his lordship to form a depot near the camp, containing a month’s supply of everything—as the only security against accident at Balaklava, or the difficulties of the road to the camp when mud or snow should render it impassable. No notice at all was taken of the rational and important request. The day after the storm, the commissary had the foresight and the sense of duty to renew the request. This time he got an answer—it was a refusal. Yet, when the authorities at home thought it necessary to blame somebody, the Horse Guards sought to make a scapegoat of Commissary Filder, that he might carry away “into the wilderness” the sins of more courtly sinners.

The disorder on shore at Balaklava was only not quite so bad as the disorder at sea. Nobody knew where anything was which was required. Commissary Filder was expected to do everything; had he possessed the eyes of Argus and the feet of Mercury, he could not have performed a hundredth part of what was expected from him. An ubiquitous functionary would indeed have been a blessing, if an official so gifted could be found in the quiet nooks of the Ordnance or Horse Guards—for nothing seemed so great a riddle to our officials at Balaklava, as the particular thing he was meant for. Scarcely any of these gentlemen could be met with who was not capable of commanding a fleet or an army, of taking Sebastopol, reforming the Turkish Empire, teaching the czar a lesson, or succeeding Lords Newcastle and Aberdeen; but the distinct limits of their own official functions, or how far they might venture across the bounds in a desperate emergency, were things inscrutable to themselves and everybody else. The whole fraternity seemed born for red-tape purposes exclusively—administrative capacity there was none; yet this wretched want of adaptation to new circumstance, and of any fertility of thought in an emergency, was accompanied by a self-sufficiency and an air of self-importance truly wonderful. Routine seemed to them the philosophy of all government, and of all individual management, whosoever men might be cast, and however varied the circumstances by which they might be surrounded. Such was Balaklava, and so was it governed, as to its naval and civil affairs, when the storm rushed forth upon it,

and changed one aspect of confusion for another—adding to disorder, wreck, ruin, and death.

The state of things at Balaklava at this period is apologetically noticed by Sir Edward Colebrooke in his private journal. After admitting that no forethought for a winter campaign had been exhibited, he adds:—

“But this neglect is not surprising to those who knew the uncertainty of our tenure of the place after the battle of Balaklava. From that day until I left the country, we lived only for the day, and thought only of the day; every disposable hand was employed in strengthening our defences, and any preparation for a winter residence in a place from which we might have been ousted at any moment would have been folly, until the works were secure against attack.

“With regard to the deplorable state of the army during the winter, I think there can be now but little difference of opinion as to the immediate causes. There was a want of foresight in not preparing for an approaching winter, arising from the peculiarity of the campaign, which at one time promised a rapid and successful issue; and there were defects of organisation in the management of our transports, and in the state of the harbour here, which increased the distress of the army, but which seem to me to have been much exaggerated. The two causes which throw all others into the shade, were the excessive work of the trenches, and the defects of the land transport. They are both traceable to one and the same cause—the error of undertaking so great an enterprise with insufficient means. The enterprise so nearly succeeded that it would be impossible to mark it out for strong censure, but it cannot be denied that every presumption was against us. Fortune favoured us during the first two months in a wonderful way; we had no equinoctial gales, and the communication with the shipping, on which the army directly relied, was scarcely interrupted for a day. Then came the extraordinary gale of the 14th November, which exposed all the perils of our situation in having all our magazines afloat, and the deficient system of land transport broke down when the first strain was put upon it.

“I dwell more particularly on these two sources of distress and difficulty, because they were those in which the French had a decided advantage over us. Their men were not worked as ours, and their land transport was effective compared with our own. [I leave this passage as I wrote it. I have since had reason to doubt whether the French land transport was ever superior to our own. They had great advantage over us in their communications. Our principal difficulty in regard to

transport was to find men and keep them. It was easy to import cattle, but very difficult to find drivers who knew their work and would face it.]”

From the 8th of November to the 13th, the state of the weather in the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, the Black Sea, and along the neighbouring shores, was fitful and gusty, as the reader has already perceived from our narrative of the doings and misdoings of the authorities at Balaklava. Sometimes the weather was beautiful and bright, as on the pleasantest October day in England. Suddenly the brightness would be overcast, vast piles of cloud gathering in the horizon, and assuming the most grotesque and indescribable appearances. These would dissipate as rapidly as they formed, the wind breaking in short sudden puffs over the water, which seemed to tremble as if conscious of the approach of a power that could lash its mighty masses into foam. The sun would again smile upon sea and rock, and with a genial warmth, such as in our climate is unusual in November. A few hours more, and the distant heavens would appear as if marshalling all their stores of thunder, pent within the voluminous clouds which gathered there; mountain of cloud piled on mountain rolling on as if driven before an omnipotent hand, and about to be rolled over the rocks and heights in a deluge of desolating waters. These compact masses seemed to break and disperse, as if each warred with the other, and strong gusts would burst forth with a rushing noise like that of shells passing between the combatants before the city. Several nights previous to the 13th, the wind blew gales which strained the camp tents on the plateau, endangered the shipping at anchor off Balaklava, the Katcha, and Eupatoria, and severely tried the qualities of ships sailing between the Bosphorus and the Crimea.

On the 13th, all day it blew fresh, but there were no other indications of worse weather than had existed for five or six days before; the night set in very fine, the wind blew from the south-west, and its temperature was warm for the time of year. Occasionally, however, through the night, the wind rose, but fell again; and no unusual precautions were taken on land or sea, nor did such appear to be required. Towards daylight, the wind sprung up and increased rapidly to a gale; by seven in the morning it became a hurricane, the most dreadful, perhaps, ever remembered. No descriptions of tempest which have ever met our eye, no terrors such as the storm-fiend has so often been represented as sending forth in the Chinese seas or in the West Indies, equal in destructiveness the descriptions of the hurricane of the 14th of November, which have been given by those who suffered

under its strength. The blast burst over the camps on the exposed heights, tearing through the lines of tents as if the wing of an avenging angel smote them. The wearied troops were at rest—the fineness of the night, and the quietness of the enemy, allowing a universal repose—when suddenly they were awakened by a loud and piercing scream, as if some struggling spirit of vast power and energy, yet suffering, passed among the sleepers. Mr. Woods tells us that half the tents of the English were swept away; Mr. Russell informs us with more accuracy, for he was a sufferer (Mr. Woods was on his way from Constantinople), that only three tents were left standing upon the plateau—those of the judge-advocate, Colonel Dickson of the artillery, and another officer. Scarcely had the shriek of the tempest pierced the ears of the sleeping soldiery, than the whole camp tents fell, as if by the sudden stroke of an unseen wand. The condition of the occupants was distressing in the last degree. The tents were in many cases blown down on the sleepers—broken poles, swords, rifles, wet canvas falling on their beds, wounding, and nearly suffocating them. After struggling from beneath the ruin of their domiciles, the officers and men were exposed, undressed, to the pelting of the pitiless tempest. The rain which accompanied it fell in torrents—the camp overflowed with water; where the earth was heavy, it was turned into mud, and that was blown up into the air, falling in showers of filth around the astonished and bewildered men. The thunder now burst with long, loud, deafening peals, and echoed again and again over the vast area of hill, vale, and rock, around the theatre of war; the sleet fell upon the earth in sheets, or swept over its surface, and hail descended like showers of bullets. The bearing of the men of the two armies was very different: the French literally fled as if before a pursuing foe; the sturdier English laboured to repair or avert disaster, or stood sternly by their prostrate tents when all hope of re-erecting them was necessarily abandoned.

The sufferings of the outposts and covering parties were overwhelming; the trenches were filled instantly with water; the pickets, with their faces towards the living enemy, dared not for a moment relax their watching, while the elements made fierce and unexpected war upon them. The sick suffered most of all; their tents were blown down upon them, so that in their helplessness the difficulty of extricating them was excessive. The French had erected wooden tents as receptacles for the sick and wounded, where they were treated with great care; but these buildings were in less than half an hour scattered in every direction, scarcely a plank remaining to show where they had been. The bedclothes of the patients

were whirled up into the air, and the poor invalids lay under the descending torrent, and were beaten by the tempest, until death in some cases put an end to their endurance. It was, however, a curious fact, account for it as medical philosophers may, that not a few of the wounded, and even sick, bore the frenzy of the storm better than those in health; and some, whose recovery seemed hopeless before, rallied immediately. Some notion of what the British officers endured who were confined to bed, may be gathered from the relation of Lieutenant Peard, *ex uno disce omnes*:—“Being ill, and not likely to be called out, I had unfortunately undressed myself, and I had not time to put on my clothes before our tent was blown quite over our heads, inside out, the pole at the same time falling on my head, with swords and things which hung around it. The wind was blowing so furiously that the sea of mud which was before us was blown up in our faces, and covered everything about us. I looked in despair at S—, who was in a roar of laughter; while our servants were standing around, unable to move for amazement. All the neighbouring tents had shared, or were sharing, the same unhappy fate. My eye caught R—’s tent still standing, and I told my servant to carry me in my bedding to it. The poor wretch stopped half-way, and looked in my face, as much as to say, he could carry me no further, and I was in the greatest fear of being precipitated headlong into the mud: however, he staggered on, and deposited me in the tent on R—’s bed, which he most kindly prepared for me. I found him holding on, in the most determined manner, to his tent-pole, which was reeling about very suspiciously. Tentless friends came in all the morning, and they were sworn into the service, and by their united exertions it weathered the gale; others were walking about in their cloaks, drenched to their skin, seeking shelter from the pitiless storm. Eyes were cast to the other divisions, and we found they were in the same plight as ourselves; all except the Turks, who seem better to understand the art of tent-pitching.”

The violence of the tempest on the plateau may be judged of by the fact that the most ponderous articles of tent furniture were carried far over the heights—chairs, tables, tent-poles, were driven about with as much levity as caps, boots, garments, and bedclothes. At Balaklava, the tiles were carried from the roofs across the harbour, and some of the roofs driven to distances which could not have been conceived as possible. The cavalry horses, British and French, broke loose and sought shelter under the lee of any rugged elevation they could find, or dashed on terrified towards Sebastopol, falling into the ravines, or sinking exhausted beneath the storm.

The experience of Mr. Russell will furnish a specimen of what all had to undergo. It is written with an air of jocularly unsuited to so grave an occasion, but nevertheless characterised by his usual aptness in describing incidents of a striking character:—

“The sound of the rain, its heavy beating on the earth, had become gradually swallowed up by the noise of the rushing of the wind over the common. . . . It had a harsh screaming sound, increasing in vehemence as it approached, and struck us with horror. As it passed along we heard the snapping of tent-poles and the sharp crack of timber and canvas. On it came, ‘a mighty and a strong wind;’ the pole broke off short in the middle, as if it were glass, and in an instant we were pressed down and half stifled by the heavy folds of the wet canvas, which beat us about the head with the greatest fury. Half breathless and blind, I struggled for the door. Such a sight as met the eye! The whole headquarters’ camp was beaten flat to the earth, and the unhappy occupants were rushing through the mud in all directions in chase of their effects and clothes, or holding on by the walls of the enclosure as they strove to make their way to the roofless and windowless barns and stables for shelter. Three marquees alone had stood against the blast—General Estcourt’s, Sir John Burgoyne’s, and Major Rakenham’s. The general had built a cunning wall of stones around his marquee, but ere noon it had fallen before the wind, and the major’s shared the same fate still earlier in the day. Next to our tent had been the marquee of Captain de Morel, aide-de-camp to the Adjutant-general Estcourt. It lay fluttering on the ground, and, as I looked, the canvas seemed animated by some great internal convulsion—a mimic volcano appeared to be opening beneath it, and its folds assumed the most fantastic shapes, tossing wildly about in the storm. The phenomenon was speedily accounted for by the apparition of the gallant owner fighting his way out desperately against the wind, which was bent on tearing his very scanty covering from his person; and at last he succeeded in making a bolt of it, and squattered through the mud to the huts. . . . Right before us the camp of the Chasseurs d’Afrique presented an appearance of equal desolation and misery. Their little *tentes d’abri* stood for a few minutes, but at last the poles snapped, and they were involved in the common ruin. . . . Woe betide the Russians had they come on that day, for, fiercer than the storm and stronger than all its rage, the British soldier would have met and beaten their teeming battalions. The cry was all throughout this dreadful day, ‘Let us get at the town; better far that we should have a rush at the batteries

and be done with it than stand here to be beaten by the storm.’ Scenes of wretchedness met the eye. The guard tents were down, the late occupants huddled together under the side of a barn, their arms covered with mud, lying where they had been thrown down from the ‘pile’ by the wind. The officers of the guard had fled to the commissariat stores near Lord Raglan’s, and found there partial shelter. Inside the commissariat yard, overturned carts, dead horses, and groups of shivering men were seen—not a tent standing. Mr. Cookesley had to take refuge among his stores, and was no doubt glad to find it, even amid salt pork and rum puncheons. Nearer to us hussar horses were dead and dying from the cold. With chattering teeth and shivering limbs each man looked at his neighbour. Lord Raglan’s house, with the smoke of its fires steaming away from the chimneys, and its white walls standing out freshly against the black sky, was indeed ‘the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.’ Our generals’ marquees were as incapable of resisting the hurricane as the bell-tents of the common soldiers. Lord Lucan was seen for hours sitting up to his knees in sludge amid the wreck of his establishment, meditative as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. Lord Cardigan was sick on board his yacht in the harbour of Balaklava. Sir George Brown was lying wounded on board the *Agamemnon*, off Kamiesch Bay; Sir de Lacy Evans, sick and shaken, was on board the *Sanspareil*, in Balaklava; General Bentinck, wounded, was on board the *Caradoc*, at Constantinople, or on his way to England. The Duke of Cambridge, sick and depressed, was passing an anxious time of it in the *Retribution*, off Balaklava, in all the horrors of that dreadful scene at sea. But General Pennefather, Sir R. England, Sir J. Campbell, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Buller—in fact, all the generals and colonels and officers in the field, were just as badly off as the meanest private. The only persons whose tents weathered the gale, as far as I could hear, were Mr. Romaine, deputy judge-advocate-general; Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, Royal Artillery; and Captain Woodford. The first had, however, pitched his tent cunningly within the four walls of an outhouse, and secured it by guys and subtle devices of stonework. They were hospitable spots, those tents—oases in the desert of wretchedness; many a poor half-frozen wanderer was indebted almost for life to the shelter he there received. While all this writing is going on, pray never lose sight of the fact, as you sit over your snug coal fires at home, that fuel is nearly all gone here, and that there are savage fights, even in fine weather, among the various domestics, for a bit of shaving or a fragment of brushwood. Never forget that all this time the storm is raging

with increased violence, and that from half-past six o'clock till late in the day, it passed over the camp with the fury of Azraël, vexing and buffeting every living thing, and tearing to pieces all things inanimate. Now and then a cruel gleam of sunshine absolutely shot out of a rift in the walls of clouds, and rendered the misery of the scene more striking. Gathered up as we were under the old wall, we could not but think with anxious hearts of our fleet at sea—of our transports off Balaklava and the Katcha—of the men in the trenches and on picket. Alas! we had too much reason for our anxiety. Towards ten o'clock matters were looking more hopeless and cheerless than ever, when a welcome invitation came through the storm for us to go over to the shelter of a well protected tent. Our first duty was to aid the owner in securing the pole with 'a fish' of stout spars. Then we aided in passing out a stay from the top of the pole to the wall in front, and in a short time afterwards a cup of warm tea was set before each of us, provided by some inscrutable chemistry, and, with excellent ration biscuit and some butter, a delicious meal, as much needed as it was quite unexpected, was made by my friends and myself, embittered only by the ever-recurring reflection, 'God help us, what will become of the poor fellows in the trenches and on the hill!' And there we sat, thinking and talking of the soldiers and of the fleet, for hour after hour, while the wind and rain blew and fell, and gradually awakening to the full sense of the calamity with which Providence was pleased to visit us. Towards twelve o'clock the wind, which had been blowing from the south-west, chopped round more to the west, and became much colder. Sleet fell first, and then came a snow-storm, which closed the desolate landscape in white, till the tramp of men seamed it with trails of black mud. The mountain ranges assumed their winter garb. French soldiers, in great depression of spirits, flocked about our head-quarters, and displayed their stock of sorrows to us. Their tents were all down and blown away—no chance of recovering them; their bread was '*tout mouillé et gâté*,' their rations gone to the dogs. The African soldiers seemed particularly miserable. Poor fellows! several of them we found dead next morning outside the lines of our cavalry camp. We lost several men also. In the light division, four men were 'starved to death' by the cold. Two men in the 7th Fusiliers, one man in the 33rd, and one man of the 2nd battalion Rifle Brigade, were found dead. Two more of the same division have died since, and I fear nearly an equal number have perished in each of the other divisions. About forty of our horses also died from the cold and wet, and many will never recover that fatal day and night.

But the day was going by, and there was no prospect of any abatement of the storm. At two o'clock, however, the wind went down a little, and the intervals between the blasts of the gale became more frequent and longer. We took advantage of one of these halcyon moments to trudge away to the wreck of the tent, and, having borrowed another pole, with the aid of a few men we got it up all muddy and filthy, and secured it as far as possible for the night; but it was evident that no dependence could be placed on its protection, and the floor was a mass of dirt and puddle, and the bed and clothes dripping wet. I mention my own tent only, because what was done in one case was done in others, and towards evening there were many tents re-pitched along the lines of our camps, though they were but sorry resting-places. Although the tents stood, they flapped about so much, and admitted such quantities of snow, rain, and filth from outside, that it was quite out of the question to sleep in them. What was to be done? Suddenly it occurred to us that there might be room in the barn used as a stable for the horses of Lord Raglan's escort of the 8th Hussars, and we at once waded across the sea of nastiness which lay between us and it, tacked against several gusts, fouled one or two soldiers in a different course, grappled with walls and angles of our houses, nearly foundered in big horse-holes, bore sharp up round a corner, and anchored at once in the stable. What a scene it was! The officers of the escort were crouching over some embers of a wood fire; along the walls were packed some thirty or forty horses and ponies, shivering with cold, and kicking and biting with spite and bad humour. The hussars, in their long cloaks, stood looking gloomily on the flakes of snow which drifted in at the doorway or through the extensive apertures in the shingle roof. Soldiers of different regiments crowded about the warm corners, and Frenchmen of all arms, and a few Turks, joined in the brotherhood of misery, lighted their pipes at the scanty fire, and sat close for mutual comfort. The wind blew savagely through the roof, and through chinks in the mud walls and window holes. The building was a mere shell, as dark as pitch, and smelt as it ought to do—an honest unmistakeable stable—improved by a dense pack of moist and mouldy soldiers. And yet it seemed to us a palace! Life and joy were inside, though melancholy Frenchmen would insist on being pathetic over their own miseries—and, indeed, they were many and great—and after a time the eye made out the figures of men huddled up in blankets, lying along the wall. They were the sick, who had been in the hospital marquee, and who now lay moaning and sighing in the cold; but our

men were kind to them, as they are always to the distressed, and not a pang of pain did they feel which care or consideration could dissipate. A staff-officer, dripping with rain, came in to see if he could get any shelter for draughts of the 33rd and 41st regiments, which had just been landed at Kamiesch, but he soon ascertained the hopelessness of his mission so far as our quarters were concerned. The men were packed into another shed 'like herrings in a barrel.' Having told us, 'There is terrible news from Balaklava; seven vessels lost, and a number on shore at the Katcha,' and thus made us more gloomy than ever, the officer went on his way, as well as he could, to look after his draughts. In the course of an hour an orderly was sent off to Balaklava with despatches from head-quarters, but, after being absent for three-quarters of an hour, the man returned fatigued and beaten, to say he could not get his horse to face the storm. In fact, it would have been all but impossible for man or beast to make headway through the hurricane. We sat in the dark till night set in—not a soul could stir out. Nothing could be heard but the howling of the wind, the yelp of wild dogs driven into the enclosures, and the shrill neighings of terrified horses. At length a candle-end was stuck into a horn lantern, to keep it from the wind—a bit of ration pork and some rashers of ham, done over the wood-fire, furnished an excellent dinner, which was followed by a glass or horn of hot water and rum—then a pipe, and, as it was cold and comfortless, we got to bed—a heap of hay on the stable floor, covered with our clothes, and thrown close to the heels of a playful grey mare who had strong antipathies to her neighbours, a mule and an Arab horse, and spent the night in attempting to kick in their ribs. Amid smells and with incidents impossible to describe or to allude to more nearly, we went to sleep in spite of a dispute between an Irish sergeant of hussars, and a Yorkshire corporal of dragoons, as to the comparative merits of light and heavy cavalry, with digressions respecting the capacity of English and Irish horse-flesh, which, by the last we heard of them, seemed likely to be decided by a trial of physical strength on the part of the disputants. Throughout the day there had been very little firing from the Russian batteries—towards evening all was silent except the storm. In the middle of the night, however, we were all awoke by one of the most tremendous cannonades we had ever heard of, and, after a time, the report of a rolling fire of musketry came down on the wind. Looking eagerly in the direction of the sound, we saw the flashes of the cannon through the chinks in the roof, each flash distinct by itself, just as a flash of lightning is seen in all its length

and breadth through a crevice in a window shutter. It was evident there was a sortie on the French lines. The cannonade lasted for half-an-hour, and gradually waxed fainter. In the morning we heard the Russians had sallied out from their comfortable warm barracks on the French in the trenches, but that they had been received with an energy which quickly made them fly back again to the cover of their guns. It is said that the French actually got into a part of the Russian lines in chasing their troops back, and spiked some of the guns within an earthwork battery.'

Coming the next day into Balaklava, he thus describes the scene:—"The white-washed houses in the distance were as clean-looking as ever, and the old ruined fortress on the crags above still frowned upon the sea, and reared its walls and towers aloft uninjured by the storm. On approaching the town, however, the signs of the tempest of yesterday grew on one, and increased at every step. At the narrow neck of the harbour, two or three large boats were lying, driven inland several yards from the water; the shores were lined with trusses of compressed hay which had floated out of the wrecks outside the harbour, and pieces of timber, large beams of wood, masts and spars of all sizes formed large natural rafts, which lay stranded by the beach, or floated about among the shipping. The old tree which stood at the guard-house at the entrance to the town was torn up, and in its fall it had crushed the house so as to make it a mass of ruins. The soldiers of the guard were doing their best to make themselves comfortable within the walls. The fall of this tree, which had seen many winters, coupled with the fact that the verandahs and balconies of the houses, and a row of very fine acacia trees on the beach were blown down, corroborates the statement so generally made by the inhabitants that they had never seen or heard of such a hurricane in their lifetime, although there is a tradition among some that once in thirty or forty years such visitations occur along this coast."

The most remarkable proof of the force of the hurricane was, that heavy bodies, which could only be moved by great labour of man or horse, were scattered about. Laden arabas were overturned, broken, and their fragments and contents dispersed in every direction. Trusses of pressed hay, each weighing two hundred pounds, were hurled over the heights and down the ravines to Sebastopol. A large flock of sheep, which belonged to the fourth division, was dispersed and driven, some into the sailors' camp, and some into the city—nearly all were lost to their proper owners. When the rain, hail, and sleet abated, and the storm subsided, a fall of snow covered hill

and plain; winter began his sway, and the troops had a bitter foretaste of his power.

The condition of the Russians was no better than that of the allies. The valley of the Tchernaya was like a marsh, and the opposite heights were stricken by the utmost fury of the hurricane. Liprandi's forces could not but have suffered intensely. It was afterwards ascertained that many of the Russian troops died under the hardships of that night, and its events contributed not a little to the subsequent retreat of Liprandi from his menacing position against the flank and rear of the allies.

Thus terrible was the tempest in all the camps, and around the war-beaten city. In the little town of Balaklava, the devastation was as signal. A Russian gentleman, then on parole there, declared to the author that, although familiar with the Crimea and southern Russia from his boyhood, he had never witnessed such weather, or contemplated the possibility of such a scene as he witnessed at Balaklava that day. His description of the heavy articles of household furniture, empty casks, tiles, house-tops, doors, &c., forced upwards and borne a considerable distance on the wind, portrays a scene of tempest truly appalling, and such as we never before met with. The filthy little town was choked with portions of shattered dwellings, up-turned waggons, broken boats, prostrate mules and horses, beds, bedding, doors, shutters, chairs, hay-trusses, horse-boxes, pieces of wrecked shipping, and unaccountable material of every kind, such as the presence of a fleet and army in the neighbourhood might bring there. Barrels filled with various commodities were driven bounding along the narrow street, over the various wrecks, until they also were stove in, and their contents dispersed.

A number of sick at Balaklava were scarcely less sufferers than those in the French huts or British tents nearer the camps. Many sick Turks lay in the streets, exposed to the unmitigated fury of the elements—their poor countrymen exerting themselves in their behalf with a quiet and resigned air, themselves nearly as much to be pitied as those they aided. At sea, however, destruction had its grandest scope. Property to a vast amount was lost in the waves, or driven, damaged, upon the shore, and many brave men sunk beneath the raging waters; no human aid could avail them. From daylight the gale blew violently outside the harbour; at half-past eight the ships felt its utmost fury: yet no means were adopted to bring in any portion of the shipping, while that was practicable, although every experienced mariner must have seen that a resistless storm was breaking forth. Captain Cargill, the master of the *City of London*, put out to sea, steaming steadily with her head to

the wind. As he passed the *Prince*, he hailed her commander, warning him that the weather would soon be more severe, and urging him to follow his example. This warning was not taken, nor did any other ship profit by the prudence of Captain Cargill. At nine o'clock the elements were furious, as if under the direction and impulse of evil spirits. Sea and sky appeared to mingle; the wind swept along the waters with a screaming sound, and struck the sea with rapid and tremendous gusts as if bolts were flung into it from heaven.

There is always exaggeration in the descriptions given of the height to which waves rise in a storm, and philosophers have made inductions on this subject, which show that, were waves to rise to the height supposed by ordinary observers, nothing could live at sea for a moment. On this occasion it would be difficult to exaggerate—the rush of waters rose half way up the tall cliffs of the iron-bound coast of Balaklava. The ships were swept onward to the rocks in spite of every effort, which skill and steam could lend to keep them off. The first ship which succumbed was one of our fastest sailing transports, the *Rip van Winkle*. She parted both anchors, and at once rushed upon her fate; a wave, rolling “mountains high,” as it is customary to describe such, bore her upon its summit, and dashed her, broadside on, against the shore. There were many spectators of this sad catastrophe, and they unite in describing the shock of the ship against the cliffs as if of an explosion—she struck, and instantly fell to pieces. Not a soul escaped, the whole crew were instantaneously engulfed. In a very few minutes two other ships were also swept in upon the rocks—these were the *Wild Wave* and the *Progress*. Their crews met with instant death, except two or three men of the *Wild Wave*, who were driven upon a shelving rock, to which they clung, until, when the storm abated, assistance reached them; they were nearly dead with cold, bruises, and despair. The *Kenilworth* was next in the sad series of wrecks. She did not go to pieces at once, as the other ships which have been mentioned, but after being hurled a few times against the cliffs, she parted and went down, all hands perishing. The mists, spray, rain, sleet, and hail, blinded those who made desperate efforts on the shore to afford some help, and the wind smote them repeatedly to the earth, driving them back as often as they attempted to deserv whether there were any whom they could succour. Suddenly the mists cleared, and a lull ensued, which inspired those who had gathered upon the heights with the hope that they could do something to mitigate the sufferings and lessen the chances of destruction of those below. The mariners

who found a space to cling to on the friendly shelvings were now discovered, and a cry arose for ropes; one brave man descended, and succeeded in rescuing them—they and their gallant deliverer were drawn up. Scarcely was this feat of courage and humanity performed, when again the storm resumed its power—a long wailing moan came over the sea—a burst like a thunder-clap struck the walls of the cliff—the sleet and hail fell in floods upon the heights, and the tempest, with a sustained roar, seemed to go forth in vengeance upon land and sea. The men on the heights fled for refuge wherever it could be found—all attempts to render assistance were given up. Strong men were struck to the earth, and, bruised and bleeding, had to seek cover from the strong pursuer. The mists again cleared, but the storm did not abate. Many turned and faced the enemy, moved by anxiety for friends, or a brave desire to see if anything could still be done for those on the more exposed element. The heights were again crowded with men clinging to the cliffs, and looking out to sea. A sight now presented itself which excited the deepest commiseration; and if human courage could have effected anything, the men who witnessed it would have incurred any risk that might have afforded the least hope to the objects of their commiseration. The *Wanderer*, which had held on with wonderful tenacity, dragged her anchors, and drifted towards the fatal shore. She seemed to have been abandoned by her crew, who, it was supposed, took to the boats early in the gale, and perished. Two boys were distinctly seen upon her deck, trying to cut away her foremast, and thereby secure for her a better chance of floating. Before they could effect their purpose she reached the shore, and was lifted up by a huge wave, and dashed by it, as if with conscious vengeance, against the cliffs. The vessel floated away in fragments, and the youths were seen no more. A thrill of terror ran through the spectators—a common cry of mingled pity and horror broke from every breast. While these feelings were finding full expression, a still more awful sight was presented. The *Prince*, the pride of the transport service, and one of the finest ships that ever carried a cargo, had held on valiantly by her single anchor. She had put on her full power of steam, and resisted the fatal tendency to the shore with all her force. It was in vain; steam availed nothing against the power which scattered the fleet as a man would cast from his hand the shells of nuts. The crew, perceiving that the vessel was rapidly yielding, began to cut away her mizen-mast. This was the turning event in her evil fortune; the mast fell just as the ship seemed to gain a position which gave her a

chance of safety, and when the wind sensibly lessened. The mast falling across her “fouled her screw,” and her force against the storm being lost, she rolled onward, and was hurled against the cliffs as if the sea and storm united in that moment their utmost violence. The good ship survived this stroke; but another effort of her enemies, and the victory over her was secured—a wave came with extraordinary velocity and threw her up against the rocks. The crash was louder than the storm; she parted midships; another giant wave struck the wreck on the instant, and completed the destruction. One hundred and fifty-three human beings went down with her into the boiling surge; some were thrown upon the rocks by the waves which crushed her. Lieutenant Inglis, of the Royal Engineers, had gone on board the previous evening to arrange the disembarkation of the apparatus with which an experiment was to be made to blow up the ships across the harbour of Sebastopol: this intelligent officer was among the lost.

To leave such a vessel to ride with one anchor, under the circumstances which we have described, was a matter of criminal neglect somewhere. The omission as to the proper clenching of the cables originally was equally criminal. It is but just to mention that it was afterwards denied that the cables were not in proper order, and the accidents to them were attributed to the violence of the gale; these representations are very doubtful—we fear that those given in a previous page place the affair in its correct light. The vessel was lost through sheer and disgraceful neglect of duty, or as criminal an abuse of authority. The *Resolute* was the next to strike. Her fate was similar to that of the *Prince*; her heavy cargo of ammunition, especially of powder, most valuable and much wanted, was scattered or sunk like the bales of clothing, scientific apparatus, provisions, &c., on board the *Prince*. The loss of the *Resolute* was the more to be regretted because of the strenuous efforts, already recorded, made by her master to enter the harbour. Several of the men and one of the mates of this ship were saved. Cut and bruised they clung to peaks of rock upon which the waves flung them; but none dared to offer help, so violent was the tempest, until Captain Liddle set the example, and soon found brave followers. Ropes were procured, and with great danger to the adventurous rescuers, the men were taken up. The *Peltoma*, with masts and yards all taut, was lifted up and precipitated against the rocks; her sides were stove in the first stroke, the next knocked her to pieces, and her wreck drifted along the shore. The Maltese brig never reached the coast—she went down, foundering beneath the weight of water

that broke over her. All the remaining ships seemed to the spectators to be drifting, and the mariners were straining every nerve in cutting away masts and otherwise lightening them. The *Avon*, of the West India Mail Company's service, was in great danger; her engines, of the finest make, were 800 horsepower, but her captain felt that the strain upon his cables could not much longer be borne, and he boldly slipped them and ran into the harbour, driven at the rate of ten knots an hour. He had watched his opportunity, and, during the lull already noticed, placed his vessel in a position which secured her going in by the force of the wind, while he so worked his engines as to check the rapidity with which she was sent before the storm. Her passage through the narrow entrance was most providential; her escapes were wonderful, as she scudded through the narrow winding passage by which the harbour is attained. Even when she entered her peril did not cease, for she was driven among the other shipping, causing much damage although she received little.

The most remarkable escape, however, where so few did escape, was that of the *Retribution*, one of our best steam frigates. The Duke of Cambridge had taken a berth in this fine ship—his bruises, fatigues, and illness, rendering it no longer possible for him to remain at the head of his division. When the storm began, the *Retribution* held on by three cables, each of 140 fathoms length. To prevent dragging, she steamed full power against the wind. She was, however, beaten by this king of storms, and dragged half-a-mile in the first hour. Nearing the rocks, two of her cables parted, and all hope of saving the ship was nearly lost. The anchor by which she still held was her smallest, and it was not expected to keep ground half an hour. Her stern was at this moment within ninety yards of the rocks, and 100 tons of water were on her main deck. Whatever prospect of salvation now remained, was by throwing her guns overboard, and thereby lessening the strain on her cable. In trying to throw overboard a long ten-inch gun, a heavy lurch broke it from the tackle, and it was hurled about the deck, smashing everything in its devious course; pitched from side to side with every commotion of the frigate, it wounded a number of the men, causing broken limbs and dangerous confusions. It was at last thrown aft, as the foreship rose on a high wave, and there the men continued to throw around it hammocks and sailcloth, so as to confine the range of its tossings and boundings. Guns, shot, and shell, were then thrown over, until the ship was greatly lightened. All hands flew to the pumps, and she was eased of much of her weight of water. The strain was sensibly relieved, and she weathered the storm

contrary to the expectations of the most sanguine of her officers. The Duke of Cambridge, invalid although he was, showed the same coolness and courage which he displayed on the rugged slopes of Inkerman under the especial fire of the Russian columns. It was reserved for the prince to know the dangers of the sailor as well as of the soldier—to partake of storm as well as battle in the service of his royal cousin and of his country; and on each occasion his conduct was such as justly to make both queen and country proud of him.

The extraordinary power of the tempest may be better conceived by what happened inside the harbour than even amidst the scene of destruction without. It is land-locked, there are no tides; even during the storm the water was not so agitated as to endanger any vessel upon it; yet the ships were driven from their moorings by the power of the wind alone, and the *Sanspareil* was in this way sent upon the steep shore several feet. The masts of the vessels were broken across, and several ships heeled over almost to their beam-ends. The damage to shipping in the harbour was very great, but there were no wrecks and no lives lost. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that heavy ships-boats were lifted up out of the water, and several were carried a considerable distance inland. The gig of the *Bride* was by the water's edge, and two men were lying in it—it was lifted up, the men of course thrown out and injured, and the gig itself blown over the houses, falling against that inhabited by the commissary-general, and driving in the partition of his bedroom. The strong iron paddle-boxes of some troop tugs were also carried into the streets.

At the mouths of the Katcha and the Belbek, where the fleets were, the force of the tempest was not felt quite so much; but there also it was such as might have caused the stoutest heart to quail, and it entailed extensive destruction. Six English transports were wrecked, but the presence of the fleet and the nature of the anchorage prevented loss of life—the crews were with difficulty saved. Our allies lost two transports, which went down at their anchors, and all on board perished. Indeed, the ships of our allies did not weather the hurricane with the same steadiness as ours—for all the war-ships, French and Turkish, suffered much more injury than the ships of the British navy. Three fine French liners nearly sunk at their anchorage. The flag-ship of Admiral Dundas barely escaped a similar fate. A beautiful Turkish screw-frigate was thrown on shore, her crew escaped; she was got off after the storm, and although extensively injured, was not actually wrecked. At Kamiesch the French transports were nearly all driven on the beach, but very few lives were

lost—the facilities for succour were many, and the organisation of the harbour perfect. The cargoes also were saved although damaged; the vessels were, however, much shattered.

Still further north the storm seems to have raged more furiously, for at Eupatoria the loss of life was awful, and the damage extensive, although it was thought that the roads of Eupatoria furnished a very safe anchorage; but no shelter could altogether secure a ship in the waters of the Crimea during the prevalence of this tornado. A Turkish line-of-battle ship of 90 guns was anchored at some distance off the harbour, and foundered; all on board perishing with her. Dreadful as the contemplation of such an event must be to every humane mind, it was hardly more distressing than the wreck of many of our own ships. The French line-of-battle ship *Henri IV.*, 100 guns, perhaps the best screw line-of-battle ship in the possession of France, was blown up on the beach and wrecked. The crew were saved. The *Fulton*, French steam-frigate, was also similarly destroyed. While the *Henri IV.* was stranding, the Cossacks descended, expecting to make her crew an easy prey, but they fled after a few shots. There is an authentic account of the wreck of this fine three-decker extant, written by the chaplain, the Abbé Bertrand. It is as follows:—"Our magnificent ship was wrecked on the 14th, at six o'clock in the evening. The tempest commenced at seven in the morning, and, in spite of all our care, our activity, and our energy, we had to yield to its violence. Since our arrival in the bay of Eupatoria, we have had two anchors thrown out, because the approach of winter was felt, and it was necessary to guard against the bad weather. When the hurricane came on, the captain had out a third anchor and a fourth. We thought we should be able to resist. Alas, no! The *Henri IV.* was destined to share the fate of several other vessels that were hourly broken to pieces on the coast. What a terrible spectacle! The sea was furious, and bellowed so as to prevent us from hearing each other, and the ship groaned beneath the blows she received from it. The whole of the furniture was flung from one part to the other with the rapidity of a railroad. I had remained in the captain's cabin after breakfast, and while he was on the quarter-deck, in order to direct the movements of the vessel, every article in the room was flung from one side to another, and for my own part, I was near losing my senses. We resisted for a good while: though two of our chains had broken, we held on with two, and the wind began to calm down. But what a sad thing it was to see the beach, on which a dozen merchant vessels had been just dashed to pieces! Alas! such also was the fate re-

served for us. About half-past five o'clock the captain and I were about to sit down to dinner, when all of a sudden we felt a shock, and a man rushed in and cried out, 'Captain, the two last chains have just been broken.'—"The two chains broken!' the captain said; 'impossible!' He went up on deck again, which he had only left five minutes before. It was but too true—the ship was on her beam-ends. There was no further hope; the sea and the wind were too violent for us to hope to get out to sea. We had only to resign ourselves to our fate. All that was left for us was to be thrown on that part of the coast where the bottom was sandy. You cannot have an idea of the anguish we all felt, expecting every moment the first shock when the ship touched the ground. We did feel the first shock, the second, the third—and yet the good ship held out. We were aground, but we knew not at what distance from the shore, as we were in darkness. The weather continued awful. At last the day dawned, and we found ourselves at 200 metres from the shore, and our ship had not a single drop of water in her hold. At some yards from us a Turkish vessel had been wrecked at eleven o'clock at night, three hours after us. She drove on a bank, which threw her on her side, and we saw the whole of the crew clinging to the masts and shrouds, not being able to remain on the deck, which was completely under water. At last, after a night passed in indescribable anguish, fearing each moment that the ship was breaking asunder, the day dawned, and we found ourselves so near land that, in the event of any great accident occurring, it would not be difficult to save ourselves. Fortunately, the ship is new, five years having scarcely elapsed since she was launched. We shall all be saved, as well as the stores. We are, however, on the enemy's coast, and the Cossacks, who crowded down to us in the morning, have been received with musketry. I do not think they will return in haste. Oh! that Sebastopol were once taken! Perhaps we are to remain here until the ship is got off, and she is so noble and so beautiful a vessel that it would be a pity to abandon her. For the present, however, we have nothing to fear."

The only ship at any of the anchorages which had ridden out the gale without damage was the *Vulcan*, iron troop ship. This powerful ship was built by Mr. Mare, of Blackwall, and he deserves whatever credit is to be attached to the endurance of this vessel.

The losses of the French it would be difficult to estimate, the government not allowing the same publicity as ours. Our Turkish allies lost 1000 men and several good ships, but not much property. The English loss was probably a thousand lives, and property worth one mil-

lion and a half sterling, independent of the value of the ships themselves. The cargo of the *Prince* was estimated by many good judges at half a million. Mr. Sidney Herbert, who ought to know, computed it at £180,000; but the estimates and opinions of that gentleman, before the war broke out, were among the causes of our misfortunes, when, almost unprepared, we had to encounter a well-armed enemy. When the vast stores of clothing on board the *Prince*, and of ammunition on board the *Resolute*, are taken into account, with all the other less valuable cargoes lost, such an estimate as that which has been generally received cannot occasion surprise.

When the losses were computed, the following lists were made out:—

AT BALAKLAVA.

The *Prince*. A total wreck. Crew all lost except seven.
The *Resolute*. Wrecked. The third mate and eight seamen saved; the remainder of the crew lost.
Rip van Winkle. A wreck. All on board drowned.
Kentworth. Wrecked. Crew drowned, or dashed against the rocks and killed, except three men.
Wild Wave. Wrecked. All lost but one boy.
Progress. Wrecked. All lost but two men.
Wanderer. Wrecked. All lost.
Peltoma. Wrecked. All lost but captain.
A Maltese brig. Wrecked. All lost.

VESSELS INJURED.

H. M. S. *Vesuvius*. Bowsprit, masts, and paddle-boxes gone. Much injured in hull. Almost a wreck.
H. M. S. *Retribution*. Lost rudder, guns, and stores, and otherwise much damaged, with several of crew hurt.
Melbourne. Masts gone. Narrow escape from wreck.
Mercia. Totally dismantled.
Lady Valiant. Totally dismantled.
Caduceus. Totally dismantled.
Pride of the Ocean. Totally dismantled.
Medora. Totally dismantled.
Sir R. Sale. Totally dismantled.

AT KAMIESCH.

About twenty small French transports were driven on shore, the cargoes were saved. A large number of these transports were totally dismantled, but no accurate return of their loss ever appeared.

AT THE KATCHA, AMONG THE FLEETS AND TRANSPORTS.

H. M. Ships *Queen*, 116; *Trafalgar*, 120; and *London*, 90—lost rudders. Steamers *Ardent*, *Terrible*, *Spitfire*, and *Samson*—much damaged, and very leaky.
French fleet. *Ville de Paris*, 120; *Findland*, 100; *Bayard*, 90; *Suffren*, 90—lost rudders, sprung their masts, and were otherwise damaged.

The transport *Tyrone* went ashore and was lost—crew saved; *Pyrenees* went ashore, and was set on fire—crew saved; *Lord Raglan*, totally lost—crew saved; *Ganges*, set on fire—crew saved; *Rodsley*, went to pieces—crew saved; and *Damube*, steamer, drove on shore.
The French transports *Annie* and *Marseille* went down at their anchors, with all on board; and the Turkish frigate, *Muhbiri Surur*, of 36 guns, was dismantled, and nearly wrecked.

AT EUPATORIA.

H. M. S. *Cyclops* had a narrow escape from total destruction.
The *Fulton*, French steam-frigate, got ashore, and went to pieces. Crew partly saved.
Henri IV., 100 guns, went ashore, and was lost. Crew all but seventeen saved.
Foiki Messeret, Turkish two-decker, went down with all on board.

The scene at sea, immediately after the hurricane, and during the evening of that day, has been described by one whose opportunities of seeing it were very peculiar—the special correspondent of the *Morning Herald*. This gentleman embarked at Constantinople just in time to arrive on the coast of the Crimea when the storm fell, and the scene of desolation along the shore presented its full horrors. In the following brief account the dreadful picture is placed vividly before us:—"The vessel in which I had come up from Constantinople joined the fleet at Belbek a few hours after these disasters had occurred. From what we had experienced of the weather *en route*, we were quite prepared to hear of dreadful catastrophes; but the truth surpassed our worst anticipations. I only saw the shore from Belbek to Balaklava, a distance of about thirty miles, but along this whole extent of coast there was hardly a spot upon the beach which was not covered with the fragments of some vessel or its cargo—masts, spars, sails, pieces of boats, oars, hatches, barrels of rum, cordage, bales of clothes, beds, blankets, rafts of timber, fragments of furniture, boxes and chests, trusses of hay, tents, and in fact a considerable proportion of all the numberless sundries which are necessary for the subsistence of a large fleet and army, lay floating about wasted and ruined. Some of the wrecks upon the shore which had been emptied, were set on fire and were blazing fiercely; others were surrounded by boats, which were bearing off everything of use or value before the hulls were abandoned to the mercy of the elements. Parties of men were landed upon the beach, interring, as fast as they came on shore, the mangled corpses of the transport seamen. I am sorry to say that this melancholy duty alone kept parties of men-of-war's men constantly employed. But at Balaklava the scene was worse. In the narrow rocky little roadstead outside the harbour, the whole surface of the still raging sea was covered with masses of wreck and hundreds of mangled bodies. Inside the harbour was quite choked with drift-wood, broken horse-boxes, and hundreds of trusses of pressed hay. After one in the day the violence of the hurricane abated; but it was questionable whether many of the vessels which still survived would be able to hold on throughout the night. Impressed with this idea, several of the transport captains, with a number of seamen, volunteered to go out in a boat and fetch the crews of those vessels which had dragged, and were in greatest danger, near the rocks. But none of the transports had a boat large enough for such dangerous service, and the captains who were going went to the *Sanspareil*, and applied for the loan of one of their large boats fit for the purpose. The first time Captain Daeres

was not on board, and after a short interval the captains returned again, when the officer of the watch told them Captain Dacres could not be seen, and that no boat of the *Sanspareil's* could be lent. Fortunately the fears of the gallant men who thus volunteered to risk their lives were not realised, and as the wind moderated the vessels outside held their ground. That night fifteen men died at camp from exposure and cold. On the 15th the full extent of the disaster which had overwhelmed the transports, and injured our fleets, was fully known. Never in so short a space of time had a gale done so much mischief. Of the vessels anchored off Balaklava nearly half were totally lost, and the rest were mere wrecks."

The scene on shore was briefly and graphically depicted by the special correspondent of the *Times*, under dates of 15th and 16th of November. Having described his experiences during the memorable day of the 14th, and the scarcely less miserable night which followed it, he says:—"With the morning came a bright cold sky, and our men, though ankle deep in mud wherever they went, cheered up when they beheld the sun once more. The peaks of the hills and mountain sides are covered still with snow. As rumours of great disasters reached us from Balaklava, I rode into town, after breakfasting in my stable, and made my way there as well as I could. The roads were mere quagmires. Another day's rain would have rendered them utterly impassable, and only fit for swimming or navigation. Dead horses and cattle lay all over the country, and here and there a sad little procession might be seen wending its way slowly towards the hospital marquees, which had been again pitched, charged with the burden of some inanimate body. In coming along the ridge by the French lines I observed the whole of the troops were turned out, and were moving about and wheeling in column to keep their blood warm. They had just been mustered, and it was gratifying to learn that the rumours which had been circulated respecting lost men were greatly exaggerated. Our men were also busily engaged in the labours of the camp—trenching, clearing away mud, and preparing for duty. The Russians in the valley were very active, and judging from the state of the ground and the number of loose horses, they must have been very miserable also. Turning down by Captain Powell's battery, where the sailors were busy getting their arms in order, I worked, through ammunition mules and straggling artillery-waggons, towards the town. Balaklava lay below us—its waters thronged with shipping—not a ruffle on their surface. It was almost impossible to believe that but twelve hours before ships were dragging their anchors, drifting, running aground,

and smashing each other to pieces in that placid lake. . . . The narrow main street is a channel of mud, through which horses, waggons, camels, mules, and soldiers and sailors, and men of all nations—English, French, Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Italians, Maltese, Tartars, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Spaniards—scramble, and plunge, and jostle, and squatter along; while 'strange oaths,' yells, and unearthly cries of warning or expostulation fill the air, combined with the noise of the busy crowds around the sutlers' stores, and with the clamorous invitations of the venders to their customers. Many of the houses are unroofed, several have been destroyed altogether, and it is quite impossible to find quarters in the place, the preference being given apparently to the sutlers and store-keepers, who swarm on shore from every ship, and who are generally Levantines, with most enlarged notions of the theory and practice of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. The *City of London*, Captain Cargill, returned to Balaklava to-day, and entered the harbour. She was the only vessel which succeeded in getting out to sea and gaining a good offing during the hurricane of the 14th, and the captain told me, in all his experience (and, as an old Aberdeen master, he has passed some anxious hours in sea-water) he never knew so violent a wind for the time it lasted.

November 16.

"There was an affair of pickets last night between the French and Russians, in which a few men were wounded on both sides, and which was finished by the retreat of the Russians to their main body. This took place in the valley of Balaklava, and its most disagreeable result (to those not engaged) was, to be kept awake for a couple of hours. A good deal of clothing has been saved from the *Prince*, the bales floating up from the deep, proving how completely the ship must have been broken up by the rocks. Within the last month 3500 sick and wounded men have been sent to Scutari from Balaklava. The Turks are very unhealthy, and lie about the streets near the hospitals in abject misery. Their filthy habits increase the horrors of the place."

The conduct of the Russians when they ventured to approach the coast was, if possible, more infamous than when, after the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, they murdered the wounded. Several of the men cast on shore in the neighbourhood of the Belbek, Katcha, and Eupatoria, were massacred by the Cossacks; and when, after the storm subsided, boats were employed by the allies to pick up any men who might be found under the cliffs, the Cossacks from above fired upon the boats to deter the crews from accomplishing their

humane work; and, again, as the boats put off with the disabled and wrecked sailors, volleys from the cliffs were fired into them. Some of these poor fellows escaped the raging elements to fall by the bullets of their fiercer foes. On one wreck some thirty persons were clinging, still expecting deliverance—as the wreck drifted towards the cliffs volleys from the Cossacks' carbines were fired among the helpless sufferers: among them were several women, some of whom were wounded. Ultimately, the Russians brought field-pieces to bear upon the wrecks. Several Russian officers of distinction rode out in carriages and on horseback from Sebastopol, and to their interference it was to be attributed that these enormities were not carried to a greater extent. The sailors were disposed to risk all dangers, and incur every extremity of suffering, rather than fall into the hands of so barbarous an enemy.

The storm had scarcely subsided when the Cossacks appeared in force on the crest of the hill near the town of Eupatoria. They expected to find the batteries deserted in consequence of the violence of the gale, or that the sailors and artillery who manned them would be called off to assist the wrecked. When they discovered the gunners at their posts, they preserved their reconnaissance until cannon arrived, when they opened fire with fourteen pieces. The fire was returned with such spirit and precision that, after an hour's combat, the enemy retired, carrying away their killed and wounded.

The effect of the great storm upon camps and garrisons was to convince them that winter had at last set in, and that a new enemy was about to make war upon all the belligerents, the allies being more especially exposed to his ravages.

The Russian prisoner on parole at Balaklava, already alluded to, favoured the author with his experience, and the appearance of matters as presented from his residence, and from the beach, during and after the hurricane:—"On Friday evening, November 10th, there was a tremendous wind at Balaklava, which threatened to wreck the vessels in the vicinity; but fortunately it terminated without any calamitous results. Having heard the remarks that were continually made by captains of transports, of the danger to which vessels were exposed when anchored outside the harbour, and seen myself the danger that must attend those vessels, supposing a high wind should drive them on shore, I rejoiced to think that this danger had passed without accident,—as I supposed the authorities would then at once take the necessary precautions to avoid such danger for the future, and no longer disregard the verbal and written protests the commanders of vessels in that exposed situation had continually made to the authorities. However,

things remained in the same state until the 14th, on which day, soon after daylight, a storm commenced, which in a short time increased to a hurricane or tornado. The sea increased to an extraordinary degree, so that the largest vessels at anchor in the harbour of Balaklava were tossed about until many of them went on shore, and the remainder jammed together in such a way that it took many days before they could be released from their almost inextricable position. Of course a tremendous smash took place; few, if any, were uninjured. I recollect a long row of them wedged together side by side; then a long sharp steamer forced in lengthways between this row, and then another—the cutwater having entered deeply into the side of the first vessel of the second row. The house I occupied was opposite the centre of the bay, near the shore. The large screw-steamer *Sanspareil* lay broadside on just before our windows, having been swung round by the violence of the wind. Two merchant brigs got in between it and the shore, where they were soon aground; and the huge man-of-war having shared the same fate, was seen rolling over them and driving them further on shore. Fortunately the mud was deep there, or they must have been soon knocked to pieces. Warps were carried out, and every effort made, but nothing could withstand the violence of that mighty element. A chain cable was carried round a small building—but it soon crumbled and disappeared, the cable passing through it. Others were made fast to trees, but these were uprooted. A fine row of poplars, which had stood for many years, were blown down; and it was a curious sight to see them lying afterwards in one straight line, the upper branches of the first covering the roots of the next, and so on. It would appear that the house I lived in stood on a spot where the wind eddied, for notwithstanding its elevation and overhanging roof, it did not suffer from the storm, which was carrying tiles and every description of loose *débris* over it in one continual stream, such as can never be understood by those who have not seen something of the same kind, which it had never been my fate to witness. After the storm abated, the streets were strewn with broken tiles from the roofs, and many of the projecting verandahs were blown away. It seemed very wonderful that all the roofs were not blown off. I stood most of the time in the greatest fear lest this should occur with us, or that the windows should give way, and we be left houseless. The result must appear the more extraordinary when it is recollected that the Bay of Balaklava is situated in a hole, into which it would appear that the wind could not possibly penetrate. The harbour, after the storm, was covered with the pieces of wreck and the



GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS, K.C.B. &c.

cargoes of vessels that had been lost; trusses of hay and broken boats forming the principal feature. Now and then the corpse of a sailor would float into the bay, and I recollect one of them being buried afterwards close to the water's edge. Sailors were employed to save men with ropes and tackle let down over the sides of the steep cliff; and I believe great success attended the unremitted efforts that were made in this way. A cannon was placed on the top, from which a shot with a cord might be thrown across a vessel in danger. A fine three-masted transport was wrecked inside the harbour, and the masts were seen for some time afterwards in what was called Castle Bay. While this storm continued I could not think of leaving my family; but the next morning I hastened to the heights overlooking the sea, and could then form a good idea what must have been the feelings of those on board the vessels that had endured the

horrors of that storm outside the harbour. Most of those that remained were dismasted, which I believe effected their delivery, and every possible effort was being made to get them into the bay. Of those that were lost I cannot speak, as I had no opportunity of seeing them; but one that had a narrow escape, the *Pride of the Ocean* (according with the name it bore), I think one of the most perfect sailing vessels I ever saw. It was built in America, and no expense had been spared in fittings and decorations. The great depth of the anchorage was the principal cause of the disasters that occurred, as the vessels were borne down by the additional length of cable on their bows, which prevented them rising over the waves; and in some instances they were cut in two halves, from the bows to the stern. I believe Sir Edmund Lyons, in the *Agamemnon*, weighed anchor before it was too late."

CHAPTER XLIX.

RETIREMENT OF GENERAL EVANS.—PAUCITY OF GENERAL OFFICERS IN THE CRIMEA.—DIFFICULTIES IN CARRYING ON THE SIEGE.—SKIRMISHES AND COMBATS.—SUFFERINGS OF THE TROOPS.

"Long have ye heard the narrative of age,
The battle's havoc and the tempest's rage!
Long have ye known reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of valour's various day!"—ROGERS. *Pleasures of Memory*.

WE have carried on our relation of events to the day following the great tempest, in order to maintain consecutiveness in the narrative.

An incident of much importance to the army took place on the 11th. Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, to whose rare qualities as a man, a soldier, and a general, we have so frequently had occasion to refer, resigned the command of his division. The letters between the gallant officer and the commander-in-chief place both men in a light the most favourable. The self-sacrificing and heroic character of Sir de Lacy Evans is brought out naturally, and the gentlemanly and amiable spirit of his superior in authority, although his inferior in military skill, experience, and enterprise, is not less conspicuous. Sir de Lacy Evans dated his resignation from the flagship of Admiral Dundas, on the 11th of November. It was as follows:—

MY LORD,—On the 30th ult., an aide-de-camp of mine had the honour of informing your lordship that after being confined to bed in my tent for nearly two days, I had a severe fall on my head, my horse partly rolling over me, which, added to previous suffering from illness or exhaustion, rendered me totally incapable of duty. Your lordship immediately granted me such leave of absence as I might require, and had the goodness even to send your carriage to convey me to Balaklava. Hearing on the 4th, however, that some attack against the enemy was intended, I wrote the military secretary to ask when it was to be, being desirous, if possible, though far from

well, to be at least present at it. Colonel Steele was so obliging as to reply, "Lord Raglan begs me to say you must not think of moving until you are quite strong." On hearing heavy firing on the morning of Sunday, the 5th, though the weather was bad and I had taken mercury, I proceeded as fast as I could to the point of attack, and remained there till the close of the battle, but felt neither justified nor fit to take the command of the division from General Pennefather, which he had exercised with so much ability in the previous part of the day. Your lordship, on hearing that I was on the field, sent for me, and with your usual kind consideration desired me to go back to the ship I had been staying in—which, acknowledging my inability for any useful active service, I obeyed. But the fatigue and exposure to weather I had undergone did me injury.

I have now for nearly a fortnight had the benefit of the greatest care and hospitality possible, and a warm cabin, from my generous naval friends, Captain Daeres in the first instance, and now no less so from the admiral-in-chief in the *Britannia*. But five months without cessation under canvas, with some unavoidable privations and alterations of temperature, latterly at night not unfrequently severe cold, with the shock occasioned by my fall, have had their effect on one in his sixty-eighth year. Indeed, owing to the chances of the service, I believe no other officer of the same advanced age and rank has had the same continuous test to bear up against. And with all my present rest and advantages I am still left with but little feeling of strength or freedom from ailment. This has been greatly added to by the heavy and peculiar responsibility that lately fell to my lot for almost a month—namely, from about the 4th, I think, till the 30th of October.

The post I was charged with during that long period was, I believe, deemed of the utmost importance to the safety of the French and English armies. Frequently but few troops remained to me for its defence, against sometimes tenfold our numbers of the enemy, within a

short distance from our front. I had the honour of frequently submitting my opinion of the weakness and precariousness of the position of the second division to your lordship, and, indeed, also to General Canrobert, and of the small means at my disposal to place it in more security. Its liability to be suddenly attacked at all times it was also my duty to represent. But the various exigencies to be provided for on other points at that time scarcely left it possible, I believe, to afford us any material reinforcement, or means for the construction of defence. I have ventured into these details to account for the harassing nature of the duty alluded to, and of the anxious and almost sleepless nights and days it occasioned me. I feel in consequence much depressed, worn out, and exhausted; a severe chronic complaint I am subject to having been also extremely aggravated during the cold nights we latterly had in camp, and which are now becoming more frequent and severe with the advancing winter season. I should not, however, have been so prolix, for in your lordship's letter of the 31st you were pleased to refer to some of these circumstances as follows:—"Nothing can have been more satisfactory than the whole of my intercourse with you, and it is painful to my feelings to see it interrupted. But, unfortunately, no man can command health, and you have had to undergo not only great fatigue but anxiety of mind, since your division has occupied the important position it now holds, and so gallantly maintained under your directions a few days ago." Such expressions of approval, from your lordship, are indeed a great happiness to me to have received.

About a month ago, when the generals of division were summoned to head-quarters to receive a communication, your lordship may recollect my mentioning that I had only been able to attend by taking ammonia and other stimulants. During the occasional northerly winds I was obliged, sometimes, to have my tent for twenty-four hours together wholly closed, and gave and received orders through my unopened tent doors. Some also of your lordship's staff will remember how often, in bringing me orders, they found me on my bed, or rather in my blankets on the ground, when I ought rather to have been, if I could, on horseback. I was well aware, though others may not have been, that this invalid condition prevented my attending to many other things which I knew it was urgent I should have personally seen to and executed. Under these circumstances, instead of asking your lordship for longer leave, which I am sure you would grant, I think it the more proper course to solicit your lordship's permission to resign my staff appointment with this army, the very arduous executive duties and responsibilities of which my impaired health and want of strength render me no longer adequate to. And I trust that the several wounds I have received, and the services I have faithfully endeavoured to perform in various parts of the world, will be deemed to render me deserving to close at length my active duties, when unable to continue them with justice to the public service or to myself.

I have now only to repeat my expression of warm gratitude for the uniform kindness and indulgence I have been treated with by your lordship, and have the honour to remain,

Your lordship's most humble and obedient servant,

DE LACY EVANS.

To General the Lord Raglan, G.C.B.

Lord Raglan replied to this communication as follows:

Nov. 13th, 1854, at night.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—Your letter of the 11th only reached me this afternoon, when I was engaged preparing my despatches for the mail, and I have not until now found a moment to reply to it.

It contains what is to me, and will I am sure be to the second division, and many others your gallant companions in arms, most painful intelligence—your desire to be permitted to resign your staff appointment with the army, which your impaired health and want of strength render you disqualified for in your own estimation. Every man is the best judge of his own feelings and bodily powers; and I am grieved to have to acknowledge that you may be right in your impression of them; but I, and

those whom you have so recently commanded with such advantage to the public service, know that your mental faculties and gallant spirit enabled you, no longer ago than the 26th of last month, to meet the enemies of your country in the field, and successfully to repel a most powerful attack on the position occupied by the second division. I view the loss of your assistance with the deepest regret, but I cannot ask you to stay after the statement you have brought before me, of your sufferings from illness, anxiety of mind, exposure to the weather, and over fatigue. You will be at liberty to go when you please, and be assured that you will carry with you my best wishes, and those of all with whom you have been associated. I trust that English air, and the comforts of home life, will gradually restore you to health, and enable you long to enjoy the reputation your services have acquired for you.

I cannot close my letter without sympathising with you on the death of your aide-de-camp, Captain Allix, who appeared to me to be a most promising officer, and fully to deserve your confidence and good opinion.

Believe me, my dear general,

Very faithfully yours,

RAGLAN.

Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, K.B.

General Evans landed at Folkestone, having come home through France, where the imperial court and French public treated him with the distinction due to his high position and glorious deeds. Before leaving that salubrious watering-place for his own house in Bryanston Square, an address was presented to him from the inhabitants of the Cinque Ports, together with a sword, the value of which was 160 guineas. On his arrival in London, the inhabitants of Mary-le-bone, the electoral district of the metropolis in which he resides, made every demonstration of respect for their fellow-citizen that is customary for public bodies to make, when the most renowned persons are the objects of their favour.

His constituents of Westminster, for which city Sir de Lacy Evans has a seat in parliament, headed by their other member, Sir J. Shelley, presented him with an address expressive of their sympathy with his illness, their congratulations in his safety, and the pride they felt in having as their representative a man whose genius in peace and war made him so competent to the duty, and so worthy of the honour. His fellow-representatives were nearly as prompt to do homage to his deserts as were his constituents; for the House of Commons resolved upon a vote of thanks to the general in person. February the 2nd, 1855, was the occasion selected for this just tribute to their fellow-commoner. The House assembled for the express purpose; and at four o'clock the general entered in full uniform, wearing the orders and military decorations which had been bestowed upon him for his heroic services in so many fields. As soon as he appeared, a loud cheer—such as has seldom rung through the Commons House of Parliament—burst forth from all sides; his old political opponents, and the men who derided his military talents from political motives, were as demonstrative as his

friends, or as his friends could wish, in their tokens of respect. Every member uncovered, and remained standing until the general took his seat. What a noble scene was this—the representatives of 25,000,000 of people standing uncovered in the presence of a man who derived nothing from birth, although a gentleman and of illustrious lineage; who held no relation to the court or courtiers, although one of the most devotedly loyal subjects of his queen; and who owed nothing to military favour or routine, although endowed with military rank, experienced in high command, and his breast glittering with the insignia of military glory! On the floor of that house, as a faithful member of parliament, he had as often battled for his country as he had with arms in his hands upon the fields of war. The men with whom he waged the warfare of debate, and whom he opposed and thwarted with patriotic vigilance and constitutional jealousy, now crowded the opposite benches to do him honour, and declare in the face of the empire that his fidelity to his country was attested by his fortitude and valour. When the members had resumed their seats, the Speaker rose, and thus addressed the honourable and gallant member:—

“Sir, I have to inform you that on the 15th of December last the house agreed *nemine contradicente* to a resolution that the thanks of this house should be given to Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, Knight Commander of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, and several other officers therein named, for their gallantry, ability, and distinguished exertions in several actions in which her majesty’s forces have been engaged with the enemy. Sir de Lacy Evans, it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the house welcomes the return of one who has borne so distinguished a part in the brilliant achievements which have characterised the present war. At the battle of the Alma you encountered and overcame with admirable coolness and judgment the almost insuperable difficulties to which you were opposed, and with the assistance of the gallant second division gained possession of the heights. You repulsed the attack of the Russians on the 26th of October, and the energy and valour with which you led your troops on that occasion will ever be honourably recognised. But it was on the heights of Inkerman you displayed that undaunted courage and chivalrous conduct which have called forth the admiration of your country, when, rising from a bed of sickness, you hastened to assist with your council and experience the gallant officer in temporary command of your division; and you refused to withhold from him the honour while you shared the danger of the encounter. Your conduct throughout this memorable campaign has been marked by the same intrepid gallantry which distin-

guished your early military career, and which has justly earned for you the highest honour that it is in the power of this house to confer. It is, therefore, my agreeable duty, in the name and by the command of the commons of the United Kingdom, to deliver to you their unanimous thanks for your zeal, intrepidity, and distinguished exertions in the several actions in which her majesty’s forces in the Crimea have been engaged with the enemy.”

Sir de Lacy Evans rose, and with deep emotion, yet in a firm tone of voice, replied:—“Sir, I beg leave to assure you and the house that I appreciate most deeply the very high honour now conferred on me. I am fully impressed with the conviction that there is no honour to which a British subject can aspire with more ardent anxiety, or be more justly proud of, than the recognition of his services, whatever they may be, by the representatives of his fellow-countrymen in this house; and I shall be pardoned if I very imperfectly express my feelings on this occasion. It is true that it is almost a novelty to me to be received in this manner on account of my military services; for I certainly do think that I was as good an officer some twenty years ago as now. I did feel, then, that I had a much more difficult and intricate duty to perform, and I performed it, however imperfectly, with success at least equal to that with which I have performed the less important one which I recently endeavoured faithfully to discharge. When I allude to that circumstance, I cannot abstain from tendering my thanks to those honourable gentlemen who do not concur with me in political opinions for the kindness they have manifested towards me on the present occasion. I am, indeed, more grateful for the reference made to the second division, which I had the honour to command, than I am even for the terms of approbation used in respect to myself; for I should not, in fact, have had the remotest chance of obtaining the kind and honourable mark of regard which I have this day received at the hands of the house, if it had not been for the noble gallantry and devotion of that division, from the highest officer down to the commonest soldier. I repeat that my position at this moment here is almost exclusively attributable to the noble conduct and complete devotion to their duty of that division. I must confess that I am under the necessity of saying that when the vote of thanks which I am now here to receive at your hands was moved by the noble lord lately representing the government in this house, the noble lord’s official statement made on that occasion very much astonished me, because he appeared to take a totally different view of the operations of the army, or, at all events, of the particular part acted by the division I had the honour to command,

from that taken by the commander of the forces. I am sorry to be obliged to allude to this subject, but when nearly one-half of that division has perished from the chances of battle, or by other causes, I think I should be wanting in gratitude to them if upon this occasion I did not endeavour to place the matter upon a more just footing. The noble lord gave a sort of theatrical description of the battle of the Alma, which reminded one of the opinion of the witty Sydney Smith, who we all know said that the noble lord considered himself capable of commanding the Channel fleet. Now, it is evident that the noble lord considered himself a better judge of the transactions of the battle of the Alma than Lord Raglan. The noble lord described this battle rather minutely, and seemed to imply that the battle was won by the first and light divisions, and omitted all notice of the conduct of the second division. Now, the fact is that Lord Raglan has represented in his despatch that the two leading divisions on that occasion were the light and second. It is quite clear that the noble lord passed the second division by from a total obliviousness of its services, and thus caused inferences to be drawn perhaps which might reflect grievously upon it. The noble lord then approaching the two lesser actions of the 25th and 26th of October, gave all due credit and honour to the gallantry displayed on the 25th of October, but he entirely passed over the much more successful action on the subsequent day—an action that was deemed worthy of the highest approbation by her majesty, and by the commander of the forces, and also deserving of notice in a despatch from the general-in-chief of the French army. The noble lord, however, in his official statement to this house, took no notice of that action. With respect also to the battle of Inkerman, in which the second division was engaged as much as in any other of the battles, in which, too, it suffered so severely, and where it had to stand for some time the brunt of an attack from about 20,000 men, not the slightest reference was made by the noble lord in his speech to the conduct of that division on that occasion, though it was the only division prominently engaged in three general actions. I therefore think that that division and myself have some reason to complain of an official statement of that kind coming from the noble lord. I beg pardon for this unpleasant digression, but I think I have some claim to indulgence, not on my own account, but on account of the men whom I had the honour to command. I feel deeply grateful for the honour now done them and myself, and I should like to say a few words, though I am aware that this is not the proper occasion for the purpose, with respect to my fellow-countrymen so gloriously struggling in the present contest. Though not prepared to take an

arduous or constant part in the transactions of this house, I hope I may find some opportunity of expressing my opinion on the subject to which I have just referred. At all events, I may now add that I am convinced that the manifestation of the approbation of the house on the present occasion in respect to so humble an individual in the army abroad as myself will have an animating effect upon the feelings of my brother soldiers. I again repeat that I feel most deeply grateful for this expression of your kind regard."

Lord Palmerston then rose:—"I rise to perform an office in respect to which I am satisfied I shall receive the unanimous and cheerful concurrence of this house. Sir, there is no function belonging to the individual who fills the chair which you so worthily occupy that can be more agreeable or more honourable in its discharge than that which you have just performed—namely, the function of conveying the thanks of parliament to men who have distinguished themselves by noble exploits in the field, and who have earned by a long career of military services the gratitude and admiration of their country; and I will venture to say that there never was a Speaker who had the opportunity of being more completely the faithful organ of the feelings and opinions, not only of this house, but of the nation at large, than it has been your good fortune to have on the present occasion. The eloquent and feeling expressions in which you have conveyed to the honourable and gallant officer the thanks of this house ought to remain a perpetual record for the encouragement of others to pursue the same career as my honourable and gallant friend has nobly followed, and for the satisfaction of those brave comrades in arms whom he has so ably headed in the field of battle. I beg, therefore, to move that the words spoken by Mr. Speaker, in conveying to Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans the thanks of this house, together with so much of the observations which have fallen from the honourable and gallant member as contains his expression of gratefulness for those thanks, be printed in the votes of the house."

Mr. Walpole, in seconding the motion, said he did so with the heartiest desire to concur with the noble lord in every word he had uttered, and also in the words which had been so well addressed by the Speaker to the honourable and gallant general. He would add no more than that he seconded the motion most cordially. The question was put in form, and agreed to *nemine contradicente*.

The mode in which Sir de Lacy Evans vindicated the claims of the second division to the high distinction of having had the post of danger and honour in every battle, was censured by many as not in good taste upon such

an occasion. Had the manner of Lord John Russell been less marked, and had it not been notorious that there existed a jealousy with a section of the ministry in reference to the popular opinions of the general,—his sympathy for the common soldiery, his want of confidence in the capacity of certain parties at headquarters, and his disapprobation of the ministerial management of the war,—his lordship's omissions would not have had such significance as to make it a duty for General Evans to vindicate the honour of his division, and call the attention of the country to the sly attempt to "damn with faint praise," which Lord John Russell, so much at home in such performances, had practised. The eulogy of Lord Palmerston, coming from the greatest living statesman of England, was as high a compliment to General Evans as the vote of parliament itself. The Horse Guards have never done justice to Sir de Lacy: he and Sir George Brown have been too frank, manly, and independent for the moral atmosphere of that region. These two generals, therefore, who endured most of the toil and perils of the early part of the war, remain unrewarded. Such men as Generals Airey, Simpson, and Codrington, had honours heaped upon them; they were from various causes favourites with the commander-in-chief, and certain persons to whom even the commander-in-chief defers; but Generals Brown and Evans were honest, outspoken men, good soldiers and bad courtiers, and the result was they remained lieutenant-generals, while men who had not seen a tenth of their service were advanced to high positions. If the words of the House of Commons were true in which it conveyed to General Evans its thanks, what respect to that opinion was there shown at the Horse Guards when men in every way General Evans' inferiors were promoted over his head? Such conduct is calculated to raise questions as to the constitutional control of the army, and call up a parliamentary interference which it is neither wise nor safe that men in high places should provoke.

Another honour yet remained for the hero of Inkerman. The gallant soldiers who fought under him in Spain convened a meeting of their numbers resident in and around London. An address was voted, and a deputation of the war-worn veterans presented it to him at his house. The address and reply do not form a part of the history of this war, but we notice the fact of the devotion of these gallant fellows to their general as illustrative of the qualities of head and heart by which General Evans never failed to attach to himself all who came under his command. We trust that, having braved "the battle's havoc and the tempest's rage," the gallant soldier and good citizen

may be enabled to enjoy what the corresponding words of our motto so sweetly express—

"The calm close of valour's various day;"

and should the call "to arms" again in our day stir the hearts of men, may the veteran general be again able, with re-invigorated health, to lead his countrymen to victory in a position of higher command, and therefore more befitting his experience and his capacity.

This notice of General Evans has been carried down to the close of his active connection with the war, in order that an unbroken narrative of his services and honours might be given. When Sir de Lacy Evans resigned his command, there was a dearth of generals in the British army—Inkerman and sickness had sadly thinned their numbers. The general commanding the first division, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, was on board ship invalided; his second in command, Sir Colin Campbell, held the military government of Balaklava, and therefore could render no service in the trenches. The other brigadier of his royal highness's division had been wounded. The second division was not only deprived of its chief, Sir de Lacy Evans, but of Brigadier Adams, who received a mortal wound at Inkerman. The third division retained its generals, for although no man was more anxious, active, and vigilant than Sir Richard England, he seemed, like Sir Colin Campbell, to be endowed with great physical endurance. The fourth division lost all its generals on the fatal hill-side of Inkerman. The light division was deprived of its indomitable chief, Sir George Brown, he having been dangerously wounded in the late battle. The Earl of Cardigan, second in the cavalry command, remained an invalid on board ship. An accession of superior officers, men of tried resolution, sound health, and extensive experience, was as requisite to Lord Raglan as strong reinforcements of men; neither came in any adequate proportions until overwork and watching still further reduced the diminished and suffering army.

Although the tidings of the battle of Inkerman did not excite the same enthusiasm in England as the battle of the Alma did, it won for the English soldiers on the continent, and especially in France, still more admiration; and tended very much to strengthen the feeling of our ally, that the army of England, however numerically inferior, was not surpassed—the French press generously said not equalled—by the troops of that great military nation. The English government conferred on Lord Raglan the baton of a field-marshal, and a rule was made to confer commissions upon those non-commissioned officers who most distinguished themselves for skill and valour. This much—

required resolution was not promulgated until several weeks later.

Horse Guards, December 9.

The queen has been pleased to command that, as a mark of her majesty's recognition of the meritorious services of non-commissioned officers of the army under the command of Field-marshal Lord Raglan, in the recent brilliant operations in the Crimea, the field-marshal shall submit, through the general commanding-in-chief, the name of one sergeant of each regiment of cavalry, of the three battalions of the Foot Guards, and of every regiment of infantry of the line, to be promoted to a cornetcy or ensigncy, for her majesty's approval; and, with the view to render immediately available the services of these meritorious men, her majesty has directed that the field-marshal do appoint provisionally, and pending her majesty's pleasure, the sergeants so recommended to regiments in the army under his command; and her majesty has further been graciously pleased to signify her intention that, on the several recommendations receiving her majesty's approval, the commission shall in each case bear date the 5th of November, 1854.

The chief points in the royal warrant, dated the 4th of December, concerning annuities and gratuities to soldiers, are the following:—

Whereas, we deem it expedient to mark our sense of the distinguished, gallant, and good conduct of the army serving in the East, under the command of Field-marshal Lord Raglan, our will and pleasure is: that one sergeant in each regiment of cavalry and infantry, and of each battalion of the Foot Guards, and of the Rifle Brigade serving in the East, in the Crimea, or elsewhere, under the command of Field-marshal Lord Raglan, shall be selected by the commanding officer, and recommended to us for the grant of an annuity, not exceeding £20, provided that the aggregate of grants now made and to be made shall not exceed £4000 in any one year. The annuity so granted is to be at the disposal of such sergeant, although he may be still in our service. It is also our will and pleasure to extend the provisions of our royal warrant of the 13th of April, 1854, and with the special view of marking our sense of the distinguished service and gallant conduct in the field of our army now serving in the East, in the Crimea, or elsewhere, under the command of Field-marshal Lord Raglan, to order and direct that the commanding officer of each regiment of cavalry shall be allowed to recommend one sergeant, two corporals, and four privates; and the commanding officer of each regiment of infantry, and of each battalion of Foot Guards, and of the Rifle Brigade, shall be allowed to recommend one sergeant, four corporals, and ten privates, to receive a medal and a gratuity of—

For a sergeant	£15
For a corporal	10
For a private	5

The gratuity to be placed in the regimental savings-bank, there to remain in deposit at interest until his discharge from our service, and to be deemed to be his personal property, in conformity with the terms of our royal warrant of the 13th of April, 1854.

The tidings of the great storm, following so closely upon those of the great battle, convinced the government that aid must be speedily sent to Lord Raglan. It will scarcely be credited by readers not acquainted with the character of the Aberdeen government that the reinforcements resolved upon amounted to no more than 6500 men! It was generally believed that, but for the letters of Mr. Russell in the columns of the *Times*, even that miserably inadequate assistance would not have been sent forth. The first battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and the 34th, 62nd, 71st, 90th, and 97th regiments of the line received orders to

proceed to the Crimea, with various other detachments. Some of these troops were never sent, and all that were dispatched arrived too late in the season to do anything but share in the sufferings of their brothers in arms previously in the field. The apologists of the government excuse its tardiness in sending supplies of men and munitions after the united effects of Inkerman and the storm had so completely exhausted the army. The examinations conducted by the Sebastopol Committee threw light on these matters; Lord Hardinge, the commander-in-chief of the forces, gave the following evidence:—"Our peace establishment had been so very low indeed, that, after making the first effort, and sending out 25,000 men, we could do nothing more than send out young recruits. We made them pretty perfect in drill in a couple of months, but instead of sending out bone and muscle, they were, I may say, only gristle. Our peace establishment had been so low, that when the war broke out we were obliged to raise men as fast as we could; and the great difference between the army under the Duke of Wellington on his going to the Peninsula in 1808, and the army in the Crimea, is this: in 1808, we had for six or seven years previously a very large force of second battalions and of militia, to resist invasion. All those men, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, were in the highest state of discipline, and when we drew upon them, we knew we should get soldiers whom we could rely on. But when we came in November and December, in the face of the winter in the Crimea, to send out those raw recruits—and we had no others to send—it was impossible to expect them to resist hard work and the inclemency of the weather so well as other and more seasoned men."

The French reinforcements were dispatched with great order and alacrity—20,000 men augmented the French army; but however generous and sympathetic our allies were in every other respect, they were very unwilling to share the labour of the trenches with the British. They did their own part well; but the English were numerically unequal to the proportion of labour which they had undertaken, and the French were unwilling to assist them. Lord Raglan, either from over-anxiety for the pride and dignity of the British army, or expecting reinforcements as they might be required, undertook a proportion of the common toil which his numbers, in comparison with the French, by no means justified. His lordship knew as well as any man that supplies of men from home could not be relied upon to a very great extent; but as he was a personal and political favourite with the court and the government of the day, he relied much upon

his own influence in obtaining whatever he required. He knew well also that there were still regiments at home sufficient to afford substantial help. The specious evidence of Lord Hardinge before the Sebastopol Committee may appear to contravene this; but we had four battalions of household infantry, three regiments of household cavalry, several heavy and light cavalry regiments, and strong depots, and battalions of the line, which might have been promptly embarked for the seat of war, but were kept uselessly at home.

When the effects of the storm were at last obliterated, so far as the camp was concerned, the work was actively renewed in which the English soldier bore so patient and suffering a part. The trenches were enlarged, batteries were repaired and remounted, the approaches were pushed forward, and the toiling English worked on without respite, sickness and fatigue still their portion. To these the rigours of winter were now added—

“—chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare.”

The Russians also toiled and also suffered. Through the haze of the Crimean November the opposing hosts regarded one another, as if each were afraid to strike, and yet longed for the decisive moment when battle terminates suspense.

A gentleman who followed the armies to Roumelia and Bulgaria, and wrote some of the most interesting letters which came thence—letters rivalling those of Mr. Russell or Mr. Woods, although these possess a wider fame—thus notices the state of things around the war-beaten city after the storm and through the month of November:—“If a traveller familiar with Sebastopol and its environs were to take his stand on one of the heights held by our outposts, and to look down upon it, knowing all that has occurred, undoubtedly one of the first impressions made would be that resulting from the little change effected in the appearance of the town and its fortifications, notwithstanding the number of shot, shell, and other destructive missiles discharged against it for more than a month past. The next thing that would attract his notice perhaps, would be the number of earthworks and batteries erected on the south side of the town and dockyards, and on the high points as far as Careening Bay, also on various prominent positions in the town itself, and again on the north side of the roadstead and heights above. But the principal forts remain unchanged, and apparently as perfect as ever. The great Fort St. Nicholas, seen in reverse, with its stone arcades, extending in long concave lines one story above another; the lofty, but comparatively narrow stone tower of Fort Paul, with its two wings, exhibit no change.

The rows of dockyard buildings, the storehouses, the loftier and more spacious buildings in the town itself, preserve their original outlines. Three buildings, from their elevation and structure, particularly attract the gaze in looking at the town. One of these, the loftiest, is crowned by a dome covered with bright lead or other shining metal; another has the appearance of a Gothic church with several pinnacles rising from its roof; the third has the form of a Grecian temple, and from its proportions, portico, and columns, appears to be a copy of the Parthenon. These seem to have been untouched; but the last-mentioned building exhibits, by its partly stripped roof, the effects of the late hurricane. The nearer buildings, consisting of private residences, public offices, or warehouses, show here and there an opening made by the entrance of a shot, but seldom exhibit any more extensive damage. To the left, the work of destruction is more manifest. Several lines of one-storied barracks, a considerable number of houses and other buildings—a few large, but generally of an inferior character—in their rear, are here in a state of ruin. The only works of a more imposing kind, which show the effect produced upon them by the guns of the besiegers are, on the right, the Round Tower, battered by the English; and on the left the Fifty-gun Fort, which terminated the south end of the loop-holed wall of the town, and which has been destroyed by the French. These are the only two stone works which are in a dilapidated condition. Of course, the forts on the north shore of the roadstead show no change, as they have not been touched, excepting Fort Constantine at the entrance; and from the distance, although it is said to have been severely shaken, and to be propped up within by timber, no alteration can be perceived. The heavy guns on its roof remain as before. The effects of the firing are manifest only in the immediate neighbourhood of those points against which the efforts of the besiegers, as well as of the besieged, have been concentrated—namely, the earthwork batteries which each antagonist has mutually raised in the course of the period which has elapsed since the 28th of September.”

The uncertainty of the information transmitted from the seat of war, and the irregular reception there of despatches, were vexing to the army, and to its friends at home. Remonstrances and petitions to the Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and to the government, were alike unavailing. In this respect our French friends contrasted very favourably with us: the regularity of their despatches, and the punctual receipt of letters by the soldiery deserved the highest eulogy.

The conduct of the French commander-in-

chief at this juncture was passing excellent. No commander ever showed more sympathy for his men. Attended by his intimate friend, Bosquet, he might be seen daily, almost hourly, about the camp or at Kamiesch personally superintending everything, and consulting his skilful general of division on every point which required deliberation. He visited the hospitals, and inquired individually at the beds of the soldiery as to their condition and requirements. He inspected the medicine chests, conferred with the medical staff, saw to the repair of ambulances, the better construction of huts, the supply of coffee, bread, and fresh vegetables. He went on board the transports, talked to the skippers, acquiring and giving information. It appeared as if he united in himself the functions of commissary, assistant surgeon, and lieutenant of engineers. Many of his excellent arrangements were attributed to General Bosquet, but the kind motive and the active disposition needed no prompting.

The English soldiery, still patient and unmurmuring, remarked the different conduct of the staff of their own army. Canrobert was a younger man than Lord Raglan, and better able to undergo this great amount of exertion; Bosquet was also a hale and vigorous man. Lord Raglan was really ill, and his habits were more contemplative and literary than such as the exigencies of the situation required. In early life, Lord Fitzroy Somerset was one of the most active officers in the army, and on the staff of his great chief, the Duke of Wellington, served in the vigorous performance of every duty; but for many years he had settled down in an easy chair in the Horse Guards, at the desk of the military secretary, and this sedentary life had obtained ascendancy over his habits; he was, besides, far advanced in years considering the requirements of his position. His staff were not active. General Esteourt, the adjutant-general, was, like his chief, one of the most gentlemanly and amiable of men, and he did his duty conscientiously and to the best of his power; but he was a man of little general capacity, and intellectually totally unequal to the magnitude of the undertaking. General Airey, the quartermaster-general, was a very active man, always bustling about, doing and undoing—and with so little skill that his department was the centre, if not the source, of most of the confusion that ruled in the camp, and excited at home so much indignation and shame. Every body gave General Airey credit for the best intentions, but he and his *alter ego*, Colonel Gordon (son of the premier) were so self-sufficient that the most experienced generals were not consulted, and their requests and remonstrances were frequently unheeded. The officers and men were dispirited and disquieted by these things,

although they evinced a fortitude the most unyielding.

The arrival of "the drafts" cheered the men, and those of the Guards brought out drums and fifes, which had a very inspiring effect on the soldiers as they encamped on the bleak plateau. "Cheer, boys, cheer," "Pop goes the Weasel," and "the British Grenadiers," were in great request; but the shivering soldiery after a time appeared to lose interest in these home-strains—so stern and all-exacting were their tasks and toils.

Our Ottoman ally sent forward his reinforcements, such as they were, well provided with *materiel*, although the Turkish troops already in the Crimea were utterly neglected and their condition deplorable. With the small reinforcements of Turks there arrived some very large and magnificent guns. These were brass cannon weighing 75 cwt. each, but which threw shot and shell nearly as heavy as our own of 95 cwt. As soon as these fine pieces of artillery were landed they were sent up to the batteries, and placed in important positions. What were termed the staff-corps arrived from England, but the advantages expected from this body were never realised.

Such was the state of the camps and siege when, on the 20th of November, a smart combat took place which redounded to the honour of the British infantry, and in which one of the most promising officers of the service lost his life.

In consequence of the reduction in numbers of the English army it was impossible to occupy various outposts in sufficient strength, and from some it was necessary to remove the detachments altogether. The broken ground beyond the British batteries furnished excellent cover for riflemen, and the English had placed there small parties who kept up an incessant and deadly fire upon the enemy. As these men were gradually drawn in, for the reason already given, the Russians, well knowing the reason of their withdrawal, advanced and took possession of every sheltered hollow and cover whence they might in turn annoy us. Opposite the English left attack, then under the cautious and skilful command of General England, there was a hollow place where the ground was rocky and uneven, and the surrounding rocks indented by caves of singular construction, formed by the decay of the softer portions, between the strata of which the rocks are composed. These caves afforded very convenient shelter for the occupants of the post, and the whole formation of the ground enabled them to sally out and take sure aim upon an advancing enemy with impunity. Besides these advantages, there were several broken limekilns and two ruined buildings, admirably adapted to protect the men, whether

actually engaged with the enemy or on bivouac. This place obtained the name of "the Ovens" among the English, from the likeness of the old limekilns to such useful culinary appendages. When the Russian riflemen ensconced themselves in this snug post, they began operations by a smart fire upon the extreme of the French right attack. On the night after the great storm, and on the 15th, the French suffered seriously from the sure aim of the sheltered enemy. Many of the men of their fatigue parties working in their second parallel were hit. It became necessary to dislodge the Russians from the position, and on the night of the 16th an attempt to do so was made by orders of the commandant of the French right attack. The French found to their surprise that the post was occupied by at least 300 men, and as not half that number had been sent to dislodge them, the Russians not only kept possession, but drove back our allies with severe loss.

Emboldened by success, and finding the value of the situation, the Russians doubled their garrison there, and turned their attention to the English left attack, picking off the gunners and the men of the working parties. Under these circumstances General England thought it necessary to attempt their dislodgement, and committed the arrangement of the attempt to his skilful brigadier, Sir John Campbell. Lord Raglan, in his despatch, thus calls the attention of the home government to the success which attended it:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 23, 1854.

MY LORD DUKE,—The Russian advanced post in front of our left attack having taken up a position which incommoded our troops in the trenches, and occasioned not a few casualties, and at the same time took in reverse the French troops working in their lines, a representation of which was made to me both by our own officers and by General Canrobert, a detachment of the 1st battalion Rifle Brigade, under Lieutenant Tryon, was directed, on the night of the 20th, to dislodge the enemy; and this service was performed most gallantly and effectively, but at some loss both in killed and wounded, and at the cost of the life of Lieutenant Tryon, who rendered himself conspicuous on the occasion, was considered a most promising officer, and held in the highest estimation by all.

The Russians attempted several times to re-establish themselves on the ground before daylight on the 21st, but they were instantly repulsed by Lieutenant Bouchier, the senior surviving officer of the party, and it now remains in our possession.

Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell speaks highly of the conduct of the detachment, and of Lieutenant Bouchier, and Lieutenant Cunningham, and he laments the death of Lieutenant Tryon, who so ably led them in the first instance.

This little exploit was so highly prized by General Canrobert, that he instantly published an "Ordre Général," announcing it to the French army, and combining, with a just tribute to the gallantry of the troops, the expression of his deep sympathy in the regret felt for the loss of a young officer of so much distinction.

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

In this despatch of Lord Raglan's some things are overlooked. A small body of Rifles,

under the command of Lieutenant Tryon, is represented as having captured the post, and the same detachment, under Lieutenant Bouchier, as successfully defending it on the 21st. The facts were, that two companies of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, supported by four companies of the 68th regiment, were appointed to the undertaking. Lieutenant Tryon was the senior officer of the two Rifle companies, and as he was regarded as a first-rate officer for outpost duty, the four companies of the 68th were ordered to follow his directions. The whole of these troops remained in the second parallel of the British left attack until the hour which Sir John Campbell appointed for the enterprise to proceed. When that hour arrived, Tryon led his Rifles forward with profound silence and caution, creeping from crag to crag, and furtively advancing upon the foe. In this manœuvre the Rifles had greatly the advantage of the 68th, who made slower progress and some noise, which was ultimately heard by the Russian sentinels. The night was one of excessive rain and storm; such nights are seldom dark, a fact often overlooked by persons who describe the incidents of war, and by officers who have to direct the movements of a surprise: the night of the 20th of November was, however, dark, as rain accompanied the wind—and this favoured the more rapid progress of Tryon and his party. There was still some fifty yards distance from the hollow where the Russians were lying sheltered, and unsuspecting of the vicinity of any assailant. The Rifles were scattered, the men of the 68th advanced more compactly, and their tramp roused the vigilant ear of the sentinels, who, springing up, fired and fell back. The advance was discovered, the Russians were at their post in an instant, with rifles ready to give our troops a deadly reception if there were only light enough to take aim. The British, perceiving that the sooner among the enemy the less fatal the encounter, rushed forward as if by a common impulse. An irregular volley from the Ovens was the only resistance; its possessors fled before the bayonets of the English, not, however, until a number were victims to that destructive weapon. The captors found very valuable prizes, which they hastened to appropriate; there was a large supply of black bread, and nearly every man among the conquerors secured a flask of spirits and a blanket—booty most welcome.

According to Lord Raglan's despatch, the enemy next day attempted to regain the place; Mr. Woods declares that five minutes did not elapse before the renewed attack began. Both statements are incorrect, although the language of the despatch may seem to have literal accuracy, for the Ovens was captured before

midnight of the 20th; after midnight, and therefore on the 21st, the Russians returned to retake it. They came back in great force, but were met with a determined and successful resistance. In a popular memoir of Lieutenant Tryon, his men are represented as "firing destructive volleys into the head of the various Russian columns as they came on to the attack." This is mere hyperbole; a force of about 1200 men constituted the attacking party, whereas the defenders of the post barely numbered 400; these had, however, the advantage of position, and most gallantly used it: not a nook, or spot of cover which the ground afforded but was occupied by the Rifles, while the detachment of the 68th was judiciously drawn up so as to receive the enemy with bullet and bayonet as he came on. The rain too abated, and as the clouds drifted before the careering gale, the night brightened, enabling the British to take aim as the foe came within rifle range. As soon as our men opened fire their opponents fell fast. The fire was returned at great disadvantage. The Russian officers perceiving this, gallantly, sword in hand, endeavoured to lead their men at the charge; but they remembered Inkerman, and quailed before so early a repetition of a bayonet contest with the English. They turned and fled, leaving on the field 150 killed and wounded; at least twice that number of wounded were brought off the field. Before they retired, Lieutenant Tryon was killed; he was considered the ablest rifle officer in the service, and the best marksman. At Inkerman he fired 119 rounds from his own rifle, and was supposed to have destroyed more of the enemy than any twenty men in the English or French armies. At the Ovens he had brought down eleven Russians, and was raising his rifle to take aim at a Russian officer, when he received, by a chance shot, a bullet in the brain. This gallant officer was son of Thomas Tryon, Esq., of Bulwich Park, county of Northampton. Lieutenants Bouchier and Cunningham conducted the defence after Tryon fell; and both officers obtained and nobly merited the approbation of the army.

The spirited enterprise of the Ovens was the last which the English troops attempted before Sebastopol during the year 1854. The dreary winter fell upon them with renewed vigour, disabling the army from all active exertions. The privations of the English caused desertions; the men were seldom more than eight hours at a time off duty; and hunger, cold, and sickness, struck mortal blows around. The Russians, aware of this state of things by the increasing desertions, made frequent petty sorties, approaching the outposts and parallels, and often finding the English soldiers asleep at their posts, bayoneted them. Some-

times the men who were thus overpowered with slumber sank to wake no more, the cold depriving them of life.

The French, well housed, well fed, with numbers sufficient to do the labour of their own trenches, and those of the English also (in which, however, they did not in the least assist), continued to work their approaches, to strengthen their parapets, and to replace their worn guns in their batteries. Parties of Frenchmen might be seen daily, beyond their own parallel, gathering sticks for fuel, unmolested by the Russians, who only occasionally fired upon them. At night, however, the French and Russian Rifles had constant skirmishes on a small scale, by which neither side gained anything. The severity of the weather conquered the active disposition of all the belligerents, and the grim and stricken hosts confronted one another with surly and discontented mien.

Occasionally, however, some event of startling interest would animate the allied armies. Thus, on the 24th of November, a very brisk affair took place, between the Chasseurs de Vincennes and the Muscovite riflemen, in front of the Flagstaff Battery earthworks. While yet the rifle combat was maintained with fluctuating fortunes, the batteries of the town opened the most furious cannonade heard since the cessation of the bombardment. For seven hours the dark sky reflected the flashes of the artillery. The French suffered very little from this unexpected outburst from the enemy's batteries; and although the flame from so many pieces of ordnance threw light over the ground where the skirmishers fought, yet the noise of such a sustained roar of artillery enabled the French stealthily to push on, unheard, detachment after detachment in support of the Chasseurs, until at last a dash was made by these increased numbers. The Russian outposts were driven back with the bayonet under heavy loss. The Chasseurs still pressing forward, followed the enemy within his lines, entered the intrenchments, bayoneted gunners, spiked guns, and established themselves at last so firmly within the *enceinte*, that it was afterwards seriously discussed by the officers of both the allied armies whether, if this success had been followed up, the place might not have been successfully assaulted. There was, however, no preparation for such an event. The general-in-chief of the French army lacked enterprise, as well as that of the British; and no chances, which arose so frequently, of this nature were ever made available. In the condition the British troops were at this time, the conquest of Sebastopol might not have ensued, even if the French had entered in full force.

On this night the Russians showed some disposition to renew their attack upon the

Ovens, and some men were detached in support from the Green Hill Battery on our left, but returned. The French sent a strong detachment across the ravine, to assist in keeping the post—the preservation of which was as necessary to the security of the men in their right attack as to those in the British left.

Wearied, harassed, and sick, as were the English—although rain and storm scarcely intermitted, and the track from the camp to Balaklava was a vast puddle, through which the horses had to wade up to their sides—yet desperate efforts were made through the latter part of November to arm the English batteries afresh, and prepare them for a renewed bombardment. What our allies were able to effect on their side by numbers, the British performed by dint of indefatigable toil, under which some of them dropped down dead; and numbers sunk each day after their task was over, unable again to resume a degree of labour so unrelaxing and oppressive. Sixteen 32-pounders, from the armament of the *Britannia*, were landed on the 26th. Twenty-four other guns, of the same calibre, were landed from the armaments of other war-ships the same day; sixty tons weight of shot and shell were also landed; and efforts, successful but most onerous, were put forth to bring these and other large stores of material up to the trenches.

On the night of the 26th, another skirmish between the French and Russians enlivened the British left attack. The French surprised a mud fort at the Quarantine Battery, and drove out the Russian detachment there stationed; the latter, reinforced, sought to regain it; but the French continued to hold possession, after having suffered a loss of men altogether disproportioned to the value of the post, except so far as that every advantage produced a moral effect which tended to dishearten the enemy. The fire of the Russian Rifles was, on this occasion, more sure than the French had as yet experienced; and the men seemed to handle their weapons with increased confidence. They were unwilling to charge home with the bayonet, but approached the French very closely, taking deliberate and often fatal aim, as far as the little light afforded enabled them to do so. The increased confidence which the Russians showed in their fire-arms on this occasion arose from the fact that they had been recently armed with the Liege rifle,—an excellent although cheaply-constructed weapon, which the Belgian manufacturers, with the willing assistance of the Prussians—and it was reasonably credited of the Prussian government—supplied to our enemies. Belgium was deeply indebted to England and France for her independence, and was pledged by her constitution, and by the very terms of her political existence, to a faith-

ful neutrality; but both the people and government were faithless, and showed to Russia all the sympathy they dare avow. Prussia professed to be an ally, but acted as an enemy. The Prussian people declared very generally their desire to see the allies victors; but they supported their government in a double-dealing policy, and regarded their temporary commercial advantages, and individual interests, more than the cause of liberty, with which they professed to sympathise. The Russians had no difficulty in obtaining from Belgium, *vid* Prussia, excellent rifles, muskets, rifle-carbines, and pistols, with which they gradually displaced, to the disadvantage of the allies, the inferior arms previously used.

By the night of the 27th a fine new battery was erected by the English, to be manned by their dauntless tars, whose usefulness at the Sailors' Battery had been so severely and successfully tested during the recent bombardment. This battery was fitted to bear twenty-six guns of the largest calibre; it was thus described:—"It is a *flèche*. The right side of the *flèche* commands the Inkerman Road and battery; the left side sweeps the head of Inkerman Creek, and commands the shipping, which will now be driven down towards Dockyard Creek."

A Polish deserter came into the trenches in the dusk of the morning of the 27th, and related that the Grand-duke Michael had reviewed, on the 25th, 12,000 men in the city, and personally exhorted them to drive the heretics into the sea, intimating that they should soon have an opportunity for putting his exhortations into practice, as another attack would be made upon the flank and rear of the allies. The exhortations of the prince were followed by donations of money and a distribution of extra rations of food and spirits. When the prince retired, the priests dispersed themselves among the various battalions, repeating the exhortations, and in the name of the archbishop distributing additional donations of money, clothing, and raka. The men were much excited—their national and sectarian feelings were roused to fury; their tenacity in the night combats of the 25th and 26th were in a great measure to be ascribed to the enthusiasm thus enkindled. The Poles, who were listeners to these exhortations, were moved to anger—their religious and political sympathies being with the allies; still their disposition to desert was checked by the thoughts of the loved ones at home, whom they knew they never could see again if they did not remain in the Russian ranks.

The severity of the weather and the sufferings of the army—officers as well as men—now operated upon a class of camp-followers who acted as sutlers, servants, valets, chapmen, &c. These men were Maltese, Ionians, and Greeks, chiefly, mingled with Albanians and Rouma-

nians. They took every opportunity during the last week of November to leave—deserting the officers, to whom they had engaged themselves as servants, in their utmost need; and frequently manifesting the basest ingratitude to those who had fed them when themselves scantily supplied, and watched over and tended them in sickness. Many of these men were spies, and such was their greed of money and utter baseness, that they would have betrayed into the hands of the enemy the very men whose salt they had eaten, and who had succoured and saved them. During the closing weeks of November the dead bodies of wrecked seamen, the mutilated trunks of others, and sometimes a head or limb, were washed ashore along the coast of the Crimea, the strong winds which continued to prevail driving them in from the sea.

Several occurrences before the month of November expired, disgusted the English army with the official management, which had so much to do with its sufferings. The rain and wind which set in about the 8th of the month continued to its close. Before and after the great storm the gales were high and dangerous—after that deplorable event the cold continued to increase intensely, the rain often becoming sleet, and followed by occasional snow-storms. The trenches were frequently nearly filled with water; the road from Balaklava to the camp, and the various offshooting tracks, were almost impassable from the mud created by such incessant rains falling upon a soil peculiarly adapted to yield to it. Chill damp vapours hung every morning over the plateau, and hid the valley of the Tchernaya beneath a sea of mist. As the day advanced, the high winds swept these mists partially away, but generally a deluge of rain or sleet was shaken, as it were, from the wings of the wind, darkening the day. The men were drenched perpetually. Efforts to dry their clothes, when fuel was procurable, afforded only temporary respite from the chillness which pervaded their frames. Nothing at this dismal period was more valuable than firewood, yet vast quantities were drifting about the harbour of Balaklava, and along the adjoining shores, and no efforts were made to collect it. The wrecks of the 14th would have supplied the army with fuel for a space of time which would have been sufficient for saving many lives. The soldiers made repeated attempts to collect the wood thrown up upon the beach, but for so doing they were treated by the incapable and impracticable authorities as thieves. Any man caught *stealing* the drift timber became the victim of the provost-marshal's wrath. As soon, however, as fuel ran scarce at headquarters, the *Caradoc* was employed to fish up so much of what then remained as might supply the comforts of Lord Raglan and his

attendants. The young gentlemen, nephews and friends of his lordship, and the quartermaster-general's staff, did not like the cold and damp any more than the common soldiery; the latter were left to perish without any effort to procure what would have been life to them, nor were they even permitted to help themselves, but the navy was brought into requisition the moment the necessities or convenience of head-quarters required a supply. In this a contrast was presented to what took place in the French army, conferring as much credit upon the one as it reflected disgrace upon the other. The heartless contempt for our poor soldiers—as if being humbly born was a crime in the esteem of the men to whose care these brave fellows were committed—was an infamy which no qualities of excellence, personal or professional, on the part of those guilty of it, can ever redeem.

The distribution of green coffee had also much to do with the ill health and discomfort of the soldiers. They had no means of roasting the berries, no means of grinding them; requisitions and remonstrances to supply them with the roasted berry, or ground coffee, or the means of preparing it, were not even noticed. The men threw the berries away, and in many cases drank the water in which their ration pork was boiled—the pork being excessively fat and salt. During the last ten days of November neither sugar, coffee, nor tea, were given to the troops. Scurvy began to prevail among the men to a deplorable extent, yet no means were resorted to for procuring fresh food. Vegetables were landed to a considerable extent at first, but they were piled up in vast stacks at Balaklava; the persons in charge would not part with them without written authority from their superiors; the written documents could not be obtained at all, or only after a tedious interval. Contempt for the humble soldiers, and an indifference to their comfort and health, which were hardly disguised, prevailed where everything that was just, honourable, manly, patriotic, humane, and even grateful, should have prompted vigorous and thoughtful effort. Ultimately the stacks of vegetables rotted on the beach, in the sight of the scurvy-stricken and often hungry men; and these rotting masses were allowed to remain in that state, their smell horribly offensive, and adding to the prevailing sickness, because it was no one's business to remove them. When the nuisance became utterly unendurable some one assumed authority, and the vegetables were thrown into the sea.

The state of the men's clothing during the month of November was most wretched; few ever took off their clothes from the beginning of the bombardment. So ragged and tattered were they that it would have been difficult for them, had they taken them off, to get them on again.

The soldiers were covered with parasites; the camps and the trenches were literally alive with them. All this time bales of warm clothing were carried about from port to port on board the transports, or were stowed away in the tossing ships uselessly lying at Balaklava, or were piled up on shore, where they were cast, soaked with sea-water and rain, after the wreck of the *Prince*. On the last day of November, the *Ottawa*, which had stores of warm apparel on board, was ordered to land them, but from some inscrutable causes the soldiers profited little in the result. All the detail connected with the supply of an army was conducted as badly as it was possible for the like to be conducted—so far as it depended upon the management of head-quarters, and the order and efficiency of the departments at home.

The condition of the medical men was truly deplorable: their number was so small that their work was incessant, and they received neither aid nor sympathy from the military authorities; while the chiefs of their own profession were as gifted in official bungling as the officials of the more martial departments of the army. The medical men made requisitions for medicine, and for such comforts as would aid in the recovery of the sick, but in vain; neither by the chiefs of the navy or army were they treated with respect, nor their patients considered with humanity. When they applied for laudanum or opium, in cases of diarrhœa, they were supplied with epsom salts or cream of tartar; and in return to their requisitions for other important medicines, they received vast quantities of alum. Alum pills was the prescription for every complaint, because the doctors thought it necessary to humour the common soldiers, who put faith in medicine. Several of the more intelligent of the medical men, who were acquainted with the shores of the Bosphorus and Black Sea, urged upon the authorities the feasibility of obtaining fresh provisions from Trebizond, and other of the Asiatic ports, and also from Bulgaria and Roumelia; but no effort was made to do so. Offers to form contracts to supply the army with any amount of cattle, and large quantities of vegetables, were refused. Ships which ought to have been employed to carry these commodities were lying idle, and knocking against one another, in a filthy condition at Balaklava. *There was no head.* It was discovered long after, that much of the starvation, sickness, and misery, might have been mitigated—that supplies to any amount could be had at Trebizond; and contracts were offered, some of which were accepted; but even then the genius of mismanagement deprived the army of most of the benefits which would otherwise have been derived. Our regimental

officers, and the men of both army and navy, sustained the honour of the English name—so did our generals of division and brigade; but the staff of the army disgraced their country, and nearly ruined her cause. Nor were the officers of the navy exempt from blame: their neglect and mismanagement at Balaklava, and their ineffectual blockade of the Russian ports at this period, call for heavy censure. The disposition of the chief military and naval authorities to shift the blame upon the commissariat was unjust. The commissaries, from the humblest man in the department to their chief, were treated with contumely. There was no organised system of connection between the departments. The horses of the commissariat were employed to bring up shot and shell, and Mr. Filder was blamed for not bringing up his stores when his means of conveyance and carriage had been arbitrarily withdrawn from him. The necessities of the army were many, and the confusion in attempting to supply them, as well as the indifference which neglected to supply them, were alike signal. Head and heart were wanting where the government at home should have taken care to provide both.

The state of things at Balaklava, at the end of November, is thus described by one who proved himself a faithful witness; and the contrast between the disorder in the English navy there, and the order in the French navy at Kamiesch, is testified with painful accuracy:—"The gales of wind to which the fleet has been exposed are excessively strong and violent. Every night there is a storm for a few hours; every day there is a 'breeze of wind' and rain. Will it be credited that, with all our naval officers in Balaklava with nothing else to do—with our *embarras des richesses* of captains, commanders, and lieutenants—there is no more care taken for the vessels in Balaklava than if they were colliers in a gale off Newcastle? Ships come in and anchor where they like, do what they like, go out when they like, and are permitted to perform whatever vagaries they like, in accordance with the old rule of 'higgledy piggedly, rough and tumble,' combined with 'happy-go-lucky.' Now in Kamiesch Bay the vessels are about tenfold more numerous than those in Balaklava, yet the order and regularity which prevail in the French marine are in the most painful contrast to the confusion and disorganisation of our own transport and mercantile marine service. Captain Christie avers that our merchant captains wont attend to him. Captain Powell, of the *Vesuvius*, a most active and indefatigable officer, is beach-master, but he has no power of interference in such matters as I have alluded to, and there is no harbour police whatever."

Such was the state of affairs at the close of the first winter month in the Crimea. The men were fed on half rations of salt pork and hard biscuit; they lived in threadbare tents, which had done service in the war of the Spanish Peninsula. They walked, and to some extent slept, in mud; they were nearly destitute of clothing, wholly destitute of fuel, hard worked, sick, without medicine, and exposed to the attacks of a powerful and insidious foe, perfectly well acquainted with their condition. The Russians in the valley and on the Tchernaya heights were nearly as unhappily circumstanced as to material comforts, or the flank and rear of the allies would again have been attacked by overwhelming masses of troops.

The guns and heavy mortars landed on the 29th by the *Golden Fleece* could not be brought up to the batteries, nor could the other munitions of war ordered to the camp from Balaklava—the road was so utterly cut up and so overlaid with vast piles of mud. Along its course might be seen dead horses, broken carts and arabas, gun-carriages stuck fast, and relics of every description of camp material, left behind in despair. As part of this road lay under the fortified position of General Bosquet, whose men had little duty to perform except to keep a vigilant look-out towards the army of Liprandi, it is extraordinary that no assistance was afforded by him to repair it. Certainly intimations were frequently made that such assistance would be welcome, and would be regarded as most generous and humane; but no formal requisition was made from British head-quarters, which some attribute to national, some to personal pride: others alleged that the requisition was not made because it was known that it would have been refused. An invalid English officer, who was moved down to Balaklava at this time, describes what he suffered and what he saw in the following terms:—“I was fortunate to be able to get up my baskets and other articles from the *Colombo*; and my servant and pony arrived at a late hour, tired out from the dreadful state of the roads, for it was a day's work to go to Balaklava and back. I was in a wretched state of weakness, and did not see much chance of my health improving, since for many days I could not get any fresh meat from the hospital, and was obliged to live on biscuit and tea. While in this state R—— received a box from Mr. G——, of the *Vengeance*, in which were a loaf of bread for me and a bottle of wine. The bread was a fortnight old, and rather mouldy, but, barring the crust, it was a great luxury, and lasted me for some time. Every third day my servant was obliged to go away some distance for fuel, and to pick up small roots and chips of wood, as it was almost an impossibility to make fires of the green brushwood

which the soldiers used, in rainy weather. This took him some hours, and it generally ended in my losing my dinner altogether, and contenting myself with a cup of tea. At this period the men only remained in the trenches twelve hours at a time, which was a great relief to them, and I believe this course was first proposed by Lord W——. It was impossible to procure any sort of comfort for them at Balaklava. I lent my pony, and sent my pay-sergeant down frequently, but he was unable to procure any flannels, or woollen comforters, socks, or anything that might be useful. He bought some boots there, which fell to pieces the first time they were used in the mud, and this was a total loss to the poor fellows. The town was full of ‘sharks,’ but I think the prices in some instances were made exorbitant by the masters of transports selling things to the shops from their stores at frightful prices. It is to be regretted that some of the shopkeepers and robbers were not turned out of the place, for then we might have been able to obtain provisions at a price something like their value. M—— and I sent my pony to Balaklava for some potatoes and onions, if the servant could buy them; and he brought us a sackful, for which he paid nothing, having been allowed to help himself on some steamer, together with a number of soldiers. Difficulties arose at this time in the commissariat department. The store of pork and biscuit being exhausted, we were asked to allow our bāt ponies to go to head-quarters (about two miles) for biscuit, as the roads were in such a state that it was impossible for even an araba to move in them. It was now decided by the medical men that I ought to go to Balaklava for a few days to recover my health, and accordingly, on the 3rd, the principal medical officer of our division came to see me, and decided that I was to go thither and remain on board ship for a week or two. Consequently an application was drawn out, which had to be signed by six different people before I could obtain leave to go thither for a fortnight. The country was a perfect quagmire, and you could scarcely discover the road, except that it was in a little worse state than the ground through which it ran. I waited a day or two for an ambulance, and at last, on the 5th, when tired of waiting, I decided on riding down with my servant, and borrowed Colonel D——’s pony, my own being ill. My servant filled my saddle-bags with a few necessities, and I managed to get on the animal, and turned his head straight across the mud to Balaklava. . . . I felt very ill on the road, but my servant kept close to me, and every now and then I was obliged to make a halt and start afresh. The mud was fearful, and there were numbers of dead horses near the French camp, in every stage of decomposition. I even

saw two bullocks, which had fallen down in an araba, and not being able to rise from weakness and exhaustion, had been relieved by death. Many of the carcasses had been skinned, and the hides used for the roofs of huts; but very few appeared to have been buried. I met six artillery-horses drawing a limber-waggon, that could scarcely move their load, which was a truss of hay. It resembled more a Canada swamp than anything I had ever seen. On reaching the edge of the plateau, looking down on the valley of Balaklava, I could plainly see a large body of Russian cavalry occupying their old position, while the Cossacks were on the hill where formerly our redoubts stood. The worst part of the road now lay between us and Balaklava, and I met several bāt-horses and men plodding their way to camp. One cavalry officer remarked to me that they were fine roads to belong to the quartermaster-general and engineers."

The condition of inferior officers it will be seen was little better than that of the men. Invalid subalterns were almost as roughly treated as the privates. Those who were put on board ship for Scutari suffered indescribable hardships in many cases. The sick and wounded soldiers were often obliged to lie out on the deck, exposed to the pelting rain and cold high winds then prevalent. The officers were placed under cover in cabins and nooks, without furniture and without bed-covering. In one ship, where the officers and men were destitute of every comfort, there were bales of blankets which were carried back and forward over the Black Sea and through the Bosphorus. The officers in vain expostulated and requested some portions of those valuable commodities for themselves, and for their men. On board some of the transports there was no physician, or if an assistant surgeon were allowed to go, he had no medicines; no attendance of any sort was provided, nor were the crews, or even officers, always as kind as might be supposed from the reputed generosity of our tars. On many occasions, however, the sailors behaved with great humanity, and did everything men could do for their suffering countrymen. This was, however, chiefly the case on board the ships of war. The officers of her majesty's fleet were most considerate of their brothers in arms—often denying themselves every comfort to bestow it upon those who were for the voyage regarded by them as their guests. Nor was Jack slow to follow the example of his officers in such cases.

During this state of affairs with the English, the Russians, comparatively unmolested, prodigiously increased the strength of their defences. They succeeded in escarping the ground in front of all their batteries, and constructing a strong abattis in front of their lines, which

would cause great loss of life in the event of an assault, and render its success a greater difficulty. They raised earthworks on every salient point, and mounted them with the heaviest ordnance. Sunken batteries were made by them before all their redoubts, and before the Round Tower, and along the scarps of the slopes. The appearance of the allies on the Russian side at this time was thus described by an eye-witness:—"Riding along the heights over the French lines, from the telegraph to the lower road to Balaklava, one could see the Russians chafing their hands over the cooking fires, few and far between, rubbing down their horses, or engaged in collecting wood. Any one who has visited Selborne, and clambered up to the top of the Hanger, will have a very fair idea of the heights over the valley of Balaklava as it sweeps round towards Inkerman, always barring the height and magnitude of the trees, for which he must substitute dwarf oak and thick brushwood. From the angle of the plateau over the Tchernaya the heights are destitute of timber or brushwood, and descend to the valley in shelving slopes of bare rocks or gravel banks. The valley lies at the bottom, studded with a few giant tumuli, on which the redoubts which formed so marked a feature in the affair of the 25th of October are situated. It is about a mile and a-half across from the telegraph to the base of the heights at the other side of the valley, which rise in unequal plateaux, on one of which is Kamara, on another Tchorgoum, on another Baidar, till they lose their character of tablelands and become rugged mountain tops and towering Alpine peaks, which swell in the distance into the grand altitude of Tchatir Dagh. Along this base the Russian horse, which seems to number 6000 or 7000, are constantly moving about between the Tchernaya and the redoubts in their possession, but at times some of them disappear up the gorge of the Tchernaya, as was the case this morning. Possibly they go for provisions to the more open country behind the gorge. Their infantry, which does not appear to exceed 8000 or 9000 men, are stationed up in these mountain villages, or amid the plateaux which are covered with shrubs and bushes. Their artillery must be stationed in the villages."

The Russians closed the month by a heavy cannonade upon the French works, followed by one of their usual sorties, which the nature of the ground before the French works favoured much more than that before the British. Volley after volley of musketry rattled over the space which intervened between the hostile lines, but the issue was as usual—the retreat of the Russians, pursued by their active conquerors.

The chief object of attack on this occasion was the French advanced battery of ten guns,

which the Russians supposed, from its long silence, to have been worn out or disabled. A British officer, posted near the French position, thus describes the incident :—"It was a stormy dark night, with a very high wind and rain, when they attempted to destroy it. It was not much more than 110 yards from the Russian Flagstaff Battery, and had done great damage to it. An unusual noise was heard about midnight by the French picket. One of them immediately crept forward unobserved, and found a strong body of the enemy mustering inside their works. On his giving the alarm, 700 French sallied forth to meet them. The enemy, numbering about 3000, sent a volley of balls at them, without effect, when the French sent in a shower of Minié bullets, which caused them to waver, and the French then charging them, they fled in the greatest confusion, leaving behind them an officer and 250 men. The loss of the gallant little French band was nine officers and ninety men, killed and wounded. We could plainly hear the firing at night in our camp, but after listening a little time we used generally to say, 'It is only the French!' and turn over and go to sleep again—so frequent were the sorties and skirmishes in their quarter."

The English were encouraged on the closing day of November by the arrival of Captain Gibbs and a strong company of sappers and miners. The same night three German soldiers deserted from the Russian batteries, who confirmed the conjectures that Liprandi's army had been much reduced by cold and sickness, as well as the heavy losses inflicted by the allies. The gift of warm clothing was a welcome event for the 30th of November, but the distribution was incomplete and partial. The closing incident of the month was one which interested the army very much. Mr. Russell, who witnessed it, thus relates it :—"A very long reconnaissance of our lines was made to-day, at the distance of about 1000 yards, by no less a person than the Grand-duke Michael and a very large staff, among whom our knowing people said they could see Prince Menschikoff and General Liprandi. The grand-duke was recognisable by the profound respect paid to him by all; wherever he went hats were taken off and heads uncovered. He was also detected by the presence of a white dog, which always accompanies him. He is a fine stout young fellow enough, but he could not have seen much about Balaklava to put him in a good humour—for he is averred by the best telescopes to have looked mightily displeased. While making his inspection, the enormous telescope through which he gazed was propped on two piles of muskets and bayonets, and he made frequent references to a very large chart, which could be seen on a portable table. The

grand-duke, after closing his review of us, rode back up the hills towards Tcherngoum. Most of the Russian cavalry have disappeared from our rear, and the force in and over the valley seems greatly diminished."

The probable reason for the selection of the 30th of November for this grand reconnaissance by the prince and the whole staff of the Russian army was, that it is the day dedicated to the service of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the then reigning emperor.

Before dismissing the history of November before Sebastopol, it is necessary to refer to the mismanagement of the cavalry and cavalry horses; the misfortunes attending which continued all through the winter, and exemplified the incompetency that prevailed among those entrusted with the direction of affairs, more than perhaps any other of the miserable transactions which filled the army with suffering and confusion, and the homes of England with sorrow and shame. When it was too late to repair these misfortunes, a royal commission was sent to the Crimea to inquire into their causes, and in 1856 a commission of general officers sat to investigate the report of that commission, or at all events to hear what the inculpated persons had to say in their defence. It would be a tedious task for our readers to be required to wade through the evidence *pro* and *con.*; nor would it be appropriate to the pages of a popular history to transfer to them the contents of voluminous blue-books. We shall, therefore, briefly depict here the realities of the case, as during the month of November they began to be developed. After the battle of Balaklava, it will be recollected the cavalry were moved from the valley before Balaklava to the plateau—a situation utterly unsuitable; where men and horses were exposed to the inclement blasts which swept over it; where there was not a blade of grass for the poor beasts to nibble; and where, in relation to their supplies, the men were most awkwardly placed. Subsequently they were moved nearer to the position at Inkerman, between the division of General Evans and the French corps of observation under Bosquet. This was a worse position, if possible, than their former one. They occupied it at the battle of Inkerman, in which they could render no service, from the nature of the ground. When the road to the camp became so cut up and clogged with mud that the greatest difficulty was experienced in bringing anything up from the harbour, the horses were badly fed; there was no grass, no hay, no corn allowed them, except about three pounds of barley per day, and a little barley straw. The horses of course lost condition, and were rapidly starving. All the while trusses of hay innumerable were floating in the harbour, or lying on the beach—no effort whatever being

made by the staff of the cavalry, or of the general army, by harbour-master, beach-master, or naval commandant, to save this vast quantity of fodder, and thereby save the horses. Corn and hay could have been procured from Asia and from the Bosphorus during the month of November, but no person seemed willing to incur the obligation. If, indeed, Mr. Commissary Filder could have carried up the hay at Balaklava on his back, the troopers would have doubtless fed their horses with it; or if Mr. Filder had had the command of the fleet, the direction of the transports, and money at will, he might have brought more provender from Asia Minor; but unless he was able to do everything, or to work miracles, the horses must starve. There was no foresight, no authority anywhere—or, at all events, if there were, no one made use of it. The authorities in the Crimea did not even take the trouble to write home in forming government of their urgent necessities, and their helplessness to do anything whatever to mitigate them, so as to give the country the chance of finding out some means of remedying the dreadful state of listlessness and impotency which prevailed in the camp. It will hardly be credited in England even now, that ships were constantly sent with despatches from Lord Raglan to Varna and Constantinople, whence forage for the horses, as well as lemons (so important when scurvy prevailed), potatoes, and other vegetables, could be obtained in any quantity, *and yet the vessels brought back nothing*, having no orders on the subject. Perhaps Samsoon and Sinope were the nearest points from which corn, cattle, and vegetables could be procured; and they were so near that it only required some one with understanding and forethought of a very ordinary degree to look to the matter, and plenty might have reigned in the camp. Beasts of burden, in any numbers, might have been obtained from the same market for the purposes of the quartermaster and commissary-generals.

While the cavalry were posted near Inkerman, Mr. Crookshank, the commissary officer attached to it, wrote to Lord Cardigan and his senior, Lord Lucan, warning them that the road from Balaklava would soon be altogether impassable. Lords Lucan and Cardigan, with Mr. Filder, forwarded to Lord Raglan the representations made by Mr. Crookshank to them, and requested the immediate removal of the cavalry to a more convenient place for obtaining food. Lord Raglan expressed his regret that he could not comply with their request, as it was the wish of General Canrobert that the cavalry should occupy their present position. His lordship regretted the facts stated, as to the impossibility of feeding the horses there, but could suggest no remedy!

A more extraordinary reply it is scarcely possible to conceive. Surely, General Canrobert could never desire the British cavalry to continue where they were, after representations were made that the horses could not be fed! Of what avail would be the troopers for the purposes of either commander if their horses were dead? It is plain that the statements of Mr. Crookshank, Mr. Filder, and the Earls of Cardigan and Lucan, were never placed before the French chief, for he was too provident and considerate of the comforts of his own army to have persisted in a request so irrational where his ally was concerned. But if the French commander were guilty of such obstinacy and folly, that could be no reason for the acquiescence of the British chief. Mr. Crookshank then went to the commanding officer of each regiment, suggesting that a certain number of horses each day should be sent down to bring up forage for the regiment to which they belonged. The commanding officers approved of the plan, as the only expedient to which they could resort. This was not, however, to be carried into effect. Lord Cardigan could not allow it without the approbation of Lord Lucan, and he, although well disposed to it, must have the authority of Lord Raglan, and his lordship would not authorise it; and so the troop horses began to languish, and at last to die, from cold and insufficient supplies. Still the cavalry were kept posted near the front, as if folly ruled at head-quarters. When many horses died, orders were sent to the generals commanding to send down detachments to carry up provender from Balaklava. But what Mr. Crookshank suggested and urged when it was practicable, was only authorised by head-quarters when impracticable. The horses had become so attenuated and exhausted that they were not able to walk through the mud seven miles, and return, laden with cut straw and barley, the same distance through the same difficulties. It was attempted, but most of the animals perished. Some got as far as Balaklava, and died in the streets; others received their burden, and fell with it in the slough, as they returned, never to rise again; and not a few dropped down dead under the exertion of getting half-way down from the camp.

On the 2nd of December the cavalry were ordered to their old quarters at Kadikoi, having first eaten their own pack-saddles and one another's tails. About 120 troopers, whose horses could not be removed, remained a few days until death relieved them of their charge. The others were led carefully down the track—a distance of four miles—and into the plain, the sick and hungry soldiers rendering their once spirited chargers what aid they could. Never did men exert themselves more than

the insulted and ill-used commissariat officers, whose labours were incessant to find food for both the men and horses of the division. It is certain that very inexperienced and careless young men were attached to this department, but generally, at this juncture, the class deserved the highest commendation.

The French horses were well fed and cared for; Kamiesch, the French place of support, was nearer to their lines; there were more men available to assist; the commissariat and transport services were under stringent regulations, and General Canrobert himself saw that all orders were executed. Had the French, however, with all these advantages, occupied Balaklava and the English lines, they must have undergone great suffering: their men were less hardy, patient, and enduring than ours.

Several officers of experience, and agents connected with the commissary service, urged the commencement of hutting; but while the French promptly adopted the plan, the English had no materials. The fleets could have supplied vast stores of canvas and tarpaulin, also of poles and planks. Constantinople may be called a city of carpenters, as the people live in wooden houses—thence workmen and wood might have been procured very cheaply; but the English authorities did nothing, and all the severities of a Crimean winter were allowed to penetrate the camp and decimate the army without any skill, foresight, or aptitude for such an emergency being put forth. Many of the men did their best to burrow in the earth, or build huts of mud, but they proved to be bad architects, and their material was but little adapted. In the *Morning Herald* a humorous description of some of these performances was given at the time:—"The French began to hut themselves in holes in the ground. They were not the kind of residences which a man would choose from taste, but they were just the sort which he would be glad to get if he had no choice between them and exposure in a tent. Our own men made a few abortive attempts to construct similar retreats. I saw one of these, bearing an uncomfortable resemblance to the most dilapidated variety of Irish pigsty. Its walls or rather mounds, were leaning out at total variance with each other, and its particularly heavy and misshapen 'top' looked as if its inmates would certainly require some strong protection against the roof itself. Yet outside this sat two good-humoured, hairy Irishmen, extolling the 'illigance' and 'nateness' of the mansion, and expressing astonishment that neither Raglan or 'Gineral Canrobber' gave up their comfortable houses for the delights of such a residence. The 'illigance' of the abode some might question, but its 'nateness,' when the puddle in the centre had

subsided, must have been beyond a doubt. Such as it was the men were pleased with it as with everything else. I never saw troops more contented, or enduring bitter hardships with more cheerfulness. They said they had seen the worst then—that they could not have more rain or more wind, and with such plain reasoning got over all their difficulties. In their *désagrémens* a battle with the enemy was never thought of, or, if anticipated, only as a rather enlivening and cheerful incident."

The sailors on shore erected habitations of a very peculiar sort, which, to all appearances, were very comfortable; but Jack, however at home in making all 'taut' on shipboard, was a novice in tent and hut building. "Rough timber shanties fastened together anyhow, and roofed with tarpaulin," constituted the refuge from the storm which our tars provided for themselves. Jack also had obtained some charcoal which a ship had brought over for some purpose or other from Sinope. At that place this material could be had in great abundance at a nominal price; and if the soldiers had been provided with good fuel rations of this commodity, many lives would have been saved, and genial warmth afforded to those who, although they survived the winter, languished long after in foreign hospitals or at home.

Rapidly through the month of November, the scrub and brushwood disappeared from the plateau and ravines—the men had rooted it all up for fuel; and as no attempt was made to provide any substitute, they were obliged to eat their pork raw, or confine themselves to half rations of biscuit. Early in that month the steamer *Sea Nymph* had brought a vast quantity of patent fuel from England, made up like the sods of turf used in Ireland, but this treasure was never distributed. When landed, it was piled in rows of low stacks in the courtyard of Lord Raglan's house at Balaklava, where it remained until the stacks were thrown about, and covered with filth and refuse of all kinds. In the spring of 1855, when the place was cleared out, the relics of the valuable cargo were discovered. The greater part had been stolen by sailors, camp suttlers, Tartars, &c. All around Lord Raglan's head-quarters on the plateau there were trees, but the soldiers were not allowed to take a single branch, although dying from wet and cold. This fact sank deep into the minds of many of the soldiers, who, notwithstanding their bravery, sense of duty, patience, and willingness to bear without a murmur any amount of hardship that was inevitable, could not but feel that their lives were set against the value of a few trees and vines, which made head-quarters look a little more picturesque. One poor fellow, a guardsman, exclaimed as he perished in his misery, "I die for an ungrateful country." Well might

he feel so when such scenes were witnessed, when such sufferings were endured.

The men were especially solicitous to obtain boots; they would give any sum of money, and even their greatcoats, for a pair of boots or shoes. Those with which they were supplied from home were often so badly made, and of such worthless material, that they fell to pieces after the first day's struggle against the tough mud on the plateau, especially on the road, which now became more impassable for man or horse than the plateau itself. Strange anecdotes were current in the camp of the exploits performed by the soldiery in their attempts to capture or kill a Russian for the sake of his shoes—the following will serve as a specimen:—"Yesterday, on returning from the quarries, in front of the fourth division, where I had been to get a good look at the besieged town, I met one of our riflemen and a Russian sharpshooter walking slowly together. As I came near I saw that the Russian was limping along in pain, resting his hands on the captor's shoulder, who, with his rifle under his arm and a pipe in his mouth, was walking easily and coolly along, evidently giving his wounded opponent some good advice, which I have no doubt was all the better relished for not being understood. I waited till they approached, and asked the

rifleman how he got his prisoner? 'Is it where did I get him, sir?' said he, with an accent of surprise, 'faith, I shot him with my own two hands.'—"Where did you shoot him?" I inquired.—"Where? I shot him down there of course," said he, pointing towards the trenches. 'He was down there behind a wall, sir, when I hit him with my last round in the knee; and I've got his pipe, sir, and I've got his bacca, sir, and all I wants now is his boots, and I'm leading him to the hospital, when I can take 'em off him comfortable.' Having said this much with a droll earnestness to which no words can do justice, he quietly resumed his way towards the rear, assisting and helping his poor wounded prisoner, who, during the whole time of our dialogue, had been bowing, cap in hand, from one to the other, as if to implore our mercy and forbearance."

Dreadful as were the scenes, depicted faithfully in the foregoing pages, those which occurred in the following month were still more harrowing to the feelings. The words pronounced by Lord John Russell long afterwards in his place in parliament, and which vibrated upon the heart of the nation, but too truly expressed the condition of affairs—"horrible and heartrending." A further account of these calamities is reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER L.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER CONTINUED.—CLOSE OF THE YEAR BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

"We are but soldiers for the working day!
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly),
And time has worn us into slovenry;—
But, by the mass! our hearts are in the trim."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE state of the troops became worse in every way as December advanced. The weather grew more intensely cold; perhaps no winter was ever known to be so severe in the Crimea as that of 1854-5. The old Tartars declared that, forty years before, they had been accustomed to mild winters; but that every year since, with rare exceptions, especially during the last twenty years, the cold had become progressively more intense. Snow fell during the latter part of the month; and the keen cutting north winds swept the bleak plateau, so as to make it doubtful if human life could possibly endure.

December was nearly half over, and many of the soldiers had perished of cold before the cargo of the *Ottova* was entirely apportioned—so miserably tardy was the distribution. The clothing was of the most flimsy texture, and so scanty that it was a burlesque

to call it apparel. Each soldier was supplied with one flannel guernsey shirt, one pair of gloves, two pair of socks, and one woollen comforter. The flannel shirt was such as persons who wear flannel next the skin at home put on after winter is over; these shirts were all worn out before the month expired. The socks were scarcely thicker than the shirts. The gloves were warm and substantial, but a single pair did not last longer than a fortnight, so incessant was the use of them. The comforter was a narrow strip of coloured woollen manufacture; the largest specimen of this absurd article of "winter clothing" for a campaign was not large enough to afford any warmth to a drum-boy. The men laughed at them, and threw them away. The winter clothing aggravated the sense of neglect under which the men laboured. Great as was their amazement at receiving such articles, it was greater

when they discovered that they were all to be paid for; and when the amount deducted from their pay became known, indignation was felt by every soldier in the camp, the price being so exorbitant. The officers shared in the indignation of the troops. Specimens of these useless articles were sent home, and were displayed on the Exchange at Liverpool to a vast crowd of merchants, amidst groans and cries of "shame."

Provisions were as inadequate in quantity, and as carelessly provided, during the month of December as in November. Scarcely any food which the men obtained but what was more or less spoiled; the mud and filth of the stores of Balaklava, or sea-water, having generally come in contact with it. Half and three-quarter rations were luxurious; often the men were a whole day without food. All this while the stores of Balaklava were crowded with provisions; they were stacked in the dirty streets, piled amidst the fetid collections of decaying and decayed matter on the beach, lying in confusion on board transports in the harbour, or sailing about on the Black Sea. In all the ports of that sea, and the neighbourhood of the Bosphorus, European and Asiatic, there were still provisions of every kind, and live stock in abundance, and there were ships enough idle to carry ten times the quantity required.

The state of the cavalry, men and horses, during November has been related; the horses had died off in great numbers, leaving comparatively little trouble in caring for the survivors during the more inclement month of December. The cavalry division, which had numbered 2000 men when the campaign commenced, and which only once (at the battle of Balaklava) suffered from the arms of the enemy, was now reduced to 200 available men. The division was therefore dissolved, and the few men and horses remaining were used in carrying biscuit up to the front. Each soldier led one horse, which he had to help along by methods which taxed his inventive faculties. So covered with sores, and so attenuated and feeble, were the poor animals, that it was with much labour to the dilapidated trooper it was brought up to the lines; 80 lbs. weight was a horse load, but the poor beasts often fell under the burden, and generally remained where they fell, until removed by the voracity of the wild dogs, or covered by mud or snow.

The applications of the commissariat agents to form depots of provisions nearer to the camp began to be seriously entertained at headquarters; but, as in the case of most other good resolutions there, it was too late. The state of the only road to the camp, and of the tracks sometimes used for foot-passengers and horses, was such as to render it next to impossible to

get any large loads of provision to the camp. Loose stones suitable for road-making were abundant, and the commissaries had suggested the collection and employment of them while the Turks were able to work. They were sufficiently numerous, and from the posts they occupied they could have been well spared. The representations of the commissaries were disregarded, and the matter was only taken up when the Turks were dying at the rate of 300 a day, and the whole Ottoman force struck with cold, hunger, typhus, cholera, and dysentery—so stricken with numerous and complicated disorders as no body of troops ever were before. The absolute necessity and practicability of making the road at an earlier period is thus put by the correspondent of a metropolitan morning paper:—"If any of our great geologists want to test the truth of their theories respecting the appearance of the primæval world, or are desirous of ascertaining what sort of view Noah might have had when he looked out of the Ark from Ararat, they cannot do better than come out here at once. The whole plateau on which stands 'the camp before Sebastopol'—the entire of the angle of land from Balaklava round to Cherson, and thence to the valley of Inkerman—is fitted at this moment for the reception and delectation of any number of ichthyosauri, sauri, and crocodiles—it is a vast black wilderness of mud, dotted with little lochs of foul water, and seamed by dirty-brownish and tawny-coloured streams running down to and along the ravines. On its surface everywhere are strewn the carcasses of horses and miserable animals torn by dogs and smothered in mud. Vultures sweep over the mounds in flocks; carrion crows and 'birds of prey obscene' hover over their prey, menace the hideous dogs who are feasting below, or sit in gloomy dyspepsia, with drooped head and drooping wing, on the remnants of their banquet. It is over this ground, gained at last by great toil, and exhaustion, and loss of life on the part of the starving beasts of burden, that man and horse have to struggle from Balaklava for some four or five miles with the hay and corn, the meat, the biscuit, the pork which form the subsistence of our army. Every day this toil must be undergone, for we are fed indeed by daily bread, and only get half rations of it. The painful reflection which ever occurs to one is, what necessity is there for all the suffering and privation created by this imperfect state of our communications? Why should not roads have been made when we sat down before the place? Their formation would have saved many lives, and have spared our men much sickness and pain. Had there been the least foresight—nay, had there existed among us the ordinary instincts of self-preservation—we would have set the Turks to work at once

while the weather was fine, and have constructed the roads which we are now trying to make under most disadvantageous conditions. The siege operations have been sometimes completely—sometimes partially—suspended, and the attack on Sebastopol has languished and declined. Neither guns nor ammunition could be brought up to the batteries.”

To add to all the other miseries of the wretched state of our men, symptoms of the re-appearance of cholera had broken out on the 28th of November: a few cases occurred in the camp that day, and men died in the trenches that night. The two following days there was no increase of the number of deaths, although each night the victims were augmented. On the 1st of December sixty men perished, and for the first week in December this was the average loss of life from that cause alone: afterwards the disease spread and became epidemic, in the Turkish quarters sweeping away the men by hundreds daily, a few hours often sufficing for the cold hand of the avenger to chill the tide of life in the victim's frame. There was no means of medical treatment, and so rapid and deadly was the stroke in almost every case, that it is doubtful whether any medical assistance could have availed.

The wretched condition of the Osmanlis tended to throw an air of despondency over the whole of the allied armies; they died off rapidly from hunger and disease. Immediately after the occupation of Balaklava, the Turkish commissariat disappeared, no one could say how, and the unfortunate soldiery were left to chance or charity. They partly supplied themselves by stealing, and when that became impossible from the vigilance and energy of the English commissaries, they betook themselves to begging; but, alas! the generous marines and soldiers of England could not spare much from half rations of innutritious food, and the Turks famished in numbers in the streets of Balaklava. It is possible that they would have all perished had they not eaten the dead horses. Strange as it may appear to English ears, such of them as resorted to this supply found it wholesome, and preserved their health better than those who, being in the service of the English commissariat, had tolerable rations of fat salt pork. The clothing of the Turkish soldiers was in such tatters that it would have been difficult to say with what garments, either as to form or colour, they had been originally apparelled.

Their medical officers were most humane, and in some cases, having received their education in London and Edinburgh, were men of reading and skill. The hospital assistants were strong athletic fellows, and as tender to their poor sick countrymen as even women could be. There were vast stores of Turkish medicines, but ill-assorted and ill-suited, and no proper hospital

accommodation. Death trod so rapidly in the progress of all the sanitary efforts made by the medicals, that the places which were used as hospitals became charnel-houses. The Turkish government allowed money sufficient to meet the exigencies of its Crimean army, but these sums were squandered by minions of the court and pashas, while Jews and Armenian bankers made a trade of buying up contracts which were never fulfilled.

The accounts given by Mr. Russell and other correspondents of the London press, and by officers and medical men, who witnessed the horrors of the Turkish camp and hospitals, are too voluminous even to condense—a volume larger than this History might be compiled from these letters and statements. There is one account extant which, however, surpasses all others for its fulness and brevity, and for the graphic fidelity with which it portrays those dismal and heart-harrowing scenes. Mr. Woods seems to have witnessed them under circumstances terribly advantageous for conceiving all that was awful in connection with them. He went to the chief physician in the Turkish service, an officer of superior parts and humane disposition, to make inquiries as to the true state of the men, for he could not believe the terrible reports current in the camp. This officer informed him that:—“The men were without clothes, without food, and without shelter,—literally left to die. He said the 110 drachms of biscuit granted by our commissariat was utterly insufficient to support the men under the duties they were expected to perform. They were brought in to him all day, and day after day, dying from exhaustion, and he had nothing to give them—not even a refuge where they could pass away quietly. We descended the hill towards a good-sized building—a new Greek church—the roof of which had not been quite finished, and which, with many houses, had been given up to the Turks for the use of their sick. As we came near it, two or three men were being carried in. The surgeon, pointing to them, said solemnly, ‘None of those poor fellows will come out alive. I have not saved a single man who has once entered that fatal building.’ I asked him, had he any medicines? and he replied, pointing to two large tents, covering trunks and boxes, that he had a considerable store of them. ‘But they are useless,’ he added; ‘the men are dying of hunger, and medicine is of no avail.’ His patients, when admitted, were too weak to masticate their small ration of bread, and they soon ceased to require his care. An acute kind of diarrhoea, somewhat similar to cholera, always terminated their sufferings. He said he had many times entreated our commissariat authorities to spare him a little meat of any kind, salt or fresh, with a little rum, for the use

of the hospital, but in vain; so he thought they had none to give.* I asked to be allowed to see his hospital, but he advised me strongly not to go inside, as the atmosphere of the place was almost poisonous. However, I pressed my request, and, with some reluctance, he advanced towards the door of the building, across which, as in Turkish houses, hung a piece of matting. He pulled this aside, and the sight that met my gaze rooted me to the ground, and made my heart sink within me. The building inside formed a square of about 100 feet, and every inch of the space was covered with Turks. Not a soul was in the place but the dead and dying. The deadly fœtid air which issued from this charnel-house made me involuntarily shrink back from the door with loathing, and I already repented my rash wish to enter. But the surgeon had gone in, and I followed. The sickening horrors that I saw would be repulsive to dwell upon; but the principal features, which surpassed all that the imaginations of Defoe or Boccaccio ever conceived, may be soon told. The building had once been used as a cholera hospital; and, before the Turks, the Russian wounded had been put there, and all died. Since the allies first took the place, the floor had never been cleaned, and it was now ankle-deep in filth of the most abominable description. The Turks lay *in* this without blankets, covering, bed, or bedding. The latest comers—those nearest the door—had a wan, pinched, mournful look, in which death was plainly written. They did not speak, but raised their eyes in mute appeal as we passed. Those further in, who had been inmates of the place some three or four days, were dying fast; many were dead, and lay rigid and almost unnoticed among the rest. Beyond small jars of rice-water here and there, there was no food or medicine of any description in the place. At the upper end of all, my blood crept to perceive that both the Turks that lay there, and the walls of the building, were completely covered with maggots, which crawled in all directions. While I was there, four men of the burying party entered, and began looking carefully among the prostrate forms. They had not long to search. Five corpses were carried out by the arms and legs, and laid upon the stones in front of the place, from whence another party bore them to their last home. Other incidents occurred, but of so harrowing and dreadful a nature that it would be impossible to mention them here. Dizzy and sick with what I had seen, I hurried into the open

air. The surgeon followed me, and, in reply to some of my exclamations of horror, said the place would yet, he feared, be worse before the winter was over. I promised to see him again, and obtain a detailed account of all the sufferings of his unfortunate countrymen, which he said he was most anxious to give me. But on the following day he was sent to Eupatoria, and I saw him no more, and, literally, had not the courage to visit the 'hospital' again."

The Turks pay particular attention to the burial of the dead; in other pages of this History this fact is recorded and exemplified; nothing, therefore, could be a stronger proof of the state of misery, helplessness, and despair to which our Turkish allies were reduced, than the neglect shown to the deceased and their place of sepulture. The author last quoted thus refers to what he observed on this head:—"One day, as I came down the slope of the hill from the old Genoese castle into Balaklava, I saw a numerous burying party of the Turks interring their dead comrades in little shallow troughs scraped on the hill-side. I went over towards the spot with my companion, who was a naval officer. A great many graves, such as they were, had already been filled, and others were being made. Thirty-seven corpses, some on their faces, some on their backs, all in their clothes, just as they had breathed their last, lay in ghastly rows upon the ground close by. As fast as some were buried, others were carried up by the legs and arms from the building at the foot of the hill, called the Turkish 'hospital.' By this time I was well used to horrid scenes, but such tokens of rapid mortality terrified me. While looking with painful feelings on the rows of dead, a Turkish officer approached and said, in very good English, 'This is a dreadful sight, is it not?—all these men were starved to death.' I was shocked to hear this thus told me, though I had before surmised it; and I entered into conversation upon the subject with the officer. He was a surgeon high in the service. He had been educated in England, taken his diplomas at Guy's, and knew well most of the leading medical men in London. He gave me a fearful narrative of the way in which the Turkish soldiers were abandoned by their government."

The distance from Constantinople to Balaklava is about 306 miles, so that the Turkish army was within easy distance of its proper source of supplies, and no enemy could cross the track of its transports; while every assistance in the way of carriage might have been rendered by the allies, if so disposed, or if the confusion regnant in maritime as well as military affairs allowed. It may be interesting to our readers to know the impressions produced upon an American by witnessing the condition of Balaklava, its harbour, and its neighbour-

* It need hardly be remarked how gladly, in spite of Mohammed, the Turkish soldier would have eaten salt pork and drunk rum if they had only been allowed the chance. At present, the majority of the Turks hold that the injunctions of the Koran against the use of wine or spirits do not apply to those exposed to privation or great fatigue.

hood at this time. Mr. R. C. McCormick, jun., of New York, ventured, like other military amateurs, upon a visit to the Crimea. He arrived early in December on board the *Medway*, and thus describes his arrival and what he witnessed:—"As soon as we had anchored, army and navy officers—men worth thousands of pounds—rushed on board, anxiously seeking an interview with the steward. One went away with a keg of butter, another took off a turkey, another made a prize of a head of cabbage; while another carried a basket of bread; and still another walked off with a live sheep! and seldom have I seen men better satisfied with their purchases. Many inquiries were made for long-legged waterproof boots, and Indian-rubber coats and leggings, and several of our passengers who had brought some of these articles on speculation, effected a speedy and profitable disposal of their stock. I remember that one officer 'from the front' was overwhelmed with delight at the opportunity of securing a pair of Indian-rubber boots at the moderate charge of seventeen dollars. It rained merrily as we entered the harbour, and indeed during the entire day, as well as the succeeding one. I thought that I had never seen such a doleful place. The ship having been fastened very near the shore, we could plainly see everything that was going on in the village. There was little to induce us to encounter the thick black mud through which we saw the well-drenched soldiers 'plodding their weary way.' But curious to find how matters appeared on a still closer inspection, a walk through the miserable streets was finally agreed upon. How shall I describe our first impressions? Confusion worse confounded stamped everything. Men, horses, waggons, and carts crowded the slimy beach, where all sorts of stores were carelessly scattered. The horses mere breathing skeletons; the men jaded and worn; not one in complete uniform, and every jacket and cap as tattered and forlorn as though it had been through all the wars of the last dozen centuries."

We will conclude our distressing detail of the sufferings to which the troops of all arms and all nations were subjected during the month of December by a narrative of his own experience and observations, from an English officer who fought at the Alma, occupied the post nearest to the enemy to which our infantry advanced at the battle of Balaklava, and who, although not engaged in the fierce strife of Inkerman, was usefully and dangerously employed in the trenches that day, and on many a day and night, from the landing in the Crimea to the 12th of December, fought or endured as duty imposed those obligations upon him. Invalided and ordered to Scutari, he was carried down to Balaklava, and thus writes concerning what befell him:—"I had

great difficulty in finding the principal medical officer, who happened to be out at the time. Dr. Lawson, however, gave me an order to go on board the *T*— transport, at that time receiving sick. She was lying close to the wharf, but it was some time before I could get put on board. On producing my certificate to the master, I was shown into a cabin without a vestige of any furniture of any kind, except a looking-glass, which was about the very last thing I then required. No bed or mattress was to be had at any price, so I told my servant to return to camp the following day and bring down my camp-bed. In the meantime, I begged the steward to make his way into a bale of government blankets in the hold, in which I slept that night, and a pretty hard time I had of it. Several invalids had been put on board that day, and one soldier was dead when he arrived on the stretcher! There was only one officer besides myself, Captain C—, 5th Dragoons, who was very ill. It would be impossible to describe the feelings I experienced the first night when I found I had something more than canvas between me and the firmament of heaven, and that I could bid defiance to the rain which was pattering on the deck. The following day my servant came down with my bed, and I got up for a few minutes to have it put in the berth, but I felt extremely ill after the exertions of the previous day. Our medical officer, Dr. D—, in charge of the ship, came on board and took up his quarters next to me. He had two assistants on board, S— and W—, but the former was removed to another ship shortly after his arrival. Nine poor fellows were put on board on the evening of the 6th of December, and had some arrow-root and port-wine given them, and were made comfortable for the night, when notice came that they had gone to the wrong ship. Accordingly they were turned out in the cold, and taken off to another vessel which was loading in the harbour. They had come down from camp that day. The master of the transport came in to see me, and told me that he wanted to get out of the harbour, that it was full of arms, legs, and pieces of human flesh, and his men and officers were dying of fever."

The first week of December resembled November in its dull and murky weather; the rain, however, was not so heavy nor incessant, and therefore by the 6th of the month the whole of the works of what was called the new attack were completed, but not armed. On other points old guns were displaced, and five guns of position, and three thirteen-inch mortars, were packed with the reserve artillery in the camp. On this day, just after midnight of the 5th, a stir as of a numerous concourse was heard down in the valley by the sentinels of Bosquet's corps. The alarm was given, and

the French stood to their arms awaiting the event. Lights were seen flashing to and fro, voices hoarsely giving orders rose through the stillness of the night, and the din of marching men fell upon the listener's ear. Communication was made to the English at Balaklava, who had heard nothing. The previous evening the Russian camp showed all its usual tokens of fixity, and there were even some signs of menace, as though a reconnaissance in force, or an attack, was intended on our positions in the rear. In the morning the English videttes observed that the Cossack patrol ordinarily in front of them was not there; and as the English advanced, they soon discovered that the camp was deserted. The French, who had been on the alert all night, moved down their cavalry and took possession of the abandoned camp. The Russians had departed, leaving "dummies" (mock cannon) where their guns of position had been posted; and their tents, which were neat and clean, and every way better fitted for a campaign than those of either the French or English, were in many instances left standing. There was no booty found, for such of the tents as were not removed, and the plank-building for stables, and other loose camp commodities, were set on fire before either the English or French pickets approached. That which principally arrested the attention of the allies was the number of graves. Many of them were accounted for by the battle of Balaklava; but in order to occupy so many homes of the dead, there must have been fearful mortality in the Russian camp. This cause probably influenced Liprandi in moving his men, for their hardships rivalled those of the English: all supplies, or nearly all, had to be brought down by way of the M'Kenzie heights, and the road was nearly as bad as the English mud track from Balaklava over the plateau. It was, however, reported in the allied camps that Liprandi, being informed that French forces had landed on the north side of Sebastopol, and alarmed by this false rumour, so generally circulated through all the camps of the belligerents, made what he intended to be a timely retreat.

When the night of the 6th closed over the trenches, the Russians pushed out strong forces of carbineers, armed with a new Belgian weapon, as serviceable as the Liege rifles. These men were reinforcements which had arrived, and they came on boldly, taking what deliberate aim the dim starlight permitted. They first, as usual, fell upon the French, and were repulsed with rapidity; they then with increased numbers advanced from the direction of the Ovens towards the English left attack; the Rifle Brigade gave them a reception which cost them many men, and they doggedly retired, carrying off their wounded and some of

their dead. On the night of the 7th a severe frost congealed the mud tracks on the plateau, and the pools of water in and around the trenches. The men suffered from the cold, especially in their hands and feet, but all hoped that by the frost setting in the road would be so hardened that provisions and munitions of war might be more easily brought up. On the morning of the 8th, the sun rose warmly and genially, rapidly thawing the congealed slush and pools, and leaving the mud tracks as impassable as ever. The night of the 8th there was a harder frost, which was thawed on the following day, and guns and mortars were brought to the lines. The spirits of the men revived, and hopes of soon re-opening the bombardment more effectually were entertained. This was the more opportune, as Lord Raglan had at last become alarmed at the insufficient supply of food, and found fault rather sternly with Mr. Filder, the chief commissary. The latter replied by referring his lordship to the memorial presented on the 12th November, requesting the commander-in-chief to allow depots to be made near the camp, which his lordship refused, although informed that, if not permitted, the troops could not be fed. It was his lordship's fate to resist every suggestion until it was no longer possible to act upon it, and then to order its execution, and censure those who could not execute it, and who had made the proposition itself when opportune and feasible. This occurred in reference to almost every department of the service.

The English papers containing Lord Raglan's despatch concerning the battle of Inkerman had now found their way to the camp through various sources. The Guards murmured long and loudly that due honour was not rendered to them. His lordship's despatch did not certainly convey a very good idea of the battle, but he had no intention to do the Guards an injustice, whom he always favoured when he could. The Guards fought at Inkerman in a manner calculated to exalt the dignity and honour of their country; but well as they behaved—and no troops could behave better—other corps equally distinguished themselves. The 41st and 55th, all General Evans' division, and portions of the light division, fought as gallantly as even the Guards. Mr. Woods and Mr. Russell gave too much countenance to these murmurs; no invidious distinctions were intended by Lord Raglan; and it is evident that so far as different corps were concerned, his despatch was written in an impartial spirit. He gave due credit to all, whether the fortune of war gave them a little more or less opportunity of being conspicuous. As Young says—

"Who does the best he can does well, acts nobly,
Angels can no more."

Lord Raglan's despatches were frequently found fault with during the winter for various reasons.

During the first three weeks of December reinforcements arrived very fast; 10,600 English, 5600 French, and 4800 Turks, landed in the Crimea; nearly all were afflicted with diarrhœa or dysentery soon after. Most of the evils which afflicted the army were concealed as much as possible from the home government. To this end the mails were delayed, and every obstacle possible thrown in the way of the correspondence of the army. The correspondents of the London press, who were treated with hospitality and kindness by the officers, and with the greatest respect by the men, were literally hated at head-quarters; because it was well known that the selfishness and mismanagement displayed there would be exposed to the English public, and possibly bring down punishment and disgrace upon all concerned, and upon the government at home, for conniving at these things, and sheltering the offenders. This was as foolish as it was unjust, and as criminal as the neglect, obstinacy, and ignorance that led to such a resort.

A supply of warm clothing for the officers was burnt off Constantinople, and a cargo of great-coats for the men was left lying in lighters in the harbour of Balaklava until, with leakage and rain, they nearly rotted; no one would take charge of them without orders—they dare not incur the responsibility; and at head-quarters there was no head large enough to comprehend such vast details, or direct any complicated arrangements.

A cargo of iron stoves and charcoal, about the middle of December, was regarded with great joy. The officers, however, had the exclusive advantage, and, as it turned out, the exclusive disadvantage; for, in consequence of the construction of these stoves, carbonic acid gas was generated in such quantities as seriously to injure the health of those who used them; and one officer, Captain Levington, R.A., was found dead in his tent.

Much annoyance was caused, during the most trying days of December, by the Zouaves. Their conduct to the commissariat, and to the fatigue parties bringing up provisions, was execrable. If an araba stuck in the mud, or an axle of a forage cart broke, the Zouaves who hung about rushed forward and plundered it, breaking open spirit casks, and taking not only the contents, but the casks and the araba itself to make firewood. Application had to be made to the French commander-in-chief to put guards along the line, to prevent practices so disgraceful to the French army. These Zouaves were not starved, like our men, and had no excuse for their predatory habits in

this instance; and when the condition of our soldiers is considered, the conduct of these allies was infamous. Had not the French chief taken precautions to check the marauders, collisions, perhaps involving a general quarrel between the soldiers of both armies, would undoubtedly have taken place. These Zouaves, however, often rendered friendly and well-timed assistance, in carrying up ammunition and carrying down the sick.

Perhaps the most mortifying thing which occurred to the soldiery during the latter part of December was the fact that, although government sent out huts, and the huts arrived safely, the men had not received them. They were on shipboard in Balaklava, or floating about in the harbour, or knocking about on the beach, or stolen by the Zouaves, or made firewood of by those who could lay hold on them, or turned into stabling for the officers' horses, or their planks huddled among the timber of the wrecks fished up from time to time to feed the glowing fires which diffused their comfort at head-quarters. No one at Balaklava would have anything to do with the huts; no orders were given—and of course nothing could be done without orders.

The army melted away, and no plans to save it originated with its chief or his quartermaster-general, or any one connected with them. Three thousand men were sick in camp at Christmas, and about 7000 men were sick on the Bosphorus. Every twenty-four hours 100 men were lost to the army, all of whom might have been saved, or nearly all, if a man like the Duke of Wellington had been at its head, or if any active and humane man, capable of organisation, had held authority in the British force. Never, in the world's history, was such utter helplessness seen, as in those who had the responsibility and control in the British army of the Crimea in the winter of 1854.

Great efforts were made in England to relieve the distresses of which the people became aware—not through the English authorities in the Crimea, or the government at home, but through the newspaper correspondents. The *Times* appealed to the British community with a terribly earnest eloquence, before which the whole tribe of jobbers and corrupt officials trembled. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and their subordinates, resorted to every trick and artifice of words to hide the truth; and denials the most unqualified were given by those high authorities to the statements of the newspaper correspondents, which statements were all ultimately proved to be less than the truth. Never were the arts of evasion, sophistry, and political intrigue and trick, more shamelessly resorted to than by the government, and its minions

and advocates, to destroy the reputation, more especially of the *Times'* correspondent; whereas truth, stated with moderation and firmness, characterised all the communications of Mr. Russell, and of the other gentlemen who, like him, roused their country to the calamities entailed by an incompetent government at home, and an equally incompetent command abroad. A subscription opened at the *Times'* office swelled to a vast amount, and a gentleman every way worthy of the trust was sent from that office to act as the trustee of this treasure. At Scutari, and in the Crimea, the sums entrusted to him were the means of saving thousands of lives.

Through the instrumentality of "the *Times'* commissioner," as he was termed, even the officers in the Crimea were glad to replenish their exhausted apparel, and to obtain things essential to the continued endurance of December's rains, and sleet, and snow. One regiment was furnished by this judicious and talented man with warm clothing, without which the men must have perished—sent out as they were in the depth of winter from England unprovided with those necessities which were so obviously required for the service upon which they were sent. Things of all sorts were despatched from home by the government for the army; but wrong things were sent, or to the places where there was no one to use them; or they were placed on board ships in such confusion that there was no telling in what transport any commodity might possibly be. Summer clothing was actually sent out in winter, and good winter material arrived when the spring sun glared upon the Crimean heights. The comforts for invalids sent up from the Bosphorus in December by the *Times'* commissioner, were received by the medical officers with a burst of enthusiastic gratitude. Will it be believed that these benefactions were regarded by the authorities with the utmost jealousy, and the *Times* became the object of additional hatred and virulent abuse; not only in proportion as its eloquent articles roused the country to a sense of the indignity all this mismanagement entailed, but also in proportion as it, by timely succour, saved the lives of our poor neglected and condemned soldiery—condemned by those who held high command in the army, the reputation of which their valour redeemed!

There existed at this juncture an all-pervading sympathy in England for our heroic men. Fair hands worked cunningly devised comforters, and knit and wrought socks, hose, and gloves, of consoling substance. Our aristocracy thinned their parks of game to send rich Christmas presents to the brave men who fought England's battles on the shores of the stormy Euxine. Wine, porter, brandy, rum,

fruits, preserved meats, all conceivable luxuries, were sent in order to reach the camp before the 25th of December, and to cause the Christmas bivouac to be gladdened with old English cheer. What a communion of mind with the far-off brave filled the breasts of the people of England! How happy it made us all to think, as we enjoyed our Christmas fire and our Christmas fare as the short days of 1854 darkened over our comfortable and warm homes, that the men who bore arms for our honour were partakers of our festivities and our most cheering cup, that our banquet was shared by them, and that they drank cheerily a brave health to merry England under shelter of the well-planned hut we contrived for them, and by fires fed with the fuel we had so carefully prepared for their use! What a delusion and a mockery! The huts rotted in the sea, or blazed on Lord Raglan's hearth; the fuel concealed beneath slime, and mud, and filth, no one then knew where; and the fat bucks, and dainty meats, and delicious preserves, and cheering wines, and warm garments, were lying in the holds of ships, beneath piles of heavy shot and shell, or stowed carelessly away in Varna, Constantinople, or still farther off from those who so bitterly realised that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." These things disgraced our country, but still deeper has the stain of disgrace sunk into the national name since the men of all other lands have learned that the authors of all this infamy enjoy impunity, and that honours decorate the unscarred breasts beneath which no sympathy for the brave, who suffered so manly, was ever shown. High up on the roll of infamy let the names of the men be found written who held posts for which they were not fit, although thousands of their best and bravest countrymen therefore perished, and who themselves neither partook of the Crimean sufferings, nor felt for those who unrepining died.

While all the privations were experienced which the foregoing pages record, Lord Raglan was seldom seen in the camp. There was no report of his being ill, and the men freely commented upon his seclusion. Applications for leave of absence from officers during the month of December were so numerous, that had the commander-in-chief granted them, the army would have been nearly without officers. The men deemed it unsoldierly to complain, unless when gross neglect showed an indifference to their fate where they had a right to expect care and interest. The way in which our great ally regarded the state of things in the English army may be seen from an article in the *Constitutionnel*:—"The first thing that would strike a spectator arriving at Sebastopol is the great contrast which exists between the

English and French armies. In the former are to be observed the reign of formality and the strict observance of rank and of social position. After the hour of combat there are no longer any relations between the officers and the privates. Whilst the French officers, always mingled with their men, constantly occupy themselves with the means of supplying their wants, the English officers remain inactive, if not indifferent; this is the affair of the government. On the other hand, they have the highest possible sense of honour and of their duty, and will perform the most heroic actions. The English soldiers are somewhat of the same stamp as their officers; they fight admirably, but keep bad watch, and are not very good for work. They require to have paid hands for this latter purpose. It is an army splendid in combat, but it is not made for undergoing sufferings. The organisation is bad, because it is incomplete, and because proper administrative services do not exist. It is shown that the French army, on the contrary, is essentially calculated to support suffering, and consequently war also—provided there be constant emotions to keep alive such excitable imaginations. A kind of familiarity exists in the relations of the officers with the men, and, on the part of the superior officers, a kind sympathy which supports and encourages. There is a sort of solidarity in all the degrees of rank in the French army; but what appears most striking in that army is the ready aptitude of the French officers which is so remarkable. Many of them, it is said, are deficient in education; but the presence of mind natural in the nation replaces it, by transforming itself on the spot into a practical instinct which renders them skilful in drawing the greatest possible advantages from the most different elements. It is owing to this that so many men are found, who, after two months' service, make good sub-officers, and in twelve months, efficient officers. It is remarked that the natural vanity of the French serves them in this respect. A wish to attract attention is the occasion of acts of valour, and jokes which cause laughter and support the mind. Each man wishes to outdo his comrades. There is the same rivalry in cooking their food as in firing their musket, or in giving proof of intelligence."

One of the chief causes of the deficient care of the wounded and sick in the early part of the war was the constitution of the ambulance corps, which consisted of Chelsea pensioners. These men had been already worn out in the service, and were utterly incapable of taking care of the ambulances, or even of themselves, far less of the sick men. Most of these poor pensioners perished at Gallipoli, Varna, and Scutari. But even this wretched ambulance

corps would have been some aid before Sebastopol had it been there.

Meanwhile the efforts at home to relieve the sick and wounded, and to send them every necessary, were sustained with wonderful generosity and patriotism. An occurrence at Portsmouth tended to increase those praiseworthy exertions, and at the same time to direct popular indignation against the mode in which public affairs were managed. The *Himalaya* brought home a great number of wounded soldiers. She entered Portsmouth and landed her freight of brave and suffering men upon the jetty. No one attended to them. Admirals, generals, officers of ordnance, dock and storekeepers, officers of every conceivable rank, and belonging to every existing branch of the service, were at hand, but not a soul among them all stirred to help our wounded braves. There the poor fellows stood or lay on the jetty—sympathy for them among the officials did not appear. The inhabitants at last collected omnibuses, which supplied the place of ambulances, and the sick soldiers were borne by the people to the hospitals. Seldom was the heart of the country more outraged than by this display of official callousness. The *Times* only expressed the public sentiment when it thus denounced the conduct of those in authority at Portsmouth:—"Everybody knows that Portsmouth swarms with officials, naval and military, and that if the queen had been landing from Osborne, instead of our helpless and crippled soldiers from the Crimea, there would not have been wanted one of the tail to swell the unmeaning pomp and idle ceremony. We should have had the admiral-superintendent, the port-admiral, the lieutenant-governor, and a host of other officials whose titles it is not worth now recording, as none of them could find time to attend to this ordinary duty of hospitality and humanity, or to see that the noble freight of the *Himalaya* was received with all honour, all gratitude, and all tenderness."

Some have apologised for the authorities by throwing the blame on the system; but if the men had been any better than the system, they would, in such cases, have shaken off its trammels. The dying words of Justice Talfour were verified by the incident, that the great defect of our social state in England is the want of sympathy. Another incident at Portsmouth soon showed that, bad as the system was, it might be made to work if those who directed it knew and felt their duty. Within a week after the disgraceful reception of the wounded from the *Himalaya*, the *Candia* landed 200 more wounded; then the naval and military authorities had made every preparation for their reception. The indignation of the public alarmed the authorities, and within a

week from the heartless reception of the one detachment of wounded, there was a suitable reception of the other. Portsmouth in these cases illustrates Balaklava. The neglect and distress in both places arose from the *spirit of the service*; the sudden activity at Portsmouth exemplifies what would have happened at Balaklava if the force of public opinion could have been timely brought to bear upon the lazy, or indifferent, or incompetent persons, upon whom the higher responsibility devolved.

While the people of England were exerting themselves in every possible way to augment the public treasures for the relief of the suffering, the heads of departments were putting forth remarkable statements of the prodigious exertions made by them to purchase, both on the Bosphorus and in the Crimea, the most ample supplies of comfort for the sick and wounded, as well as for the army in the field. A complete account of these supplies, or alleged supplies, would occupy too large a space for any history, however voluminous. The following must suffice as specimens of the details given to the press by these officials. Dr. Andrew Smith was chief of the medical staff of the army at home. After the battle of the Alma had brought to light the total want of preparation in the expeditionary army for the charge of the sick after an engagement, and public indignation ran high, the doctor wrote to the London morning journals, giving an account of the vast amount of stores sent out by him. Wine, sago, arrow-root, brandy, medicines of all sorts, were ranged in the long catalogue. There were sent out 250 medical officers, each provided with instruments and appliances of every known kind; 780 stretchers for carrying the wounded, and fifty ambulances for the same purpose, were also sent. The doctor urged the folly of private exertions, as the sick at Scutari and Balaklava had every necessary. He was especially eloquent in his dissuasives as to lint, old linen, &c., vast stores of which had, according to the doctor, already reached their destination. Afterwards, when "the Crimean commission" and "the Sebastopol committee" had made their investigations, it became known why all these things had not reached their destined ports, and why the useful commodities which had arrived out were not given to the men. Official routine, and the indifference and incompetency of those upon whom the chief responsibility devolved, accounted for all misfortunes. Dr. Smith was very minute in his particularization of all things provided by him; his description of the ambulances will illustrate this, and show the reader what a wide gulf existed between the theory of supply in the offices in London, and the actual facts where the wretched army withered away. Dr. Smith could have had

no certainty that these stores had ever left England,—so complicated were the departments and their distinctive duties,—and it was therefore a great error to interpose between the public and their benevolent purposes. He thus describes the ambulances:—"The slightly wounded are accommodated towards the front of the carriage, placed back to back, separated from each other by wooden partitions, and prevented from falling outwards by each compartment being provided with a chain covered with leather, to be passed across the chest when the seat is occupied, with a view as well to safety as support. The badly wounded, extended on elastic stretchers, six feet six inches long, and two feet wide, are placed behind, and, as already stated, in separate compartments, into or out of which the stretchers glide with facility, from their being provided with rollers. Each of the compartments is fitted with a ventilator from end to end, which can be closed or opened by the person lying on the stretcher. A waterproof roof, supported on wood hoops, covers the body of the carriage, and under it is a depository for firelocks, knapsacks, caps, accoutrements, &c. There is also under the seats for the slightly wounded men a large capacious locker, in which may be placed water-sacks—for barrels soon become useless, especially if exposed to weather and sun—bedding, and other articles, which the medical officers of the army may consider as likely to be useful; and under the hinder part of the waggon is a convenient box, in which medicines, instruments, &c., can be carried if required. At the back part of each vehicle there are two iron brackets, which fold down to support a stretcher, and so afford the means of forming a convenient table. This plan I from the first preferred to one which was strongly urged on me—namely, to form a table by placing a stretcher across two panniers." There were also waggons for the aid of the medical department:—"Each waggon is capable of carrying from the field, or from field-hospitals to hospitals in the rear, ten persons—namely, four badly and six slightly wounded men, each in a separate compartment. By this arrangement, every person will be insured against inconvenience or injury from his immediate neighbours, which would, did no partition exist, certainly prove most detrimental, especially to weakly and severely wounded men, who might have to be transported along an irregular, broken, or sloping road, or over a country where no roads exist." Other vehicles were also described, "intended for the carriage of bedding, stores, &c., to be used in field-hospitals; and, in the event of their not proving sufficient for the purpose, the waggons intended for the transport of sick and wounded are capable of being quickly

dismantled internally, and made available to supply the deficiency. They, like the others, are placed on springs, and, in case of necessity, can also be used for the carriage of sick and wounded."

Among the most remarkable efforts put forth at home to relieve the distresses occasioned by the mismanagement of the war, was what was called "the *Times*' Fund." We have already alluded *en passant* to the benefits conferred by "the *Times*' Commissioner" in the Crimea. It is desirable to put on record a more particular account of the endowments made through the editors of that journal. Although all editors are supposed to be shut up in the *sanctum* of their office, yet it is generally pretty well known in the literary world who they are. The editors of the *Times*, with all their mystery and their power, are no exception to this rule. These gentlemen are known to be men of honour and principle—fearing none, and dealing impartial justice to all. Accordingly, the public offered large contributions through the medium of the *Times*' office. Two separate amounts, of more than £10,000 each, were transmitted to the Crimea and Scutari. A gentleman named Macdonald, one of the *Times*' staff, was selected for the management of this fund, and he performed his embarrassing and dangerous task with judgment and assiduity. The originator of this fund was Sir Robert Peel, who, in a letter directed to the journal named, dated October the 12th, enclosed a check, and thus opened the list of subscriptions. In a few days a fourth of the whole amount was subscribed. The suggestion of Sir Robert Peel was to form a committee, but the money came in so fast, and the wants of the suffering brave were so urgent, that the *Times* adopted a more prompt mode of action. Sir Robert and the editor, Mr. Delane, were made joint trustees, and the three principal subscribers regularly audited the receipts and disbursements. The following extract from an article in the *Times*, published a week after the suggestion was first made, shows the spirit of the whole procedure:—"It was only on this very day last week that, in the course of our duty, we invited public attention to the necessities of our disabled soldiers at Scutari. We had certainly no idea at the time of becoming the bankers of the charitable public, or of undertaking the distribution of such funds as might be forthcoming; but so rapidly were contributions poured into our hands, and so indispensable did immediate action appear, that we accepted the trust which our own appeals had called into being, and now find ourselves engaged in the duty of applying directly for the benefit of our soldiers the gifts of their countrymen at home. During the

seven days which have elapsed since our first appeal on behalf of the sufferers, we have actually received for their use a sum considerably exceeding £5000—the whole of which amount has been subscribed for the single object of comforting the inmates of the British hospital in Turkey."

While the "single object" of the fund was defined as being for the comfort of "the inmates of the British hospital in Turkey," Mr. Macdonald, unlike the routine gentlemen of the different departments there and in the Crimea, diverged from the sole application of the funds in that way—giving aid in the Crimea, and even supplying some soldiers on their way to the seat of war with warm clothing, without which all would have suffered and many perished. When Mr. Macdonald waited upon the Duke of Newcastle, the Minister of War, and upon Dr. Andrew Smith, they both assured him that Scutari and Balaklava were supplied with every necessary. Mr. Macdonald knew well to the contrary: the *Times* employs those only upon whom it can rely, and its correspondents had given the clearest evidence of the malversation and stupidity which balked all the efforts of the well-intentioned at the seat of government at home.

As we reserve the state of things at Scutari for another chapter, we shall not follow Mr. Macdonald thither in our narrative at present, but notice his timely benefactions at Balaklava. He there found worthy coadjutors in Dr. M'Shane, of the *Caradoc*, and the Rev. Mr. Haywood, army-chaplain. These men had to battle against the opposition of the officials, who evidently had hints, if not orders, from the departments at home to impede all voluntary efforts to assuage the sufferings of the army. Preserved meats, vegetables, tea and sugar, arrow-root, wine, and brandy, to the amount of £2000 in value, were sent thither by Mr. Macdonald; and during the short time the supply lasted, it diffused comfort, gladness, and gratitude, among the men in front. All the power of the government was not, at the time, equal to the distribution of the tenth part of such a store of comforts. It may be at once gratifying and curious to our readers to see the description of the various articles required by the army, and supplied by the *Times*' Fund. The following was Mr. Macdonald's account of the expenditure of less than £12,000:—

Articles of Diet and Nutriment:—Tea, 20½ chests. Arrow-root, about 33 cwt. Sago, 14 cwt. 2 qrs. 14 lbs. Tapioca, 70 lbs. Sugar, 107½ cwt. 20 lbs. Preserved soups, meats, &c., 4024 canisters or about 80,000 portions. Preserved vegetables, about 80,000 portions. Port wine, 313½ dozen. Marsala, 2½ quarter-casks, and 3 dozen. Brandy, 70 dozen and 200 gallons. Fowls, 18 dozen. Calf-foot jelly, a large quantity. Bottled ale, 33 dozen. Jams, 74 dozen. Macaroni and vermicelli, 1½ cwt. Pearl-barley, 1 cwt. Tamarinds, 2 cwt. Lemons, 366 dozen.

Biscuits, 12 canisters. Butter, 2 kegs. Isinglas, 11 lbs. Gum-arabic, $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Figs, 12 drums. Pepper, 15 packets. Mustard, 20 bottles. Vinegar, 20 bottles.

Articles of Clothing and Personal Use:—Cotton shirts, 713 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. Flannel, worsted, and woollen shirts, 932 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. Flannel drawers, 3053 pair. Socks and stockings, 10,542 pair. Night-caps, 311 dozen. Comforters, 492 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. Gloves, 377 dozen. Woollen sashes, 125 dozen. Slippers, 1865 pair. Quilted gowns, 365. Pocket-handkerchiefs, neck-ties, &c., 1100. Tartar stockings, 50. Tartar boots, 50. Flannel in pieces, 927 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Calico, for sheets and shirts, 1310 yards. Soap, 1840 lbs. Paper, 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ reams. Envelopes, 1200 packets. Ink, 144 bottles. Steel-pens, 30 boxes. Sealing-wax, 10 lbs. Wafers 20 boxes. Stationery, 1 box. Postage-stamps, £14 10s. Clay-pipes, 7044. Tobacco, 1347 lbs.

Articles Pertaining to Hospital Use:—Towels, 379 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. Quilts, 200. Mattresses, 75. Basins, 702. Bowls, 99. Blankets, 780. Bed-pans, 290. Close-stools, 20. Kitchen-stove, 1. Tin drinking-cups, 80. Tin pails, 30. Gamelles, 80. Knives and forks, 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. Spoons, 62 dozen. Corkscrews, 2. Tea-spoons, 10 dozen. Kettles, 6. Scrubbing-brushes, &c., 27 dozen. Dust-pans, 3. Sponges, 12. Chloride of lime, 27 lbs. Sacking to wash floors, 3 pieces. Shoe-brushes, 22 sets. Sadirons, 6 pair. Starch 3 cwt. and 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Washing-tubs, 3. Hair-combs, 4 dozen. Wall-lamps, 100. Olive-oil, 3 cwt. Oiled-cloth, 130 yards. Carpet-mats, 20 pieces. Mosquito-muslin, 2 pieces. Marking-ink, 4 bottles. Cotton-tape, 3 pieces. Needles, 12 boxes. American-clocks, 12. Castor-oil, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. Charcoal, 1 ton 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. Millboard, 150 sheets. Calico, for towelling, 4 pieces.

The distribution of the above included Scutari and Balaklava, and also benefactions made to the sick on board ships, from the battle of Inkerman to the end of the severer portion of winter.

Another spontaneous effort of the public to meet the dreadful state of affairs, was the formation of "The Crimean Army Fund." The object of this benevolent project was to send to Balaklava nourishment and warm clothing. An agent, acting under the direction of a committee, was to land the whole there. The sum collected exceeded £20,000, which was sent in to the committee within two months after the beginning of the subscription. The scheme adopted for distributing the money involved two separate modes of succour. One of these methods of relief was to give to the troops certain articles of necessity; the other was to establish a depot at Balaklava for the sale of useful articles at such a price as would prove a great boon to the troops. In consequence of the adoption of such a general plan, the committee advertised their willingness to receive goods as well as money. As soon as this became known, there was a generous rush in every part of the country to contribute something, and the strangest varieties of things were hurried up to London—the railways carrying without charge all packages for the Crimean Fund. The benevolence of the nation seemed to adopt for its motto "*Bis dat qui cito dat*," and, accordingly, in an incredibly short space of time, the depot was loaded with specimens of all things eatable or wearable, and with many things which the ingenuity of the committee could never have comprehended in its

suggestions. In the beginning of December, the *Fairy* yacht was placed at the disposal of the committee, to convey this heterogeneous but useful mass of commodities, and dispatched with a freight of tea, sugar, tobacco, wines, arrow-root, &c. A small steamer was afterwards chartered, and the Earl of Ellesmere lent his large yacht of 220 tons burden. Before Christmas the committee chartered the steamer *Pioneer* of 700 tons burden. The following was the published list of articles destined for this useful service:—blankets, shirts, flannel, hose, wash-leather waistcoats, leather for shoes, shoemaker's tools, needles, thread, buttons, tape, tobacco, preserved meats, portable soup, arrow-root, tea, chocolate, sugar, essence of coffee, pearl-barley, preserved vegetables and milk, salt, pepper, mustard, Cayenne-pepper, hams, tongues, bacon, cheese, ale, porter, wine, spirits, coffee-roasters, coffee-grinders, and patent fuel.

The severity of the weather, and various delays interposed after the vessels had entered the Dardanelles, prevented the arrival of these treasures so soon as was expected; and instead of Christmas and New Year's-day being enjoyed with English comforts in the camp, the season of home festivities was the period of hardest privation there. It was not until January asserted his cold and stern sovereignty in the Crimea, that the good things began to be distributed which were provided by the Crimean Fund. By the termination of winter, however, a report was made by the committee to the subscribers, in which it appeared that the following distributions were made:—6 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons of tobacco; 3000 lbs. of tea; 28 barrels of sugar; 85 cases of cheese; 30 casks of butter; 18 casks of herrings; 30 cases of bacon; 190 cases of Price's patent candles; 6 cwt. of chocolate; 165 dozen of port; 70 dozen of sherry; 160 dozen of brandy; 30 dozen of whisky. Together with large quantities of porter, ale, preserved meats, woollen goods, and sundries.

Independent of the foregoing media of relief, various others were formed by the zeal and ingenuity of particular donors—amateurs, sea-captains, gentlemen of the press, sailors, soldiers, nurses, doctors, all sorts of persons were invoked to become the bearers of gifts more or less welcome in the Crimea. Some of these donations never reached their destination, especially such as were committed to the care of the government. Gifts of food and nourishment were ingeniously contrived—such as soluble chocolate in cakes, ground coffee, potted venison, preserved soups and broths. Warm clothing was a favourite selection, and nothing was more useful—such as flannel shirts, thick cotton shirts, mitts, comforters, knit and wove hose, flannel vests and drawers, substantial

fustian jackets. Large presents of linen were sent to the officers, and cases of wine and brandy, porter and ale. A London tobacconist sent out cigars for their use to the value of £250. Commercial firms undertook to send packages, and the Screw Steam Navigation Company conveyed them free of charge. The benevolence of the country had taken many forms from the breaking out of the war—such as the “Central Association in Aid of the Wives and Families, Widows and Orphans, of Soldiers ordered to the East.” Before the end of December the funds contributed through this channel reached £100,000; and by that time 5000 women and 8000 children were receiving assistance—proving how large a portion of the brave men who fought, and who volunteered to fight for their country in that campaign, were men of domestic tastes, and bound to their country by bonds of love and virtue.

“The Patriotic Fund” was the largest source of aid which the country provided. In the year 1803 a “Patriotic Fund” was raised, under a like pressure, in a manner highly creditable to the country. £200,000 were then provided by the liberality of the people, and from some cause or other about £8000 of this money remained unappropriated, this formed the nucleus of the new fund of 1854. It was opened by royal proclamation on the 13th of October, and thirty commissioners were appointed for its custody and administration. The queen herself headed the list of subscribers, public bodies and individuals munificently followed, and the humblest classes of tradesmen gave a portion of their earnings. The provinces were more liberal in proportion than the metropolis, with the exception of Lancashire, which, although always first in acts of splendid liberality, was not so on this occasion—the city of Glasgow giving more than Manchester and Liverpool together, although much less wealthy than either. Edinburgh, in proportion to its population, surpassed even Glasgow in generosity, and all Scotland seemed moved with a fervour of patriotism and charity in this emergency. Nobly did the sons of Scotland dare for their country in the field, and nobly did the sons and daughters of Scotland at home sympathise with their chivalry and their sufferings. In Ireland also the appeal was responded to with generous emotion, nor was there a distant colony of England which did not hear the appeal, and answer it with feeling heart. In Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Isles, at the Cape, in the Mauritius, India, Australia, and in the islands, cities, and backwoods of the western hemisphere collections were made. From the gold-fields of Australia, and the pine-forests and prairies of western Canada, money was transmitted. The “Six Nations Indians” sent £100. British settlers, temporary or per-

manent, in every country contributed. The English excavators working on a Danish railway marched twenty miles on a Sunday appointed for the purpose, and deposited a dollar each for the British Patriotic Fund. A musical fête in the Crystal Palace, at which the band of the French Guides assisted, realised £3000. By the beginning of December the amount collected was £100,000, which during the month was trebled. It was trebled again in the month ensuing, and went on still increasing until it reached the enormous amount of a million and a half sterling. The mode in which this fund was distributed, and the spirit which actuated the commissioners, may be best judged from their report, made when all the hardships of the winter and spring were over, and relief had been extended with no parsimonious hand. In that report they express the willingness of the country to meet the largest demands upon its liberality, and the desire universally felt by the donors that the widows and orphans of the soldiery rather than of the officers should be relieved. There were, however, cases as much deserving the country’s consideration connected with officers as with the humblest soldiers who fought or sickened by their sides. It was remarkable that while so large a portion of those who fell, up to the end of the year 1854, were married men, and left wives and children, comparatively few of that class were numbered among the victims of 1855. The old soldiers were taken off during the former period, and their places were supplied by raw lads during the latter.

Numerous old institutions of a charitable nature, chiefly intended for widows or orphans of deceased soldiers, were revived during this period of excitement, and established on a more useful scale; and others sprung into existence—some metropolitan, others provincial—but none so local as to be exclusive or illiberal in their constitution.

The religious efforts to meet the wants of the army kept pace with those of a temporal nature. The “Religious Tract Society,” the “Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,” the “Soldiers’ Friend Society,” the “Society for sending Scripture Readers to the East,” a “Society for providing extra Chaplains for the Army,” &c., made vigorous exertions to send to the men the means of religious instruction, while receiving the sympathies and succours of temporal benefactors.

When the tidings of all these movements reached the Crimea, the men were much encouraged; the love of country, if it could have been increased in their gallant breasts, burned still more fervently, and to “do or die” (one of their common phrases) seemed if possible to be more their determination than ever. The state of mind in which the men were, was also

favourable to religious influences; and never, perhaps, did any men listen to the consolations of the Gospel with readier ear than the sick and wounded sent from the shores of the Crimea to the shores of the Bosphorus.

The generous attentions of the British public were necessary to sustain the loyalty of the soldiery to their generals, however unswerving it might have been to their country, as throughout December the impression that their chief officers had no concern in them grew rapidly. This cannot excite the surprise of any person who reads the report of her majesty's commissioners for inquiring into the causes of the disasters in the Crimea, or the commission for inquiring into the state of the hospitals at Scutari and Balaklava. Dr. Bruck, the surgeon of the Scots' Greys, was one of the witnesses examined by the latter commission, and he thus certifies as to the neglect of which the men were the subjects, on the part of those from whom they might have expected the most anxious care:—"With the French authorities I believe the greatest deference is paid to the medical department, and every assistance rendered them; nobody has presumed to say that this is the case in the British service; it is a notorious fact that the reverse holds good. When a man gets sick, he is handed over to the doctor, and, generally speaking, nobody but the doctor takes much interest in him. During the time I have been in the Crimea—that is, since the landing of the regiment in September last up to this date (January 23rd, 1855)—no general officer has visited my hospital, nor, to my knowledge, interested himself in any way about the sick. What is the cause of this apparent apathy it is impossible for me to conjecture; but this I maintain, and this I would earnestly beg to impress on the minds of the gentlemen whom I have now the honour to address, that unless general officers, or those high in command, do take an interest in their sick soldiers, or until they do lend a helping or a willing hand to their medical officers, it will not be possible for the duties of the medical department to be satisfactorily and efficiently carried on in the field."

The report of the former commission represents the loss of the cavalry as thirty-five men out of every hundred. Let it be remembered that they had no night-work in the trenches, and except at the battle of Balaklava were but little engaged with the enemy. They were not exposed to the endless cannonade or the nightly sortie, yet one-third of their number perished. Much as has been said against Lord Lucan in connection with the loss of men and horses, it is obvious that his representations to head-quarters were so frequent, and of such a nature, as to transfer much of the re-

sponsibility which it has been sought to fix upon him.

One of the worst arrangements connected with the sick and wounded was fixing the hospital at Scutari, hundreds of miles from the scene of action. Had the dismasted transports been turned into hospital-ships, many valuable lives would have been spared; but when the men were brought down to Balaklava, they were either left unsheltered for many hours—perhaps a day or night—on shore, or else hurried on board some ship about to sail, without any suitable accommodation for them. The very ill died in great numbers while the ships were tossing about on the Black Sea; many survived just long enough to be handed over to the authorities at Scutari a few days before death terminated their sufferings, the chief of which were experienced on board ship; *many cases recovered on the voyage*; a few days rest at Balaklava, on board a well-ventilated, clean, and convenient hospital-ship would have restored them. There were two such ships for the sailors and marines, and they admirably answered their purpose. The *Diamond* and *Pride of the Ocean* returned convalescent most of the men placed in the hospital berths fitted up on board. As this subject must recur again in our chapter on Scutari, we dismiss it for the present.

Such was the state of the troops, their privations, endurance, trials, and fortitude, during the month of November, and such were the efforts made at home to cheer and help them. At the end of the third week in the month the frost broke up, and for several days the whole country was again deluged with rain as in the dreary days of November: by some *mal à propos* arrangements, the removal of the sick to Balaklava was ordered on some of the most drenching of these dreary days, and the result was the return of every form of disease prevalent the previous month, and great increase of cholera.

Amidst all their privations the enemy kept the allies from seeking rest. They had not only to work hard in preparing for a renewed bombardment, but often to stand to their arms and resist the sallies of the ever-vigilant foe. It is a tribute to them, just as it is eloquent, paid by one who shared their perils and privations:—"Englishmen need never hesitate to speak of the winter campaign in the Crimea. Like the light cavalry charge at Balaklava, it was a bright though melancholy proof of what English soldiers will dare and endure. We may blush for the government, and blame some generals; but the soldiers at least were faithful to their trust, and in their long struggle with cold and hunger were never doubtful or dismayed. To the enemy they opposed courage; to the evils and mismanagement of their own

military system, endurance: encountering both they died, but died nobly, and doing their duty to the last."

On the 20th of December the Russians made a sortie in the neighbourhood of the Ovens, and penetrated up the ravine which separated the extreme right of the French from the extreme left of the British. It would appear that the worn-out troops which formed the picket had laid themselves down, trusting to the vigilance of the sentries, who were probably also overpowered with sleep—for the Russians quietly bayoneted them and fell upon the picket, some of whom they also put to death without firing a shot. The troops on duty consisted of a detachment of the 50th regiment, and while the enemy entered among them the command was given in French, which deceived the British officers. Major Möller, detecting the *ruse*, called upon his party to form, and charged the enemy with the bayonet, who, not expecting so daring an act from so small a body of men, fled from the work. The brave picket mounted the parapet, and opened fire upon the retreating enemy, who speedily rallied, and again assaulted the defence. The little band would have been inevitably overwhelmed but for a picket of the 34th, which hurried to their relief; the enemy was again repulsed, having lost about sixty men: they carried off two of their officers who were slain. The loss of the British was seventeen men bayoneted, eleven made prisoners, and as many wounded by musketry. Captain Franklyn and Lieutenant Clarke were among the prisoners, Major Möller among the slain. This excellent young officer was of the lineage of a respectable foreign family, which came originally from Flushing, but settled at Ham-burgh before leaving the Continent for England. Major Möller was third son of Charles Chausain Möller, Esq., of the 18th Hussars, a regiment which greatly distinguished itself in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, but which, with the 19th Lancers, was broken in Dublin a few years subsequent to the return of the British army of occupation from France after the fall of Napoleon. Major Möller had served with the relics of the 44th in India when that corps had suffered from the unfortunate affair at Cabul, but exchanged into the 50th, and had attained the rank of major only a few months before he bravely fell. He seems to have had a presentiment of his fall, for in a letter from Varna, written to a relative, he says:—"We sail in a few days for Sebastopol. It is hard to say, Farewell! but God's will be done. As we are not to meet again here, remember that we shall meet hereafter." The commanding officer of the 50th wrote home to inform the bereaved family of their loss in terms most flattering to the deceased:—

Before Sebastopol, Dec. 22, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,—It is with deep regret that I now perform the melancholy duty of communicating to you the intelligence of the death of Major Möller, which took place here this morning. He was on duty in the trenches on the night of the 20th inst., when the enemy made a sortie, and he received a mortal wound from a musket ball through the body. He fell close to me as he was gallantly cheering on the men. I enclose a letter from him which arrived to-day. I must beg you to break the sad news to Mrs. Möller, and, with my kindest regards, to assure her how sincerely I console with her for this sudden bereavement.

"I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"R. W. WADDY,

"Lieutenant-colonel, 50th regiment."

It is remarkable that Lieutenant-general Möller, of the Russian service, is descended from the same family.

On the 26th the French lent the British 500 horses, a most valuable succour. The following terse summary of events is entered in the journal of Mr. Russell for the 27th:—"The 18th regiment (Royal Irish) arrived in the *Magdalena* to-day, all well. Their fur caps and new coats made them objects of great attraction to the tattered old campaigners on the beach. The Russians are very active getting up guns in every possible direction along our approaches. The French have also pushed a trench within 180 metres of St. Vladimir. Continual firing and skirmishing are going on at night in front of our lines and along the French works. The Turks continue 'to die like flies.' They literally are found dead on their posts where they have mounted guard." The night of the 28th was one of excessive rain. The Russians were not prevented by the deluge from pouring in shot and shell upon the French batteries, which suffered little. On the 29th, the French, of General Bosquet's corps, made a reconnaissance in force, supported by the 79th Highlanders, and four companies of the Rifle Brigade, sent out by Sir Colin Campbell to cover their right flank. The Russians withdrew sullenly, their cavalry fighting as they retired a brief battle with carbines. The French chasseurs found an admirable opportunity for charging, which they accomplished with great spirit, driving the Russian horse before them. Having compelled the corps of Liprandi to retreat beyond the village of Tchergoum towards his main body upon the M'Kenzie heights, the allies withdrew to their respective positions. The moral effect of this reconnaissance, which was beautifully executed, was advantageous to the allies. The troops now felt that their flank and rear were not liable to be perpetually menaced.

The general condition of our ally, and the views entertained by the French chief of the aspect of affairs, were thus presented in a despatch, dated the 22nd of December, addressed to the French minister of war:—

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,—The bad weather has continued, with rare and short intervals of improvement. We nevertheless continue, as much as possible, to encircle the place with our trenches, and all the siege operations become perfect and solid, notwithstanding the rainy season, which renders the transport very difficult.

The two armies mutually assist each other. I am indebted to the English army for the transport of nearly all the cavalry I have under my orders in the Crimea, and, on my part, I have placed at the disposal of Lord Raglan my mules to convey his sick to Balaklava, and teams to convey his ammunition. These exchanges contribute to keep up excellent relations and perfect cordiality between the two armies.

There scarcely passes a night without some points of our lines being attacked by sorties, which generally cost dear to the assailants. Yesterday, at two, A.M., the Russians, after having made a sortie on the third parallel of the English, who vigorously repulsed them, made also a demonstration upon the centre and left of our works. Received by a very brisk and well-directed fire, they withdrew before our soldiers, who pursued them at the point of the bayonet. The enemy left a great number of dead upon the ground.

To make the guard of our trenches more efficacious, I have organised a corps of volunteers, whose duty it is to keep the approaches of our works clear of the enemy at night. I expect good results from this institution, which completes that of the *frances-tireurs*, organised since the commencement of the siege, and who do duty by day in the trenches. They have already done much injury to the enemy.

As I have already informed you, our works extend actually to the bottom of the Quarantine Bay. The enemy's attention is drawn to the efforts we are making on that side, and his artillery sharply disputes the ground with us, where, as nearly everywhere, we are obliged to hollow out the rock; but our progress is not the less real, and we remain in possession.

I have informed you that the enemy had withdrawn his left and evacuated the portions of the valley of Balaklava where we formerly saw them in considerable numbers. I was desirous of ascertaining their exact position in that direction, and the day before yesterday I pushed forward a reconnaissance to the vicinity of the village of Tchorgoum, consisting of a brigade of cavalry, under the orders of General d'Alloville. They came upon some hundred riflemen behind the village of Kamara, and drove them back into the ravines. Detachments of cavalry, accompanied by their artillery and some battalions of infantry, appeared on the flanks of the reconnaissance, but did not attempt to interrupt its operations, which were happily accomplished. At the same time 1000 infantry, Scotch and Zouaves, left Balaklava, on the right of our position, and explored the heights which extend towards the valley of Baidar. They only met a post of Cossacks.

To resume, I am of opinion that on the left bank of the Tchernava there are only pickets of the enemy observing our positions from a distance. A movement has evidently taken place in the Russian army, caused probably by the landing of the Turkish troops, which continues at Eupatoria. I shall soon know the real state of the case.

Although the number of the sick has somewhat increased, in consequence of the perpetual wet in which we live, the sanitary condition of the army is satisfactory, and its moral condition perfect. If the troops have suffered much from the rain, it has not yet been cold: the snow, which for some time has covered the tops of the mountains inland, has not yet fallen upon the plain which we occupy, and the thermometer has not yet in a single instance been below zero (freezing point of Fahrenheit). These general conditions are rendered better by the care taken of our men, and, thanks to the wise foresight of the emperor and his government, the army enjoys relative comforts, which makes it gaily support the fatigues it

has to undergo. The number of sick in our military hospitals at Constantinople is 3794, of whom 1387 are wounded. I have established in the Crimea, near the Bay of Karatsch, a depot of convalescents, where the men who leave the army ambulances, and who only require rest, will regain their strength, and be enabled to return to their duty. This measure will diminish the number sent to Constantinople. His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, still retained at Constantinople by the malady which forced him to leave the Crimea, wished to rejoin us. I opposed his return, which might compromise the health of the prince.

I am, &c.,

CANROBERT, *General-in-chief.*

It will be seen in the above despatch that the French general refers to the Turks as landing in Eupatoria. When the Austrian occupation of the Dacian provinces at once secured them from an attack by Russia, and the Russians from pursuit by Omar Pasha, that chief gradually withdrew his armies to Varna and Shumla, leaving garrisons in the Danubian cities sufficient for their protection. It was determined that a considerable portion of this army should be transferred to the Crimea, and General Canrobert makes reference to the first of several detachments which landed at Eupatoria, in order to strengthen the garrison there against Russian reinforcements, which it was rumoured were to assemble in large numbers to assault the place, for its importance now began to be better appreciated by both sides. It was alleged that to no part of his menaced dominions did the Emperor Nicholas look with so much anxiety as to Eupatoria—that he considered it the key of the Crimea, and was resolved at all costs to dispossess the allies. His earnestness and alarm at this juncture were manifest. The report made to him by the grand dukes painfully affected him. If the rumour spread by prisoners and deserters in the allied camp was true concerning the conduct of these imperial personages after the battle of Inkerman, it is likely that they would convey to the Russian capital very discouraging representations of affairs. According to the story current in the camps, when their imperial highnesses saw the slaughter and defeat of their troops, they uttered the most passionate lamentations, and besought Prince Menschikoff to give up the struggle, and make the best terms he could. This the prince was described as promising, in order to quiet their apprehensions, and, leading them away from the scenes which had so affected them, quietly sent them home with despatches of pretended importance to their imperial sire. The czar speedily published a manifesto, which was read with sacerdotal pomp in the churches of Sebastopol, and was intended to raise the hopes and sustain the spirit of the discouraged troops. It was issued on the 14th of December, old style:—

By the grace of God, we, Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., make known:—

The causes of the war, which still lasts, are well understood by our beloved Russia. The country knows that

neither ambitious views, nor the desire of obtaining new advantages to which we had no right, were the motives for those acts and circumstances that have unexpectedly resulted in the existing struggle. We had solely in view the safeguard of the solemnly recognised immunities of the orthodox church, and of our co-religionists in the East. But certain governments, attributing to us interested and secret intentions that were far from our thoughts, have complicated the solution of the question, and have finished by forming a hostile alliance against Russia. After having proclaimed as their object the safety of the Ottoman Empire, they have waged open war against us, not in Turkey, but within the limits of our own realm, directing their blows on such points as were more or less accessible to them—in the Baltic, the White Sea, the Black Sea, in the Crimea, and even on the far distant coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to the Most High, both in our troops and in all classes of our subjects, they everywhere met with intrepid opponents, animated by their love for us and for their country; and, to our consolation in these troublous circumstances, amid the calamities inseparable from war, we are constantly witnessing brilliant examples and proofs of this feeling, as well as of the courage that it inspires. Such are the defeats more than once inflicted on the enemy's troops on the other side of the Caucasus, notwithstanding a great disparity of force. Such was the unequal contest sustained with success by the defenders of the coasts of Finland, of the convent of Solovetsky, and of the port of Petropaulovsky, in Kamschatka. Such, above all, is the heroic defence of Sebastopol, signalled by so many exploits of invincible courage and of indefatigable activity, as to be admired and done justice to by our enemies themselves.

Beholding, with humble gratitude towards God, the toils, the bravery, the self-denial of our forces both by land and sea, and also the general outburst of devotion that animates all ranks of the empire, we venture to recognise therein the pledge and augury of a happier future. Penetrated with our duty as a Christian, we cannot desire a prolonged effusion of blood; and certainly we shall not repulse any offers and conditions of peace that are compatible with the dignity of our empire and the interests of our well-beloved subjects. But another and not less sacred duty commands us, in this obstinate struggle, to keep ourselves prepared for efforts and sacrifices proportioned to the means of action directed against us.

Russians! my faithful children! you are accustomed to spare nothing when called by Providence to a great and holy work—neither your wealth, the fruit of long years of toil, nor your lives—nor your own blood, nor the blood of your children. The noble ardour that has inflamed your hearts from the first hour of the war will not be extinguished, happen what may; and your feelings are those also of your sovereign.

We all, monarch and subjects, if it be necessary—echoing the words of the Emperor Alexander in a year of like trial, "The sword in our hands and the cross in our hearts"—know how to face the ranks of our enemies for the defence of the most precious gifts of this world—the security and the honour of our country.

Given at Gatchina, the 14th of December, year of grace 1854, and 30th of our reign. NICHOLAS.

Having related the condition and prospects of the various forces engaged in the contest around Sebastopol, it is necessary to direct attention to the proceedings of the fleets. After the 17th of October, the sailors were of little service except on shore; they were exposed at sea to much hardships from the incessant rains, the cold, and the prevailing storms. Great was the disappointment which prevailed after the failure of the naval bombardment, and the brave tars longed for an opportunity to redeem the character of the navy. Admiral Dundas having disapproved of the expedition to the Crimea from the first, because of the inadequate means

at the disposal of the allies, the advanced period of the year, and the excessive sickness prevailing among both the naval and military forces, was supposed to repress all enterprise, and to be desirous rather to see his own vaticinations fulfilled. In these representations there was at this juncture, at all events, much injustice; and certainly the predictions of the admiral, as regarded the difficulties and sufferings of the expeditionary forces, were but too circumstantially fulfilled.

Early in December the fleets took up new positions around the south-west coast of the Crimea. Many of the British ships entered the harbours of Kamiesch and Karatsch, which were in the possession of the French. The *Agamemnon*, *Hannibal*, *Algeria*, *Napoleon*, *Jean Bart*, *Pomona*, *Nimanguet*, and several frigates blockaded Sebastopol. The *Vauban*, *Caton*, and bomb-vessel *Vautour*, were in Arrow Bay, the nearest position to Sebastopol. The *Montebello*, *Marengo*, *Alger*, and a number of frigates and smaller craft, were in the Bay of Kamiesch. The French raised fortifications along the coast from Arrow Bay to Cape Chersonese, a work the necessity of which did not appear. They erected beacons and lighthouses, not only for the shipping, but for the troops on shore.

The inaction of the British fleet gave much uneasiness at home, and excited much unreasonable comment. The government felt the influence of this, and on the 8th of December sent out directions to attack Odessa. Odessa, however, was not attacked; and it was afterwards learned that this was due to the influence of General Canrobert, acting under the direct orders of his emperor. The charge of the French fleet devolved not upon its admiral, but upon the general-in-chief of the army. Such orders could not at that time have been obeyed by the British admiral, the pick of whose crews were serving on shore.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY
TO VICE-ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

Admiralty, Dec. 8, 1854.

SIR,—I am commanded by my lords commissioners of the Admiralty to call your attention to their letter of the 13th of October last, No. 622, respecting an attack on the port of Odessa at any proper opportunity. Although this question has been postponed at the request of the generals commanding the allied forces on shore, my lords are of opinion it should be again taken into consideration, with a view to an effectual operation whenever circumstances will permit.

I am, &c.,

R. OSBORNE.

It was a curious coincidence that while the authorities at home were carrying on the deliberations which led to this letter from the Admiralty, the Russian navy was putting forth some symptoms of spirit, to the astonishment of the allies. On the 6th of December, two Russian ships sallied from Sebastopol, proving that a passage had been left between the sunken

ships, this had been universally disbelieved in the fleets. One of these steamers lingered close to the harbour, as if in reserve; the other, supposed to be the *Vladimir*, boldly issued forth, passed a French frigate which either did not recognise it, or supposed it to be British, and steaming round Fort Alexander, "brought to," and threw shot and shell into the French works near Quarantine Bay. The amazed admirals sent the *Valorous* and *Terrible* after her, but the Russian was as nimble and vigilant as bold, and escaped with her consort behind the lines of sunken ships.

On the 21st of December, Admiral Dundas gave up the command of the fleet and returned home. He was succeeded by Admiral Lyons. The latter, desirous to give his gallant predecessor a courteous farewell, ordered signals—in the hoisting of which occurred a ludicrous mistake. Admiral Dundas ran up a signal to Admiral Lyons to the effect, "May success attend you," to which the latter ordered the reply to be given, "May happiness await you." By some mistake the word *hanging* was substituted for *happiness*! Great was the amazement of the whole fleet as it read the parting signal from the *Agamemnon* to their late amiable chief, "May *hanging* await you!" What made this more unfortunate, and a source of the greater chagrin to Sir Edmund, was the state of feeling between the two admirals, which was notorious: the senior officer considering his junior as forward, somewhat saucy, and very intriguing; the junior representing his senior as "slow," and deficient in enterprise. Admiral Dundas took leave of the fleet in a manly address:—

*H.M.S. Britannia, in the Bosphorus,
Dec. 22, 1854.*

My term of service as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean and Black Sea having drawn to a close, I am about to return to England, and give up the command of this fleet.

During the past year many trying circumstances have occurred—pestilence in its most aggravated form, action with the enemy against land defences such as ships hardly ever encountered, and a tempest of the most awful violence. In all those events the good conduct and gallantry of the fleet have been evinced and proved.

In taking an affectionate leave of the officers, seamen, and marines of the fleet, I can hereafter experience no higher gratification than the assurance that they preserve their high character for discipline, enterprise, and devotion to our sovereign and country.

J. W. D. DUNDAS,

Vice-admiral, Commander-in-chief.

*To the admirals, captains, commanders, officers,
seamen, and marines of the fleet in the Medi-
terranean, and Black Sea.*

When the British admiral was leaving, the yards of all the ships, French and English, were manned, and hearty cheers were given for the veteran sailor who had won the respect of the armies and navies of the allies, as well as of the men under his own command.

About the same time Admiral Hamelin returned to France, to receive promotion from his

government, and the command of the French fleet devolved upon Admiral Bruat—a bold, reckless sailor, stubborn in opinion, and reputed to have no love for the English nation, its people, or its policy. Admiral Hamelin appears to have issued no farewell, but Bruat, on assuming the command, thus referred to him in an order of the day:—"We are about to lose our worthy chief; his illustrious services have received their reward. After having called on me to second him, the emperor has called on me to replace him. Faithful to the traditions bequeathed to us by a glorious past, we shall continue to lend to our valiant army and to our brave allies that warm co-operation to which he has already rendered such flattering and cordial justice. On the day of combat, the same patriotic cry will still rally us round the flag of France."

Soon after Sir Edmund Lyons took the command of the English fleet, an opportunity was given him of softening the asperities which had hitherto throughout the war characterised the spirit and temper of the Russian commanders. He happened to have formed an acquaintance many years before with the Russian admiral, and he took occasion on his newly-acquired command to send that functionary a large English cheese, with his compliments, and good wishes for his health. The Russian sent in return a fat deer (how such a present could at that time be found in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol may well be a matter of surprise), and with the present a letter conveying the following delicate compliment:—"The Russian admiral remembers with pleasure the time of his acquaintance with Sir Edmund, and regrets not to have seen him for so long, except the other day, when he came in rather close with the *Agamemnon*."

The fleets were gradually reduced as the winter advanced, by the sailing vessels being ordered home, and the steamers remained as mere "tenders" for the armies. The naval brigade on shore was gradually augmented to a naval division, reducing the numbers who constituted the crews afloat. The sailors in the trenches and at Balaklava became increasingly conspicuous for their bravery, good-tempered submission to toil, and usefulness in bringing up stores: nothing came amiss to Jack—his strong hand, brave heart, and jolly temper were always the same.

The year 1854, so full of events to Europe and the world, at last closed in gloom and chillness over the beleaguering and beleaguered at Sebastopol. The Russians were stronger within the mysterious city than ever. Their fortifications had grown up under the fire of the allies, and increased to dimensions the most prodigious. The labour of a large army was devoted without respite to accomplish the



VICE ADMIRAL SIR J. W. D. DUNDAS, F. R. S.

from a Photograph sent April 1846.

stupendous work. The allies also grew in strength, notwithstanding the waste and wear incurred by weather, war, and pestilence. The French works were twice as strong as when the first bombardment commenced; and the English had, by dint of death-inflicting toil, prepared a terrible armament for their batteries. The British also began to feel acclimated, and to resist better the local diseases. Fresh meat arrived from the Bosphorus, and large stores of food and raiment were on their way from home. The general feeling of the armies was, that Sebastopol could only fall by a most bloody assault, and that must be made soon or never. The preparations showed, however, that the generals were preparing for a more tremendous battle of artillery than the world had ever before witnessed. Tokens, terrible and unmistakeable, were given that the Western powers were resolved to win the proud citadel, and that Russia had staked her strength and resources upon the struggle there. The progress and character of the siege hitherto was keenly reviewed at home, and various plans of fortifications and attack were discussed in the military journals and clubs, and in the senate. Lord Palmerston, in his place in the English House of Commons, referred to this state of feeling in the country, and to the actual facts of the case, in one of his happiest efforts. Within a short compass, his lordship places the state of affairs around Sebastopol in its real aspect, as presented at the close of 1854. His lordship thus spoke:—"With regard to fortifications, an honourable member has adverted to a system which has attracted much attention—that proposed by Mr. Ferguson. Everybody who has read, with the attention it merits, the pamphlet published by that gentleman on the defences of Portsmouth, must be aware that it contains a great deal of

matter well deserving of careful consideration; but it would be a mistake to draw a conclusion in favour of his system from what passed at the siege of Sebastopol. The operations at Sebastopol were very different from those of ordinary sieges. At Sebastopol there were two great armies confronting one another. One of those armies was lodged behind trenches and earthworks, from which it was the object of the other to dislodge them. But the first army had resources, both of men and ammunition, almost unparalleled in the history of war. As fast as their guns were dismounted others were substituted, and as fast as men were slain others were forthcoming to supply their places. We have been authoritatively assured that at the last bombardment the Russians lost, in killed and wounded, something like 1800 or 1900 men a-day. Fresh armaments, however, were always forthcoming from the other side of the harbour, and new supplies of men were continually brought up from the army in the rear. Operations such as these furnish no parallel for a limited fortification, where reinforcement and replenishment cannot take place. It is therefore a mistake to suppose that the earthwork system is invariably applicable to limited fortifications. I will not go into those details which those who are familiar with the subject must have attended to, but I believe it is admitted that earthwork will not stand perpendicularly like stone; it must have a slope of forty-five degrees, and these slopes can be ascended by an attacking force much more easily than perpendicular walls terminating in a ditch. However, the merits and advantages of this system are being very much considered, and no doubt the addition of earth in front of stone walls has been found to be a mode of considerably strengthening the stone revêtement of a fortification."

CHAPTER LI.

SCUTARI AND ITS HOSPITALS.—MISS NIGHTINGALE.

"A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseases'd, all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all fevrous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs."—MILTON. *Paradise Lost*.

WHEN war broke out between England and Russia in March, 1854, the hospital arrangements of the British army were in a very imperfect state. The chiefs of that department have generally but little influence at the Horse Guards, and, therefore, whatever the extravagance in other branches of the military service, economy rigid and parsimonious was applied in that direction. Not, indeed, that the medical and hospital service was free from jobbing any

more than any other connected with the army, but the provision for the efficiency of that department of the military administration was regarded with more indifference, because the officers belonging to it were seldom connected with the aristocracy. Immediately upon the declaration of war, instructions were sent out to Mr. Calvert, British consul in the Dardanelles, to select for recommendation such places as he deemed most eligible as localities for

hospitals. He recommended Abydos, Scutari, and other places. The army while at Varna suffered severely from the deficient number of surgeons connected with it; although young men of undoubted talent, energy, and courage, offered themselves in numbers for the service. During the prevalence of disease and death at Varna, an hospital was established at Scutari. It was only intended for those who might incur wounds in the campaign approaching, which was then expected to take place in Bulgaria. The arrangements devolved upon the Duke of Newcastle as minister of war, and Dr. Andrew Smith, chief of the medical department. Those gentlemen found their efforts embarrassed by the system of divided control, and they were not men of that resolution and clearness of judgment either to dare much on their own responsibility, or make any effective efforts to extricate their own from complication with other official departments. The army, therefore, continued to suffer, and each hospital at Scutari became a lazaret-house. When the Sebastopol inquiry, proposed by Mr. Roebuck, brought all the complications to light with which the medical department had to struggle, it was seen that while individuals were scarcely less to blame, the system of our army administration was confused and corrupt. A contemporaneous writer has, in a small compass, described the confusion and complication prevailing. "Dr. Smith's first instructions were from the Horse Guards, the commander-in-chief's office, to provide necessary medicines for an army destined to service in the East; but he had no control over the shipping of the hospital furniture and clothing for the sick, no bill of lading, no power of seeing that the articles were actually shipped off: this devolved upon the Board of Ordnance. Then, in relation to such medical comforts as wine, sago, arrow-root, &c., very important to an army in a season of cholera and dysentery, Dr. Smith had to apply to the commander-in-chief, who applied to the Board of Ordnance, which applied to the Board of Admiralty, which had been accustomed to supply such comforts; but neither the minister of war nor the medical director, whatever might be ascertained by voluntary inquiry, had any official knowledge whether these supplies were ever sent to the East."

Scutari, it will be recollected, is a part of the Turkish capital, but separated from the main portion of that city by the Bosphorus. The place selected for the hospital was the grand Turkish barracks—a series of buildings so vast that 6000 sick men could be accommodated there. It was not all appropriate for hospital purposes. One side of the square, and half of another side, were set apart as the English hospital, and these sections were large

enough to accommodate 3500 invalids. There was attached to the barracks a Turkish hospital for 700 men. It was not until after the battle of the Alma that the incompetency and confusion at Scutari became apparent. On the 23rd of September the first news arrived in the Turkish capital of the great victory. The French steamer *Orénoque* having arrived, bedecked with flags and streamers, a band playing on her deck, and her crew exulting loudly, the truth was known before any one landed to give the details. These were supplied the day following with dreadful distinctness. The *Andes* steamer was the bearer of 400 wounded British soldiers; she was soon followed by the *Vulcan* with 300, and by the *Simoom* with 300. Other ships rapidly succeeded, all carrying their freight of wounded and diseased. Numerous as were the sick conveyed from Varna, and from Old Fort, immediately after the landing, yet the energy and address of individuals surmounted the obstacles which existed, and the sick were tolerably cared for; but after the battle of the Alma the numbers of wounded which arrived baffled the skill and power of the managers of matters at Scutari, and there ensued scenes of confusion, horror, and death, such as no pen could describe.

It must not be supposed that the hospital accommodation which we have above described constituted all which existed on the Bosphorus for the navy and army of England. There was a naval hospital at Therapia, under the exclusive government of the authorities of the navy, which was clean, orderly, well provisioned, carefully attended by naval surgeons, and well supplied with every requisite for a hospital. It constituted at once a pleasing and painful contrast to the hospitals under military superintendence. There was much in the contrast to confirm the language of Mr. Bernal Osborne in the great parliamentary debate upon the conduct of the war, in which he boasted of the superiority of the department with which he was connected—the Admiralty—as entitled to the confidence of the house, and gave the following faithful but alarming picture of the administration of the army:—

"Will any man tell me that our military system, as existing at present, has tended to develop or bring forward military talent or genius? Look, sir, in the first instance, how the staff of the British army is composed. It is all very well for honourable gentlemen to come down and talk of consolidation of the Ordnance, the Horse Guards, and the commissariat under one head, and the substitution of one minister for another; I maintain, whatever may be the inherent vigour of that man, whatever may be his experience, a mere consolidation will not be sufficient; you must reconstruct your whole military system. The time has arrived

when you cannot expect an army, besides winning battles in the field, to go through the vicissitudes of a campaign under the present state of things. You must lay an unsparing hand on that building adjacent to these premises; you must see whether, in fact, you can find a modern Hercules to turn the Serpentine through the Horse Guards and all the ramifications of the War-office. Look at the constitution of the staff. In France, the staff is regarded as the head of the army, and officers only are placed on it who possess a knowledge of military science, and display fertility in expedients. In England, every one knows that it is not merit and capacity for which an officer is appointed to the staff, but interest and connection. Let any honourable gentleman move for a return of the officers employed on the staff in the Crimea, showing how many speak French, how many can trace a common military field-plan. I will venture to say not one-third can do it. I attack no individual, I attack the system. Why, if anything were to happen to Lord Raglan, will any gentleman tell me where we are to select a general for the chief command. It has been suggested to borrow one from the French army. How can you possibly have a succession of generals when the first thing you do is to debar any man who has any peculiar talent for command from entering your army unless he can lodge a large sum of money and purchase every step? The regulation price—and no man gets it for the regulation price—of the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry is £6175. I have known instances in which £15,000 have been so expended. The regulation price for the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of infantry is £4500. How is it possible, then, that any but a rich man can enter the army? . . . I say it is unfair to sacrifice a minister of war to the faults of your system, which this house has sanctioned and confirmed. If we are to have any reform in the British army, with a stern hand you must do away with the practice, and put the whole staff arrangements on a different footing. If you constitute another army on the same footing, I do not think it will do any better. It is not enough that they should win battles, they must go through campaigns; and we have seen the lamentable and disgraceful way in which this war has been conducted. I say, in this, I impute no inefficiency to the men: they are the victims of the system, and this house is to blame for having so long permitted it."

It is impossible to deny to this statement truth as irrefutable as its candour was striking; and in no respect was it more clearly shown to be so than in the hospital administration in the East. Therapia was situated twelve miles up the Bosphorus, and short as this distance was,

it was the cause of much inconvenience, for, however excellent the management there, some influence from the anarchy prevailing all around was felt. A curious and painful instance of this occurred when a number of marines and soldiers, wounded and invalids, were brought in one ship to Scutari: the marines were refused at that place because they were not soldiers, and they were sent on to Therapia, whence, not being sailors, they were sent back to Scutari, whence, after fatal delay, they were once more dispatched to Therapia, and received into the naval hospital as belonging properly to the navy. Before the year 1854 expired there existed for the army the "General Hospital," the "Barrack Hospital," and two floating hospitals. The General Hospital was situated near the cemetery, where burials were perpetually taking place—a most unwholesome and unseemly site for a house of recovery. It was a large building with a vast square court, after the manner of oriental houses. In this building each floor, or storey, had long corridors in which the beds of the patients were arranged. At intervals there were doors opening into apartments of considerable space, which were used as dispensaries, surgeries, and rooms for various medical purposes. In these apartments operations were generally performed. Some of these were, however, appropriated to sick and wounded officers. As many of the latter as possibly could took up quarters at the other side of the Bosphorus. The Barrack Hospital, less than a mile from the former, was like it in arrangement, but of far greater dimensions. The floating hospitals were at the Golden Horn, they consisted of an old Turkish hulk, and an English transport but little better fitted to accommodate invalids. There was besides these an hospital for Russian prisoners at Kulali, on the Bosphorus. The Convalescent Hospital was distant from all these, and received patients from each whose recovery was pronounced probable; this was at Abydos. Subsequently, and as the result of agitation in England, what was called the Civilian Hospital was established at Smyrna. The medical men attending here were in no way connected with the army, but the director was a military man. This hospital was beautifully and healthily situated, and the care and nursing of the poor soldiers much surpassed what was experienced in the other asylums. It was at Scutari that the great evils were prevalent, the great horrors enacted, and the indelible shame upon our country inflicted.

Every branch of the medical department of the army in the east worked badly, in spite of the courage, humanity, and skill of individual medical men—many of whom devoted superior talents and untiring industry, with the most self-sacrificing spirit, to mitigate the sufferings

of their countrymen. For the sake of order in our narrative, we shall attempt to describe the processes of sending the soldiers away, landing them, conducting them to the shelter allotted to them, and the treatment which they there received.

It might without exaggeration be said, that not one yard from the trenches before Sebastopol to the hospital or cemetery at Scutari was the poor soldier carried without an amount of suffering being inflicted upon him barbarous in the extreme, and which any previous preparation might have averted. Well might Mr. Russell write, that, even if the instinct of self-preservation had existed in the British army, these horrible evils might have been avoided, or at all events mitigated. A medical officer writing home from the camp thus describes the outset of the unfortunate candidate for the corridors of Scutari:—"I often look back at the misery and wretchedness I have witnessed in England in my attendance on the sick poor; but, on comparing these with my present everyday experience, their condition was Elysium itself; for when I tell you that the sick in this place have no other couch than the bare ground, itself saturated with wet, and a dripping canvas only between themselves and the clouds, you will perfectly comprehend that the veriest hovel would be a palace in comparison, so that it were provided with the ordinary defence of either mud or stone walls, and with thatch for its roof. We do all in our power to send away the sick from the camp on board ship as speedily as possible, yet—mark the difficulty—there are no means of transport, or rather, I should say, that the means we have at our disposal are totally inadequate to the emergency. It is true that our ambulances are on the ground, where they are likely to remain, for all their mules are either dead or useless, and the only means at our command is a Flanders' waggon, which goes to Balaklava daily for forage. Can you fancy a poor fellow, who may be struck down from disease of a most prostrating character, being either jolted along in a waggon without springs or covering, or placed across a horse for three hours, exposed to an atmosphere which may be many degrees below the freezing-point? Far better would it be to let the poor invalid remain, in even his comfortless tent, than to subject him to such torture."

When the men were placed on board, there were fresh trials awaiting them, such as we glanced at when referring to the state of things at Balaklava. Generally the men lay "between decks," without any bedding, and often without a blanket in the depth of winter. The number of medical men was utterly disproportioned, and often they were themselves the subjects of disease. Invalids attended invalids, or, as

frequently happened, the men were utterly unattended. The transports on board of which they were placed were not provisioned for the purpose of carrying the sick; there was plenty of salt pork and hard biscuit, but no such dietary supplies as sick and wounded men could use. In this condition the miserable sick and wounded lay, from five to twenty days, according to the weather and the sailing qualities of the ship, before they reached the landing-place at Scutari, or the hulks at Stamboul. Starvation ensued in some cases: the men literally died of cold, or from want of food, or they became so reduced that death became inevitable, even if no further horrors awaited them when they arrived at their destination. In several of these "sick transports" the poor fellows nearly perished from want of water, and on board one ship, the sufferings of the men from this cause were appalling—although there was water on board in sufficient quantities to meet their wants, but it could not be got at from the confusion which prevailed in the mode in which the cargo was stowed away. No accounts will ever be published of the horrors of this "middle passage," which can depict the full atrociousness of the facts.

It is undeniable that much want of system prevailed among the medical staff, but both in the Crimea and on board ship their efficiency was impeded by want of authority, and by the inextricable complication of their functions with those of the commissariat and the general staff of the army—so that the invalids arrived at Scutari in a state which the authorities there had no right to expect, and for which they were not, therefore, prepared. At Scutari, as well as in the Crimea, the same complications as to official routine and range of official control existed. Some things could not be done there without the sanction of the British ambassador, in Constantinople; others without the authority of Dr. Alexander Smith, in London; a third class of matters required the direction of Mr. Commissary Filder, who was at Balaklava; and a fourth must be referred to the staff of the army before Sebastopol. An officer cognisant of all this complication and consequent misrule has not exaggerated in the following statement concerning the clashing of departmental authorities, staff, commissariat, and medical:—"The various military departments in London were under the superintendence and control of the secretary for war, the secretary at war, the commander-in-chief, the master-general of ordnance, the Board of Ordnance, the Treasury, and the Admiralty. To these departments there was no acknowledged head, and on a variety of most important questions their jurisdictions clashed. The army in the field was commanded by Lord Raglan, then verging on his 68th year, his generals of division, with

one exception, having nearly attained that patriarchal age. The officers of the staff were without a chief, and had, with few exceptions, been selected from favour and affection—not from merit or ability. But five out of the ninety-seven appointed had taken a first-class at the senior school Sandhurst—an institution specially founded to prepare officers for the staff; and five out of six of Lord Raglan's personal staff had been chosen among his own relations. In truth, the only qualifications consisted in a short term of active service and good interest at head-quarters, no educational or other test being required. The commissariat was officered by civilians brought together from all parts of the world, without common understanding or mutual confidence. They had no efficient military organisation, and no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the army or ministering to its wants. In the medical department the surgeons and their assistants were men of great ability, and for the most part zealous in discharge of their duties; but, as there is no school of military surgery in Great Britain, many of them were practically unacquainted with that special branch of their profession, and were first introduced to gunshot wounds and sabre cuts on the heights of the Alma. No nursers were provided, and the medical orderlies were taken from the ranks, raw and untrained. The ambulance carts and waggons were so heavy as to be altogether unserviceable; even had they been fit, no horses were at hand to draw them. The ambulance corps consisted principally of worn-out pensioners, whose application to the bottle far exceeded that bestowed upon their duties; they were not only useless, but a positive curse. The commonest necessities for field-hospitals—bedding, medicines, and medical comforts—were wanting; and not a single operating-table was supplied to the army. At the permanent hospital of Scutari no sufficient preparations had been made, and the purveyor's department was composed of an old man of 70 and an inefficient staff."

When the transports freighted with sick and wounded arrived at Scutari, a new series of sufferings commenced, and an entirely new class of horrid scenes was presented. The first difficulty consisted in getting the invalids on shore. There was no proper jetty, no boats fitted up for the express landing of the sick. One ship arrived without any boats, having lent them for the disembarkation of troops in the Crimea. A long delay occurred before boats could be procured, although they are not scarce commodities in the Bosphorus; but it did not occur to any one to employ the Turkish boats which were in numbers lying idle by Stamboul. The invalids had been more than three weeks on this vessel before they were

landed at Scutari, and presented a ghastly and emaciated appearance, begging all description—so much had they suffered from pain, cold, and hunger; scarcely any food, and no covering having been provided for them. A few had light chaff beds *thrown over them* to keep them warm as they lay on the bare boards of the ship. The nearest hospital to the beach was the Barrack Hospital, which was a quarter of a mile distant from the landing-place. This, commonly called the pier, was a most unsuitable construction, not furnishing adequate room for a tenth of the business necessarily transacted upon it. The Rev. Sydney Osborne, who remained at Scutari during the autumn and winter, rendering what help he could, thus describes this miserable landing-place, where the wretched invalids were jostled through the crowd on their way from ship-board to hospital:—"I have seen the bodies of the dead, stores for the living, munitions of war, sick men staggering from weakness, wounded men helpless on stretchers, invalid orderlies waiting to act as bearers, oxen yoked in arabas, officials stiff in uniforms and authority, all in one dense crowd, on this narrow, inconvenient pier, exposed to drenching rain, and so bewildered by the utter confusion, natural and artificial, of the scene, that the transaction of any one duty was quite out of the question. Sometimes the wounded, when landed at the pier, were kept exposed to inclement weather until orderlies—themselves invalids in process of recovery—in sufficient number could be obtained to carry them on the stretchers up to the hospital."*

According to Mr. Osborne's account, the miseries of the invalids increased at every step. When they were free of "the pier," they were carried on stretchers exposed to the piercing cold or drenching rain to the nearest hospital, in most cases to be told that there was no room; they would then have to be jostled to the General Hospital, which was half a mile further; perhaps this also would be full, and the doleful procession would have to return; and then in all probability the invalid would be laid at the door of the Barrack Hospital, or in the corridor, where he would be in every one's way, and out of the *regular course* of attendance, until he could be ranged in one of the berths, and be comprehended in the routine plan, if plan it could be called, of medical administration. Many sunk into untimely death in the dark corridors and bare wards of both hospitals, if not unpitied, certainly unaided. Should the patient be so fortunate or unfortunate, it is hard to say which, as to obtain a berth in *any hos-*

* In the Rev. Mr. Osborne's book, entitled *Scutari and its Hospitals*, the reader will find a far more minute and circumstantial account of the disastrous state of things than can be given in a general work upon the war.

pital, his case was so utterly deplorable as to balk every effort to depict it. Little do the readers of this History know what relations of agony, disgust, hopelessness, loathsomeness, and death, published and unpublished, it has been necessary for the author of these pages to peruse, in order to give some clear but succinct account of these most mournful events. Hard must the heart be that can read even a transient record of them without deep feeling—the task of analysis and compilation, in order to present even the main features of the case before others, harrows the heart. Never since it pleased God to endow men with fortitude and resignation were these qualities more signally shown than in the gloomy and pestilential wards and corridors of the Scutari hospitals: by men and by women who attended the sufferers, not less than by the sufferers themselves, have these traits been exhibited. For ever branded with infamy must the country be which cannot estimate such virtues, and which has no tear to shed over the lost and tortured brave, who went down to death so gallantly for home and nationhood. If the exasperating history of confusion and misdirection connected with the sick and wounded in our Eastern campaign do not rouse the resolution of every English, Irish, and Scotchman to resist oligarchical and irresponsible government, then our boast of freedom will make us the mockery and byword of the earth.

Within the hospitals at Scutari confusion and misery prevailed in every department. The first thing needed by the patients was, of course, a place of repose—the only means of supplying which were the bare ground, or a sort of wooden divan which surrounded many of the wards, something resembling a guard-bed in a barrack-room, or rather the guard-house of an English barrack. More than 3000 men were lying on the bare ground in these hospitals, while bedsteads and other bed fittings were lying at Varna neglected. At last a steamer was sent to bring them, but she encountered another which had sprung a leak, and towed back the disabled bark; weeks rolled by before she was again dispatched on the same necessary errand. The next thing required by the patients was a suitable classification of their cases. Nothing could be more absurd than to place men in Crimean fever, or cholera, beside those who were suffering from overwork, or cold, or wounds; but all were huddled together, just as vacancies occurred for them, and as chance ruled. A wounded man might have within thirty inches (the space allowed) of him at one side a person with "Varna fever," and within the same distance on the other a victim of dysentery.

Means of cleanliness, one would suppose, would be provided as soon as the sufferer was stretched upon his hard resting-place; but

there were no vessels for water nor utensils of any kind; no soap, towels, or cloths, no hospital clothes; the men lay in their uniforms, stiff with gore, and covered with filth to a degree and of a kind which no one could write about; their persons covered with vermin, which crawled about the floors and walls of the dreadful den of dirt, pestilence, and death, to which they were consigned. Medical assistance would be expected by the invalid as soon as he found himself in a place of shelter, but many lay waiting for their turn until death anticipated the doctor, and many others until beyond the aid of any earthly intervention. The medical men toiled with an unwearied assiduity; never did men deserve better of their country. Their numbers were inadequate to the work, and they had no means of procuring what was necessary.

The government at home stoutly maintained that every necessary requisite for men in health or sickness had been sent out; but when the correspondents of the London press dispelled this illusion, and the *Prince* was lost, that disaster became the apology. The loss of the *Prince* deprived the army of a vast store of useful personal commodities, as well as munitions of war; but the following list of articles which constituted its cargo will show exactly how far its wreck could have influenced the destitution at Scutari:—

Cartridges, musket, Pn. '1851,' 2½ dms.....	1,000,000
Ditto smooth bore, 4½ dms.	750,000
Shot, round, 9-pounders	3,000
Ditto, case, gun, 9-pounders	400
Ditto, case, howitzer, 24-pounders	140
Shells, shrapnel, guns, 9-pounders	600
Ditto, shrapnel, howitzers, 24-pounders	800
Ditto, common, empty, 24-pounders	630
Carcases, fixed, 24-pounders	30
Cartridges, flannel, filled, guns, 9-pounders, 2½ lbs.	4,000
Ditto howitzers, 24-pounders, 2½ lbs.	1,600
Ditto bursters of sorts	2,090
Fuzes, boxers, common	700
Ditto shrapnel	1,540
Tubes, brass	1,680
Ditto, friction	5,040
Portfires	168
Match, slow, cwt.	3
FOR BATTERING-TRAIN RESERVE.	
Shot, hollow, 8 inch	600
Shells, common, empty, 8 inch	2,570
Carcases, fixed, 10 inch	40
Cartridges, flannel, filled, guns, 8 inch	3,960
Ditto filled, bursters of sorts	7,116
Ditto empty mortars, 5½ inch	1,000
Powder, L.G. lbs.	4,560
Fuzes, boxers, 5½ inch	2,800
Ditto, common, 10 inch	3,390
Ditto, common, 5½ inch	3,000
Match, lbs.	170
Portfires	230
Tubes, brass	2,500
Ditto, friction	6,000
CLOTHING.	
Frocks, woollen	53,000
Stockings, half worsted, pairs	33,000
Ditto half lambs'-wool, pairs	2,700
Drawers, half lambs'-wool, pairs	17,000
Blankets, single	16,100

Rugs, single	3,750
Palliasses, single	10,000
Cloaks, watch	2,500
Boots, ankles, pairs	12,880
Shoes, pairs	1,000

There was an attempt to maintain some system of hospital attendants, but the invalids were set to take care of the invalids, for the orderlies caught the infection produced in these great fever dens, and died off. The floors ultimately became covered with filth, the stench which exhaled from doors and apertures became insupportable to those who would otherwise have been visitors, and was intolerable to the brave men who did their best to alleviate the sufferings which filled these dismal charnel-houses.

While the patients were without beds, surgeons, attendants, nurses, medicines, cleanliness, clothes, and comforts of all sorts, hunger was added to their deprivations. Mr. Osborne bears unqualified testimony to this fact. Nor he alone, other faithful witnesses recorded it. *The wounded soldiers of England in many cases died of starvation in the hospitals provided for them by their country!* Such was the state of the wounded and diseased at the close of 1854, and to some extent during the remainder of the winter. Soon after the year closed, the number, including the camp, Balaklava, and the hospitals on the Bosphorus, was computed at 14,000. Yet the increase of surgeons was very small, and these indefatigable men, in spite of much hindrance and even tyranny from their superiors, worked on with a zeal and courage never to be sufficiently lauded. In a work entitled *Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses*, by a lady volunteer, a high testimony is borne to their exertions:—"Severe things have been said of the medical department of the army; and its members were, apparently, so despaired that their work was taken from them in some measure, and put into the hands of civilians. No doubt some of the heads of the department, who had grown old under the old system of military hospitals, and were unable to realise the necessity of a prompt and immediate change, were obstinate and hard-hearted. No doubt, among such a large body of men many young and careless ones, unfitted for the awfully responsible charge then placed in their hands were to be found; but in condemning such the merits of others should not be overlooked. Most ungrateful were it if the nurses should omit recording their experience of the much dreaded 'army surgeons.' So misrepresented had this class of men been that it was with far more fear of them than of the horrors of hospital life that the ladies entered the hospital. They were told to expect rebuffs, discouragements, and even insult. During a year's residence among them the writer and all her companions never experienced from an

army surgeon other than assistance, encouragement, and gentlemanly treatment, and from many of them the most cordial kindness."

When nurses were appointed (an event to be taken notice of in another page) they resorted to various expedients, to warm beef-tea and other nourishing drinks for the men, but the medical chiefs embarrassed this good work, and prevented the working surgeons from giving any encouragement. The lady writer already quoted denounces this conduct, and the chief author of it, in the following terms:—"It was very hard work after Dr. Cumming's order had been issued to pace the corridor and hear perhaps the low voice of a fever patient, 'Give me a drink for the love of God,' and have none to give—for water we dared not give to any; or to see the look of disappointment on the faces of those to whom we had been accustomed to give the beef-tea. The assistant-surgeons were very sorry, they said, for the alteration, but they had no power to help it—their duty was only to obey. On one occasion, an assistant-surgeon told us that Dr. Cumming had threatened to arrest him for having allowed a man too many extras on the diet roll. Amid all the confusion and distress of Scutari hospital, military discipline was never lost sight of, and an infringement of one of its smallest observances was worse than letting twenty men die from neglect." So severely did the working surgeons suffer that twenty-two of them were sick at one time.

The men were as destitute of spiritual as of temporal consolation, for a long time there were no chaplains; lay instructors were provided by the generosity of religious persons in England, but the authorities threw every obstacle in the way of their charitable labours.

No reliable returns were ever given of the numbers who perished from causes which might have been remedied. The *Morning Advertiser* thus noticed the proportions of wounded and diseased up to February, 1855:—"Among the causes of death we notice scurvy, debility, and rupture, which tell of the salted pork, extreme exposure, and excessive hard work. How many have perished by sword, bullet, and shell, we shall probably never know with accuracy. There are to be accounted for above 44,000. Of these it is not likely that 10,000 fell in the three engagements; but admit that 10,000 have perished in battle, in the trenches, and of wounds, there are 34,000 whose fate has been sealed in a more terrible manner in the tents, ships, and hospitals. According to the proportions furnished by the list of deaths, these poor men have probably perished in the manner below:—

Dysentery	9,860
Diarrhoea	9,180
Fever	4,760
Cold, rheumatism, cough, fatigue, exposure, half-rations, with hard work, &c.....	10,200

The conduct of the men under their unheard-of agonies was worthy of their heroism in the field: it was calm, resigned, and manly. The love of home was strongly manifested, but the desire to hear that their comrades won glory for their country seemed to predominate over every other interest. The Rev. Sydney Osborne depicts this feeling among the inmates of those sullen wards and corridors in this manner:—"Many of the soldiers read aloud remarkably well; I have seen a black-whiskered, fine-looking man, propped up in bed, chosen as a reader; having lost an arm, they had folded the paper for him, so that he could, holding it in one hand, get at the 'battle bit.' Cripples of all kinds crept up, and sat on and about the adjoining beds; as far as his voice could be heard (it was a loud Irish one), you might see men turned in their beds, trying to drink in every word; on he went, right through the whole; beginning in rather a monotone style, he soon warmed up, and as the men said, 'gave it out well.' Then there would be a hail from a distant bed—"I say, let us have it up here now," and some crippled patient would come scrambling down to beg the paper: a new reader would be found, and nearly the same scene again and again repeated. I heard a shrewd observation from one veteran, who, having read the battle in a 'daily,' then looked at a picture of it in a 'weekly.' 'The writing, sir, is more like a picture than the picture is like the battle. Why, sir, these painters seem to think all our horses are fit for brewers, and that gunpowder makes no smoke.'"

The medical men were solicitous to send on convalescents to Malta, Corfu, Gibraltar, or to England, in order to give more space to the sick, and to make sure of some more suitable accommodation for the constantly-arriving cargoes of wretched men from the Crimea; but the directors of the transport-service either feared to incur responsibility, or were themselves harassed by confused orders, so that they were unable to supply regular or suitable transport for such convalescents.

The causes of all these miseries have never been adequately traced. Mr. Sidney Herbert, the secretary-at-war, in a speech in the House of Commons, defied Mr. Roebuck and the committee of inquiry to discover who was to blame, and results showed that to some extent he was safe in uttering that defiance. Mr. Macdonald, the special commissioner of the *Times*, attributed the confusion in the hospitals to the want of organisation in the medical department; undefined relations between that and other departments; and the unfavourable position of the hospital on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. But there were other causes at least as operative as any of these: such as the want of system in the departments in London;

of mutual dependence and prompt correspondence among these departments; and of well-defined responsibility in connection with all the officials at home and abroad. The British ambassador at Constantinople, however burthened with diplomatic business, had many *employées* at his disposal, and influence enough with the Turkish government, to procure aid in the season of protracted and bitter distress. No efforts seem to have been made by him to check the ravages of disease, or afford any melioration of the miseries of those who languished so near his palace. It is utterly inconceivable how the representative of her majesty on the spot—a man of such personal consideration, and wielding so much political power—should allow all the anguish of these houses of suffering to go on unmitigated and unsoothed. If ever there was a work worthy of a humane and vigorous mind, that of healing the distractions and overmastering the confusion at Scutari was such. As the Rev. Sydney Osborne looked upon all this misery and neglect, he might well exclaim:—"O war, war, how dost thou in thy utter bitterness of trial curse our race! Sowing penalties and pains broadcast over our living soul, heaping up more of poverty on the very poor; deriding the widow in her bereavement, making her childless; casting on them who only in hope are wives pangs as bitter as those of widows; thou begettest orphans; in the very wantonness of thy cruelty seekest victims from every other class; reckless of all social distinction, levelling all to one condition—that of the heart-broken and desolate: men crown thy triumphs with laurel—the cypress of the cemetery, the yew of the village churchyard, these are the real emblems of thy accursed work."

When the state of the hospitals in the Bosphorus became known in England, the heart of the nation was appalled; deep commiseration for our brave men filled every heart; and suggestions for their relief multiplied and received publicity in every form. The authoress of *Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to it*, had recommended the employment of the soldiers' wives as nurses—a plan which was never adopted, but which had more to recommend it than was recognised by the public. The military authorities in England set their faces against it, and it was given up. The Rev. Mr. Shepherd, Master of St. John's House, Westminster, where "a Protestant Sisterhood," formed for charitable purposes, resided, addressed a letter to the Bishop of London, offering on the part of these ladies their services as nurses. This idea met with the approbation of the government, and it was believed also of the queen. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert made themselves its especial patrons, and Mrs. Herbert took an interest in

it which redounds to her honour, and claims on her behalf the gratitude of the country. Through her instrumentality, Miss Nightingale was introduced to this benevolent work, in order to take the superintendence of the lady nurses generally, and organise a system of operations. Numbers of excellent and accomplished women, in various ranks of life, and from every portion of the three kingdoms, offered their services; but of these only a few possessed the mental and physical qualifications, and the experience which was so essential to a task so trying in itself, and amidst scenes of mutilation, agony, and pestilence calculated to daunt the most daring spirit. To join the charge, or mount the breach, was nothing compared to the trial of faith and fortitude which Miss Nightingale and her gentle companions were prepared to undergo.

In consequence of the numerous offers made by ladies for this service, Mr. Sidney Herbert deemed it desirable to publish a letter explanatory of the duties required, and the impediments likely to be met with. "Many ladies," he said, "whose generous enthusiasm prompts them to offer their services as nurses, are little aware of the hardships they would have to encounter, and the horrors they would have to witness, which would try the firmest nerves. Were all accepted who offer, I fear we should have not only many inefficient nurses, but many hysterical patients, themselves requiring treatment instead of assisting others." This judicious caution did not check the generous ardour of the women of England, but induced more serious consideration as to their fitness for the work in individual cases. The ladies who were chosen out of the vast number of volunteers comprised six from St. John's House, Westminster; eight from Miss Sellon's House of Sisters, in Devonshire; ten Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity; and fourteen hospital nurses who had acquired much experience. These all departed for the East on the 23rd of October. Early in December, fifty-eight ladies, selected in a similar manner, followed the former detachment. The first thirty-eight were chosen by Miss Nightingale herself, and accompanied her. The ladies afterwards sent out were mainly selected through the kind and indefatigable exertions of Mrs. Sidney Herbert. Each of these received a certificate from the authorities at home, permitting her to undertake the work at Scutari, for which she had volunteered. The departure of all these excellent women was marked by demonstrations of respect more ardent and deferential than are usually offered to persons of the highest rank, and for the most eminent public services. They journeyed by way of France, and when they landed at Boulogne, the civic officers of that place prepared for them a most respectful

welcome. The fishwomen assembled to carry their luggage to the hotel, where they were hospitably and gratuitously entertained. Along the line of route to Marseilles the railway officials facilitated their journey in every possible way, and showed them all honour, as did the populace of town and country. At Marseilles they embarked on board the *Vectis* steamship, whose captain and crew treated them with the most profound reverence and respect, and with the most prompt alacrity served them on every occasion where their services could minister to their comfort. The ladies were accompanied (we write of the first detachment) by Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, whose presence and aid were of great value. When they arrived at Scutari, they set themselves *at once* to the performance of their arduous duties. A tower at one of the corners of the Barrack Hospital afforded them some accommodation. They were easily pleased in that respect; their mission was one of privation and self-denial, and they were equal to the work which they undertook; brave hearts beat beneath fair bosoms—as brave as beat beneath the manly breasts which were torn with ball and bayonet on the slippery slopes of bloody Inkerman. We must be indebted to Mr. Osborne for a description of that part of the building allotted to the nurses:—"Entering the door leading into the sisters' tower, you at once found yourself a spectator of a busy and most interesting scene. There is a large room, with two or three doors opening from it on one side; on the other, one door opening into an apartment in which many of the nurses and sisters slept, and had, I believe, their meals. In the centre was a large kitchen-table; bustling about this might be seen the high-priestess of the room, Mrs. C—; often as I have had occasion to pass through this room, I do not recollect ever finding her either absent from it or unoccupied. At this table she received the various matters from the kitchen and stores of the sisterhood, which attendant sisters or nurses were ever ready to take to the sick in any and every part of these gigantic hospitals. It was a curious scene, and a close study of it afforded a practical lesson in the working of true common-sense benevolence. . . . The floor on one side of the room was loaded with packages of all kinds, stores of things for the internal and external consumption of the patients; bales of shirts, socks, slippers, dressing-gowns, flannel; heaps of every sort of article likely to be of use in affording comfort and securing cleanliness. It gave one some idea of what such a room would be in a good hospital, if on some sudden alarm it had been made a place of refuge for articles snatched from its every store. In reality, it was one feature of a bold attempt upon the part of extraneous benevolence to supply the deficiencies of the various depart-

ments, which as a matter of course should have supplied all these things. In an adjoining room were held those councils over which Miss Nightingale so ably presided, at which were discussed the measures necessary to meet the daily varying exigencies of the hospitals. From hence were given the orders which regulated the female staff working under this most gifted head. This, too, was the office from which were sent those many letters to the government, to friends and supporters at home, telling such awful tales of the suffering of the sick and wounded, their utter want of so many necessities. Here might be seen the *Times'* almoner taking down in his note-book from day to day the list of things he was pressed to obtain, which might all with a little activity have been provided as easily by the authorities of the hospital."

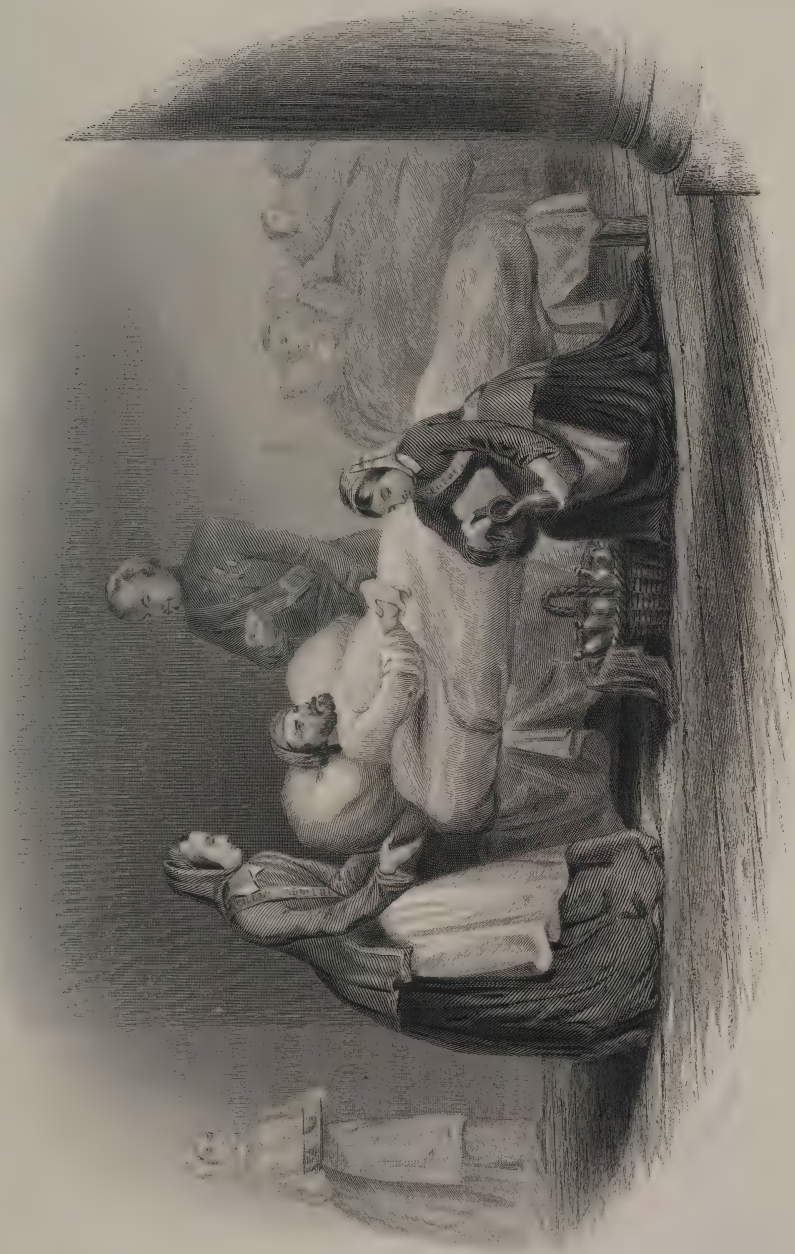
The ladies of the first mission reached Scutari just twenty-four hours before the first arrivals of the wounded from Inkerman; so that their energy and fortitude were tested before they had time to make themselves acquainted with the prevailing routine, or with the localities in which they were to move. Nobly did they acquit themselves: they were as "ministering angels" sent from heaven. With the arrival of the ships loaded with wounded men commenced their duties and difficulties. Almost every conceivable obstacle was thrown in their way, often by the jealousy, as often by the bad temper of the superior officials. And frequently, when there was a disposition to co-operate with them, there was not the capacity. Doctors, purveyors, storekeepers, orderlies, inspectors, dispensers, and interpreters, were in the uttermost confusion amongst themselves, and they generally regarded these gentle missionaries as a new element of anarchy. Miss Nightingale and her devoted followers would probably have been driven away by the ill-will, jealousy, and impracticableness of these people, had it not been for the countenance which they received from various persons of influence who opportunely interposed on their behalf. The persevering kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge has been already noticed. Mr. Macdonald, the *Times'* almoner, by his firmness and practical tact, was an invaluable auxiliary. Mr. Stafford; and the Rev. Mr. Osborne, were pillars of support. Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, wife of the British Ambassador, made up for her husband's coldness by her zeal and sympathy; and thus sustained, these ladies bore up against every trial, and wisely and gently combated and overcame every opposition.

It is here desirable to furnish some notice of the lady upon whom devolved the superintendence of the nurses, and the efficient conduct of the holy enterprise upon which they had en-

tered. The author of *Two Months in the Camp before Sebastopol** gives this brief, but for our purposes sufficient, account of her birth and previous habits:—"In the outer room we caught a momentary glimpse at the justly celebrated Miss Nightingale, the fair heroine of Scutari; an amiable and highly intelligent-looking lady, of some thirty summers, delicate in form and prepossessing in her appearance. Her energies were concentrated, for the instant, in the careful preparation of a dish of delectable food for an enfeebled patient—one of her hourly ministrations to the wan victims of relentless war, for whose relief she so readily and nobly sacrificed the comforts of her quiet happy English home. Miss Florence Nightingale is the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of her father, William Shore Nightingale, Esq., of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire (England). She speaks the French, German, and Italian languages as fluently as her native tongue, and has enjoyed all the benefits of a complete education, as well as those of extensive travel, having ascended the Nile to its remotest cataract, and been very generally throughout the continental countries. Wealthy, and surrounded by the attractions of a most agreeable society, it was indeed a great sacrifice to remove to the pestilential halls of a crowded and confused hospital in a foreign land. History will proudly perpetuate the name and memory of one so faithful to the demands of suffering humanity, while the evergreen wreath of affection will insure glad thanksgivings for her glorious mission, even in the hearts of the latest generation. Her self-denial, her prompt disregard of the thousand inconsistencies and absurdities of official assumption; her skilful foresight, and masterly planning; her readiness to take the responsibility of doing anything and everything necessary to promote the comfort of her unfortunate fellow-beings, at all hazards of offending the hardened hearts of those around her; her general activity and untiring perseverance, prove her to be amply possessed of the ability necessary to confront the demands of every emergency. Until her providential interposition, the hospitals had been without the commonest preparation for the reception and care of thousands of sick and wounded, pouring in from the suffering camp."

The following notice of her birth-place, by Dr. Spencer T. Hall, will interest the reader. The doctor describes certain rural scenery in Northamptonshire;—"But in the whole of the lovely view, never seemed a spot more fair or attractive than the old and many-gabled rural seat of Lea Hurst, henceforth classic for ever—the English home of Florence Nightingale,

* The reader must not confound this work with another, already quoted, entitled *A Month in the Camp*, &c.



THE MOTHERS IN THE HOUSE

whose name, like Grace Darling's, now quickens the beat of millions of hearts. Some people are born with a genius for nursing and solacing, as much as others are with a genius for music, or dancing, or poetry; and Miss Nightingale may be regarded as the archetype of her order. Her spirit first showed itself in an interest for the sick poor in the hamlets around Lea Hurst, but at length found a sphere requiring more attention and energy in continental hospitals, and afterwards in London, where she took the office of matron to a retreat for decayed gentlewomen. And now she is gone to tend and to heal the wounds of the sufferers by the siege of Sebastopol. What a contrast to the quiet pastoral retirement of this vale of Holloway, with its fireside memories and its rural delights! They who love not war must still sorrow deeply over the fate of its victims; and to such even now, amid all the din of arms, the beautiful and beneficent name of Florence Nightingale cometh sweetly as 'flute-notes in a storm.' And in after ages, when humanity mourns—as mourn it will—over the blotches and scars which battle and fire shall have left on the face of this else fair world, like a stream of sunlight through the cloud with which the present strife will shade the historic page of civilisation, will shine down upon it brighter and brighter, the memory of the heroic maiden of Lea Hurst, till all nations shall have learnt to 'do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God,' and covetousness, war, and tyranny shall be no more."

Collating the letters of Mr. Bracebridge; the letters, lectures, and book of the Hon. and Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne; the speeches and letters of Mr. Stafford, who sat by the bedsides of the patients, reading for them the letters of their friends, and acting as letter-writer general on their behalf; and the letters of Mr. Macdonald, the agent and almoner of the *Times'* Fund,—one may arrive at a correct view of the self-imposed duties and extraordinary impediments which Miss Nightingale had to encounter. She had to tend, or see tended, thousands of sick men; the commissariat, purveying, and hospital staffs, were utterly insufficient in number to perform the work expected of them, and neither the government at home, nor its representative to the Porte, made efforts to supply the deficiency; the stores actually sent out were put away in various places without order, and no person knew, except by accident, where to find anything; the authorities were jealous of all civil interference, which they regarded as a reflection upon themselves; the hospital scenes were such as to be hardly endurable by experienced surgeons; and pestilence, under the name of the "Scutari fever," raged throughout the two barracks; yet this admirable lady, and the

great majority of her assistants, bore up against all these accumulated evils, and endured to the end. Some, borne down by sickness and toil, were obliged to return. One of their benevolent coadjutors, a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, describes them as showing throughout the most unswerving fortitude, and faith in the divine Protector. Of Miss Nightingale he says:—"I was with her when various surgical operations were performed, and she was *more than equal* to the trial. She has an utter disregard to contagion; I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever."

Through the aid of Mr. Macdonald she often obtained useful articles from the stores, which otherwise would have remained useless there. This was a work of contest requiring no mean perseverance, and was often successfully resisted by the officials, who seemed to think their chief duties were to receive the articles into store and keep them there. A portion of the *Times'* Fund was placed at her disposal for the purpose of a soup-kitchen, and this was the means of saving many lives. The work of ensuring cleanliness was perhaps the severest which Miss Nightingale had undertaken. When the year 1854 closed, the Turkish laundry attached to the hospitals was occupied as a *depot for chopped straw*, to be sent to Commissary-general Filder to feed the cavalry and artillery horses in the Crimea! A building had to be especially rented for the purposes of a laundry, through the intervention of Mr. Macdonald and this indomitable lady, *the rent to be paid by the Times' Fund!*

When Mr. Macdonald was about to return to England, having accomplished his mission, he thus wrote concerning Miss Nightingale:—"Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is this incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a

lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character."

Happily the fears of Mr. Macdonald were not realised, and Florence Nightingale still lives—an honour to her country, an ornament to her sex, a grace to humanity—now when the hospitals of Scutari are closed, its cemetery has received the last martyred soldier of England, the clarion of war is silent, victory distributes laurels to the brave, and the fair hand of peace scatters blessings upon all. If Florence Nightingale be not rewarded, it is because her country has no honours worthy of her; her virtues and her services have so far surpassed the value of any gifts or honours the nation has to bestow, that we can only render the tribute of a deep gratitude, and treasure her name as the brightest in the annals of our nation's glory.

If the brow of Miss Nightingale wear no coronet, it is not because her queen was unmindful of her deserts, either while toiling by the pallet of wretchedness, or when her task of misery had terminated. While yet the tale of suffering at Scutari filled the ears and hearts of the nation, those about the court did their best to prevent the Queen of England from knowing the state of her poor brave fellows, who bore all things for her honour and their country's renown. Her majesty learned, indeed, the progress of events on the battle-field as the official despatches gave a general outline, or the letters of court favourites to court favourites gave more detailed accounts; but it was not deemed courtly to vex the royal ear by tidings of her sick soldiers sinking into despair and miserable death through the perversion of the very means she expected were put forth for their preservation. Her majesty's heart yearned to learn something of their fate, for notwithstanding the efforts to conceal from her the mismanagement of her officers, and the disgrace which had accumulated upon her government, some rumours found access to the royal mind, and her majesty sent the following to her secretary-at-war:—

Windsor Castle, Dec. 6, 1854.

WOULD you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I hear no details of the wounded, though I see so many from officers, &c., about the battle-field, and, naturally, the former must interest me more than any one?

Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor, noble, wounded, and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince.

Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

VICTORIA.

The newspapers containing copies of this letter arrived in Scutari before the end of the year, and it was a source of consolation to the nurses and of joy and triumph to the men. It is no exaggeration to say that a vast amount of benefit to the sick resulted from that letter. It stimulated all about the hospitals upon whose care, zeal, and vigilance, depended the sick man's human hopes; and it diffused a spirit of resignation and cheerfulness along the terrible corridors of the hospitals. The men felt a pride and comfort that their queen thought of them; and many a wish was expressed that they might recover, in order to serve her majesty once more where the hissing shell sped its flight, or the glistening bayonet presented its point.

It is needless to pursue here an inquiry into all the causes of the suffering which her majesty only gradually learned. In spite of complicated offices and selfish officialism, the *main cause* was the crotchety and conceited self-sufficiency of certain members of the cabinet, and the incompetency for the task which they had assumed of that portion of it which insisted upon the exclusive conduct of the war. An officer of "fifty foughten fields" pointed out to the author the following extract from a military periodical of great reputation as solving the whole enigma:—"The origin of all our misfortunes was the want of provision, in the outset, for actual operations in the field. It is idle to say that this circumstance could not be felt nearly a year afterwards, for every one knows, from incontrovertible testimony, that it had hardly been remedied at the close of the siege. War was commenced without any expectation that it would be seriously prosecuted; and, in the first instance, it was even thought that the army would not proceed further than Malta. On this account no attempt was made by the authorities at home to render the force available for active service, and the same policy and the same supineness prevailed when the expedition was sent forward to Constantinople. We had so many men, and so many bayonets, but nothing more; no efficient artillery train, no augmented commissariat, no adequate medical and hospital staff, and, worse than all, no transport. It was still believed that the troops would not be called upon to fight, and on this belief the British government continued to act, shutting their eyes to every incident which foretold the future. But the Russians, who had employed a century in making ready for this contest, were not to be frightened by shadows. Goliath had buckled on his armour, and come out to fight; his attitude was unmistakable, and the military world looked wondering on, while the British government still made no preparation. Meanwhile the troops began to feel the effects of the climate;

the cholera appeared; the medical staff, few in number, and overwhelmed by the multitude of patients, were literally worked to death, and many valuable officers were swept off by the plague."

The various remedies put forth by the people of England, and by the government under the pressure of public opinion, began to tell about Christmas. Up to that time a series of unfortunate events tried the patience and hope of the indefatigable ladies upon whom the responsibility might now be said to devolve—for the people at home lost all confidence in the officials, and transferred it to those true-hearted missionaries of their own choice. One of the principal tokens of amendment appeared in the change of feeling and opinion among the working surgeons, who, ceasing to regard their gentle coadjutors as intruders, gradually, as we have elsewhere shown, welcomed their co-operation, and at last consulted them on all occasions where the comfort and help of the invalids were concerned. But in spite of an improved spirit among the doctors, and the aid from home, one misfortune trod closely upon the heels of another, mocking every effort materially to lessen the aggregate misery and death. We have already shown that numerous detachments of wounded were brought from Inkerman the day after the arrival of Miss Nightingale, and her fellow-helpsers who accompanied her on the voyage out. Soon after Inkerman the great storm ravaged sea and shore, and Therapia and Scutari received new accessions of wounded, bruised, and sick men. The cholera re-appeared at Sebastopol only a fortnight after the storm spent its fury on those stricken heights. The deluging rains of November caused fever, ague, rheumatism, and chest complaints, to such a degree that few hale men remained among the English who still battled for the capture of the strong city. The changes in December from warmth to cold, from rain to frost, from tempest to moist and foggy calm, contributed still very much to the sick-lists. All this while the men were overworked, and skirmishes and contests repeatedly occurred. No wonder that Miss Nightingale's arrangements, with all that Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, and Mr. Stafford could do, were unequal to meet the appalling increase of the victims of mismanagement, incompetency, and severity of climate, before Sebastopol. The number of ladies sent out was too small compared with the awful requirements. The "Lady Volunteer," in her interesting book, says:—"How small has been the number of women sent to the military hospitals of Scutari, Kulali, and Balaklava: 142 in all, and of these only fifty-five were volunteers—twenty-seven ladies, twenty-eight Sisters of Mercy; and of these

only seventeen ladies and twenty Sisters were on the spot at one time; while in the French and Sardinian services there have been hundreds of *Sœurs de la Charité*."

Accordingly, although affairs mended much about Christmas, the intensity of the frost of January, 1855, gave a new impulse to the sickness, and the youths who arrived as recruits formed speedy candidates for the ambulance or "the stretcher." Other hospitals were founded or resorted to as temporary auxiliaries to the principal ones, but still all efforts proved inadequate to the strain upon them which accumulating miseries caused. Mr. Bracebridge, writing at the end of December, while acknowledging thankfully to the benefactors of England the melioration produced, predicted doleful things, and his sorrowful vaticinations were but too faithfully realised. As January, 1855, opened, most things at the hospitals were on a better footing; but the mass of human misery had increased, was increasing, and threatened to grow to proportions baffling all attempts at mitigation, unless the government at home put forth its might, or the ambassador at Constantinople, *who had full powers*, bestirred himself. At the end of January, there were 5000 sick men at the camp, most of them waiting for transmission to Scutari. The General Hospital at Scutari, and the Barrack Hospital, were crammed with patients to the very doors, and the stench tainted the atmosphere around both. Seven other hospitals were created on different parts of the Turkish coasts. Near the Barrack Hospital were good cavalry stables, fitted up in the manner usual with the Turks, who take great care of their cavalry. One hundred and eighty beds were arranged there, and it was a more fortunate allotment for the poor sick or wounded men than the adjoining hospital, to which it was auxiliary. Near the general hospital is the spring palace of the sultan, this was fitted up as a *convalescent* hospital with 500 beds. Alas! many who entered it as "convalescent" were doomed to the cemetery. Another convalescent hospital was furnished at Abydos with 400 beds. Here most of the men were really convalescents—the air of the Dardanelles seemed very salutary to those sent thither from the Bosphorus. The hospital for Russian prisoners at Kulali, on the Bosphorus, was appropriated by the English—for the Russian prisoners, having generally the good fortune to be under the care of the French, were not subjected to the pestilence, filth, and neglect from which the English suffered. The Russians at Kulali afterwards occupied the arsenal at Stamboul. The Convalescent Hospital at Smyrna was under civil management, and was very successfully conducted. Here also benevolent women were occupied in restoring the languid sick. One of

these excellent ladies gave the author much useful information concerning this and the other hospitals, and afforded him an insight into the principle of management such as enables him to express with greater confidence the opinions and statements these pages contain. The hospital at Smyrna was beautifully situated; its site was picturesque, and its neighbourhood salubrious. The climate favoured recovery, being one of the most delightful in the world. The supplies were ample, fruit and wines were easily procurable, and generous hands on the spot supplied luxuries and comforts. The lady nurses were treated with respect and the tenderest consideration by all who came near them, and the gratitude of the poor soldiers repaid the generous care bestowed upon them. There existed among the men a perfect horror of going back to the Crimea; they were willing to fight the enemies of their country, and to fall in its service, but their confidence in the capacity of their chiefs was gone; and while they looked forward to battle with the enthusiasm of British soldiers, they regarded with despair the prospect of neglect and hardship which would be to a great extent unnecessarily entailed upon them. Most of the men would have preferred to be laid in the burying-ground at Smyrna to going back to the Crimea, unless with the prospect of meeting a soldier's death in combat with the foe.

One of the devices adopted to increase the hospital accommodation on the Bosphorus was ingenious, but did not conduce to the health of the place. The open square of the Barrack Hospital was filled with a structure which accommodated 1000 patients. This additional hospital space did not check the progress of death—on the contrary, fever and dysentery were more rife than before. Many who entered these receptacles of the sick, with wounds not necessarily mortal, *died of being in the hospital*, catching "the Scutari fever," or being carried off with diarrhoea or dysentery. By the end of January not less than 6000 men were invalided on the Bosphorus, exclusive of the sick and wounded at Malta, the Dardanelles, Smyrna, and the many thousands almost untended in the Crimea.

All through this unhappy winter the nurses experienced impediments from some of the officials; but that which most of all invoked the indignation and censure of the country, and every human heart, was the mode devised for preventing the voluntary gifts of the people of England, through Miss Nightingale, from reaching those for whom they were intended. The packages arriving for her were placed under lock and key by the authorities, and nothing could be procured without a series of requisitions, which so consumed time that the benefit

was lost to the invalid, or his case escaped notice altogether. It was in vain that Miss Nightingale protested—in vain did the influential persons whose countenance and aid were so valuable to her rebuke and implore; the benefactions of England were locked up by the governing hands lest their authority should not be appreciated, and that it might ultimately appear these things were not wanted, but had been provided by the purveyor, or commissary, or chief medical, or some one else whom it was supposed was the proper medium through which it should come. The authoress of *Eastern Hospitals* thus states this fact, and accounts for it. The recital is truly horrible: it seems a libel upon human nature even to suppose such wickedness and hardness of heart, but it is certain from other evidence that this good nurse is a true witness:—

"The want of clean linen was bitterly felt at that time at Scutari. How it was issued from the stores was a mystery no one could ever unravel. If things were sent to be washed, they never returned, and there was not the slightest order or regularity in the issue of linen, either sheets or shirts. Towels and pocket-handkerchiefs were both considered unnecessary luxuries for the soldiers, and could be obtained only from Miss Nightingale's free-gift store, and, generally speaking, only from them could flannel shirts be had. Orderlies thought nothing of taking off a soiled flannel from a man, and giving him a clean cotton in exchange. Confusion, indeed, so prevailed in all quarters at that unhappy time, that though quantities of things were sent to Scutari, but few ever reached the sufferers for whom they were destined. Every ship that came in brought to Miss Nightingale large packages of every imaginable article of wearing apparel; great numbers of bales of old linen and lint also arrived, and these last were quite useless, as both were amply supplied from the medical stores of the hospital. The packages were unpacked and put into Miss Nightingale's free-gift store, which was a large shed outside the hospital. It was impossible for Miss Nightingale, with her numerous and arduous avocations, to find time even to look at them; no one had the regular charge of them; nurses and sometimes ladies, when they had time, went to assist at the endless task of putting them to rights. There was another store inside the hospital, which was under the charge of the Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy; this store was kept in beautiful order, but was quite full. From neither of these stores of Miss Nightingale could anything be procured but on the same plan as the diets, *i.e.* a doctor's requisition signed and countersigned. It was even more impossible to get these than the others for diets, from a feeling among the surgeons that clothing

for the men ought to have come from government stores, and not liking fully to acknowledge the gross neglect of the purveying department. So we only saw how miserably the men were off, and were obliged to leave them so. It was a common thing to find men with sheets and shirts unchanged for weeks. I have opened the collar of a patient's shirt, and found it literally lined with vermin. It was common to find men covered with sores from lying in one position on the hard straw beds and coarse sheets, and there were no pillows to put under them. Pillows were unknown to the government stores, and we could not get requisitions for them from Miss Nightingale's free-gift store."

When the writer of the foregoing paragraph complains in the following gentle terms, her patience of temper, as much as her patience of toil, commends itself to our admiration:—"As we passed the corridors, we asked ourselves if it was not a terrible dream. When we woke in the morning, our hearts sank down at the thought of the woe we must witness that day. At night we lay down wearied beyond expression; but not so much from physical fatigue, though that was great, as from the sickness of heart from living amidst that mass of hopeless suffering. On all sides prevailed the utmost confusion—whose fault it was I cannot tell—clear heads have tried to discover in vain; probably the blame should have been shared by all the departments of the hospital." Referring to their patience of toil, it would be difficult to give the reader any adequate idea of their round of daily and nightly duties. They had to do everything for themselves, as well as for the patients—there were few else to serve either. The authoress of *English Nurses* says:—"Our life was a laborious one; we had to sweep our own room, make our beds, wash up our dishes, &c., and fetch our meals from the kitchen below. We went to our wards at nine, returned at two, went again at three (unless we went out for a walk, which we had permission to do at this hour), returned at half-past five to tea, then to the wards again till half-past nine, and often again for an hour to our special cases. . . . We suffered greatly from want of proper food. Our diet consisted of the coarse sour bread of the country, tea without milk, butter so rancid we could not touch it, and very bad meat and porter; and at night a glass of wine or brandy. It was an effort even to those in health to sit down to our meals; we forced the food down as a duty, but some of the ladies became so weak and ill they really could not touch it."

There are a few things in English military history which more exemplifies the character of the English soldier than the way in which they conducted themselves when sick upon the

shores of the Bosphorus. A subaltern officer, writing to his wife, describes them as at once manly and resigned, bearing every privation with unrepeating fortitude, and maintaining a soldierly dignity even when carried helpless and maimed from the pier to the ward or corridor of the wretched asylum prepared for them. The writer of *Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses* thus eulogises their uniform delicacy of behaviour to the nurses:—"Our life was a regular routine of work and rest (except on occasions of extraordinary pressure) following each other in order; but whether in the strain of overwork or the steady fulfilment of our arduous duty, there was one bright ray ever shed over it, one thing that made labour light and sweet, and this was the respect, affection, and gratitude of the men. No words can tell it rightly, for it was unbounded, and as long as we stayed among them it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position. Standing by those in bitter agony, when the force of old habits is great, or by those in the glow of returning health, or walking up the wards among orderlies and sergeants, never did a word which could offend a woman's ear fall upon ours. Even in the barrack-yard, passing by the guard-room or entrances where stood groups of soldiers smoking and idling, the moment we approached all coarseness was hushed; and this lasted not a week or a month, but the whole of my twelvemonth's residence, and my experience is also that of all my companions. It was astonishing the influence gained by the ladies and sisters over the orderlies. Without their superintendence they were an idle, useless set of men, callous to the sufferings of those around them, not trying to learn their business, which was of course new to them, and regardless of carrying out the doctor's orders when they could do so without getting into disgrace; but under the sisters and ladies they became most orderly and attentive."

Among the many strange tasks undertaken by the ladies was that of sharing the honour, with Mr. Augustus Stafford, in writing letters for the men. The letters of the soldiers—at least, when written by themselves or entirely under their dictation, without any of the modifying or mollifying influence of womanly sweetness—strikingly exhibited the strangely-blended roughness and affection of the English soldier. The writer* last quoted gives the following specimen:—"Writing their

* Much discussion was carried on in England as to the propriety of employing ladies in such a service. Although pertinent to the subject of this chapter, notice of the discussion is not essential to this History, but the question is so important in itself that our readers will desire to know what the experience acquired by the ladies themselves

letters home for them was most amusing; very often they had not a word to say, but trusted entirely to the lady. 'What shall I say?' we began with.—'Just anything at all you like, miss—just the same as you write your own letters home. You knows how to make up a letter better than I do!'—'But how shall I begin?'—'My dear Thomas.' The lady writes on, hoping dear Thomas is well, and informing him of the illness and whereabouts of his friend. Then she inquires what relation the said 'dear Thomas' is to him. 'Oh, he's just my father, miss!' She suggests the propriety of addressing him by his usual title. 'Oh, never mind, miss, it's all the same—it will do very well!' One of the men received a letter from his wife, entreating him in the most broken-hearted words to allow her to come out and nurse him—that she was utterly miserable, could not sleep at night thinking of what he was enduring, and so on. The poor man very likely felt more than he cared to express, but he chose to treat it with apparent indifference and almost amusement. 'That's just the way women talks—they're always

awanting to do impossibilities. They fancies they can do anything! Oh, yes, they fancies it fast enough, but then you see, they can't, so what's the good of it? I should like to see her come out here, indeed! A pretty place for a woman by herself, and I shouldn't be able to see after her. She's much better at home, and I'll write and tell her once for all that it's impossible and no good whatever talking about it no more.' Fortunately for the poor wife's feelings his arm was too stiff to write that day, as he evidently intended to send her a severe reproof for her folly, rather forgetting in his wisdom the deep affection and anxiety contained in her earnest pleading to come and nurse him. As the post went out next day he rather reluctantly accepted the sister's proposal to write in his stead, and she, of course, took care to soften the refusal as much as possible, and poor Mrs. — was very likely rather surprised at the unusual affectionate letter she received from her husband by that mail; and we must hope it in some little measure compensated for her disappointment, though, doubtless, a few stern lines merely granting her request would have been far preferable."

led them to feel and think about it. The following will satisfy this curiosity:—"Attention has been drawn towards the class of women whose task it is to nurse the sick of England. These pages will in some degree show how unfitted they are for that responsible office. For though a military hospital was the worst imaginable position in which to place them, yet those who were unable to resist its temptations are certainly unfitted for their present occupation. Regarding the ladies who went out various opinions have been entertained. Perhaps in this case their own view of their position may be the best, as they learnt their knowledge by experience, and most of them agreed that though in the great emergency that had called them forth their efforts had been blessed to the relief of much suffering, the system was based on no permanent footing. To raise the occupation of a nurse to a higher standard, to form a body who will both nurse in our home hospitals as well as be ready to attend the sick in the army and navy, other means are required. There are two reasons which may be alleged against the permanent employment of ladies. For the arduous duties of an hospital (especially in a foreign country) long training is required ere the health can endure them. The neglect of this precaution will cause a waste of many valuable lives, while the amount of good for which they will be sacrificed will be but small. Again, experience is necessary for the attainment of skill in nursing, and it is therefore necessary nurses should be changed as seldom as possible. But this is simply unavoidable when they are ladies possessing home-ties and duties which they are only enabled temporarily to relinquish. Of course there are exceptions to this as well as all other objections which may be raised against the plan, but I speak not of small or isolated efforts, I speak of a supply to the present great deficiency of nurses for the poor of England. But, I repeat, it is not for military hospitals alone that we want better nurses. War, it is hoped, has almost passed, and its trials and troubles too; but as long as this world continues suffering will go on, and will prevail to its greatest extent among the poor; and shall England, who proudly boasts her superiority in science, government, and wealth, above other nations, be behindhand in alleviating the bitter sufferings of her own children?" The value of this lady's testimony is the more important when it is remembered that she, with another lady and a hired nurse, had the care of 1500 sick and wounded! This in a hospital prepared for 1700 patients, but in which there were about 3500.

The conduct and usefulness of the lady nurses is the more important when the fact is recollected that the *hired* nurses were unwilling to do anything for which they were not paid, and were sometimes insubordinate, often difficult to manage. The voluntary services of these ladies will be estimated in proportion as this latter fact is known. "It was like the revival of the olden times, when women were almost exclusively the nurses and physicians of the sick warriors, to witness the departure of ladies, nurtured in our somewhat effeminate civilisation, to the hardships and miseries of a camp."

About the middle of January, Colonel Hamley was sent to the Bosphorus on duty; he visited the hospitals at a juncture more favourable than at any time previous, and soon after his departure matters fell back very much; he thus writes as to what he saw:—"Entering any of the corridors, or wards, the same scene presented itself. The occupants of some of the beds sat strongly up, eating heartily their soup and meat; others, emaciated to skeletons, more like corpses than living beings, except for the large, hollow, anxious eyes, lay back on their pillows, or tried with difficulty to swallow the spoonful of arrow-root or sago offered to them by the attendants. There seemed no doubtful class—all were broadly marked either for life or death. The patients appeared comfortable—had good beds and plenty of bed-clothes; and the temperature of the chambers was, as before said, regulated to a very pleasant warmth. At some beds a woman, the wife of the patient, sat chatting with him; beside others stood the

somewhat ghostly appearance of a Catholic Sister of Charity, upright, rigid, veiled, and draped in black; the veil projecting far beyond her face, threw it, as well as the white linen folded across her bosom, into deep shadow. The thinness of some of the forms propped up against their pillows, their chests exposed by the open shirts, was absolutely frightful; the bony hands wandered vaguely about the hair and sunken temples, and the eyes were fixed on vacancy. Some lay already in the shadow of death, their eyes reverted, showing only the whites beneath the drooping lids; and others had passed this last stage, and waited only for the grave. At the end of a corridor in a tower are quarters once held by General Sir George Brown, but now occupied by gentler tenants. There dwelt the sisterhood that had come from England to tend the sick—the Rebeccas to the Ivanhoes of the Crimea. That quarter of the building threw a softening and romantic tinge over the rest; in its neighbourhood pain and misery seemed less forlorn. The corridor opened on a kitchen where some good sisters were preparing soup, sago, and wine, and other comforting compounds. Doorways opening from the kitchen were screened by long folds of black cloth or tapestry, behind which dwelt the lady sisters; and high up the wall of the kitchen were windows, across which flitted nun-like forms, heard presently to descend the stairs to our level. It was while one of two or three who accompanied me, a man of sedate and respectable aspect, such as might without presumption engage the attention of a Sister of Charity, extracted from a motherly, benevolent lady some statistical details of the sisterhood, that the chief of them herself, Miss Nightingale, lifted the piece of tapestry before her door for a parting visitor, stood for a moment revealed. During that short interval the statistics of the motherly lady were unheeded. We steadily regarded the chief as she bid her visitor adieu; then the tapestry fell and she vanished. There were eight Protestant ladies, and a rather larger number of Catholic sisters, in all, with their attendants, who officiated as nurses, there were about forty in the sisterhood. In the great kitchen, close by their quarter, rice-pudding, manufactured on a grand scale, was transferred, smoking, by an enormous ladle to the destined platters; beef-tea and mutton-broth were being cooked in large cauldrons, such as the witches danced around; and flocks of poultry were simmering into boiled fowls or chicking broth. There are three English hospitals besides this; one at a little distance, a large red brick building, was originally built and used for the purpose by the Turks; it is the most comfortable and best suited to the object of all; another is known as the Kiosk or Palace Hospital; and the third is

at Kulali, a place some miles up the Bosphorus, on the Scutari side, where there is a large barrack, which was occupied by the English cavalry and artillery before the army left for Varna. All these buildings were clean, cheerful, airy, and comfortable. They contained in all, at the time of my first visit, 4700 sick, increased to 5000 at the end of January, and from first to last they received 30,000; some came back to the Crimea, where, in many cases, they relapsed into sickness and died; some went to England, and some to their final resting-place."

Colonel Hamley certainly does not dwell on the most painful features of Scutari life, while he had an opportunity of witnessing them. There is a manifest desire to paint things *couleur de rose*. It is difficult to reconcile some of his statements with others which we have recorded from the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Bracebridge, and the authoress of *Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses*. For this reason we have quoted his narrative in this place, that the reader may form an impartial judgment from testimony of every kind which could be suitably furnished. Lieutenant Peard, whose narrative we have frequently quoted, arrived at Scutari invalided three weeks earlier than the visit of Colonel Hamley. This difference in the time of their visit will to some extent account for the difference in the *tone* of the testimony. Lieutenant Peard was too ill to see much of the men in the corridors—he was in one of the best wards, but he hourly heard of what was going on. Things became very much better and very much worse after Lieutenant Peard left; and in the former stage of affairs Colonel Hamley landed in the Bosphorus. By the end of January and beginning of February the accumulation of numbers in the hospitals set all system and all zeal alike at defiance—the men could not then be sufficiently attended to by thrice the number of nurses and surgeons. Lieutenant Peard thus describes his voyage to the Bosphorus, and what he saw there:—"We arrived at Scutari in the afternoon of the 20th, after a voyage of eight days, during which we had lost thirty men. Our invalids, as may be imagined, were rejoiced to get there, and expected to go on shore immediately; but the crowded state of the hospital prevented their being landed for some little time. They had, however, received many medical comforts on the voyage, in the shape of arrow-root, sago, mutton broth, port wine, &c., which their kind and attentive doctors ordered for them. One poor fellow died immediately after his dinner, about which he had been quarrelling, and, I suppose, had over-exerted himself. Many of the poor men were in the most filthy state, and the medical men came up from the decks looking wan and ill. The worst of the blan-

kets had, however, been destroyed, and replaced by others, and additional ones had been issued at D——'s request; in fact, every care and attention was taken of the sick, but the ship was totally unfit for the duty assigned to it. The galley was not large enough for the cooking of two separate diets at the same time. Invalid ships should be fitted with cribs and partitions on the deck for the worst cases; and the sick should always be conveyed in steamers, or be towed down."

Mr. Peard makes the following acknowledgment of the services afforded to officers as well as men by the *Times*' Fund:—"I was ordered before a medical board on the 29th, when it was determined that I was to proceed to England for the recovery of my health. On the 30th Major Sharpe was buried in the military burying-ground at Scutari, and his remains were followed to the grave by all his brother officers who were well enough to attend. Forty men were buried this day in one grave, and sixty the day before.—My dinner during my stay at Scutari was always supplied from the *Times*' kitchen. I could get soups, jellies, and blanchmange, as well as anything I required to be cooked. How happy were we to be able to procure such luxuries! I cannot be too thankful or speak too highly of this generous institution. Nothing could have been better organised and arranged; and all who derived benefit from it will feel grateful to those who contributed so generously towards the fund, as well as to the newspaper which evoked the sympathies of the public. My illness prevented my going into the wards and rooms, and visiting the sick, and I was obliged to remain patiently in my very comfortable quarters. I heard great praises of Miss Nightingale. Her kindness and thoughtfulness cheered the poor sufferers in the hospital."

Probably the most correct solution of any apparent contradictions in the representations made by different officers of the condition and treatment of the sick is, that in the latter end of December and throughout January, better food, warm drinks, clean shirts, and bedding, were distributed *as fast as the number of hands engaged could distribute them*; so that in some portions of the corridors plenty and comfort would prevail, while the miseries of others had not as yet been either mitigated or touched.

The transmission of the maimed and wounded who became convalescent, but who were unfit to be sent again to the Crimea, was an important and often ill-managed duty on the part of the authorities at the Bosphorus. An instance of what these men sometimes suffered, and would have had in all cases to endure, if left to the tender mercies of government arrangements, occurred at the end of November. Two hundred convalescents were

on ship-board, and about to sail for England. The weather was intensely cold, as it always is at that season in the Bosphorus, but was especially so in the winter of 1854. None of these men were perfectly recovered: all were delicate, and still needed nursing; many were too ill to be with propriety sent away at all, if by doing so the chance of saving their lives was not greater than by allowing them to stay at Scutari. Yet the accommodation provided for them was a long wooden trough, in which each lay like a corpse placed in an open coffin—a single blanket by way of bed and bedding was given to every man! In forming some notion of the callousness of persons in authority, it must be remembered that the government declared in the most public manner that the British ambassador had a *carte blanche* as to any expenses to be incurred for the comfort and convalescence of the invalids. Mr. Macdonald opportunely discovered the condition of these poor fellows, and the *Times*' Fund was, as in many other cases, brought into most merciful requisition.

One of the most painful and pitiful things connected with Scutari was the frequent and irreverent interments. The Turks looked upon the matter-of-course burials of the English with perfect horror. Their reverence for the dead has been more than once noticed in this History; and often would they look on in mute astonishment at the English burial scenes in the cemetery at Scutari. The unseemly pit, the coffinless corpse, the hasty and noisy sepulture, the lightness of behaviour which immediately after the interment marked the conduct of the lookers on, utterly shocked the grave and dignified Osmanli. No description which we have seen of these burials presents so graphic a picture as that of Colonel Hamley: there is a terrible reality in his description, which makes one shudder over so inappropriate a close to the career of men so nobly brave:—"On the edge of the bank of the Sea of Marmora, a few hundred yards to the left of the mouth of the Bosphorus, is a level space of green sward, used by the English, from the time of their arrival in Turkey, as a burying-ground. The placid sea, the distant isles, the Cape of Broussa on the left, and Seraglio Point on the right, make up a lovely view from the melancholy spot. At the southern extremity of the ground are single graves, neatly defined and turfed, where those who died while the army halted here in the spring are laid. But the press of mortality no longer admitted of such decent burial. To those accustomed to see the departed treated with reverence, and attended solemnly to their last habitation, there was something horribly repulsive in wholesale interment, while the dead far outnumbered those who stood around the grave. A pit often ten feet deep, and

fourteen square, received every afternoon those who had died during the last twenty-four hours. A rickety araba, drawn by two oxen, was the hearse which conveyed them from the neighbouring hospital to the place of sepulture. In the yard of the hospital is a small dismal house without windows, for its tenants no longer need the light. Thither those who have died in this and in neighbouring hospitals are brought on stretchers, and packed like sacks in a granary, till the araba comes for them, sewed each in a blanket with sufficient tightness to leave a caricature mummy-like resemblance of humanity. A score of bodies are laid on the vehicle, and travel slowly, dangling and jostling as they go, to the mouth of the yawning pit, where the party who dug it await the *cortège*. There is no time for ceremony; each poor corpse, huddled and doubled up limply in case of recent death, or stiff and statue-like where it has been longer cold, is handed down nameless, unknown, and void of all the dignity of death, to its appointed station in the crowd. One row being laid, the next comes, and the feet of all those who deposit them necessarily trample on the forms below, leaving muddy footprints on the blanket shrouds. Sixty-one (about the daily and average number at the time) were buried together on the day I visited the spot. Noticing one corpse in which the lower part of the outline seemed remarkably thin, I remarked to the corporal in charge that that deceased must have been long ill to be so wasted, but he pointed out to me that one limb had been amputated. A clergyman waited until all were deposited to read the funeral service. Close by another pit was being dug for the requirements of next day; and we had seen in the hospital many of those unmistakeably destined to fill it. Altogether the scene reminded one of Defoe's accounts of the burials in London during the prevalence of the Great Plague. I have mentioned elsewhere the trenches dug in a battle-field, but these were dug in rows, and the men lie like soldiers, with an awe and glory on their bloodstained uniforms and upturned faces, which no pall or coffin could bestow. Death is deprived of his sanctity, majesty, and mystery, and retains only those elements which constitute the grotesque. Officers are buried singly in groves, with a head-stone or board to mark the place."

The state of the French hospitals on the Bosphorus formed a remarkable contrast to that of the English. Colonel Hamley endeavours to throw discredit upon this well-attested fact. He, however, found the French hospital in its usual condition, and everything was there systematically managed. In the English hospitals the patient well-served to-day could not therefore calculate upon being well-served to-

morrow; in the French regularity and order reigned. Whatever advantages Colonel Hamley recognised in their condition when he visited them, had been in existence months before, whereas the English hospitals were nearly destitute of everything until after the arrival of Miss Nightingale; and it was *long after* her arrival before any sufficient supplies were transmitted, or, at all events, distributed from the government stores, and before she could calculate upon even her own stores being at her own disposal. While a few nurses struggled against the accumulated miseries of Scutari, an adequate number of Sisters of Mercy ministered to the necessities of the occupants in the corridors of Pera. A comparison of the hospital sites was also to the disadvantage of the English. It was not candid of Colonel Hamley to express his surprise that the deaths at Pera were fewer proportionably than on the English side of the Bosphorus, on the ground that he saw no difference between the discipline of the establishments, the nutrition of the food, the character of the attendance, the situation of the sick, or, indeed, anything except the classification of diseases, which he erroneously asserts was at first carried out in the English hospitals, until the overwhelming numbers of the patients rendered it impossible. The greater number to be attended the more necessary such classification, which, if attempted at all, the attempt was utterly abortive from the first, and Colonel Hamley ought to have made himself acquainted with that fact before standing sponsor for the English hospital service.

"Wishing to see the French hospital in Pera, I applied to M. Lévy, the inspector-general, who very kindly gave me a note to M. Morgue, the principal medical officer, in which he prayed him to receive some other Englishmen and myself, '*avec la courtoisie que méritent si bien nos dignes alliés.*' The building, standing on a high point of ground above the new palace of the sultan, and conspicuous from the Bosphorus, was originally intended as a school of medicine. It is very large, newer and fresher, and the wards and apartments loftier than those of our hospitals. At the door was a covered cart, with a cross in front, filled with coffins, and drawn by oxen. In the first room we entered, besides some French officers, there were a Russian captain and two subalterns, wounded at Inkerman, playing at some game like draughts. In the next room, a very spacious one, with a painted ceiling, and windows opening to the floor looking on the Bosphorus, were five or six French officers, apparently very comfortable. The corridors, like those of our hospitals, were filled with patients; in the wards, the beds on each side were raised on a platform above the floor; there was a very

thick palliasse under each man; across the rail at the head of the bed was a shelf with his medicine bottles, and on a card at the foot was a description of his case. The surgeon who accompanied us round pointed out a remarkable case, that of a man who had received a bullet in the head, which, entering on one side, had gone out near the opposite ear, passing close to the lobe of the brain; he was sensible, apparently suffering but little pain, and would, the surgeon thought, live. Opposite him was another with his skull fractured by a sabre-cut from a Russian officer; the surgeon, removing the dressing with tweezers, tapped them audibly, without pain to the man, on the bare skull bone, which was cleft for about an inch, and surrounded by a gaping wound in the scalp. The poor fellow whined dolefully as the instrument-case was unfolded, but the surgeon reassured him, saying he was only going to move the dressing: he told us afterwards he thought it would be necessary to trepan him. Sisters of Charity, with the freshest of complexions and the snowiest of caps moved to and fro among the beds; one of them was an Irish-woman from Meath, who had left Ireland, as she told us, five years before to join the sisterhood. One corridor was filled with convalescent Russians in their uniforms of gray or blue, surmounted, in many instances, by a French cap; they stood up respectfully and grinned approval when the good doctor patronised them by a tap on the back or a pull of the ear. The chief distinction between this hospital and ours seemed to be that here the patients were classified according to the nature of their ailments; one ward was filled with cases of frost-bites, another of wounds, another of fever—a plan tried at first in our hospitals, but broken in upon by the throng of sick arriving. It is probable that the worst cases are kept apart in the French hospitals, as none of the men we saw seemed in extremity, and it is certain that '*nos dignes alliés*' like to exhibit on all occasions the best side of their management. The doctor said the deaths averaged seven or eight a-day out of fourteen hundred—about half the proportion of those in our hospitals; a variation somewhat puzzling, since there seems nothing in the difference of accommodation, care, nourishment, or treatment, sufficient to account for it."

The testimony of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Osborne may be set against the depreciating tone of Colonel Hamley:—"The French are certainly a most wonderful people, at home, anywhere; I found it difficult to believe that the order, quiet, regularity of service, and perfect machinery of this hospital, could be the growth of but a few months, and that too in a foreign land. One element was obvious throughout—system; every one seemed to have

his own particular sphere of duty, and quietly to set about it; nothing seemed left to chance, a certain importance being given to even the smallest matter of detail. Passing with the chief officer from bed to bed, I heard his orders as to diet and treatment for the day given most distinctly: they were noted down on the spot by an official in attendance for the purpose. The surgeons in uniform, with their trained orderlies in proper costume, went systematically to their work; the trays with the dressing apparatus were well contrived and admirably furnished; the Sisters of Charity had each her post and its well-defined duties, and went about them coolly, and with a skill the evident result of perfect training. . . . The dispensary, with its adjoining laboratory, its abundant stock of medical *matériel*, and its well-considered arrangements, showed at once the skilful adaptation of proper means to attain the end desired, so characteristic of the French. The baker's department, the kitchens, the large bathing-room, with its many capacious baths—each, in its own way, was all that could be desired. I saw the meals for the patients in course of preparation; it was far more like the cooking for an hotel than for an hospital. They have established so well-considered a system, affecting the supplies each day from every department of the various things required, as prescribed by the medical authorities, that all work with the order of a well-regulated machine; the dispenser, the cook, the baker, had evidently no time to be idle for a moment; there was ample evidence of the demand made upon their separate resources, but there was no hurry or confusion."

Dr. Lévy, referred to by Colonel Hamley in the narrative of this visit, was the chief of the medical staff of the French army in the East; a report of his, written at the end of October, and directed to the minister of war at Paris, proves that the plan of management and the working out of that plan in detail were infinitely superior to those of the British. The following extract from Dr. Lévy's report will be sufficient to prove this as it regards the hospital arrangements in the Crimea, as Mr. Osborne's statement establishes it in reference to the Bosphorus:—"The divisionary field-hospitals are well installed, well provided, and well attended. Everybody concurs in praising the good that they do. That of the headquarters has assumed a useful development; composed of a group of tents and a wooden erection for 115 patients, it offers, like that of the divisions, but upon a large scale, conditions of comfort and regularity which one is almost astonished to find at so short a distance from a besieged town. A field-hospital hospital has been established at Cherson, on the shore, to shelter and give attention to the sick and wounded up

to the time of their embarkation. I visited it yesterday, and found only two serious cases—namely, an intermittent fever and a case of cholera, of mean intensity. The trench-ambulance is formed by turns by two assistant-surgeons of each divisionary field-hospital, and two assistant-surgeons of the head-quarters; they are directed by the different chiefs of the field-hospitals, who have solicited the honour in turns of this more exposed post, which has been granted by the general-in-chief on my application. The camps are spacious, provisions are abundant, bread and fresh meat are distributed at least one day in three, and these provisions are all of good quality. The wine is beyond contradiction the best that can be procured. The moral state of the army is perfect. The earnest solicitude of the general-in-chief for the comfort of the soldiers, the administrative vigilance which has collected so promptly provisions for a period of at least three months, and the intelligent activity of the surgeons, combat with efficacy the injurious influence of an advanced period of the year and a special state of war." Independent of the hospitals at Cherson, in the Crimea, and at Pera, on the Bosphorus, Dr. Lévy established others at Varna, Gallipoli, Nogara, Adrianople, and the Piræus.

Perhaps the opinion of an American gentleman may be regarded as more impartial than either English officers, anxious to make their own military system appear to the greatest advantage; or English gentlemen, whose independent and philanthropic spirit might influence their judgment to write severe things when they beheld the helpless and the deserving treated injudiciously or neglected. The gentleman whom we quote visited the hospitals on both sides of the Bosphorus at the same time, the end of December and beginning of January, in company with the Rev. Dr. Dwight, the distinguished American missionary, and several other American gentlemen, who were on terms of cordial intimacy with the English, and who were well known as belonging to that class of American citizens who regard England as the mother-country, and Englishmen as brethren. The writer gives his impressions as those of his party. He thus sums up his opinion of affairs on the English side:—"Until her (Miss Nightingale's) providential interposition, the hospitals had been without the commonest preparation for the reception and care of the thousands of sick and wounded pouring in from the suffering camp. The authorities evinced a blindness to duty utterly incomprehensible, and even more astounding than that exhibited in the conduct of affairs in the Crimea. A recital of a tithe of the disgusting evidences of cruel neglect, noticeable in every section of the premises, would shock

the sensibilities of the reader to a degree surpassing that of any imaginary horrors ever pictured to his mind."

The following is his description of what he saw in the French hospital at Pera:—"The bedding looked soft, warm, and clean; and the atmosphere of every room was both mild and pure, the ventilation being very carefully looked after. Each patient had his number posted upon the head of his couch; and a large card, fastened in the same position, announced his name, regiment, disease, date of hospital entry, age, religious preference, &c. At the head and foot of each bedstead, a narrow shelf resting upon the top of the posts, contained the plates, cups, spoons, medicines, and other necessaries for the use of its occupant. Nothing could be more conveniently arranged. The blankets were so fastened as to entirely protect the lower end of the bed, so that the patient could by no means suffer from the current of air often felt from the slipping to and fro of the cover. The floors were scrupulously clean; and an air of quiet ease and comfort reigned as triumphantly as in any hospital that I remember to have seen either in London or New York."

The writer then notices the care and skill of the physicians, the arrangements for culinary purposes, and the admirable supply of nutritious diets; the order and discipline of the porters, orderlies, and nurses; and the air of quiet and arrangement which pervaded every department. He finally sums up his estimate of the condition of things at Pera, &c., in the following manner:—"I need hardly say that we united in acknowledging the chief of the French military hospitals in the East one of the most complete establishments of its kind that we had ever visited. Its rapid organisation and admirable management reflected the highest credit upon its able and intelligent directors, the French government, and the French character. There appeared to be neither a lack nor superabundance of system, but, as though guided by a single powerful hand, everything progressed regularly and in order. How widely different was the state of affairs in the English army hospitals at the same date! It was said that the French hospitals, some ten in all, contained no less than 15,000 patients. They were all well cared for, and deaths were not nearly so numerous as in the English establishments."

Such is a faithful representation of the state of the sick and wounded in the Crimea, and on the shores of the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles. The remedies provided, their failure, and their success, are also presented to the reader on the best available authorities. Had the government at home dispatched some one adapted to the under-

taking, with full powers of control, and authorised to purchase and dispense all necessaries—some competent person who could direct and overrule all the clashing departments, and act in the name of the government, or had the ambassador, who was invested with very great and extensive powers, used them as he might have done and ought to have done,

the “defects of the system”—the excuse which has been pressed before the public by the apologists of the government, *usque ad nauseam*—could not have operated so as to consign thousands of the bravest men in the empire, or in the world, to premature and unworthy graves, and to inflict torture indescribable upon many thousands more.

CHAPTER LII.

BRIEF REVIEW OF THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN OF 1854.

“*Constable*. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

“*Rambures*. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

“*Orleans*. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples.

“*Constable*. Just, just; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs, in robustious and fierce coming on. Give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.”—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.*

IN reviewing the course of events of the campaign, from the sailing of the expedition from Varna until the year closed over the camp before Sebastopol, many reflections are suggested which are painful to every English patriot and humane man; and many causes for national triumph are afforded. Certainly a review of the incidents of that campaign ought to have furnished our statesmen and legislators with sufficient light as to the working of our military institutions, and to have enabled the ministry to prosecute the war, in the second year of its course, with far more intelligence and vigour.

In relating the state of the army before its embarkation from Varna, we described its sufferings, and the neglect which it experienced from the heads of departments. We scarcely bore sufficiently heavy upon the supreme authorities—a remark of Mr. Woods’ will illustrate this: in referring to Mr. Commissary Strickland, who was sent out to the neighbourhood of Varna before the troops were dispatched thither, he says:—“Every suggestion which this officer’s long experience enabled him to make upon the best method of meeting the requirements of the troops was systematically disregarded.” The same authority informs us that Varna and Devno were selected for the sites of encampments, in despite of every remonstrance from merchants and persons of experience, who unanimously represented it as “one of the very worst spots which could possibly have been chosen—the whole country round being unhealthy, but Devno the very worst part of all.” He describes the amount of tea sent out as 8,000 lbs., which lasted a few days; and 80,000 lbs. of raw coffee in store could not be sent up to the camp, there being neither waggons nor arabas. The means of conveyance for the hospital tents and hospital

stores were two bullock waggons. The medicine chest was as curiously furnished, and as scantily, as the heads of the chief officers of the army. For each thousand men, the distribution was four bottles of brandy, four of wine, six pounds of arrow-root, and a few of the most necessary drugs and surgical instruments!

In our narrative we did not do sufficient justice to the generosity of individual officers and physicians; the following faithful testimony will supply that omission:—“In some regiments, the officers gave up their own small stocks of wine for the use of the sick and dying; others again contributed candles for the hospital marquee, in order that the men might not lie there without a light, and die in the dark like dogs. Regimental surgeons, speaking of this time, have told me over and over again, that they attributed the loss of many men entirely to the want of proper medicines and medical comforts. Of the latter there was absolutely none of any kind or description whatsoever. Assistant-surgeons and surgeons used to ride into Varna, and, hiring boats, pass the whole day in endeavouring to procure a little arrow-root, sago, or port wine from the vessels of war, or the transports anchored in the bay. The principal medical officer of one division informed me that he had spent out of his own pay upwards of £30 in providing poultry and other little delicacies for his patients. This is only one instance within my own knowledge; but I have not the least doubt but that there were many others of a similar kind. Sir George Brown, who knew the poverty of his division in respect of hospital comforts, made a private present of six dozen of port, and six dozen of sherry for the use of the sick. In fact, but for the exertions of medical and other officers at this period, the mortality among

the English troops would have been very much greater than it was."

When the landing in the Crimea was effected, and the troops, having gained the victory of the Alma, sat down before Sebastopol, the destitution of the army was, as we have already shown, unparalleled. Among the efforts to mitigate these circumstances, the *Times'* Fund, and the judicious administration of it by Mr. Macdonald, have been noticed. One mode of relieving the mass of suffering, not mentioned in previous chapters, has been thus named and acknowledged by Mr. Woods:—"Mr. Macdonald also established a little tea-house at Balaklava, where the sick sent down from camp and waiting to be embarked were given beef-tea, soup, arrow-root, brandy and water, tea, and whatever their exhausted condition required. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any charitable institution which, at such a trifling outlay, has ever relieved as great an amount of misery and suffering as this little tea-house at Balaklava. It would be impossible to enumerate here all the services which Mr. Macdonald rendered to our suffering army, which were not only beneficial at the moment, but which resulted in some most important improvements being introduced, especially with regard to the rations issued to the troops."

Some circumstances connected with the battle of the Alma have been mentioned by Sir Edward Colebrooke, which throw light upon portions of that memorable action. Sir Edward gives it as the opinion of many eminent officers, that in that battle the light division was left too long unsupported by the Duke of Cambridge's division (the 1st). The 2nd division (Sir de Lacy Evans'), which had a still more formidable task, if possible, to perform than even the light division, through the skill, forethought, and gallantry of Sir Richard England, received the most valuable support from all the guns of his division. When the light, under Sir George Brown, was in the crisis of its peril, the Duke of Cambridge led up his division, which, as has been shown in our relation of the battle, was opposed by a most formidable battery, from which the Guards suffered dreadfully in their advance, and which they ultimately stormed, under his royal highness in person. The Highland Brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell, suffered little, and were the last troops engaged; this is noticed by Sir Edward in the following manner:—"Called on Sir C. Campbell, and talked over the Alma. 'How was it,' I asked, 'that the Russian battery which played on his brigade caused such little loss?'—"They had," he thought, 'the range of the river, but as he advanced they took up a new position a little further back, and their fire was then very wide.' His men advanced very rapidly, his object being

to gain the flank of the Russian battery, which was doing so much execution against the first and light divisions. The fire of our men was very deadly, and they loaded as they advanced—that which, he said, every charge by the bayonet usually ends in. He thought this mode of firing ought to be more attended to, and form part of the ordinary exercise of troops. I asked if he thought the Russians retired in much disorder? 'Not very great,' he said; 'those bodies which had come into conflict with us were in great confusion, but there were columns who were not engaged, and helped to cover the retreat, without which their heavy guns could not have been brought off. Indeed, if the country had not been as hard as a formed road, they must have fallen into our hands. The heavy metal of the Russian guns rendered our artillery unable to compete with them effectively during the attack; hence the heavy loss we incurred.'"

When our army performed the celebrated flank march, and appeared before south Sebastopol, divided opinions arose as to whether it might not be taken by storm. Sir George Cathcart energetically recommended an immediate assault; Lord Raglan and Sir J. Burgoyne opposed it. The latter, in an able paper in a military periodical, strongly urged the danger, and even futility, of any such attempt, and represents General Cathcart as the only officer of note in either fleet or army who took that view. It is certain that Sir de Lacy Evans and Admiral Dundas coincided in this respect with General Burgoyne; but Sir Edward Colebrooke, who was on board Admiral Lyons' ship, the *Agamemnon*, represents that admiral as saying in an off-hand way, that he did not see why we should not walk into it. The following arguments, by General Burgoyne, will throw additional light upon the subject to that which has already appeared in our pages. "We are decidedly of opinion that the generals in command would have acted most rashly had they made such an attempt, that the prospect of success was small, and that a failure would have been fatal. It would be foreign to our purpose to go into the question of the propriety of a more rapid advance from the Alma, or whether a due regard for the sick and wounded, and the difficulties of provisioning and of transport, were a sufficient justification for the delay of four or five days that intervened before the allies reached the ground in the immediate front of Sebastopol. We are to take up the circumstances as they then were, the question being why the place was not assaulted when the army did come before it. The allied armies then consisted of about 50,000 men. The Russians could not have had less than an equal number of infantry (every report gave larger numbers) including their seamen, who are notoriously, in the

Russian service, thoroughly practised as soldiers, and, being moreover good gunners, were particularly valuable in a defensive position. They had also a very superior force of cavalry, a very large proportion of field-artillery admirably horsed, a thorough knowledge of the country, and were masters of all its resources; in all which the allies, recently disembarked, were necessarily very deficient. The first object of Prince Menschikoff, after the battle of the Alma, must have been the security of Sebastopol, with its fine fleet and valuable and extensive arsenals. Accordingly he made a hasty retreat on that place to forward arrangements for its defence. Had the allies followed in the most rapid manner consistent with order, and found the great body of the Russian army in the place, what would have been the consequence? It must be borne in mind that, even in that case, there would have been no longer the confusion of a routed army, but ample time for re-forming the different regiments and corps; they would have occupied the strong position as above described (on the north was one equally strong and of a narrower front), and have been unattackable. To have attempted to shut them up there was utterly impossible. The line to have occupied would not have been less than from fifteen to twenty miles in extent, separated by the deep valley of the Tchernaya, against any part of which position the enemy might have concentrated an attack with nearly their whole force. Thus the communication with the interior would have been fully open to him on the north or south, and he could equally have divided his forces whenever he pleased. Prince Menschikoff's arrangements, however, were completed before we made our appearance, and a portion of his army was moved to the interior. The allies, in their forward movement, came upon their baggage at M'Kenzie's Farm, and reconnoitred their force, which appeared to be about 15,000 men. This, and the vast importance of retaining Sebastopol till reinforcements could be received, leave little doubt but that an ample garrison would be left in the place, and could not be estimated at less than from 25,000 to 30,000 men. These would be posted along the very strong positions round the place, on which, even at that early period, some heavy guns were mounted, and with a great available power of field-artillery to command the bare open country in the front, and some slight earthen parapets for cover, in addition to the defensible towers, walls, and buildings, with your backs to the sea, and an enemy's force at hand of a description not to be despised, to have made such an attempt would have been a most unjustifiable act of extreme rashness, and have compromised the safety of the whole army. On the other hand, we had a fine battering-

train at hand, with which we might hope to make an effective impression, and, at all events, without the desperate risk of the other course. And what are the arguments on the other side? First, a reputed vague expression by one who, it must be admitted, was a very able man and a good soldier, that such an attack might have been made, but, as far as we can learn, without any reasons being given founded on any good knowledge of the circumstances or much consideration; and it is somewhat remarkable that this very officer had himself served with the Russians, and, though he did his duty most gallantly against them, had an enthusiastic admiration of their military qualities or organisation, and who had constantly in his mouth, in reply to the least disparaging remark, 'Do not despise your enemy, sir; I know the Russians well, and they are not to be taken liberties with,' &c. Secondly, the report from deserters that the place was very unprovided with artificial defences when the allies appeared before it, that the troops were discouraged by the results of the Alma, and expected that it would be carried by assault. Such are the kind of reports that are almost always given by deserters, but in this case in a great degree true. The same men, however, estimated the number of the garrison far higher than has been above stated, no doubt in good faith, although probably much exaggerated. It proves, however, sufficiently, that it must have been very large. The opinions, besides, are those of the common soldiers, and those of the peculiarly ignorant class of the Russian soldier. That they may have entertained an unfavourable impression of their situation may very likely have been the case, but we have every reason to think—nay, to be assured—that they were not disheartened so as to admit of acts of extreme rashness to be undertaken against them. Certainly, no troops bear being beaten like the Russians. After every defeat—Alma, Inkerman, Tchernaya, &c.—they rise again with a noble infatuation, and every succeeding action has been fought by them with as much spirit, discipline, and energy as its predecessor. Thirdly, we have in favour of this measure the opinions of many 'gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,' that nothing great would be done in war if you look too narrowly at the consequences of failure—which may be granted; that it would have been a magnificent acquisition to have obtained Sebastopol—which may be also granted; but that it ought therefore to have been attempted is denied. That great acts have been performed by energetic generals and admirals which inferior characters would not have attempted—granted, on the understanding that there was always some reason in their actions. But then comes the deduction from these *data*, that they are a

justification for the most desperate proceedings, and that nothing is impossible to a great man; which is utter nonsense. There is not a man quoted as a hero, whose actions are to be followed, but has shrunk from attempts like the one here proposed."

In our narrative of the naval attack of the 17th of October, we have given, perhaps, the fullest account on record of that action. The question of ships *versus* stone fortifications was discussed in that portion of our pages. General Sir John Burgoyne has recorded his opinion on that subject, as upon other questions connected with the attack and defence of fortified places. As the especial object of this chapter is to review the outline of events already narrated, and complete the account by additional information, and by adducing additional authorities, it will be desirable to place before the reader Sir John Burgoyne's opinion on the capacity of fleets to attack sea-defences of exposed masonry:—"Although the masonry in fortifications should be well covered from distant cannonading, there are many occasions where this property must be dispensed with, or may be so with propriety, and the cases are chiefly in sea-batteries. A very small island, or rock, or point of land of very confined space, may be in a very influential position for opposing the approach of an enemy's ship, yet may barely be of sufficient size to hold a tower, large or small, upon it. The guns, however, may be multiplied by applying several tiers of them on a high building; and such constructions, although defective, and to be avoided if possible, with all their systematic evils have often a most powerful effect. It is quite a mistake to suppose that they can be readily destroyed or silenced by the most powerful shipping. First, unless the ships are very close (say within 200 yards) their fire will be weak, without precision, and ineffective. No other conclusion is to be drawn from the deliberate practice at a target, for in this case they will be in action, and surrounded by the opaque atmosphere created by the smoke. The inaccuracies will be still greater if the ship-guns require precise but varying degrees of elevation. The gunners from the tower, on the contrary, have other and far better guides for their fire—the masts, for instance, and all the advantage of the ricochet. Secondly, every shot (some of them, perhaps, redhot) and every shell that hit the ship must do great mischief. Any one may cause her utter destruction, while a very large proportion of those which hit the tower will occasion no damage whatever. Thirdly, the ship, in its approach to take the very near station necessary to produce effect, will have to sustain a damaging fire, which it is then peculiarly unable to return; and even although there may be ample depth of water, the fire

and the smoke will themselves be great impediments to venturing into such close proximity to the shore. Fourthly, the breaching of a substantial wall, even six or seven feet thick, requires a very great deal of close and precise battering, and therefore the ships must be engaged several hours in this disadvantageous contest to effect the purpose. Thus against shipping the exposure of the masonry may be admitted to be of little consequence. Nor is it to be held as a positive fact that earthworks do not suffer from being battered. Earthen parapets, for instance, are utterly destroyed in sieges by the fire of shells, and so levelled as to afford comparatively no cover at all. But there are many other instances besides sea-batteries where exposed masonry walls are admissible—indeed, often essential. Thus it sometimes occurs that all that is required from a fortified post is security against a *coup de main*, as in cases where circumstances will not admit of the action of artillery against them. Likewise where the object of the work is attained if the enemy is forced, perhaps with much difficulty, to bring up guns to the spot, or in the case of the gorges of outworks, which it is expedient should be exposed to your own artillery, simple masonry walls are preferable to earthworks."

It is certain that too much was expected from the navy. Persons at home talked as if our ships had only to go in and batter down whatever opposed them. At Sebastopol this was not possible—the shoal was a great obstacle, the position of the forts was another; when close in our ships came under a raking cross-fire, the most terrible and destructive. The new plan of throwing shells horizontally from land batteries gives them a new advantage over ships. It was reported after the naval bombardment that Admiral Dundas was for lashing the line-of-battle ships to steamers, and to keep them moving about before the batteries. Sir Edward Colebrooke collected on the spot, immediately after the failure of the fleets, the opinion of naval and military engineer officers, and they were generally of opinion that such a plan would not answer, and that in fact Sebastopol was impregnable as to any attack from the sea.

It is to be doubted, therefore, whether the Baron de Bazancourt* is correct, whatever his opportunities of gaining good opinions, when he affirms that, "If the Russians, after the battle of the Alma, had not had that supreme inspiration which led them to sacrifice a part of their vessels in order to close the entrance to Sebastopol, without doubt, after receiving

* The Crimean Expedition, to the Capture of Sebastopol. Chronicles of the War in the East from its Commencement to the Signing of the Treaty of Peace. By the Baron de Bazancourt, charged with a Mission to the Crimea by the French Government.

the first fire, the fleet would have been able to pass through the channels, and to force the entrance to the harbour."

These circumstances tended to lower the navy both in England and on the Continent most unjustly. It had in no respect deteriorated; never were the tars of England, officers or men, more eager for glory or for duty. In the bombardment they were dauntless, desperate as was the encounter, and on shore they were the bravest of the brave. A gentleman whose profession, if not exactly a peaceable one, does not combat with the weapons of military warfare—a member of the Temple—thus wrote of our sailors from before Sebastopol, shortly after the failure of the naval attack:—"In the trenches their animal spirits showed themselves in the most exuberant daring. Captain Lushington, I heard the other day, told some of them who had worked for several hours at the Seaman's Battery, that they might 'now go and have a lark.' They instantly jumped on the parapets to have it *there!* At that battery, indeed, it is with the greatest difficulty that they are restrained from exposing themselves in this way every moment, as nothing will content them but watching the course of the balls as they fire them! There is but one martial duty with which they cannot be trusted, and that is to guard the casks of ration-rum—the spirit invariably vanishes under their care. *A propos* of this little foible, somebody suggested, in reply to a remark on the difficulties of penetrating into Sebastopol, 'Only put up a grog-shop on the other side, and the sailors will find their way through!'"

The same writer does only justice to the spirit of the navy, and the naval spirit of the nation, when the sight of the little midshipmen, fresh from the battle, drew from him the remarks:—"What a softening, inexpressible grace is lent to a man-of-war by the middies! It is particularly striking after living in a camp exclusively composed of mature men. The army has nothing corresponding to these pretty little fellows, who, with their rosy cheeks, resemble their mammas much more than they do the heroes they are one day to be. To meet them too, in the midst of stern work; and with the knowledge that it was but the other day that the poor boys were ducking their curly heads, and laughing, amidst shot and shell; possibly, with about the same sense of adventure as if it had been a game at snow-balls! Never dream of degeneracy in a land where mothers thus devote their offspring. Talk of Sparta—of Rome! England alone rocks her children on the wave, and war is the 'wolf' which suckles them."

Among the incidents before the besieged city, our narrative records the battle of the

Lesser Inkerman as the most complete and creditable act of the war, so far as good generalship is concerned. Sir Edward Colebrooke confirms this. In his journal, under date of October 28th, written in the camp, he observes:—"Heard particulars of the repulse of the Russian attack on the 26th, which was most decisive. The enemy came with great force against our right, but their dense columns encountered so hot a fire that they were driven back in great confusion. Prisoners said that Menschikoff harangued them, telling them the English guns were carried the previous day, and they had only to move forward now to drive us all into the sea."

In a work entitled *Journal of Adventures in the Crimea*,* by G. Cavendish Taylor, Esq., late of the 95th regiment, an excellent summary of this action is given. Mr. Taylor only arrived the day before, but saw the battle on the 26th. He says, in his concluding remarks on the Little Inkerman,—“It was a complete victory on our part, inflicting great damage on the enemy, with but small loss to ourselves—exactly the reverse of Balaklava. All who saw it say that it was the best and prettiest action of the campaign, and the only one in which any *generalship* was shown. It deserves a clasp at least as much as the battle of Balaklava; but it is thought nothing of—not even named or known in England, because the ‘butcher’s bill’ was light. Had our losses been heavy, it would have been brought into notice.”

The accounts given in the chapters which record the battle of Inkerman, and the service in the trenches, contain but a brief notice of the services of the third division (Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England’s), which, being situated on the extreme left of the British position, nearest the French, was not exposed to the attacks from the Russian army in the field. It was from this division that the Ovens was supplied with defenders, and there was always great vigilance required to prevent the Russians stealing up through the ravine which separated the British and French positions. An officer of rank, whose services with the division were anxious and unremitting, in correspondence with the author, wrote a letter, the following extract from which shows how that division served and suffered. It was, however, kept well in hand by its gallant and experienced chief, and was enabled, therefore, to perform its onerous duties with advantage to the country and honour to itself:—"On the 5th of November, the general’s attention was attracted by sharp musketry, three or

* Veteran officers, who served in the campaign, and fought in both the actions at Inkerman, have pronounced to the author of these pages a high opinion of Mr. Taylor’s work.

four miles to the right, near the heights which overlook the ruins of Inkerman, and after providing for the security of his own front, where 1200 men of the third division were already in the advanced trenches, he took the Royals and the 50th, with some guns, to aid in repelling what soon appeared to be a serious attack, and with these troops joined the left of the light division. On this occasion these battalions lost forty men. Meantime the siege duties, vigilantly superintended, never ceased; and half the army was soon in hospital, or sent sick to Scutari. The cannonade kept even those who were seeking a moment's rest on the alert. But the incessant labour of the troops was not the less demanded to dig trenches and to defend them against the nightly efforts of our active enemy. Alarms were constant to drive back sorties, and officers were frequently on horseback during the night, to communicate orders. No service on which troops were ever employed could have produced more suffering. We held the advanced posts essentially with such few numbers that double vigilance alone saved them; and had the Russians known our weakness at points of importance, they would have overwhelmed us with ease. The French army disliked our ill-made trenches too much to accept any proposals for occupying them for us. In short, the third division, equally with the whole army, suffered from hardships, while it also was called upon for incessant skirmishes, and to repel nightly sorties of frequent recurrence."

In our account of the French expeditionary army, we did not furnish a detailed statement of the staff. The following, by the Baron de Bazancourt, supplies that omission. Our readers cannot fail to be impressed with the perfect organisation which this document implies. The names here recorded are interesting; many of them occurring in the important deeds transacted in the war, and recorded in this History.

COMPOSITION OF THE ARMY OF THE EAST.

Commander-in-chief:—MARSHAL DE SAINT-ARNAUD.

Aides-de-camp and Orderly Officers of the Commander-in-Chief:—Colonel Trochu, Aide-de-camp; Lieutenant-colonel de Wauvert de Genlis, Commandant-de-Place, Aide-de-camp; Captain Boyer, Aide-de-camp; Commandant Reille, Orderly Officer; Commandant Henry, Orderly Officer; Commandant Gramont, Duke de Lesparre, Orderly Officer; Commandant de Villers, Orderly Officer; Commandant Appert, Orderly Officer; Captain de Cugnac, Orderly Officer; Captain de Puysegur, Orderly Officer.

GENERAL STAFF.

Chief of the General Staff:—De Martimprey, General of Brigade.

Deputy Chief of the General Staff:—Jarras, Lieutenant-colonel.

Commander of the Artillery:—Lebœuf, Colonel.

Commander of the Engineers:—Tripiet, Colonel.

Military Intendant:—Blanchot, Military Intendant.

Provost Marshal:—Guisse, Major of Gendarmerie.

Chief Almoner:—The Abbé Parabère.

Staff Officers, attached to the General Staff:—Renson, Major; Osmont, Major; D'Orléans, Captain; De la Hitte, Captain; De Rambaud, Captain.

Officers of Artillery, attached to the General Staff:—Malherbe, Major, Brigade-major; De Vassart, Second Captain, Deputy to the Commandant; Moulin, Second Captain, Deputy to the Commandant; Lafon, Second Captain, Deputy to the Brigade-major.

Officers of Engineers, attached to the General Staff:—De Chappedelaine, Lieutenant-colonel, Deputy to the Commandant; Dubois-Fresnay, Major, Brigade-major; Sarlat, Captain, Deputy to the Brigade-major; Schmitz, Captain, Deputy to the Commandant; Prévost, Captain, Deputy to the Commandant.

Functionaries of the Intendance, attached to the General Staff:—Blanc de Moline, Deputy-intendant of the 1st Class; Viguier, Deputy-intendant of the 2nd Class; Lucas de Missy, Deputy-intendant of the 2nd Class; Le Creur, Deputy-intendant of the 2nd class; De Séganville, Deputy-intendant of the 2nd class; Gayard, Adjutant of the 1st Class; Leblanc, Adjutant of the 2nd Class.

Political and Topographical Service:—Desaint, Lieutenant-colonel, Chief of the Service; Davout, Major; Davenet, Captain; Perrotin, Captain.

In a former chapter notice was taken of the dispatch of a Turkish army to Eupatoria under Omar Pasha. Omar did not land at Eupatoria until the month of February, but throughout December and January his troops were dispatched from Varna, Burgas, Baltschick, and some from Constantinople. The proceedings of the redoubtable Turkish general in directing this expedition, and the character of his more active coadjutors, will find a suitable place in this chapter. At no period of Omar's previous career did he find so little opposition from the high Turkish party, but he was, nevertheless, still opposed. No one disputed his fitness for the command of that army; but attempts were made to surround his person with spies—men who would report all his actions and expressed opinions to the party at Constantinople opposed to him, and the more liberal section of the sultan's advisers. The wary chief indefatigably exerted himself to thwart these intrigues, but he did not entirely succeed in preventing the incapable and mercenary favourites of the court or the ministry from being appointed to important commissions in his army. He had, however, several officers of tried skill and courage upon whom he could rely in the hour of trial. The first division was commanded by Mehemet Ferik Pasha, its brigadiers being Terfik Pasha and Behram Pasha, better known to Englishmen by his English name and military title of Colonel Cannon. All these officers had seen service in the Danubian campaign, and Cannon was an officer of well-tried experience and courage. Salil Pasha commanded the second infantry division; he had the reputation of a good infantry officer. Ismail Pasha (not the Ismail Pasha who fought in the Asiatic campaign) commanded the third division; he also acquired reputation on the Danube. The cavalry were commanded by Halil Pasha, in whom the army had confidence. These divisions constituted, with their proper

accompaniments of artillery, engineers, sappers and miners, and staff, the first grand detachment of Omar's army. It was a fine body of troops; the men were picked for their superior appearance, good discipline, or experience in the Danubian campaigns. Some hundreds of the sultan's guard joined the ranks of these corps. Colonel Dieu was appointed French commissioner, and Colonel Symonds English commissioner to this army, each with the rank of brigadier. Omar evinced his usual skill and care. He understood well the impotence of the English at Varna and Devno, from their deficient transport and commissariat services. Even with the supplies of arabas, oxen, and labour, which he in various ways afforded them, while he occupied Shumla with the head-quarters of the Turkish army of Bulgaria, they were helpless, unless to send out the Earl of Cardigan on a "wild goose chase" after the Russians, whom he could hardly have expected to find, and which only issued in hardship to the men, and the loss of a large number of excellent horses. Omar determined, therefore, to secure for himself all necessary materials. The troops took a month's provision with them. At Varna and Baltschick he accumulated immense stores of biscuit, flour, preserved meats, butter, &c., and live stock. A flour mill, a bakery, and a slaughter-house, each on a large scale, were erected at Varna. The general knew what Bulgaria could provide; he had fought for and saved that province, taking care of his troops when garrisoned in it. Stores of wood and charcoal, and warm clothing, were found by him for the winter exigencies of his troops. An immense number of buffaloes, to serve as beasts of burden, were collected by him, but these animals did not thrive in the Crimea so well as either oxen or horses. Among his first distributions to the soldiers about to embark were fur-lined coats, with hoods which might be worn attached or otherwise, and which sheltered the head and neck from the bitter and biting northern blasts which sweep over the Crimea, and which are felt keenly at Eupatoria. The difficulties of this expedition were enormous,—proving how onerous an undertaking it is to bear large armies by sea to a hostile territory. It required two months for the Turkish navy to effect what the navies of the Western powers effected in about as many days.

Before these troops were embarked for their destination, the Russians had formed a large cavalry camp about ten miles from Eupatoria, making, as has been already shown, frequent razzias upon the Tartar flocks in the neighbourhood, and attacks upon the garrison. When

Liprandi moved from the Tchernaya, a large portion of his troops menaced Eupatoria. So slowly did Omar's army arrive, that had the Russians promptly attacked the place in force, there is no knowing what might have been the results. Independent, however, of the Turkish reinforcements, the number of English and French sailors and marines was increased, and the *Henri IV.*, wrecked on the 14th of November, was "beached," and its guns made to command one of the approaches to the place most effectually. The other wrecked ships were also, in various ways, made to minister to the strength of the defence, their guns covering the ordnance armaments. In this state were matters at Eupatoria when the warlike operations of 1854 ended.

Looking upon all the events of the campaign, there was little to cheer the English people but the indomitable bravery of their troops. Good generals, and good regimental officers there were in the Crimea, but the chief command was vacillating and feeble, and this was the main source of evil. When the year closed, Lord Raglan was scarcely ever seen by the troops, and his person was probably unknown to the newer arrivals. No doubt his desire to serve the army to the utmost of his physical capacity was as strong as that of other officers; but his health was bad when he took the command—anxiety, and the murmurs of the English public, produced still more unfavourable effects upon it. He was physically unable to go about among the troops, or to see personally to any of the details of their supplies: yet this is essential to the authority of a commander-in-chief, the efficiency of the staff, and the perfection of an army. Such was the opinion of the great Napoleon, frequently expressed by him, and his great rival entertained the same view.

Shakspeare exhibits this important military truth, in the pages of his *Henry V.*, in a way strikingly appropriate to what was required, but not found, before Sebastopol:—

"O now, who will behold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent;
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile,
And calls them—Brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath surrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
A largesse universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
'Thawing cold fear."

CHAPTER LIII.

CLOSE OF OPERATIONS IN THE BALTIC (1854).—RETURN OF THE FLEET.—DISCUSSIONS BETWEEN SIR CHARLES NAPIER, THE ADMIRAL COMMANDING, THE ADMIRALTY, AND SIR JAMES GRAHAM, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

"Where is the Briton's home?
Where the free step can roam,
Where the free sun can glow,
Where a free air can blow,
Where a free ship can bear
Hope and strength everywhere."—SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

In the twenty-sixth chapter, the operations of the Baltic fleet were related to the month of October. Admiral Plumridge's squadron, after having remained at Nargen for seven weeks, returned home. Admiral Chads' squadron had been at, and in the vicinity of, Led Sound for nine weeks. Symptoms of terminating the naval campaign were evident, the ships by degrees departing for England. Most of the returning ships stopped at Kiel, where, by the end of the third week in October, a large fleet was assembled. The Danes and Holsteiners received the English well, but reflected, as much as courtesy allowed, upon the disproportionate effects produced by so large a fleet. They reminded our officers and men of what Nelson effected at Copenhagen, with only a division of the fleet sent out against it, and our brave tars felt humiliated by the recital. The people of England were indignant at the little that was accomplished, and as they had implicit confidence in the admiral, their wrath was vented against the Admiralty. As the government had fallen under much obloquy, they were solicitous to wipe out the stain of a do-nothing policy, and the Admiralty directed letters to Sir Charles which irritated and offended the gallant old chief; communications in return were less respectful to "the lords" than they deemed consistent with the public service; hence rose a bitter controversy upon the return of the admiral, which led to much newspaper discussion and parliamentary debate. The merits of the contest involve the facts which are essential to a narrative of the conduct of the fleet, and therefore shall be briefly stated. Early in the expedition, the Admiralty, and more especially the first lord, urged upon the admiral the necessity of the greatest caution, as, in their opinion, ships were no match for stone walls. The despatches of the Admiralty, and the letters of the first lord were to this effect, until news of the fall of Sebastopol reached England in October, when, excited by the intelligence, their lordships urged the most active and enterprising course upon the admiral, at a period of the year when the weather was necessarily uncertain, and generally severe. The admiral could not, and would not, carry out such instructions, well knowing their execution to be impossible; and the ministry sought, there-

fore, to transfer the responsibility of the management of the expedition from their own shoulders upon his. The daring spirit of the valiant old chief feared admiralities as little as enemies, and ultimately published the correspondence, and permitted the country to obtain a closer glance into the intrigues which exist in that department of the administration of public affairs.

So early as the 1st of May, the first lord thus addressed the admiral:—"I by no means contemplate an attack on Sweaborg or Cronstadt. I have a great respect for stone walls, and have no fancy for running even screw line-of-battle ships against them. Because the public here may be impatient, you must not be rash; because they, at a distance from danger, are foolhardy, you must not risk the loss of a fleet in an impossible enterprise. I believe both Sweaborg and Cronstadt to be all but impregnable from the sea, Sweaborg more especially; and none but a very large army could co-operate by land efficiently, in the presence of such a force as Russia could readily concentrate for the immediate defence of the approaches to her capital."

In the month of July, when it was announced to Sir Charles that a French military force would afford him its assistance, the Admiralty expressed its hope of great advantage from such an auxiliary, but renewed its cautions:—"Bomarsund will be clearly within your reach. Sweaborg, if it were possible, would be a noble prize; but on no account be led into any desperate attempts; and above all things avoid the least risk of the Russian fleet slipping out of the Gulf of Finland when your back was turned."

The letters of Sir James Graham, the first lord of the Admiralty, and the official despatches of "the board," were often irreconcilable; and the admiral, unable to comply with both, was puzzled and vexed, and in his usual brusque manner expressed what he felt. His opinion as to the feasibility of attacking Sweaborg or Cronstadt was very distinctly communicated by him in his despatch of the 29th of August:—"If you attack the islands with an overwhelming force of gun and mortar-boats, backed by the fleet and steamers, I believe you would destroy it; but it would be a work of

time. I do not think our present force would do it, and the season is much too far advanced to attempt it."

After the fall of Bomarsund, and the reconnaissance of Sweaborg and Cronstadt, consultations were held among the allied admirals and generals as to the possibility, with the forces under their disposal, of conquering these places. General Baraguay d'Hilliers, in command of the French army, gave an unhesitating opinion that it was possible. His chief of the engineering-staff, General Niel, was even more strongly in favour of that view. The celebrated engineer officer, General Jones, who commanded the English, concurred in these views. The military officers generally were of opinion that the fleet alone could accomplish the destruction of the fortifications. The allied admirals combated these opinions. The French Admiral Deschènes, and his second in command, gave their opinions coolly, that the fleets could not destroy either Sweaborg or Cronstadt without the assistance of the troops, and it was doubtful if, even then, much impression could be made upon these stupendous fortresses. Admirals Napier, Chads, Plumridge, and in fact all the officers in the British navy whose opinion was deemed of importance, declared these strongholds impregnable to the forces then opposed to them. Sir Charles Napier communicated his opinion to the editor of the *Times* in the following terms:—"I send you a chart of Sweaborg and Helsingfors, and a plan of their fortifications, showing the adjacent islands and sunken rocks. Show them to any naval officer, young or old (and you must know many), and ask him if it is possible in winter to place buoys and beacons on those rocks and shoals; to conduct a fleet alongside the batteries of Sweaborg, having neither gun-boats nor mortar-boats to cover the approach of the vessels and boats; to place the buoys on the sunken rocks, all of which are within range of the enemy's batteries. It will require several days for this operation, and they will be under fire night and day. The Russians themselves could not navigate these seas without beacons, and they are all removed. During the time the process of buoying is going on, the fleet must lie at anchor among the outer rocks. Imagine to yourself, sir, a south-west gale coming on (and in the winter without warning), and judge what would become of your fleet and gun and mortar-boats. A great number of the former would be driven on the rocks, and the latter would either be swamped or obliged to take refuge in the enemy's harbour."

On the 29th of August, Sir James Graham ordered Sir Charles to send home his sailing ships; subsequently the Admiralty censured him for doing so. The first lord sent out an order, and the Admiralty censures the officer

for obedience to the order of their own first lord, who is the responsible adviser of the crown in connection with naval affairs! On the 25th of September, the admiral was very explicit in his communications to the Admiralty lords. He showed that gun-boats, and other craft of light draft, but heavily armed, were essential to attack such extensive fortifications, resting on the strongest masonry and solid rock; and that, at such a season of the year, the enterprise would be most perilous. As the English people became angry, however, their lordships became impatient, and letters were written to the admiral urging him to attack and destroy something—evidently to redeem their own administrative reputation, and to make a fair show of official life before parliament. The principal actors in this line of conduct were the first lord, Sir James Graham, and the first naval lord, Admiral Berkeley. Admiral Dundas, who commanded the Baltic fleet in 1855, was a lord of the Admiralty, and joined in these proceedings; but when in command himself, he took care to avoid attempting anything which he joined others in censuring Sir Charles for not performing; for, although he attacked Sweaborg, he did so with appliances denied to Sir Charles. As a specimen of the letters addressed to Admiral Napier in October, the following communication from Sir James Graham will show the *animus* of the government:—"War is not conducted without risks and dangers; prudence consists in weighing them, and firmness in encountering them; and nothing great by sea or land can be achieved without considerable peril." This is a curious exemplification of the mode in which a thorough ministerial and government hack will say and unsay, as his interests or policy may lead. The following letter, of the 10th of October, in reply to an official communication from the secretary of the Admiralty, written on the 4th of October, will in a short compass declare the opinions of all the admirals which in previous despatches Sir Charles had presented to "the board."

Duke of Wellington, Nargen, Oct. 10, 1854.

SIR,—Before I received your letter of the 4th of October, I had written the accompanying letter, No. 558, giving my reasons for withdrawing from this anchorage; and, notwithstanding their lordships' letter of the 4th instant, I still think it my duty to persist in my intention. I have already given my reasons for withdrawing the sailing ships, and I thought I was following up Sir James Graham's wishes. Neither this anchorage or Baro Sound are fit for a fleet in the winter. My letter will clearly point out my reasons. Their lordships will see that we are losing anchors and cables every day, and we shall soon be losing ships.

Their lordships ask me, if I think Sweaborg can be laid in ruins, why I do not attack it? I reply, that before the ships should go alongside the batteries, my plan was to have it bombarded with mortars, shells, and rockets, from the islands and gun-boats, for a day or two, Lancaster guns, &c., and then, when well bombarded, the ships should go alongside and finish the work. The want

of means is one obstacle—the weather the next—why I do not attack it. Their lordships tell me to choose my day. There has not been a day since I have been here that it was possible to attack Sweaborg. It requires many days. The channels are studded with sunken rocks; they must be all sounded and buoyed, and if it came on to blow, the fleet would inevitably be lost, and I should be unworthy of the command I hold if I risked it. It would be a long operation. Their lordships have not the most distant idea of the dangers. Whether the Russian fleet in Cronstadt would venture out, if we were disabled, I know not, but the Sweaborg fleet would. I have never altered my opinion, that Sweaborg must be first attacked by mortars, shells, and gun-boats, &c.; but I never would have advised them to be sent here at this season. My second reconnaissance was never intended to open a new view—the view I first took, and the last, were the same. Their lordships say, the final decision must rest with me, and if the attack be desperate, it must on no account be undertaken. I look upon it that no man in his senses would undertake to attack Sweaborg at this season of the year; and even in a fine season I doubt much the success, without the means I have pointed out. A telegraphic message has stopped the French admiral's return to the Gulf, which I am glad of. His presence would be useless; and I have directed Admiral Plumridge not to come here, for the same reason.

When a council of war, composed of five admirals, viz.:—Vice-admiral Parseval and myself, and Rear-admirals Pennaud, Chads, and Seymour, and in which a sixth (Rear-admiral Martin) concurred, had given their opinion that neither our resources nor the season would permit an attack on Sweaborg, I should have thought that both their lordships and the public would have been satisfied; and I beg further to tell their lordships, that there is not an admiral in the British service that would have ventured to attack such a fortress at this season of the year; and as their lordships have so frequently returned to this question, it leads me to believe that, notwithstanding the praises that they have heaped upon me for my conduct in the Baltic, and judging from the altered tone of their letters, I have reason to think I have lost the confidence of their lordships. If that is the case, I shall be perfectly ready to resign my command; but, as long as I hold it, I will do what I think is best for the good of her majesty's service, and for the safety of the fleet I command, which I think is greatly endangered by our present position, and we are risking our ships for no adequate purpose.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CHARLES NAPIER, *Vice-admiral.*

To the Secretary of the Admiralty.

All the views expressed by the writer of the foregoing letter were acted upon by the admiral who, in 1855, succeeded him in the command; but the Admiralty did not even place at that officer's disposal, the means which Sir Charles pointed out as essential to success. He had, however, such means to some extent; but so badly constructed were the gun and mortar vessels that they were to a considerable degree unserviceable, so that when Sweaborg was ultimately bombarded, the result was incomplete. A statement of these facts, anticipatory of a future chapter, is necessary to explain several of the allusions and remarks in the following letter of Sir Charles. We know, from the gallant admiral himself, that he is anxious to bury the past in oblivion, so far as personal injustice is concerned; but his desire for the good of the service and of the country compelled him to vindicate his command, and expose the time-serving and trimming at the Admiralty, from which he suffered.

"SIR,—I have shown that I did not attack Sweaborg for two reasons:—1st, because I had not proper means; and 2nd, because it was a dangerous season of the year. Admiral Dundas has shown that, after forty-five hours' bombardment the batteries were little injured, and, with all his gun and mortar-boats, he never contemplated an attack by his fleet in the month of August. Is it, then, just to blame me for not attacking Sweaborg, without either gun or mortar-boats, in the month of October, and with only sixteen sail of the line? I shall now show how the Admiralty perverted my letter. The date of their lordships' letter to me was the 4th of October, the day they received the news of the fall of Sebastopol. On the 9th of October they heard Sebastopol *had not fallen*, and before they received my reply the order for the return of the French fleet and Admiral Plumridge's squadron to the Gulf of Finland was countermanded, and the attack of Sweaborg given up. The Admiralty may explain this, and also why they picked a quarrel with me.

"Admiral Berkeley said he had run an honest race with me for the command of the Baltic fleet; and perhaps he was inclined to start again; as Sir James Graham, after setting the public against me, and sucking my brains, wanted my place for some one else. My complaint against the Admiralty is, that they deliberately perverted my letter of the 25th of September, and I shall now prove it, and even the *Times* will not be able to deny it. This is an unusual course I admit; but my reputation is dearer to me than my commission, which they can take if they like. They well-nigh ruined my peace of mind before I left the Baltic, and it was all I could do to bear up against it. Their letter was dated the 4th of October, and I received it on the 10th, together with one from Admiral Berkeley, and one from the editor of the *Times*, while at anchor at Nargen. The three together came like a clap of thunder; a feather would have knocked down a stronger man.

"My observations on the letter will show that their lordships changed the whole meaning of it, which, to an officer on whom they had heaped so much praise, was heart-breaking and insulting; and I will venture to say that there is no precedent for it at the Admiralty. I shall take the letter, and dissect it paragraph by paragraph.

LETTER.

Their lordships observed that my second reconnaissance of Sweaborg gave rise to more pressing and serious considerations.

REPLY.

My first reconnaissance and my second were nearly the same. The first was made on the 12th of June, and sent home on the 13th of July, *not the 12th of June*, as I stated. It was Admiral Chads I sent home at that date with my observations.

LETTER.

You desire us not for a moment to suppose that Sweaborg cannot be attacked, and you proceed to point out in detail the precise mode in which the operation ought to be conducted, according to your judgment, on a careful review of all the difficulties and dangers.

You express your opinion, that if your plan of attack by the ships were adopted, you are quite certain the fortress would be laid in ruins, and most probably an entrance opened to the ships.

What then are the obstacles to the immediate attempt? If the diminution of your force be one, we have reason to believe the French fleet has been ordered to rejoin you off Sweaborg, and, by telegraph, we have directed Admiral Plumridge to hold himself in readiness to return to the Gulf of Finland, if he hear from you that the presence and assistance of his squadron are required.

You intimate an opinion that the uncertainty of the weather at this advanced season of the year is an objection to the attack; you may choose your day and your opportunity, as some risk must always attend every great operation.

You anticipate an attack by the Russian fleet, if many of your ships be crippled or destroyed. We are always reminded that the Russians are most unwilling to navigate the Gulf of Finland in line-of-battle ships when autumn has commenced, and Cronstadt is always blocked up by ice fourteen days before Sweaborg is closed. The attack, therefore, on Sweaborg might be

REPLY.

I pointed out two modes of attack—one with ships alone, the success of which would be very doubtful and many ships would be lost, and this was not a proper season; another with ships, gun-boats, rockets, Lancaster guns, 13-inch mortars on the islands, and a vast supply of shot, shells, and rockets, in addition to the ships. This mode I thought certain. This is perversion the first.

I expressed no such opinion: quite the contrary. I said, whether this attack would succeed or not it is impossible to say. That we must calculate on ships being set on fire by red-hot shot and shells, of which they would have abundance; and, whether successful or not, it is evident the ships would be in no condition to meet the Russian fleet afterwards; and, if the attack was made at this season of the year, when you cannot depend on the weather for two hours together, I do not know how many would be lost.

The want of the appliances I pointed out to ensure success. Had Admiral Plumridge and the French squadron rejoined, with a month's provisions he was ordered to take in, it would have been nearly expended before he joined, and he could have done no good in the end of October—the period their lordships thought most favourable for attack, but which I thought the most unfavourable.

Most certainly it is an objection, and a vital one.

Choose my day, indeed! there were not two days the whole time I lay at Nargen, that I could have attacked such a fortress as Sweaborg, even had I had the means to destroy it: it would have required a week. As for risk, I never cared a straw about that in my life, when there was the least chance of success.

Whoever wrote this ought not to be trusted with the management of the British fleet. Had I been such an idiot as to have attended to it, I should have most inevitably lost the British fleet. It is not correct that Cronstadt is blocked up fourteen days before Sweaborg. It is open that time: but blocking up is quite another thing. One night in the latter end of October,

LETTER.

made towards the latter end of October, with least danger of attack from the Cronstadt portion of the Russian fleet.

Recent events in the Black Sea will not encourage the Russians to attempt any enterprise of more than usual hazard and daring at this precise moment.

It is true that additional boats, having Lancaster guns, and mortar-vessels, have not been sent to the Baltic, since we were led to believe that Cronstadt and Sweaborg were unassailable by naval means alone.

Your second reconnaissance of Sweaborg opens a new view, and the presence or absence of a few guns of an improved construction, or even of mortar-vessels, cannot make the whole difference between a possible or impossible attack.

This order is founded on your own last report.

The final decision must rest entirely with yourself. If the attack on Sweaborg, in present circumstances, be desperate, it must on no account be undertaken by you; if, calculating the ordinary chances of war, and on a full consideration of the strength of the enemy's fortress and fleets, you shall still be of opinion that Sweaborg can be laid in ruins, it will be your duty, with the concurrence of the French admiral, not to omit the opportunity.

"I have now stated my case fairly, and the public must judge whether I am right or wrong. I shall merely add, that the whole of the summer I was cautioned to beware of granite walls by Sir James Graham, and the moment the winter commenced, I was goaded to attack them. Had the Emperor of Russia been first lord of the Admiralty, he would just have written me such letters.

"I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"Merchistoun, August 28, 1855."

REPLY.

with an easterly wind, would freeze at Sweaborg. What would have been said had the fleet been caught in the ice? We shall see whether Admiral Dundas will be ordered to choose a day and opportunity at the end of October to assemble his fleet, and make an attack on Sweaborg, now the magazines are blown up, and dockyards burnt.

Recent events in the Black Sea were a miserable deception; more recent events showed that the British fleet was nearly destroyed. And, had that been known at the Admiralty, Sir James Graham's cautions to me would have been repeated, instead of his goading language.

I never led you to believe anything of the sort, but quite the contrary; and I doubt whether Sir James Graham ever submitted my letter to the Board. It was sent to him on the 18th of July, and Admiral Chad's on the 14th of June.

Admiral Dundas seems to think very different; for, even with the forty-five vessels he had, and mortars on the island, he did not think fit to bring up his fleet, which proves that the absence of gun and mortar-vessels just made the difference between the possible and impossible attack.

No such thing.

Such is substantially the controversy between Sir Charles Napier and the government, involving the feasibility of an attack upon Sweaborg or Cronstadt. As Sir Charles Napier said in another publication, the French and British army sent out to Aland was too large to be employed in attacking small and detached places, and too small to be entrusted with the capture of Helsingfors or Cronstadt. The reconnaissance of the military leaders issued, as we have seen, in an opinion adverse to that of the admirals; those officers, with the commanders of the fleet, examined also carefully the Finnish coast. They found Abo exactly in the condition described by Captain Scott, recorded in a former chapter—defended by powerful land batteries, which could not be approached by ships of the line or frigates, while gun-boats moved about ready to attack any ship which met with the slightest misfortune in the attempt. When the reconnoitring steamer passed round Hango Head, the officers discovered that the fortifications which previously existed there had been pulled down, the Russians calculating upon the likelihood that the allies would capture or destroy them. These fortifications consisted of Fort Gustavam, a very formidable defence; with two lesser works, called Fort Meyerfeld and Fort Gustaf Adolf. The troops and the country people were set to work immediately before the appearance of the British, and in a very short time demolished all these fortifications. From Abo, the allied chiefs advanced to Sweaborg, which was attentively and anxiously surveyed from the nearest distance that the steamer could approach, the result of their review we have already stated. The reconnaissance of Cronstadt issued also in a decision unfavourable to an attack. It was reported that a portion of the imperial family were there at the time of both Sir Charles Napier's reconnaissances, which occurred within a short time of each other. Many stories connected with this circumstance were current soon afterwards, the principal one of which has been already related. A letter from the Gulf of Finland gave some details in connection with this subject which were deserving of credit:—"After having passed in review the 12,000 men of the imperial guard sent to reinforce the garrison, the emperor ordered a representation of a defence on the part of the forts Constantine, Alexander, Peter I., and Cronstadt, which command the entrance of the pass. They fired for an hour, but did not, it appears, give much satisfaction to the Grand Duke Constantine, who is considered a good judge of such matters. The emperor afterwards visited three screw steamers, the *Csar*, the *Constantine*, and the *Viborg*, which are now being completed, but whose machinery, ordered in England, is still wanting.

He then went to see a new apparatus for obstructing the passage into the port, and which was invented by an American engineer, consisting of a square wooden framework filled with enormous stones, and presenting sharp stakes sticking out and coming to nearly the level of the water. It is said that the immersion of these machines is a difficult matter, and that they do not answer. The emperor seemed out of spirits during his visit to Cronstadt. That circumstance did not tend to remove the disquietude of the population; and the next day great terror was excited by the fact of the general and the colonel charged with the direction of the artillery, as well as the colonel of engineers, being sent off to the Caucasus, to serve in the army in their grades, but at the bottom of the list for each. Every person has been forbidden to quit Cronstadt for fear of augmenting the public disquietude."

At this juncture the excitement of the people of Sweden, Norway, and Finland, was very great; and if the allies had had an army on the Finnish coast, or could they have entered into a treaty offensive and defensive with the united dominions of Sweden and Norway, it would have enabled them to have struck a blow which the czar would have felt to the pedestal of his throne; or if it were too late in the year to effect anything in 1854, matters might have been set in order against the spring of 1855, when hostilities could have been resumed under auspices more favourable—Russia must have succumbed to such a coalition. The Swedish and Norwegian press contained most able speculations upon the prospects of the war with Russia, especially the *Aftonbladet*. Another journal, the *Gotheborge Handels og Sjöfarts Tidning*, contained a series of articles on the subject of an immediate alliance of Sweden with the Western powers, and the fruits which would be borne. The following is a specimen, and the reasoning is apparently sound; it is at all events specious, and deserved the serious attention of all the countries concerned:—"Supposing that a Swedish army of 20,000 or 25,000 men marched into Finland, it could only be opposed by a lesser force, the Russians being obliged to leave at least 10,000 men at Sweaborg, and detach several corps along the coast, threatened as it is by the allied fleets. Could the result be doubtful, when it is remembered that the Swedes have hitherto always beaten a superior enemy, and that in the case they would be supported by the Western powers? And, as to the Finns themselves, could even the most incarnate Russian maintain that we had to fear any resistance from them? We have proved, that although the Swedish sympathies of the Finns may be

cooled, they nevertheless have not turned towards Russia; but that, on the contrary, the whole thinking part of the nation looks with mistrust to that side, in respect to the future as well as the present. We believe that those sympathies would be awakened if a Swedish army, preceded by proclamations commemorating our old connections, our common remembrances and hopes, entered Finland. Many a warrior from 1808-9 is still alive who willingly would support his old comrades; others have bequeathed their Russian hatred, and their fondness for the Swedish standard, to their sons. The hope of a new era—the loathing of being subject to a power inferior in spiritual culture to every other European nation, and to Finland itself—the ties of blood which still exist between Swedes and Finns—the commercial advantages of a union with Sweden—all this would procure us open or hidden allies in every corner of Finland. A people's sense of independence may be lulled asleep; it can never be destroyed. The Finns are well aware that united to Sweden they obey law, and not arbitrary power, and that their sons will not be sent away to Siberia without previous sentence. Supported by a friendly population in the country, by a powerful fleet on the coasts, which would scatter the forces and the attention of the enemy, the Swedish army, inflamed by the enthusiasm of a just cause, by the ardent desire of avenging at last the former treachery and violence of Russia, would before long chase them from every corner of Finland, and once more dictate peace. As to the defence of Finland, when conquered, it ought to be mentioned that this country, which at the beginning of the century had a standing army of 12,400 men, would now be able to put forth an army of 25,000 men; that Sweden, which needs not at present, as in 1808, to be afraid of an attack on the part of its neighbour, might easily send forth a similar quantity of troops to Finland; and, finally, that nothing could hinder us from entertaining in time of peace a proportionally larger army there than at home, on account of that province being the only one subject to foreign invasion. A famous man, and an excellent authority in those matters, Charles XIV., says, in a letter to Napoleon, 'Sweden possesses the elements of a great force; its inhabitants are naturally warlike.' Its constitution admits of the formation of an army of 150,000 men, and its male population affords the means of so doing. However, our foreign policy is marked with the stamp of weakness, dulness, and impotence, as if we could not lift our arm without looking out for a protector. Is this worthy of a nation which more than once has carried the destiny

of Europe on her sword's point? But it is not only for power and glory, not only for revenge and redress, that we look to Finland; it is our own safety, our existence, we seek there. This time Russia has misreckoned. This time Russia shall not conquer Turkey. But from this fruitless attempt she will learn that the way to Constantinople goes across Sweden. Therefore, to prevent Russia, or to be prevented by her, that is the question. If by a diversion in Finland we facilitate the approach of the allied fleets to St. Petersburg, Russia perhaps never more will threaten the liberty of the world. If not—if we let this occasion of reconquering of Finland escape us—Russia will not allow a new one to present itself to us. Laid open to her plundering hosts, degraded in the eyes of Europe by our faint-heartedness, Sweden, the glorious country of Charles and Gustavus, will cease to be a branch of the great European family, and become a nameless portion of the crowd of slaves which creep around the throne of the Autocrat."

Finally, as to the discussion of what was possible at Sweaborg or Cronstadt, the following remarks of Sir Charles Napier seem indisputably conclusive. The speech was delivered before the electors of Southwark, and after the failure of Admiral Dundas at Sweaborg, in 1855, to do more than silence the fortifications, burn some ships and sheds, and blow up some magazines, leaving Sweaborg unoccupied and Helsingfors untouched:—"There were possibly many officers in the navy who, if they had been in his position, might have done a great deal more than he had; but he did what he thought was right. He had performed what he believed to be within the range of possibility, and as much as he had thought that British seamen were capable of accomplishing. At the same time, he boldly stated that there was not one man or officer in that fleet who would not have given him three cheers, if he had offered to take them under the walls of Sweaborg and Cronstadt. Every one knew that we were engaged in a war which he had almost called 'a disastrous war,' seeing the immense amount of life and treasure which had been sacrificed in it; but it was not to be supposed that we were, therefore, not to prosecute it with vigour. Until recently he could not say that the government had carried on this war as it ought to have been carried on. It had not been carried on in the Baltic as it should have been. He did not blame his successor, Admiral Dundas, in the smallest degree, because he had done his best with the means at his disposal; but he blamed the Admiralty of the day, who had planned the campaign in the Baltic. They had sent an insufficient quantity of gun-boats and mortars,



MERLIN & FIREFLY STRUCK BY INFERNAL MACHINES.

and instead of assembling the fleet in front of Sweaborg, they—greatest fault of all—allowed it to be scattered about over the whole of the Baltic. He spoke advisedly when he said that if the mortar-boats had not failed—some splitting up and others bursting—and if there had been 100 there instead of 15 or 16, supported by the fleet, we might have destroyed Sweaborg entirely. Had such been the case, he was satisfied Sweaborg would have been destroyed after two days' bombardment. For whatever had gone amiss, therefore, in the Baltic he did not blame the admiral, but the plan; up to a certain point the government had acted in an imbecile manner. There was no excuse this year. The government had been warned in June, 1854, that Sweaborg could not be taken in two days, and yet, with Sebastopol staring them in the face, after eleven months' siege, and upwards of 1000 guns and mortars blazing away at it, one might have expected a little more patience and reason from them."

While the British fleet was cruising about the strongholds of the czar, a new instrument of sea defence was adopted by the latter. One of the officers of the *Merlin* wrote the following unpublished account of what that vessel experienced from this novel instrument for injuring ships, and which has been generally denominated an "infernal machine." On board his ship was the justly celebrated painter of marine scenes, Mr. Carmichael, an engraving of whose picture, "taking Soundings under the Batteries of Cronstadt," embellishes this work.

One P.M.

"H.M.S. *Merlin*, with Admiral Penaud and several French and English officers on board, left the anchorage to take a survey of Cronstadt, first from the north and afterwards from the south-west; the *Merlin* was accompanied by the French steam corvette —, and H.M.S. *Dragon* and *Firefly*. Unfortunately it was very hazy, and we had not so good a view of the north side as we could wish, but one point was decided, that they have thirteen steam gun-boats, having but one mast or signal pole; their length appears to be about 200 feet, and their breadth about thirty feet; they are very low shallow-looking vessels, and appear to have four large guns, but from the haze and the distance it could not be ascertained for certain.

"After taking a good view of the place we proceeded towards the lighthouse. About three o'clock—the ship going at the rate of five knots an hour—we received a very heavy shock, which made the ship's masts shake like 'coach whips;' the engines were immediately stopped, but the ship still kept her way through the water, which convinced every one that it was

the explosion of an 'infernal machine' under our bottom. The watch below, who were perhaps nearly all asleep at the time, frightened by the shock, came rushing up the fore-ladder—some without caps, others without frocks, &c.; the quick way in which they came from below can only be known to those who witnessed it, and others who have seen the activity of an English sailor. Orders were then given to reverse the engines, when we received another shock greater than the first, several shot were shaken out of the racks, and rolled about the deck. At this time the *Firefly* was coming up astern, and, in order to prevent her from getting into danger, all hands abaft set to work waving their caps in the most frantic manner: Captain Sullivan even lost his band while waving his cap to her. The open pendant was shown, when the *Firefly* put her helm to port, and then stopped, coming up along side of us the star-board side. She was not long before she got a taste of it herself, the explosion was distinctly heard by every one on board of us, although no smoke was to be seen. After taking cross bearings of the place we steamed quickly out, and then went round to the south-west, as was first intended we should. The *Firefly* left us to rejoin the admiral. Being under sailing orders, and hearing that there was a grand smash in the engineers' mess-room, I went down to have a look at it, when I found that everything in the shape of crockery was broken—all the racks, shutters, in fact, the bulkhead itself was blown down; the scene will be better explained to you by a sketch taken on the spot by a Mr. Carmichael, who was on board. I then went down in the lower store-room, where a tank with eight cwt. of tallow had been moved four feet from its original place by the explosion, which was near about that spot, for the ship's side was slightly bulged in, and a wooden girder was broken. Altogether we had a very narrow escape, but after all was over it was quite laughable to see the different places that had suffered."

While the fleet lay at Nargen, a number of seamen arrived who had been prisoners. It will be recollected by our readers, that when the attack on Gamla Karleby was made, the *Vulture's* boat was captured and taken on shore. She had run foul of a sunken vessel, and was therefore not in a condition to resist. The treatment which these men reported as having received from the Russians was such as to leave a very favourable impression of their captors. The wounded were especially cared for in the hospital at Gamla Karleby; the other prisoners were sent to Helsingfors. The inhabitants of Gamla Karleby seemed to vie with one another in kindness; for it was to

these patriotic Finns, rather than to the Russian authorities, that the invalids were indebted for the good things which they received. Of these there was abundance and variety: bread, butter, cakes, baked in the fashion of the country—beautiful seed cake, which the Finnish housekeepers are particularly expert in preparing—beef, rice, vegetables, especially potatoes—tea, sugar, coffee, were afforded to them. Before the inhabitants supplied them with cakes they had only dark rye bread, to which Englishmen have a strong objection. General Wendt, the commandant of the place, in the most generous manner, had meanwhile bread baked for them at his own expense. Nor did his generosity stay there—wine, which is expensive in Finland, was sent to their wards, and to the mess-table of such as were able to attend it, with fruits, and what the men prized more than all, pipes and tobacco. Upon their recovery they were “rigged out” with a new suit of excellent blue cloth; new shoes and woollen socks, and a cloth cap, were also given them. Several of the men died, and these received decent and honourable sepulture. A Finnish Protestant clergyman officiated at their grave: they were not thrown into a common pit, as the English were at Scutari by their own government, but placed in a decent coffin, and attended to the grave by the convalescents of their own countrymen, and by the principal inhabitants. After some time these pleasant quarters were changed, the English steamer *Leopard* made hostile demonstrations, and in consequence the prisoners were sent seventy miles inland to Imola. There they were obliged to wear an hospital dress, and to partake of the soldiers’ rations. Permission was given them to converse with the peasantry, whom they found courteous and hospitable in the extreme—a fine, manly, generous-hearted set of men, and the women modest and maidenly, or matronly, as beseemed them; the general population were represented by the liberated prisoners as exceedingly religious and moral. On the 21st of September they were sent in light spring-carts to Abo, and there put on board a small steamer and sent to Led Sund, where they were delivered up to the British authorities, who sent them on to Nargen.

A glance at the condition of Finland, and the character of the Finns, has been given in a previous chapter when touching upon the operations of this naval campaign. The excellent conduct of the Finns to our poor captured seamen will increase the reader’s interest in the people and their country. The following statistics connected with Finland may be relied upon:—“The internal trade of Finland is of very little consequence; however, the

new Saima Canal, finished in 1844, has facilitated the communications at home. The foreign trade is considerable. The most important export articles are timber (planks and boards), potash, tar, cattle, butter, meat, tallow, and fish; the exports amount to 3,000,000 silver roubles yearly. The official language of the land is Swedish. The Lutheran evangelical religion is the predominant creed, confessed by at least 1,500,000 of the inhabitants; the rest belong chiefly to the Greek Church. Politically speaking, the Finns may be divided into three classes:—1. The old Swedish Finns, regretful of the former union to Sweden, and wishing it back. They are not numerous, but among them may be found some very influential men. This party has its ramifications, supported by family alliances, all over Sweden. 2. The Russian Finns, fond of belonging to a powerful empire, and grateful for past and present imperial favours. They belong chiefly to the nobility and to the higher class of public functionaries, but are neither numerous nor powerful, inasmuch as they are not rooted in the national soil. 3. Last, not least, the Finnish Finns. Although cherishing the civilisation which they have received from Sweden, being fond of their Swedish recollections, and, on the whole, animated by a friendly feeling towards the Swedes, they nevertheless do not desire a political union with Sweden; still less do they aspire to being Russians. They want to be Finns, and nothing else. The large bulk of the nation, from the professor to the peasant, belongs to this party. The population of Finland, according to the census of 1852, amounted to 1,636,915 inhabitants. Finland is a most uneven country, with a great variety of mountains and valleys, and nearly devoid of plains, with exception only of the coast of Osterbotten (Wasa-land). For the most part, the west coast of Finland is flat, though rather rocky and craggy near the Qvarkeu, the narrowest part of the Gulf of Bothnia; and the peculiar kind of shoals and shallows which are successively heaped up by the sea cause a great deal of inconvenience in the harbours. The climate of Finland is harsh and cold, the winter long and severe. The principal livelihood of the Finns, especially in the south-western parts of the country, is agriculture. The potato production amounts to 1,500,000 tons yearly, and Finnish hemp, flax, and tar, are sufficiently well known in England. Even tobacco is cultivated in different places. Gardening is in a poorer state, on account of the climate. The forests are extensive and considerable; the most important species of trees are birch and pine. The meadows and pastures, although left to themselves, without any care or inspection, are

excellent, and afford sufficient food to the horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and reindeer of Finland, which, when compared, for instance, with those of Norway, are not, on the whole, inferior to them either in quality or quantity. The manufactures are not numerous. In 1851, 148 factories occupied 3364 persons, and gave a brutto-revenue of 1,295,621 silver roubles. The cotton mills and the glass manufactures are the most important. It is just to state that the Russian government has, in this respect, most liberally supported every useful undertaking in Finland."

In consequence of a peremptory despatch from home, the commander-in-chief of the fleet sent the greater part of his remaining ships to Kiel, on their way to England. The *Duke of Wellington*, *St. Jean d'Acre*, *James Watt*, *Princess Royal*, *Blenheim*, *Hogue*, *Edinburgh*, *Royal George*, *Nile*, *Cæsar*, *Majestic*, and *Cressy*, weighed anchor on the 19th of October, but, in consequence of bad weather, it was not until the 28th that they had all reached the rendezvous. At the same time the blockade of the Gulf of Bothnia was raised; that of the Gulf of Finland was maintained by a squadron of steamers, consisting of the *Euryalus*, *Arrogant*, *Impérieuse*, *Magicienne*, *Desperate*, *Basilisk*, *Bulldog*, and *Dragon*, under Captain Watson. During November little could be effected, nor was the blockade very strictly maintained. At the close of that month there was at the anchorage of Kiel a formidable fleet, notwithstanding that so many ships had returned home; there were thirteen ships, carrying 1100 guns, and containing 10,000 men. The steam squadron cruised about the Finland Gulf, impeded by mists, fogs, high winds, and at last the formation of ice. In the first week of December, Captain Watson abandoned the blockade in consequence of the ice. Most of the larger ships at Kiel steered for the Sound, preparatory to their return home, and by the close of the month the whole fleet was in English harbours. On the last day of the year, the *Duke of Wellington*, *James Watt*, *Hogue*, *Blenheim*, *Impérieuse*, *Arrogant*, *Penelope*, and *Locust*, arrived at Portsmouth, where Sir Charles himself landed on the 18th, and met a most generous and popular reception from the townsmen and the tars. The other ships arrived rapidly in various ports. At Devonport, the *St. Jean d'Acre*, *Princess Royal*, *Nile*, *Cæsar*, and *Euryalus*; at Leith, the *Edinburgh*, *Cruiser*, *Arden*, and *Magicienne*; Woolwich, the *Odin*; Sheerness, the *Cressy*, *Majestic*, *Royal George*, and *Amphion*; Hull, the *Desperate* and *Conflict*; North Shields, the *Bulldog*; Coventry, the *Dragon*, *Rosamond*, *Basilisk*, and *Vulture*; Harwich, the *Driver*. Soon after the blockade was abandoned as imprac-

ticable, seven Russian ships left Sweaborg for Cronstadt! This circumstance became known at home, and deepened the public discontent. In November the Russians reoccupied the Åland Isles, and immediately opened the postal communication between Åland, Stockholm, and the cities of Finland. Merchandise was imported from Sweden to Åland, and the Finland shores, notwithstanding the ice which rendered Captain Watson's services unavailing. At Revel a very active trade was driven after the hostile ships left the neighbourhood: scarcely had the latter disappeared when the vigilant traders of Revel commenced operations. At Riga similar vigilance and activity were crowned with a like reward. So bold were the inhabitants of the latter place, that they entertained projects for raising the ships which they had sunk across the harbour as an impediment to the entrance of the allied cruisers, and which, like the same *ruse* at Sebastopol, was successful. The Russian fleet at Cronstadt issued forth in the expectation that some lagging enemy would fall into their hands, but they only obtained damage from ice and storm, and some of the ships narrowly escaped wreck. As soon as all naval operations terminated in the Baltic, and there was nothing to be apprehended from the powerful armaments which had hovered about the great fortresses, the Russians set about increasing their defences with their usual industry and vigour. Roads were repaired and constructed, to enable the government to transport heavy material of war from St. Petersburg, and facilitate the communications between the different places of defence. The peasantry and citizens were everywhere laid under forced contribution of time and labour, and all that had money were obliged to supply it. Conferences were held at Helsingfors, Cronstadt, and St. Petersburg, in reference to the general defence of the Baltic shores. The defences at St. Petersburg were strengthened, as were those at Cronstadt, Helsingfors, Åbo, Revel, and Riga, in a lesser degree. Nearly everything that could be done for Sweaborg had been before accomplished, but the new works erected at Helsingfors, and the reparation of the Sweaborg batteries, added some new features of power to this twofold bulwark of the czar's power. Reviewing the campaign as a whole, the allies had considerably the advantage. Bomarsund, so dangerous to Sweden, was destroyed; the commerce of the Russian coasts had been cut off for the whole season, except the very early weeks of spring and the month of November, while the allied ships came home from a dangerous sea unhurt. A considerable number of Russian prisoners—including a general officer—had been made, and the prestige of Russia

among the Baltic nations impaired. Her fleets had skulked away from the presence of her rivals and enemies; and the idea of her naval superiority in the Baltic, of which she had boasted so long and so loudly, perished. Had the gun-boats of Sweden and Norway been at the service of the allies, Russia would have received injury incalculable. The alliance of the united kingdom of Sweden and Norway with the Western powers, had it depended upon the people, would have been promptly effected; but it was supposed that the timidity of the court prevented so happy a result to the negotiations set on foot. The following brief notice of the Swedish king may here be appropriate:—"The present royal family of Sweden is the youngest in Europe. It dates from 1809, when the weak and vacillating Gustavus IV. was compelled to abdicate, and the Diet exercised its old constitutional right of election, by excluding his children from the succession, and appointing the crown to his uncle Charles, with remainder to Charles John Bernadotte, a marshal in the French army, who was thereupon declared crown-prince. Napoleon gave his consent, though not very willingly, to this arrangement; and Bernadotte ever afterwards studied the interest of his new country and subjects as his chief duty. Charles XIII., the last reigning prince of the house of Vasa, died in 1818, his family having ruled the destinies of Sweden during nearly three centuries; and Bernadotte, under the title of Charles XIV., succeeded, amidst general acclamations and rejoicing, to the throne, which he worthily filled during the remainder of his life. He died March 8, 1844, when he was succeeded by his son, Joseph Francis Oscar I., who now reigns. His present majesty was born in July 1799, and married in 1823, Josephine Maximilienne Eugénie, daughter of the then, and sister of the present, Duke of Leuchtenburg. The Duke of Leuchtenburg is husband of the Grand Duchess Mary of Russia, sister of the present emperor."

On the return of Sir Charles he was put

upon half-pay, and the feud so long maintained afterwards between him and the government broke forth publicly. Sir Charles considered himself ignominiously dismissed from his command without trial; the Admiralty and the government maintained that he was not dismissed at all, but, as the command had terminated, he was placed on half-pay. The government declared that they did not intend to censure the gallant admiral, nor to express any disapprobation of his professional services; but they admitted that they preferred not employing him because of his arrogance and insubordination. The public, however, sided with the admiral; and, evidently acting in deference to public opinion, and with the desire to appease the wrath of the irate sailor, the government summoned him to court to receive the distinction of the Bath, conferred on so many others for less renowned actions than those of Sir Charles. The indomitable tar would not accept any honour, even from his queen, which came through the hands of a government that refused to do him justice. Meanwhile, public honours were heaped upon him by the people. The City invited him to dine; the country voted him addresses of confidence, and which might also be called condolence. The people admired the bold spirit with which he defied an unpopular government, and therefore, as much as from any conviction of the justice of his cause, expressed their sympathy and afforded their support. Finally, the electors of Southwark sent him to parliament, where he confronted his antagonist, Sir James Graham. In that debate the old warrior was not at home quite so much as on the quarter-deck, and, although no one doubted that he had right on his side, the crafty and expert special pleading of Sir James Graham made the worse cause so far appear the better, that the House of Commons dismissed the subject in a summary way, giving little satisfaction to the admiral's complaints of injustice.

Thus ended the naval affairs of the Baltic in 1854, and the events at home in 1855, which arose in connection with them.

CHAPTER LIV.

DIPLOMACY.

"What has been gained by the hearts' blood of the soldiers, those scribblers will lose cowardly and infamously."—BLUCHER'S *Letter to the King of Prussia*, February, 1814.

In the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters the diplomacy of the Western governments—in reference to the position of Germany, and more especially Austria, to the war, and the particular relations of Austria to the Porte—was noticed at considerable length. The Austrians continued through the

remainder of the year to occupy the provinces, and to trample upon the liberties of the inhabitants. The condition of the latter was worse under Austrian than under Russian rule. The cry of the oppressed passed over those unhappy countries to all the capitals and governments of Europe. The agents of England thoroughly

sympathised with the inhabitants; those of France felt, or pretended for political purposes to feel, a thorough sympathy with Austria. The game played by the latter power was deceitful throughout. She had been in complicity with Russia for a partition of the Turkish empire. The success of the Ottoman arms on the Danube, and the determination of the Western powers to protect the integrity of Turkey, necessarily modified the policy of Austria, and she then sought to possess the disputed territory herself, under the pretext of protecting the provinces against the return of the expelled Russians. The aim of Austria was a permanent possession; her pretence a temporary occupation in the interest of Turkey and the allies. As soon as she garrisoned the provinces, she assumed the part of "the strong man armed," and dictated in everything, subverting all law and liberty. England was very unwilling to permit this, but an influence was exercised over the cabinet, and over the imperial government of France, which has never been sufficiently accounted for, but which was attributed very generally, both in England and on the Continent, to the German influence in the English court. Others attributed it to the papal influence at the French court, at least, in part. The disingenuous policy of Austria was, at all events, apparent to the whole world, justifying the language of the *Church of England Quarterly*:—"Of the complicity of Austria, in the contemplated partition of the sultan's European dominions, we think that among our readers there can be but one opinion; that this has been modified since the commencement of the present contest there is no doubt; but that the merest selfish fears have caused that modification, and not any inclination towards the cause of justice, must be manifest to all who have studied the conduct of the Austrian government in their relations with the Ottoman empire, up to, and even since, the occupation of the principalities."

The attempts of the Western powers to draw Austria and Prussia into the alliance against Russia were most persistent all through the year 1854. The efforts of Prussia were to serve Russia under pretence of a decided neutrality. The policy of Austria was to serve Russia at the expense of the Western powers, if possible; to ally herself with Prussia for the mutual protection of the territory of either power, in case any overt act in favour of the czar should cause the allies to attack the ultra-German provinces of the Austrian empire; but, at all events, to possess herself of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces of Turkey, and, without risk, reap the advantage of successful war. The allied governments must have seen through this policy, and have determined to outwit the cabinet of Vienna, and to play with that

government as it presumed to play with them; but a large and influential section of the members of the Western governments believed in Austria, and sympathised with her despotic principles of government, hence the vacillation in the conduct and tone of the French and English cabinets, which excited so much surprise in Europe. To set forth all the cabals, intrigues, and negotiations, which filled up the time, and occupied the ingenuity, of the diplomatists and their agents, would neither interest our readers nor comport with the character of this History; we therefore suppress much which we know, and exhibit only the main features of those transactions.

When, after the Christmas recess, the British parliament reassembled, Lord John Russell gave the following condensed outline of the diplomatic proceedings which characterised "the fall" (as Americans call it) of 1854:—"At the end of November, the Russian government, through their minister at Vienna, declared their acceptance of what are called the 'four points.' On the 2nd of December, a treaty was signed by France, England, and Austria; and on the 28th of December, a meeting was held by the ministers of France, England, and Austria, at Vienna, with Prince Gortschakoff, the minister of Russia. At that meeting the French minister read, on the part of his own government and of the governments of England and Austria, the interpretation which those three powers put on the four points, and which should be considered as the basis of negotiation. I will mention only that with respect to the third point, it was proposed in that interpretation to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. Prince Gortschakoff stated that he would not agree to the proposed interpretation of the four points, but that he would request further instructions from his government. Ten days afterwards he informed Count Buol that he had received those instructions, and on the 7th or 8th of January, another meeting was held at the office of the Austrian minister for foreign affairs, and at that meeting Prince Gortschakoff read a memorandum which he said he had received, and which contained the views of his government. It was replied by Count Buol, Lord Westmoreland, and Baron de Bourqueney, that they had no authority to receive any such memorandum, and that they must require, as the basis of negotiations, the consent of the Russian plenipotentiary to the interpretation of which he had already received information. The Russian plenipotentiary then withdrew the memorandum he had read, and declared the acceptance, on the part of his government, of the communicated interpretation as the basis of negotiations."

This brief summary of the barren negotia-

tions of the last months of 1854 is very expressive. Austria was the difficulty. Had she been true, the war would have ended when the eagles of Russia took their flight across the Pruth. Had the Western powers dared Austria to do her worst, it is questionable whether she would have ventured to raise a sword against them; and if she had, all Italy would have risen, Hungary would have started to arms, and perhaps Poland also might have given more trouble to its garrisons,—although we are amongst those who think that Poland could have done little if anything to effect a diversion in favour of the Western powers. Kossuth, in one of his masterly political harangues, put the conduct of Austria, and of England to Austria, in a light striking and, to a great extent, true. In a former page we combated, in many respects, the views of that noble-hearted man, as to what ought to be and could be the policy of England in respect to “the nationalities.” The Hungarian chief does not know enough of the elements of English society, and of English opinion, to dictate a policy to the British people in the tone and terms which some of his most eloquent speeches assumed. Austria, however, and her aims were familiar to the earnest and gifted Magyar; and his opinion on every subject connected with our policy to her, or hers to us and to Europe, must have great weight. In the following extracts from the orator, he overlooks the impossibility of England forming a line of policy towards Austria separate from that adopted by France; nor could she, independent of her imperial ally, direct the mode of conducting the war. Notwithstanding these objections to the opinions and spirit of M. Kossuth, the following passages from his orations are singularly pertinent to the diplomatic phases of the events of the closing months of 1854, and to the military events, so far as their character depended upon the diplomacy:—

“England has bent her mind on bringing Austria over to herself; she has sacrificed to this one aim everything—numerous millions spent in vain; the life-blood of the flower of England spilt in vain; principles, political reputation, the liberal character of the war, and the very issue of the war—everything. And has your government gained Austria? Has it gained that Austria to whom it has sacrificed everything—that Austria of whom the *Times* acknowledges, you ‘are fighting her battles more than your own?’ What a proud sneering there was in official quarters when I, months ago, told the good people of England that they believe they pay and bleed for freedom, when in reality they are made to pay and fight for Austria. Now the truth comes out at last. Well, has your government

gained Austria? . . . Go and read the well-founded lamentations in the organs—even the ministerial organs—of publicity about the treacherous attitude and the overbearing insolence of that Austria which your government persisted in courting with so much submission, and which in return facilitates the enterprises of Russia, insults your allies, and counteracts your combinations. It is not only that you have not gained over Austria, but you have the Turks arrested in the midst of their victorious course; and the fruit of their heroic struggle, poor Wallachia, played over into the treacherous hands of despotic Austria. There is the Turkish army paralysed on the one hand, and there is on the other hand the czar made and left free to throw overpowering numbers upon the flank and rear of your gallant ranks in the Crimea. There you have the spirits of the Turkish army, high-flowing as they were by the victories at Silistria and Giurgevo, now depressed; there you have the spirits of the Russian army, depressed as they were, now restored. And, oh! I could tell you what it is to neglect the moment of spirited excitement in a victorious army, and what it is to give time to a demoralised enemy to resume its spirits and to take breath. One such moment’s neglect in a war, and it is not battles, but empires that may be lost by it. . . . The *Times* says:—‘No human foresight could have anticipated the extraordinary position in which England finds herself.’ Extraordinary! Why, what is there extraordinary in the inexorable logic of concatenation between cause and effect? Is it extraordinary that Sebastopol is found to be an entrenched camp with a numerous army in it? Is it extraordinary that the czar is pouring whole fresh armies to its defence? The czar has been left perfectly free, and with ample time afforded to do it; nay, in fact, he has been invited to do it by the Turco-Austrian treaty, negotiated under England’s auspices. The extraordinary in the matter is not that he has sent reinforcements to Sebastopol, but that he has not sent double the number, and a month earlier. . . . To have a radical cure you must penetrate to the seat of the evil. The real source of all your difficulties is Austria. Every child knows this. *Either England fears Austria too much, or loves her more than she ought.* This is the evil. Don’t fear Austria, throw her overboard, and you are safe; if not, not. . . . Shift the theatre of the war; insist peremptorily on Austria’s evacuating the principalities, and on siding with or against you; advise the sultan to grant independence to the Roumains, and arm them; enlist the Polish emigration—not in Turkey, but here; mind where the weak point of Russia is, and strike there. And wherever a government is playing false to you, call on the

nations it oppresses. These are your radical remedies; but remember that while in matters of internal progress you may say, by-and-by we shall come to that, in a war everything depends on moments. Opportunity lost is a campaign lost—may be even more. Poland is your surest remedy even to-day, but how much surer and easier would it have been six months ago? I do not speak from even patriotic egotism. This war—such as it is—and it may be carried on, or arranged, in the worst possible manner—is manifestly an indication of retributive justice, slow, but sure in its decrees.”

Having in previous pages of this History combated the opinions of Mazzini as well as Kossuth, as to the duty of England in this crisis, and proved how impracticable were the measures recommended by that patriot, we have pleasure in placing before our readers the following eloquent passage from his pen, on the subject of a British alliance with Austria against the czar; it is addressed to the people of England:—“Will your government ever spontaneously adopt a change of policy? Never. The men who had not one word to say in the name of England’s honour when the czar in 1848-9 invaded the principalities and crushed Hungary, because his object was then to check liberty and national movements—the men who plotted with Louis Napoleon for restoring the Pope ‘under an improved form of government’ at Rome—the men who can, during sixteen months, exhaust every form of servile complacency towards such a power as Austria, and, scorned, do not dare a threatening word—can ally themselves with despotic usurpers—they never will say to a nation, Rise! Their policy lies between the despatch of the 23rd of March, 1853, in which Lord Clarendon declares that her majesty’s government is anxious to avert the risk of any advantage being given to the European revolutionists, and the speeches of Lord Palmerston, branding the liberty of Poland as a dream, the future rising of Hungary as an untoward lamentable event. They may break their pledge with Sicily; they will never break that which binds them to continental absolutism. But that you, English citizens, who worship freedom and revere morality—you who have no pledge except to England’s honour and safety—you who all to a man waved your hats at Poland’s glorious rising, and proclaimed its overthrow a crime—you whose brothers and sons are *dying*, the victims of a wrong policy, in the Crimea, whilst in Podolia and Lithuania they could *conquer*—that you, the free and able, by a single resolute act of will, by a sudden energetic collective manifestation to compel, can sit quietly witnessing the slow, useless work of destruction, and trust your fates to men who, thanks to

their policy and to Austria, are besieging, after nine months of operations, an outer work, is more than I can explain to myself or others. Every man who has a son, a brother, or a friend in the East, ought to walk with a map of the Crimea on his breast, and a flag with the name of Poland inscribed upon his shoulder, from place to place, from park to park, from cottage to cottage, and preach and explain, until hundreds of thousands should peacefully but sternly signify their will. ‘Change of policy. Down with Austria. Let Poland’s rising be helped.’ And then you ought to kneel and thank God most humbly for having placed the easy accomplishment of a great act of justice on the very path which leads to English safety and success. But Austria! Prussia! Leave Prussia to her own people; Austria to Hungary and to ourselves. As sure as Austria will never fire a single gun for you against Russia, not a single Austrian gun will be fired against you while we live. The question of the nationalities is amounting to a general war. What of that? Will not the nationalities fight their own battles? Only those battles will be yours too. With Poland, Hungary, and Italy up, the czar cannot dream of marching to Constantinople. Out of the road I point, depend upon it there is no decisive victory nor honourable peace possible for you. In a letter which I addressed to the chairman of the Society of the Friends of Italy, on the 2nd of March, I said, ‘Your policy is absolutely wrong and immoral, therefore you cannot and will not conquer.’ I maintain my ground. War is for me the greatest of crimes, whenever it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for the sake of a great truth to enthrone, or of a great lie to entomb. Yours is not such a war. It shrinks from the proclaiming of a principle. It equally aims at curtailing despotic encroachments from the north, and strengthening despotism in the centre of Europe. It declares that Turkey has a right to independence, whilst its policy and tactics are calculated so as to prevent any other country from asserting itself independent. I believe in God and in a providential scheme, and consequently, I do not believe in triumph crowning a war grounded on expediency, temporary self-interest, and antagonism to European rights and liberties. Czarism is a principle—the principle of unbounded authority; it is only a principle—that of universal liberty—that can conquer it.”

However correct the general character of the above remarks, and however improved the tone and tenor of this address, or of these extracts from it, as compared with some others written by the same able hand, it is obviously a misrepresentation of the aims of either the English government or people, to describe

the war on their part as intended to curb the despotic principle in one direction of Europe, and to strengthen it in another. The object of the war was to check the aggrandisement of a colossal military power, whose continued aggression endangered the independence of the world. It was "expedient" to check it, "self-interest" prompted the attempt; but in this case neither what was expedient nor interested contravened principle. The aim of the war was righteous, whether the character of the alliances formed were politic or otherwise. On the latter point M. Mazzini's opinions are entitled to weight.

That the real feeling of the German governments, great and small, was not favourable to the Western powers at this juncture, might be easily gathered from their press,—in which apprehension of revolutionary outbreaks under the auspices of the Western governments, or of the popular feeling of the Western nations, independent of their governments, was constantly expressed. Those journals professed at the same time to see no real ground of alarm at the progress of Russian aggression, or if some fears on that score were to be entertained, they were dissipated by the certainty of Russian aid against revolutions.

In a letter from Berlin the aspect of the war from a German point of view was thus expressed by a correspondent, during the negotiations for peace described by Lord John Russell in the extract from his speech in parliament already quoted:—"The fall of Sebastopol, it is alleged, may be an event of high importance for the allies, but it by no means affects Germany, and does not impose on it the obligation of abandoning its neutrality. Germany believes it advantageous to its interest to still maintain the attitude it has assumed with relation to the belligerents. Why should it be modified? With what object and for what benefit? It does not feel the necessity nor understand the utility of such a change. This manner of viewing things may not be popular on the other side of the Rhine, but it would be unjust to pretend that it is not the expression of our own will, the consequence of a determination freely and maturely adopted. When we are accused of being under the pressure of Russia, of being, as it were, her feudatory, the accusation is unjust, and is contradicted by facts. Let us go back to the origin of the conflict, and ask what was it that Russia demanded at that period? She proposed to us to contract with her an alliance of neutrality, with the object of repressing by arms any commencement of hostilities, whoever might be the promoter of them. In that manner the difference would remain exclusively limited to Russia and the Ottoman Porte, and, as the former had taken possession of the

Danubian principalities before any declaration of war, occupying them as a material pledge, the consequence would be that the moment the Western powers prepared to expel the Russians from them, Germany, according to such a treaty, would be forced to intervene, and against the allies. Such a plan would have been of the greatest advantage to Russia. Yet Germany, that is described as devoted body and soul to that power, positively refused to accede to such a proposition of alliance."

Without a clear understanding of the tone of public feeling in Germany, it is impossible to comprehend the policy pursued by the German powers, or the shifts of diplomacy resorted to by those of the West. In a very brief space the reader may find a fair description of the feeling of people and armies, from Berlin to Vienna, by perusing *Twelve Chapters on the Struggle of the Age*, by Carl Prettag, Ph.D., late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Rostock. The following extract will justify this reference:—"Wherever we look into the present struggle on the Continent, society is divided into two camps of political principles and national sympathies. The princes, the nobility, and a very small portion of the people whose present interests are connected with the former two, as in Germany (especially the clergy, Protestant as well as Catholic), are on the side of Russia; all the other classes, as far as they have any opinion at all, are body and soul on the side of the Western powers. It is unnecessary to mention, that to the latter belong especially the commercial classes, and, above all, the young generation of intelligent mechanics; but also amongst the *Beamte* (government *employés*) in Germany, by far the largest number may be considered to belong to the national and liberal party. The proud Prussian *Beamte* perceives with indignation the humiliating and anti-national policy to which his country is condemned, in a struggle in which that civilisation is at stake, of which he considers himself one of the foremost representatives. As far as regards the armies, there is a decided difference between the Romanic nations and the Germanic. Whilst the armies of Spain, Portugal, Italy, have often been the first defenders of liberty, their generals have first raised the standard of constitution, as at present in Spain; the armies in the Germanic states are so attached to the person of the monarch, that they are but a too willing tool of his despotic plans and policy. The reason is, that these armies are entirely in the hands of the nobility, and that the privates are animated by such an '*esprit de corps*,' that as long as they wear the king's jacket, they consider themselves in opposition to the people, and are estranged to their interests. Espe-

cially is this the case in Austria and Prussia. Less to be depended on are the soldiers of the smaller states, in which the '*esprit de corps*,' created generally by glorious recollections of past services to prince and country, are more or less wanting. It is not too much to say, that without Prussia and Austria, the princes of the smaller states would not be able to maintain their petty thrones for one day. The revolutions of Baden, Saxony, and Hesse-Cassel, have given sufficient proof of it. The fear of the Prussians, who are considered as the policemen of Germany, alone retains for these princes a power which they so often employ against their protector."

To meet the complications of the crisis, it required on the part of England and France ministers and negotiators of the most profound experience and the highest genius. Unfortunately such were not employed. The perpetual changes of government in France since 1830 prevented that country from consolidating her diplomatic corps, and choosing only on account of their fitness the best men; regard to party rather than to capacity was constrained in reference to the choice both of generals and diplomatists in the service of Napoleon III. So torn was the country by parties—republican and red republican, democratic and monarchical, Bourbonist and Buonapartist, Reichstadtist and Orleanist—that it was extremely difficult to find men of great capacity, military or diplomatic, very ready to serve under the last adventure of government, and under which the war was conducted. In Great Britain there was talent of every order; but without aristocratic influence or connection it could not be made available for the country's service. To let down in the least degree the prestige or power of the aristocracy, either ministerial or military, was considered in the higher circles as tantamount to the ruin of the country. The greatness and glory of England, apart from the ascendancy and glory of the titled classes, was an idea that passed the comprehension of those who then ruled her destinies. It was truly written at the time—"At present all the first-rate diplomatic posts are held by peers. At Paris, at Berlin, at Brussels, at Vienna, at Madrid, there are peers; at the Hague and at Naples our two representatives are men who, by the natural course of descent, will inherit peerages."

An able writer in the British *Quarterly* thus severely and justly criticises the condition of our diplomacy, and the capacity of the diplomatists usually employed in the British service:—"The most wanton and impolitic neglect of British interest has been too often felt by British merchants and manufacturers in foreign states. British ministers and consuls are too often ignorant of their duty, and

of the first principles of trade, and are sometimes disposed to treat with supercilious contempt men, their superiors in every mental and moral qualification, who call on them for redress. Till the diplomacy of the country is entirely remodelled, these grave errors must continue to be exemplified. Diplomacy must be thrown as open to every aspirant as it was in the days of Cromwell in England, or in the days of Napoleon in France, when Bignon, Maret, Caulaincourt, Duroc, Reinhardt, Champagny, De Pradt, and others, rose from humble station, by the force of their talents alone, to be ministers and ambassadors. Our eldest daughter, America, has shown us a fine example in this respect. In America, men of learning, sense, and talent, considerable lawyers, or public writers or professors, not lean-witted lordlings, are chosen for the different missions. Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Pinkney, Rufus King, Pickens, Randolph, Morris, Everett, Rush, Wheaton, Maclean, Clay, Gallatin, Washington Irving, Hughes, Waddy Thompson, and N. P. Willis, have all been either well-read lawyers or professors, public writers, or men of letters. We should like to have pointed out to us the negotiation in which Brother Jonathan has been outwitted. It were time that the bar of England should be had recourse to, and be allowed to furnish the same quota of able men which it furnished in the days of Cromwell. Within the last twenty years, it was necessary to send men especially out to do the work of ignorant or inefficient ambassadors, as the late Mr. Villiers, brother of Lord Clarendon, the late Sir Henry Parnell, Dr. Bowring, Mr. M'Gregor, Mr. Porter, Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, and even an ex-proctor in the person of Mr. Rothery. This cannot be any longer permitted. In the most despotic states, the diplomatic career is more open than in England, as may be proved by the examples of Spain, Portugal, Turkey, and Russia."

The necessity to England of patient, vigilant, well-informed diplomatists, irrespective of their social rank at home, or of their connection with any particular branch of politics, was rendered the more necessary by the artful and disingenuous character of all Russian negotiations. Lord Palmerston did not in the least exaggerate when he declared in parliament that "the Russian government, by its various agents and by itself, exhausted every modification of untruth, beginning with concealment and equivocation, and ending with assertions of positive falsehood." Lord John Russell, in speaking of that government, said, "that to its unprincipled and unjust aggression, it added what he could not designate as otherwise than fraudulent, in the manner in which it pursued its policy."

In consequence of the character of the Russian government, and of even its highest diplomatic functionaries here drawn, peace often appeared at hand when it was in reality no nearer than when the war broke out. It was one of the peculiarities of the contest that the hope of peace never seemed to be abandoned: Russia amused the governments and peoples of Western Europe and Germany by overtures for the restoration of tranquillity, made by way of Vienna and Berlin, or by appearing to accept overtures there originated; while her real object was only to gain time, and wear out the patience of the allies or interrupt their harmony. In the last chapter which treated of diplomatic considerations and details, Austria and Russia were represented as maintaining a correspondence concerning the evacuation by the latter of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces. The language of Austria on that occasion was firm, and Russia, while assuming the language of fearlessness, deprecated in the tone of an injured friend and ally the sympathy shown by Austria to the allies, and the separate treaty with Turkey as to the Austrian occupation of the provinces. On the 8th of August, the English, French, and Austrian plenipotentiaries signed a *declaratory note* as to the minimum of conditions upon which peace might be conceded. It was as follows:—

THAT the relations of the Sublime Porte with the imperial court of Russia cannot be re-established on solid and durable bases:

1. If the protectorate hitherto exercised by the imperial court of Russia over the principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, be not discontinued for the future; and if the privileges accorded by the sultans to those provinces, dependent on their empire, be not placed under the collective guarantee of the powers, in virtue of an arrangement to be concluded with the Sublime Porte, and the stipulations of which should at the same time regulate all questions of detail.

2. If the navigation of the Danube at its mouths be not freed from all obstacle, and made subject to the application of the principles established by the acts of the congress of Vienna.

3. If the treaty of the 13th July, 1841, be not revised in concert by all the high contracting parties in the interest of the balance of power in Europe.

4. If Russia do not cease to claim the right of exercising an official protectorate over the subjects of the Sublime Porte, to whatever rite they may belong, and if France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia do not mutually assist each other in obtaining from the original action of the Ottoman government the confirmation and the observance of the religious privileges of the different christian communities, and in turning to account, for the common interest of their co-religionists, the generous intentions manifested by his majesty the sultan, without any prejudice resulting therefrom to his dignity and the independence of his crown.

The cabinet of Vienna communicated this declaration to that of St. Petersburg, with an expository note reserving the right of the allies to make further demands, if the course of events should make them necessary. The reply of the czar's minister was as follows:—

AUSTRIA, in recommending these conditions, has added that the Western powers have still reserved the right to make others, which renders it perfectly useless to submit them to a detailed examination. Besides, even if they should not be changed, their acceptance would lead it to be supposed that Russia is reduced by war to the last degree of exhaustion. Although the emperor has adhered to the principles enunciated in the protocol of Vienna, he cannot enlarge the meaning of it as much as others have done, because the immense sacrifices which Russia has made in the interests of Austria and Prussia would remain without any compensation. In the place of finding in those concessions a motive for redeeming those obligations, Austria has drawn closer its alliance with the enemies of Russia.

Consequently, the emperor infinitely regrets that he has not been able to accept the last overtures made by Austria. He considers that he has made every concession compatible with the honour of Russia; and, as he has not withdrawn any of these advantages, it only remains for him to do the same as his enemies—that is, to try the eventualities of war, in order to arrive at some solid basis of negotiations for peace.

The emperor has directed his general-in-chief to re-pass the Pruth with his troops from strategic motives, and Russia will keep herself on the defensive within her frontiers, until more equitable conditions are offered to her. The emperor, on his side, will avoid increasing the complications of the war, but he will repel with the greatest energy all attacks against him, from whatever quarter they may proceed.

After this missive Austria strengthened her forces in every direction, until her army became one of the largest in the world, rivaling that of any of the belligerent states,—and too formidable, taken in connection with her position in the provinces, for either side not to respect her neutrality, and not to entertain some apprehensions as to the policy she might pursue. Seventy thousand troops were posted in the German provinces; nearly 120,000, under Radetzky, in Austrian Italy; 30,000 in the Danubian provinces, then under occupation; 60,000 in Hungary and Transylvania; 80,000 in Galicia and Bukovina; 60,000 in the district around Cracow; nearly 100,000 under Jellachich in the military frontier districts; and 12,000 in the federal fortresses of Germany. This attitude of the great southern German state alarmed its rival, the great northern German power, which immediately put all its diplomatic artifices into force to induce Austria to recognise two great principles in her future relations with Russia during the war. One of these was, that Austria should close the principalities against either the Turks or the Western powers, so as to prevent Russia being attacked by either in that direction. To this proposal the Austrian cabinet replied in a despatch dated the 30th September, that such a resolution would be incompatible with the treaties already entered into by that cabinet with the governments of the Sublime Porte, the French emperor, and her Britannic majesty. The other principle of procedure to which Prussia, as the advocate of Russia, sought to bind Austria was, that the latter should in no case declare war against the czar unless attacked by him. To this

Count Buol, in the name of his master, replied:—"It is evident that we cannot wait in order to obtain peace, which is a necessity for us, from the efforts and combats of others; nor can we bind ourselves to support for an unlimited lapse of time the difficult sacrifices which such a passive attitude must entail on us."

On the 6th of November the Russian chancellor addressed an important despatch to the Russian minister at the court of Berlin, professing a willingness to negotiate—the real object of which was to neutralise the action of the German powers.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 25th (Nov. 6th.)

M. LE BARON.—The information which we receive from every side proves to us that, at the present moment, the German governments are pretty nearly all pre-occupied with one and the same apprehension,—that of seeing a rupture, occasioned by the Eastern affair, break out between the two great powers of Germany, which may endanger the peace of their common country, and the existence even of the Germanic confederation. Faithful to the policy which he has pursued from the commencement of this deplorable complication, and desirous of circumscribing the disastrous consequences within the narrowest possible limits, the emperor, our august master, wishes in the present conjuncture, and as far as in him lies, to preserve Germany from the scourge with which she would be threatened in such an event. Consequently you are authorised, M. le Baron, to declare to the Prussian cabinet that the emperor is disposed to take part in any negotiations which may have for their object the re-establishment of peace, and for which the four undermentioned propositions may serve as a point of departure.

These propositions are as follows :—

1. A common guarantee by the five powers of the religious and civil rights of the Christian population of the Ottoman empire, without distinction of worship.

2. A protectorate of the principalities, exercised in common by the five powers, on the same conditions as our treaties with the Porte have stipulated in their favour.

3. The revision of the treaty of 1841. Russia will not oppose its abolition, if the sultan, the principal party interested, consents to it.

4. The free navigation of the Danube, which exists of right, and which Russia has never had any intention of interrupting.

This determination is founded, not unreasonably, on the supposition that the Western powers will faithfully fulfil the engagement which they have contracted in the face of Europe, to assure the future of the Christian population of the Ottoman empire—that their religious and civil rights shall be placed henceforth under the guarantee of all the powers, and that so the principal object which Russia has had in view in the present war shall be attained. If the sentiments which have dictated to his majesty the present declaration are appreciated in Germany, as we have a right to suppose they will be, we think we may indulge in the hope that the confederation, united on the same ground, and entirely reassured as to the German interests engaged in this quarrel, will profit by its unanimity to throw its weight into the balance of Europe in favour of a peace, for which Austria and Prussia have spontaneously presented to us, in the four points, a basis which would satisfy them completely.

If, on the contrary, there is any wish to make use of the union—maintained once more by the care of Russia—to put forth new conditions incompatible in substance as well as in form with his dignity, the emperor does not doubt but that the states of the confederation will reject all such pretensions, from whatever side they may come, as contrary to the sentiments of good faith with which they are animated, as well as to the true interests of Germany. It is a neutrality maintained with firm-

ness and perseverance, such as has been proclaimed since the origin of this contest, that the emperor thinks he has a right, in all justice, to demand from her, in return for the deference with which he has received the wishes which have been addressed to him in her name.

Accept, &c.,

DE NESSELRODE.

On the very same day that this despatch was sent to the Russian ambassador at the Prussian court, the czar addressed a letter to Count Perowski, minister of the appanage, betraying his real feelings to be a desire for vengeful war. This was published in the newspapers of the empire, and was therefore obviously intended to produce a warlike effect upon the people, and to stimulate their invidious nationality and religious bigotry :—

GRÄF LEO ALEXÉVITCH.—In full view of the dangers that threaten our beloved fatherland from the intentions of the enemy, our heart is refreshed by the zealous striving of all ranks to contribute to the defence of the Russian soil. In compliance with the wish of our imperial family, we have permitted it to raise a regiment of sharpshooters from among the peasants of the appanage domains. The orthodox Russian people has from time immemorial gained a glorious celebrity by its attachment to the faith, its devotion to the emperor, and its love to fatherland. In this, through your agency, summoning our appanage peasants to the defence of Holy Russia, we offer them the opportunity, like our valiant troops, to vindicate the ancient Russian courage. We intrust it to you to organise the regiment of sharpshooters, and are convinced that the task will be executed with the desired success.—We remain, your well inclined,

NIKOLAUS.

Thus the autumn wore on in fruitless negotiations among the powers, until, on the 2nd of December, Austria and the Western powers entered into a treaty of a more definitive character, of which the following were the Articles :—

ART. I.—The High Contracting Parties refer to the declarations contained in the Protocols of the 9th of April and 23rd of May of the present year, and in the Notes exchanged on the 8th of August last; and as they reserved to themselves the right of proposing, according to circumstances, such conditions as they might judge necessary for the general interests of Europe, they engage mutually and reciprocally not to enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia without having first deliberated thereupon in common.

ART. II.—His Majesty the Emperor of Austria having, in virtue of the Treaty concluded on the 14th of June last with the Sublime Porte, caused the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia to be occupied by his troops, he engages to defend the frontier of the said Principalities against any return of the Russian forces; the Austrian troops shall for this purpose occupy the positions necessary for guaranteeing those Principalities against any attack. Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, having likewise concluded with the Sublime Porte on the 12th of March a Treaty which authorises them to direct their forces upon every part of the Ottoman Empire, the above mentioned occupation shall not interfere with the free movement of the Anglo-French or Ottoman troops upon these same territories against the military forces or the territory of Russia. There shall be formed at Vienna between the Plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, and Great Britain, a commission to which Turkey shall be invited to send a Plenipotentiary, and which shall be charged with examining and regulating every question relating either to the exceptional and provisional state in which the said Principalities are now placed, or to the free passage of the different armies across their territory.

ART. III.—In case hostilities should break out between Austria and Russia, Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, mutually promise to each other their offensive and defensive alliance in the present war, and will for that purpose employ, according to the requirements of the war, military and naval forces, the number, description, and destination whereof shall, if occasion should arise, be determined by subsequent arrangements.

ART. IV.—In the case contemplated by the preceding Article, the High Contracting Parties reciprocally engage not to entertain any overture or proposition on the part of the Imperial Court of Russia, having for its object the cessation of hostilities, without having come to an understanding thereupon between themselves.

ART. V.—In case the re-establishment of general peace, upon the bases indicated in Article I., should not be assured in the course of the present year, Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, will deliberate without delay upon effectual means for obtaining the object of their alliance.

ART. VI.—Great Britain, Austria, and France will jointly communicate the present Treaty to the Court of Prussia, and will with satisfaction receive its accession thereto, in case it should promise its co-operation for the accomplishment of the common object.

The treaty of the 2nd of December was the source of much discussion on the Continent and in England. The general feeling in continental Europe was, that Austria had at last pledged herself, and that the spring of 1855 would see her in the field. The more knowing politicians smiled at these anticipations, and foretold that Austria would never draw a sword in favour of the allies. In England some hopes of active assistance from Austria were entertained, but the great majority of men still doubted her fidelity. These doubts were confirmed by the speech of Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, delivered soon after the treaty was signed, and before any new symptoms of vacillation were exhibited on the part of that dextrous and faithless power. The speech of Lord John Russell was, perhaps, the most remarkable ever delivered in the English parliament as to the intentions of an ally, when the treaty signed by that ally had been only just completed:—"The position of Austria with regard to this country had been adverted to. He had never been satisfied that Austria had pursued that course which her duty to Europe ought to have induced her to take. But a cautious power like Austria was not likely to forget that her danger from a war with Russia was greater than that of England or France, neither of which powers had any reason to apprehend an invasion of its own territory. The Emperor of Russia had kept up an immense army upon a peace establishment, and after one or two victories upon the frontier, the road to Vienna would be open to him. It was not until Austria had increased her military force, and made other necessary military preparations, that she took the first step in concert with the allies. Austria had now advanced a step further than

she had gone before, but she had not even yet gone the length of saying, that if before the end of the year peace were not made with Russia, she would be a belligerent. She had only gone this length—that if she should be at war with Russia, a treaty offensive and defensive should, *ipso facto*, exist between Austria, England, and France. She had likewise agreed, that before the end of the year she would take into further consideration what steps she would be prepared to take with respect to terms of peace with Russia. Now, he understood the meaning of that article—certainly not containing anything very precise in itself—to be, that if England and France propose conditions of peace, which should be in conformity with the four bases, and that Russia should refuse to assent to them in a treaty of peace, then Austria would no longer hesitate, but be part of the alliance defensive and offensive. He did not wish to overstate the engagement in any way, and he quite agreed that Austria might still, at the last moment, say, 'those terms of yours, those four bases, explained in a way I did not expect, would reduce Russia too much, and diminish too greatly her weight in Europe; and she can never be expected to agree to them.' Such might be the language of Austria, without any breach of faith, and she would then be released from the alliance; but his belief and expectation were, that she did concur in those bases which were necessary for the security of Turkey; and if Russia did not consent to a treaty of peace founded on those bases, then, in the next campaign, the forces of Austria would be joined with those of England and of France."

The popular view on the Continent and in England of the treaty with Austria and its probable effects was very ably expressed by a German *literateur* and politician, the author of *Poland the nearest way to Russia*, in the following letter:—"It would be a great mistake to expect a more speedy termination of the war, by means of the Austrian offensive and defensive alliance with the Western powers. 'If Russia does not accept the four preliminary conditions, Austria will make war.' Can Russia accept the four preliminary conditions? It is impossible. They imply the destruction of the power of Russia in the Black Sea; they consequently imply the reduction of Sebastopol, which, since the battle of Inkerman, has become equal to a regular campaign against the combined forces of the Russian empire. Will the Russian empire be considered, at St. Petersburg, to be in danger from an Austrian attack, so that it must hasten to deliver up Sebastopol, the Crimea, Georgia, and Bessarabia? For, with Bessarabia and the Danube in the possession of

* This letter forms no part of the work referred to.

Russia, one of the four conditions, the free navigation of the Danube, cannot be obtained. Can we then imagine that Russia will give up all those possessions without a most desperate contest? Certainly not. It would be cowardice and suicide to do so. It would be cowardice to fear Austrian aggression, while it is stipulated in every Austrian treaty, and not omitted in the present defensive and offensive alliance, that Austria shall merely form the rearguard of Omar Pasha, and consequently abstain from aggression, that it shall send troops to Varna, and not, where Russia is vulnerable, to Warsaw or to Odessa. And it would be suicide, if a power, like Russia, which is nothing but a military power, should consent to give up her finest provinces, and her dearest-bought conquests, without a desperate exertion of all her strength. Russia cannot and will not accept the four conditions in the course of this month; and Austria will be obliged to go to war next month. No doubt about that. What we have next to consider is, how far is Austria probably in earnest? She will go to war. We must admit that by this treaty she has made a very serious step in advance; and still to assert that this alliance is no alliance at all, and the war no war, but only a sham fight, would be a mistake. The same question arose about Louis Napoleon, when the French alliance was entered upon. We must infer that he earnestly wishes to reduce the power of Russia, although he does not wish to abolish the tyrannical Russian principle by introducing that of self-government anywhere in Europe. Is not Austria now quite in the same position? She saw the necessity of reducing Russia, not because she felt ashamed of her subservient position,—oh, no; but because she was aware that France and England could not yield, that Russia had not the slightest disposition to do so, and, consequently, France and England were obliged to make Germany move either with or without her governments. Thus, she had to take a resolution; and we must admit that she has chosen the safest course open to her. She takes the sword out of the people's hands, she will help to fight Russia; and although she does not wish to abolish the Russian system of rule and European tyranny, she wishes to force Russia to submission, and to act herself the part of the chief of the despots, by the grace of God, in that quarter of the world. The Austrian dynasty is again, as at the time of the Pragmatic sanction, very anxious to have as many guarantees as possible for the integrity of the Austrian dominions. First, Prussia and Germany were called upon, now the turn of the Western powers has come. One of the articles of the new treaty pledges France and England 'to maintain the integ-

rity of the Austrian empire after the present war.' The integrity of Austria! Say the integrity of the dominions of the evil spirit,—it is the same expression, it is the same sacrilegious pledge. This business will soon become the same work as that of the old anti-revolutionary wars. We pledge ourselves to maintain every despotism in Europe 'in its integrity,' even that of Russia, except in a part of the globe where the alteration of the system is of no consequence—in Asia and in the Crimea. But as to the war, has the help of Germany been obtained by the participation of Austria in the war? We must answer—Decidedly not! As Sebastopol was the wrong end of Russia to be attacked, so Austria is the wrong point for moving Germany. A decided move of Germany against Russia would destroy German despotism, and of course the Hapsburgs also. Now, as it is evident that Russia cannot be reduced without a serious European popular movement against her, she being the very keystone of the vault of continental tyranny, what will the Austrian alliance with us be to Russia? Let us speak the plain truth. After Louis Napoleon, who was the first, Austria will be the second guarantee to Russia, that this war shall not be allowed to take a popular turn—'that it shall not be conducted for the benefit of liberty and national independence;' and if it was difficult to resort to proper means with our first ally, it has become impossible to do so with the second we have now upon our hands. So long as Louis Napoleon and Aberdeen were the only obstacles of the popular turn of war, every German, French, Italian, Hungarian, Swede, Dane, and Pole, had a chance to be freed. He knew that a necessity might arise, by Austrian and Prussian desertion forcing England and France to a war of principles; and although neither Napoleon, nor Aberdeen, nor even Palmerston—represented a liberal principle, it was nevertheless a fact, that England as well as France were representatives of the revolution, in a very degenerate shape, it is true, yet both governments being the result of popular elections, they represented the liberal parties. They, after all, would not have objected to a popular movement in Germany, Poland, and Hungary; they might have desired it, in order to remove the German obstacle out of their way, and fairly to get at Russia where she is most vulnerable, namely, in Poland. Now, with the Austrian alliance all those nations have lost their chance. No longer can they feel the slightest interest in the victories of a force, guided, or at least, partially guided, by the black and yellow flag of Austria—the flag of death and pestilence, of tyranny, of the gallows in Hungary and Vienna, of the scaffolds in Italy, of the com-

mon enemy of every free German. Public opinion in Europe, I am sorry to say, will, from the date of this alliance of Western Europe with the Hapsburgs, no longer look upon Russia as the only enemy of freedom, but as if she were some avalanche about to slip from the top of a snow mountain, which, by its heavy fall, may crush the most inveterate and obstinate enemy of protestantism, of liberalism, of science, and honesty—Austria—and also bring about, by a fearful disaster, a change of governments in England and France, by which both these nations might be rescued from their present degradation. All interest whatever for the war has gone; no other feeling will remain in the hearts of the French, the German, and other oppressed millions, but the hope that the mischievous policy of the three governments, allied for the purpose of saving Austrian misrule, may rouse the indignation of their subjects, and create a new era of freedom and republicanism. The steam is up, but all the safety valves are screwed down, that of hope included, which, in ordinary misfortune, is left to the most miserable of all as a consolation. Thus the hope of millions becomes despair! The war about Sebastopol, about the Crimea, about Georgia, about the mouths of the Danube, will go on, but it will be a war of tyrants against tyrants, for a guarantee of tyranny is a tyrant himself; a war it will be, the curse of which is not to be forgotten for the noble end of the struggle. On the contrary, every country which sees the allied armies approach, discovers amongst them the Austrian hangman, and the men of the 4th of December, 1851. By this treaty of alliance with Austria, the Western powers have lost their character, and stand on equal barbarian ground with Russia. But they are far from being on equal terms with her. Russia has the advantage of a principle, which excited her masses to the hottest degree of fanaticism. In war this is a great advantage. Every war is a popular business. The fighting masses must have a higher inducement than mere obedience to the command to risk their lives; and, generally speaking in war, that party is the loser which is forsaken by public opinion, and that one the winner, which is backed by the spirit of the age and the enthusiasm of the nation. The nations may be induced, by superstitious and false motives, to sympathise with the one or the other of the fighting parties. Their enthusiasm may be fanaticism; but they will not seriously support any war in which they do not find their dearest interests involved. Russia has succeeded in giving a religious colour to the war before Austria stepped in. Now she will proclaim, although she does not believe a word of it, that the soil of holy

Russia is in danger, and that the struggle of 1812 has to recommence. But the English, and the French—can they still dare to speak, side by side with the Croats and hangmen of Arad, of saving civilisation from the inroads of barbarism? We have lost our character, and if before this treaty, on account of the Buonapartist alliance, we *did not dare* to show our flag of freedom, since the Austrian alliance we have *none* to show. The commonwealth is in danger. When it was so in Rome, the senate used to say, '*Consules videant ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat!*' Can our parliament say so? Have not our consuls brought this calamity down upon us? Louis Napoleon wished for such a solidarity of governments against the interest of the nation. Has not Lord Palmerston at Paris brought those sinister negotiations to a speedy termination? What then, in the name of justice, has the parliament to say? And who represents the wishes of the nation to see the war carried on quite in an opposite spirit? As yet we are at a loss to answer the question. And if we are not in a temper to despair neither of this nation, nor of France and Germany, we can only say, that we feel perfectly convinced our view of the case will be the general feeling of all the three leading nations, and this feeling will gather a thunderstorm in Europe compared to which that of 1848 will be nothing but child's play. The governments are blind—'*Que leurs destinées s'accomplissent.*'"

Although the above letter illustrates so well the feeling of the ultra-liberal party at home and abroad, in reference to the diplomacy of the Western powers, and especially in connection with the Austrian treaty of the 2nd December, yet in several respects it does injustice to the motives of the English cabinet, and was not in harmony with the views of a large number of the most liberal, enlightened, and active minds in England. The British government had certainly no intention of strengthening the dynasty of Louis Napoleon by entering into an alliance with him to conduct this war. Whatever dynasty governed France—Buonaparte, Bourbon, or Republic—it would have been forced into the struggle when Prince Menschikoff assumed the tone of insolent dictation which brought matters to an issue with the Porte. Whatever might have been the form of government in France, England must have consulted its will before going to war on a question raised by France; and even if the aggression of Prince Menschikoff had been perpetrated upon Turkey without any pretence of an occasion given by France, England must have consulted the policy of the French government in any step she took to defend the integrity of the Turkish empire. The question

with England, so far as France was concerned, was not whether she might have a more acceptable ally, or whether with such an ally she must leave untouched and unnamed various topics of European interest pending the alliance; but whether she could co-operate with that great and powerful nation, and its acknowledged ruler, to any and to what extent, for a common object—the preservation of Turkey from the dictation of Russia, a dictation injurious to France, perilous to England. Had England rejected the assistance of so powerful an ally, ready to concur with her in the one great object of the war, she would have proved herself unaccountably impracticable. Whether popular liberty on the Continent would probably be promoted or retarded by the war, and by the alliances England was constrained to form, were hardly subjects open at all to her consideration in the emergency. She had to deal with existing potentates, with the various states they governed and which they represented, and to accept or reject their alliance and aid in repelling the aggression.

In dealing with Austria, England proceeded in the same spirit as when dealing with France, and in no way pledged herself to preserve to Austria, for all time to come, the territory included within her empire. The writer last quoted, however, only too faithfully depicts the perfidy of that power, and the undesirableness of having her for an ally, except as the alternative of having her for an enemy, may be plainly inferred from what he so eloquently urges. The writer was in error in predicting that the treaty of the 2nd of December would commit Austria to a war with Russia; the speech of Lord John Russell was prescient on that point—the warning he gave was well timed and well put. Austria did not join her arms to those of the allies, but, lingering on the verge of war, feared to throw her glove into the arena; the kasir rested upon his sheathed sword, while France and England fought and bled for the policy to which he was in justice and honour equally connected.

On the 14th (26th) of December, the Emperor Nicholas published a manifesto, which might be considered as his answer to the treaty of the 2nd of December, given through his own people. The object was to prepare them for fresh struggles, by exasperating afresh their invidious orthodoxy; and yet, by pious professions of the love of peace, to act upon the German courts and public, and retain the sympathy of the one, and moderate the dissatisfaction of the other. We quote only so much of the manifesto as shows the czar's policy—the rest is empty boasting of victories that were never achieved.

The causes of the war, which still lasts, are well understood by our beloved Russia. The country knows that neither ambitious views, nor the desire of obtaining new advantages to which we had no right, were the motives for those acts and circumstances that have unexpectedly resulted in the existing struggle. We had solely in view the safeguard of the solemnly recognised immunities of the Orthodox Church, and of our co-religionists in the East. But certain governments, attributing to us interested and secret intentions that were far from our thoughts, have complicated the solution of the question, and have finished by forming a hostile alliance against Russia. After having proclaimed as their object the safety of the Ottoman empire, they have waged open war against us, not in Turkey, but within the limits of our own realm, directing their blows on such points as were more or less accessible to them—in the Baltic, the White Sea, the Black Sea, in the Crimea, and even on the far-distant coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to the Most High, both in our troops, and in all classes of our subjects, they everywhere meet with intrepid opponents, animated by their love for us and for their country; and, to our consolation in these troublous circumstances, amid the calamities inseparable from war, we are constantly witnessing brilliant examples and proofs of this feeling, as well as of the courage that it inspires. Penetrated with our duty as a Christian, we cannot desire a prolonged effusion of blood, and certainly we shall not repulse any offers and conditions of peace that are compatible with the dignity of our empire, and the interests of our well-beloved subjects. But another and not less sacred duty commands us, in this obstinate struggle, to keep ourselves prepared for efforts and sacrifices proportioned to the means of action directed against us.

Russians! my faithful children! you are accustomed to spare nothing when called by Providence to a great and holy work—neither your wealth, the fruit of long years of toil, nor your lives—not your own blood, nor the blood of your children. The noble ardour that has inflamed your hearts from the first hour of the war will not be extinguished, happen what may; and your feelings are those also of your sovereign. We all, monarch and subjects, if it be necessary,—echoing the words of the Emperor Alexander in a year of like trial, “the sword in our hands and the cross in our hearts,”—know how to face the ranks of our enemies for the defence of the most precious gifts of this world—the security and honour of our country.

The last diplomatic act of the allies, during 1854, was to prepare a memorandum signed by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, and Great Britain, and to present it to Prince Gortschakoff, the minister of Russia at Vienna. Accordingly, on the 28th of December, it was handed to the prince. The object of this document was to define the sense in which the allies interpreted the four points which were the bases of the treaty of the 2nd of December. The memorandum is as follows:—

In order to determine the sense which their governments attach to each of the principles contained in the four articles, and reserving to themselves, moreover, as they have always done, the power to put forward such special conditions as may appear to them required, beyond the four guarantees, by the general interests of Europe, to prevent the recurrence of the late complications, the representatives of Austria, France, and Great Britain, declare:—

1. That their governments, concurring in the opinion that it was necessary to abolish the exclusive protectorate exercised by Russia over Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, and henceforward to place under the collective guarantee of the Five Powers the privileges accorded by the sultans to the principalities dependencies of their empire, have considered and do consider that none of the stipulations of the ancient treaties of Russia with the Porte, relative

to the said provinces, should be revived at the peace, and that the arrangements to be concluded on the subject of them should be ultimately combined, so as to give full and entire effect to the rights of the suzerain power, to those of the three principalities, and to the general interests of Europe.

2. To give to the freedom of navigation of the Danube all the development of which it is susceptible, it would be desirable that the course of the Lower Danube, beginning from the point where it becomes common to the two river-bordering states, should be withdrawn from the territorial jurisdiction existing in virtue of the third article of the treaty of Adrianople. In every case, the free navigation of the Danube could not be secured if it be not placed under the control of a syndicate authority, invested with powers necessary to destroy the obstructions existing at the mouths of that river, or which may hereafter be formed there.

3. The revision of the treaty of July 13, 1841, must have for its object to connect the existence of the Ottoman empire more completely with the European equilibrium, and to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. As to the arrangements to be taken in this respect, they depend too directly on the events of the war, for it to be possible at present to determine the bases: it is sufficient to point out the principle.

4. Russia, in renouncing the pretension to take under an official protectorate the Christian subjects of the sultan of the oriental ritual, equally renounces, as a natural consequence, the revival of any of the articles of her former treaties, and especially of the treaty of Koutchouk-Kainardji, the erroneous interpretation of which has been the principal cause of the present war. In affording their mutual co-operation to obtain from the initiative of the Ottoman government the confirmation and the observance of the religious privileges of the different Christian communities, without distinction of sect, and conjointly turning to account, in the interest of the said communities, the generous intentions manifested in respect to them by his majesty the sultan, they will take the greatest care to preserve from all attack the dignity of his highness and the independence of his crown.

This memorandum might have shown plainly to the czar and his government that the allies were no longer to be trifled with; yet it did not extinguish his hopes of distracting their counsels, and detaching Austria from them. His agents were set to work everywhere with renewed activity, and their eloquence was felt, not only in Berlin and Vienna, but also in Paris and London. Certain female politicians in the metropolis of France were supposed to exercise a powerful influence there. There were three parties in England extremely open to any argument in favour of the czar. The free-trade party was one; they were influenced by the desire to see commerce unimpeded by the exactions and obstacles of war. The peace party proper (as distinguished from the free-trade party) was another; their policy seems to have been to make the czar appear as frank and amiable as possible, in order to disarm public prejudice, and smooth the way of peace: by this party he was represented as a greatly aggrieved man, to whom the sultan had been faithless, the French government provoking and unjust, and the English government deceitful—having first connived at his errors, and encouraged him, and then at the last hour, when he could not have expected the like, his friendship was exchanged for that of the French emperor, who was the party really in the

wrong. The third party was the purely aristocratic, and sympathised with the czar as "the first gentleman in Europe," and the friend and patron of gentility and aristocratic *prestige*. Earl Grey was the chief representative of this section; he, however, advocated the czar and his policy as much from personal disappointment at seeing himself shunned by the coalition ministry, and from a certain idiosyncrasy which leads him to have a crotchet of his own, with which to annoy ministries, whether he be himself "in" or "out." He made the memorandum a subject of eloquent invective in the House of Lords, when, some months later, the diplomacy of the government connected with the Vienna negotiations came under the review of that house. By an extract from his speech the reader will sufficiently see how the class, of whose views his lordship was the exponent, regarded the four points as interpreted and made more definite by the memorandum handed to Prince Gortschakoff:—

"The original dispute which led to the war has been decided entirely in your favour, but you declared, as you were entitled to do, that having been compelled to engage in war, you would no longer be satisfied with the terms which you would have been content to accept before the commencement of hostilities, and would endeavour to obtain security for the future by requiring additional concessions. Accordingly the powers deliberated together, and agreed upon certain arrangements to be proposed to Russia as the groundwork of negotiations for peace. In the first instance, Russia rejected the proposal thus made to her, but ultimately agreed to accept it, and the recent conferences at Vienna were held for the purpose of ascertaining whether Russia and the allied powers could agree on the means of carrying into effect the four heads of an arrangement (known as 'the four points'), which had been communicated to the former on the 28th of December last. When the conferences opened, the two first heads of the proposed arrangement were easily settled. Russia consented to abandon the claim she had under former treaties to protect the Danubian principalities, and that they should in future continue subject to the Porte, but enjoy an independent and national administration under the guarantee of the European powers. This was a concession of no trifling importance on the part of Russia, which you did not think of asking at the beginning of the war, but which I willingly admit to have been now very properly demanded, as tending materially to diminish the danger of future wars. Russia, upon this point, seems to have met the allies as fairly as possible, and to have agreed to an arrangement with which no fault can be found. The same may be said of the second

point, by which the freedom of the navigation of the Danube was satisfactorily provided for. The third head of the proposal was that which it was always felt would lead to the greatest difficulty. The memorandum, delivered to Prince Gortschakoff on the 28th of December, 1854, stated, as the third point insisted upon by the allies, that 'The revision of the Treaty of July 13th, 1841, must have for its object to connect the existence of the Ottoman empire more completely with the European equilibrium, and to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea.' This was a demand of which nothing was heard till some months after the declaration of war. The first allusion I can trace to the necessity of obtaining anything of the kind, is in certain speeches delivered in the House of Commons on the occasion of a vote of credit being asked for the war, on the 24th of July last. Upon the first part of this point no serious difficulty arose, and an article was agreed upon declaring that the high contracting parties, 'engage themselves severally to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman empire, guarantee together the strict observance of this engagement, and will in consequence consider every act or event which should be of a nature to infringe on it as a question of European interest;' to which a second article was added, providing 'that if a misunderstanding should arise between the Porte and one of the contracting parties, these two states, before having recourse to the employment of force, should place the other powers in a position to anticipate this extreme course by pacific means.' On these two articles, which were intended to carry into effect the first part of the third point, no difficulty whatever arose, except with regard to a reservation made by the Russian plenipotentiaries, that they were not to be considered, by agreeing to them, as engaging their government to take up arms for Turkey, whenever she might be attacked in any part of her dominions. The other powers recorded their regret at this reserve, but I must say I think without sufficient reason. Russia did not object to bind herself in the strictest manner to respect the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey, and also to abstain from using force in any misunderstanding she may hereafter have with the Porte, without giving to the other powers of Europe a previous opportunity of endeavouring to settle the dispute by pacific means; nor did she object to the other parties binding themselves to defend Turkey by arms from any attack, if they thought proper to do so; she only declined to contract a similar engagement herself, saying with unanswerable force, that the blood of Russia belongs to Russia, and ought to be shed only for Russian interests. The Russian pleni-

potentiaries, in my opinion, exercised in this a wise discretion, which I wish that our own had imitated. Unlimited engagements to defend other countries by arms, in all cases that may arise, and, therefore, in circumstances which cannot be foreseen, are, in my opinion, always imprudent and dangerous. But it is more especially so to enter into such an engagement in behalf of the Turkish empire, composed as it is of such ill-joined and heterogeneous materials, and menaced by such dangers from without and from within, that its ultimate dissolution is a matter of certainty, and a question only of time. Hence I consider the qualification attached by the Russian plenipotentiaries to their guarantee of the Ottoman empire to have been, not only reasonable, but called for by the most ordinary prudence. It is, I hope, most improbable, but it is certainly possible, that at some future time the English government may direct an attack from India on the remote eastern extremity of the Ottoman empire, and it is quite as possible that France may invade Tunis from Algeria—Russia most justly objected to being bound in such a case to make war with either of these powerful nations; and I own it gives me far more confidence in the sincerity of her plenipotentiaries, to find them thus guarding their assent to what was proposed to them, than if they had agreed, with what would have been a suspicious readiness, to all that was suggested."

After the 2nd of December, the Western powers made renewed exertions in support of the attempts of Austria to gain over Prussia to their cause. Many doubted whether she really desired to succeed in her apparently warm efforts for that object. It was alleged that she wished to keep Prussia back from jealousy of that power, while the necessity of having her support against Russia, on the plea of the inviolability of German territory, caused a show of eagerness in her negotiations for the junction of Prussia with the other powers. Very many were of opinion that the two German powers were in collusion to deceive those of the West; that each had chosen a part with the consent of the other, and was playing it out. The Western cabinets acted as if they believed Austria to be sincere, and desired really to overcome the *vis inertiae* of her northern confederate and rival. All efforts to win or frighten Frederick William only increased his truculency and time-serving. The more he was pressed, the more he vacillated; and the more loudly his people called for a line of policy worthy of the past glory and present position of Prussia, the more marked was the oscillation of the prince between the friendship of Russia, and the necessity of conciliating Russia's powerful foes. The Prus-

sians did not, however, show that zeal for the cause of national independence which Western Europe expected from so highly civilised and enlightened a people. A highly gifted young Prussian officer, and a gentleman of rank, while travelling with the author of these pages from Paris to Boulogne, made this remark:—"Russia will one day swallow up my country; at no distant period Prussia will be a province of the czar, unless the power of the great despot be checked, and I fear it is now too late for that." This remark indicates very fairly the tone of the class to which the speaker belonged. The youth of Prussia have been educated in the idea of the invincibility of Russia. To defer the day when Prussia shall become a province of her empire, is all for which they see any room to hope. The masses of the Prussian people abhor the autocrat, and would defy and manfully resist his power, if called to arms by a prince in whom they had confidence. The despondent feeling among the patriots of Prussia, no doubt acted upon any expression of public opinion there in reference to the temporising policy of Frederick William, subduing the pulse of the national heart.

Another motive for the coldness of Prussia to the cause of the allies, lay in the interests of the commercial classes—Prussia profited by the war. The blockade of the Russian ports enabled Prussian merchants to import the commodities consumed in Russia, and Russian produce was exported even to England from Prussian ports. The arrangement, recognised for the occasion by England and France, that "free ships make free goods," subserved the purposes of the Prussian government, and the interests of Prussian merchants. At last the attention of the English people was fixed upon this state of things, and they made such representations to their government as compelled the latter to address itself in strong terms to the court of Berlin. His Prussian majesty manifested considerable apprehension at these remonstrances, for he knew that if Prussia

ceased to be the medium of a profitable trade between Russia and the neutral nations, and Russia and even England, one motive for desiring peace would be withdrawn from his people, and his pro-Russian policy would become more difficult. Still nothing followed the almost menacing communications of the British government, except that the Prussian government and the traders became more cautious; the commerce still went on in the old channels. Perhaps England and France would have been more rigorous in the blockade, and more stringent generally in their relations to the commerce carried on with Russia by neutral states, had it not been for the government of the United States of America, the tone and temper of which were arrogant and almost hostile to the allies. That government made the occasion available to advocate the mooted point of free ships making free goods, as a fixed and permanent international law, and sought to draw the other neutral nations into treaties upon the subject, with the apparent design of thwarting the Western powers. The feeling of the American people was, however, generous and friendly, and the victories of the allies were hailed with almost as much enthusiasm in the cities of the United States as in Great Britain and Ireland.

Thus terminated the diplomacy of 1854; the opinions at home and abroad, and of all classes concerning it, are faithfully depicted in this chapter. The pen did nothing or next to nothing for peace—the bullet and the bayonet had still their work to perform: the red hand of war, more powerful and more terrible, was yet to be shaken over the nations, and the bolts of his fury to be yet more abundantly scattered. Fresh deeds of heroism, and new endurance, were to characterise the soldiers of England, ere the last laurel-leaf they should pluck might be enwreathed with the olive of peace. That leaf was at last torn from the standards of the proud empire, but, alas! how stained with woman's tears, and the hearts' blood of the brave!

CHAPTER LV.

CLOSE OF THE ASIATIC CAMPAIGN IN 1854.—ARRIVAL THERE OF THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER, COLONEL WILLIAMS, AND OTHER BRITISH OFFICERS: OPPOSITION TO HIM BY THE PASHAS.—UNFORTUNATE CONSEQUENCE OF THE INDIFFERENCE SHOWN BY LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE TO COLONEL WILLIAMS AND HIS MISSION.

Fluellen. "If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you! be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb?"—SHAKSPEARE. *Henry V.*

THE epithets employed by the immortal dramatist in the passage selected as a motto for this chapter are applicable, without any exaggeration, to most of the leading officers in both the Russian and Turkish armies of Asia.

There were splendid exceptions in the Russian army. Mouravieff, subsequently, and Bebutoff, and others, during the autumn of 1853 and the year 1854, displayed undoubted talent, if not of the highest order; but the great ma-

majority of the Russian officers showed little military skill, and often acted in their professional capacity very foolishly. The Turkish pashas were, as we showed in a previous chapter,* ignorant, incompetent, corrupt, and cowardly. The Russian chiefs gained repeated victories over them—not by good generalship or any remarkable competency for command, but by sheer audacity,—counting always upon the cowardice, venality, or stupidity of the pashas, as affording them so many chances of victory that it might be always relied upon. The Russian officers, also, invariably displayed great professional pride, leading their men with dauntless intrepidity, and exposing themselves to danger with a prodigality of chivalry which did them immortal honour. Several of the Turkish pashas and beys actually hid among the baggage, in the last disastrous battle from which their deserted troops fled in the presence of an inferior foe.

The attention of the Western governments was called to the melancholy prospects of Asia Minor by the reports of battle after battle lost by the Turks, and of the incredible imbecility and dishonesty of the whole tribe of pashas, except such foreigners as bore the title, and at most one or two native bearers of that rank. The French seem to have contented themselves with sending 30,000 old flint-lock muskets to Schamyl, when it was too late in the season for them to be of any use to him for that campaign; nor did our allies even supply the aid of skilful French officers in place of those who fell in action, died of disease, returned home in ill-health, or were murdered by the Kurds and Lazi, who were alike ready to assassinate allies or enemies, if an opportunity for plunder was thereby afforded. The murder of Captain Belliot, who fell by the hands of certain banditti in Lazistan—although two pashas and many inferior authorities were in league with the murderers, and afterwards connived at their escape—did not rouse the French government to any proper exertion to correct a state of things by which the administration of Turkish affairs in Asia was cursed, and the influence and interests of the allies discredited and impeded.

The English government seems not to have regarded the emergency with a sufficient conception of its seriousness; and when at last it was awakened from its torpor, the appointment of Colonel Williams as “commissioner” without Turkish rank, or any authority or control, civil or military, was the extent of their effort. The British consuls had very little influence, arising from the miserable defectiveness in every respect of the English consular system. The French consular system being based on sounder principles, and more carefully worked

out, gave the French consuls in the cities of Kars, Trebizond, and Erzerum, more considerable power, and this seems to have been the only medium by which the pashas were acted upon for any good. Kurschid Pasha (the Irish officer, named Guyon, or, more properly, Gahan) was recalled to Constantinople, and put on half-pay, the native pashas having made common cause against him; and when Colonel Williams received his appointment, demoralisation and ruin hung over the armies of the sultan in Asia. The reader may conceive the sort of persons upon whom the government of the sultan's provinces, and the command of his armies, devolved, by the following sketch of a pasha met in a steamer from the Bosphorus to Samsoon by Dr. Sandwith, while on his way to act as chief of the medical staff to the newly-appointed British commissioner:—“We are honoured with the company of no less a man than Topji Pasha, who is proceeding to his post of governor of Khurjivat. It is a curious study that of a pasha, and if you have not the *entrée* of his *yoli* on the Bosphorus, a steamer is not a bad place of observation, since he makes himself quite at home on board. In spite of the crowded state of the deck, he has got a little space railed off near the rudder, and here he is seated on a chair enjoying his *kef*, the *dolce far niente*, the great occupation of his life since he has been a pasha. About seven of his attendants stand before him with their hands folded. They preserve a grave and serious air, gazing anxiously into that placid face, and they have been standing there for the last two hours. The pasha varies the monotony of the voyage by smoking, eating raw cucumbers, and fingering his beads. A Turk, even a pasha, is never absolutely unoccupied; some such employments as the above are always had recourse to, for I believe he never thinks. His numerous servants watch every movement of his eye. What can it mean; and whence the origin of this strange adoration of their master? We have nothing like it in the West; but from time immemorial it seems to have obtained in Eastern manners. It must have been deeply imprinted into the mind of the nation when each pasha had the power of life and death; and when at a nod the head of an offending servant was rolled into the dust. The pasha makes a languid remark; a servant answers, touching his forehead in token of profound respect. The pasha pushes a stool with his foot, and his attendants spring forward to remove it. The pasha feels for his snuff-box; a quick-fingered slave has found it for him ere his fingers closed on it. At last the pasha is tired of sitting on deck, so he makes a move, heaving a sigh at the exertion. Two of his men rush forward to support him on each side, two or three go before, pushing the *profanum*

* Chap. xxv., p. 293.

vulgus out of the way, and two or three follow, bearing his pipe, pocket-handkerchief, snuff-box, &c. He is conducted to the cabin, and, a soft cushiony seat being prepared, he settles himself down again, and his attendants take their places as before. It is a mistake to suppose the above individual is a specimen of a Turk. I would not wrong the Osmanli by quoting the modern Byzantine as a type of his race. To see the real Turk, we must turn to some of those deck passengers, and there you will see, wrapped up in the striped Anatolian cloak, several stout, short, brawny figures, with large but intelligent and honest features. These are either the aboriginal and nomad Turkomans, or the later emigration of the Osmanli. The pasha we have described, and his attendants, have nothing in common with these; their bodies are weak and ill-formed, their faces pale and inexpressive. They have, in short, the bodily forms, without the intelligent expression, of those individuals whose lives are spent in crowded cities. From this class of people, slaves of various races, and the lazy scum of the capital, the infancy and youth of whom are passed in crime and debasing servitude, is the race of pashas in a great measure recruited."

Unless endowed with an especial genius for inactivity, caprice, and stupidity, it is scarcely conceivable how the pashas in Asia could have failed to drive the Russians beyond the Caucasus. The numbers of the latter were greatly inferior; they were not commanded by men of extraordinary talent; their reinforcements arrived wan, wearied, and unfit for active service, after the long marches from Moscow, over so many arid and dreary steppes, exposed to every privation; the garrisons were located amidst either an indifferent or hostile population; Schamyl hung upon the flank and rear of Georgia, threatening repeatedly its very capital, and inflicting direful losses upon his enemies; the British had scattered the Russian garrisons on the Mingrelian coast, and the allied fleets commanded the shores of the Black Sea, in 1854, from Taman to the Bosphorus; yet did this ill-circumstanced enemy gain over these pashas five distinct battles in seven months, besides many combats. The cause of defeat did not rest with the Turkish soldiery, who only required to be well led, generally, to fight with spirit. "You fought well to day," said the British commissioner, after one of the contests in 1855, to a sort of Chasseurs de Vincennes, several corps of which the commissioner had organised: "We have always fought the same way, but were never commanded before," was the reply. It is to be admitted that when demoralised from any cause, the soldiery of Asia were not always true to the bravest and best commanders. On one occasion,

Guyon was deserted in the very crisis of the field by 4000 Turkish cavalry, whose organisation classed them with regulars, not with Bashi-bazouks. But, generally, the Turkish soldier fought well when bravely led, and when he had learned by experience confidence in his commander. Mr. Duncan, who travelled about with the head-quarters of the Turkish army in 1854, bears this testimony:—"By the introduction of a strict discipline; by an equitable system of promotion, and under the command of brave and honourable officers, the Turkish army could be raised to a point of excellence *second to no European force*. The sobriety of the men, their simple wants, unfailing patience, and power of resisting fatigue, offer the most splendid materials for creating an irresistible infantry. The men are both intelligent and courageous. A commander in whom they possessed confidence they would follow without hesitation or regret. And this confidence is facile to obtain: a few kind words, a display of interest in his welfare, and honesty of purpose, suffice to gain the poor Turk's heart for ever. The Turkish artillery is excellent, even in its present state, but is susceptible of great improvement. In the management of this arm the Turkish soldiers show great aptitude; and the pride of the men in their batteries, and the affection they display for their respective guns, is admirable. The causes that have largely contributed to weigh down the existing virtuous elements in the Ottoman army, are the corruption and incapacity that prevail among its higher ranks, and the disgraceful ignorance which distinguishes its subaltern officers. The Turkish private soldier, if well directed, is capable of great deeds, but the corps of officers and non-commissioned officers are alike inefficient and unsusceptible of improvement. Promotion by merit alone is unheard of in the Ottoman service. The subaltern ranks are filled by the personal slaves or domestics of the pashas; and such commissions are often the wages of disgrace. Promotion to the superior ranks is obtainable only by bribery or intrigue; the grade of colonel or pasha is purchased by the highest bidder; who subsequently recovers the sum he has disbursed by defrauding his regiment, or robbing the government. The simplest military rules are ignored by the officers, who are often withdrawn from a civil appointment to occupy a high military position."

Earl Granville, in his place in the House of Peers, after the conclusion of the war, pronounced this eulogy on the Turkish soldier:—"I have already observed that there are reasons why I should refrain from adverting to the conduct of the Turkish government; but no such considerations of delicacy need prevent me from expressing what I believe to be the

unanimous opinion of your lordships in regard to the behaviour of the Turkish soldiers, than whom no troops have evinced in a higher degree the military virtues of courage, patience, sobriety, and frugality. A striking evidence of this was seen in the fact that in the midst of famine these brave men guarded the provisions of the army under the enemy's fire, and rather than touch the food intrusted to their charge, preferred to die of hunger at their posts."

When Colonel Williams arrived at Kars, he found every obstacle to the reorganisation of the army which could by any ingenuity be conceived, or which the worst experience of Turkish pashas and their troops could lead him to expect. Before reaching Kars, he had made a close inquiry into the government of the provinces in Asia Minor generally, and the command and supplies of the army. At Trebizond and Erzerum he alarmed the pashas by these inquiries, who communicated their apprehensions to the muschir (field-marshal or captain-general) at Kars. The vile herd at once set about bribing him to silence, judging of him by themselves. Finding him to be incorruptible, they disputed his commission in order to gain time, and postpone the hour of his effective interposition. That hardly sufficed even for a very short time. They then denied his authority to interfere, alleging that, although it was competent to the Queen of England, as the sultan's ally, to send a commissioner to the head-quarters of his army, and to offer his opinion, or report it to his ambassador at Constantinople, or his government at home, he had no right to exercise any authority, or presume to call to account the high functionaries of the empire. He held no Turkish rank, and ought not to interfere, and must not be allowed to do so. This reasoning was unfortunately correct. Colonel Williams had no authority from the sultan, no rank in the civil or military administration of the imperial service; he was only a spectator, holding, indeed, a distinguished rank in his own service, and entitled to advise, but in any other way his interference might be regarded as impertinent, and an indignity to the sultan's officers. The pashas, taking this high ground obstinately, although with trepidation, Colonel Williams was impotent for good, or nearly so. He trusted to the power of his government and the influence of its ambassador to the Porte to rectify his position, and to invest his mission with power for usefulness; the pashas trusted to intrigue and corruption in the Divan, and sent agents to Constantinople to defame him, as they had defamed Guyon; and as the British ambassador was well known in the capital to be jealous of both Guyon and Williams, the pashas and their abettors in the vicinity of the sultan's

court were emboldened. Meanwhile, Colonel Williams, with no higher rank than that of a British brigadier (the usual one in his position to an allied army), instituted searching examination everywhere. He ascertained the muster-roll of regiments, and finding that all the corps were inferior in number actually to the roll, while the pashas were drawing pay for the dead men, he demanded an account of the surplus, which was refused with indignation; and he had no resource than to communicate to the British ambassador at Constantinople stated intelligence of the evils prevalent, the wrongs perpetrated, the speculations proved, and the obstacles thrown in the way of all attempts on his part to correct such things. The pashas more and more hated him, and were scarcely restrained from assassinating him—fear only deterred them. The common soldiers adored him, and in spite of every precaution on the part of the corrupt officers and civil officials, information privately, and often openly, was given to him of the misdeeds of those upon whom the responsibility of the ruin of the army rested.

While he was thus busy in a hopeless struggle to correct abuses, and the pashas only intent to get rid of him, that they might starve the troops and appropriate their pay, the Russians were making vast exertions for a new campaign, and laying up stores of every requisite for the winter about to ensue. The Russian generals at Tiflis, Gori, Gumri, and Bayazid, were well informed of all that was going on. Russian deserters renounced Christianity, adopted Islamism, and even obtained rank in consequence in the sultan's army, that they might have the more extensive opportunity to act as spies.

To understand clearly the scope of Brigadier-general Williams' original instructions, it is necessary that the reader should peruse the despatch of the Earl of Clarendon, conferring upon him the appointment. This was written August 2, 1854, while Colonel Williams was in the sultan's European dominions, where he was engaged in various services from the breaking out of the war:*

"You will communicate to me, for the information of her majesty's government, all matters of political interest which may come under your observation, and you will keep me fully informed of the operations in which the Turkish army is engaged. You will also be at liberty to correspond with her majesty's mission at the court of Persia, when it may appear to you that the interests of the service on which you are engaged may be promoted by your doing so.

* Reference is made to this circumstance in Chap. XXXII., p. 396.

"You will furnish Lord Raglan with copies of all despatches which you may have occasion to write to this office, or to any of her majesty's diplomatic or consular agents; and you will send your despatches for this office under flying seal to her majesty's ambassador at Constantinople.

"You will furnish her majesty's ambassador with any information which his excellency may specially require of you, but with regard to any representations which you may think it expedient should be made to the Porte, you will, unless otherwise instructed by Lord Raglan, apply to his lordship on the subject, in order that, if he should concur in your opinion, he may himself request her majesty's ambassador to bring the matter before the Porte."

Various delays prevented Brigadier-general Williams from reaching Erzerum until the 14th of September. There he found the troops many months in arrears of pay, and had his worst suspicions confirmed. He knew the Turkish officials well, and was able at once to discover the track of their corrupt courses. The clothing of the soldiery was in rags, their rations miserable, the hospitals scenes of empiricism and neglect. Everything was radically wrong. Immediately upon arriving at Erzerum, the commissioner reported himself to the British Foreign-office as having entered upon the sphere of his labours, and gave his lordship the first glimpse of the condition and prospects of the Turkish army, in the following terms:—

"The troops in this garrison consist of two battalions of Anatolia rediff, one battalion mustering 350, the other 260 men. They are fifteen and seventeen months in arrears of pay. There are also detachments amounting to 350 men of different regiments of the army of Kars; they are seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen months in arrears of pay. The staff of the army at present here are four months in arrears. In hospital there are 1190, principally wounded. Of artillery there is a Bimbashi and 100 men. They are in the castle for the purpose of firing salutes. All these troops got one month's pay just before the last Bairam. Your lordship will see by the arrears of pay, as above stated, how utterly destitute these poor soldiers must be of all those little necessities which can alone preserve contentment and a good spirit in an army; and I most sincerely hope that, through your lordship's influence, steps may be taken to rectify this evil ere these troops arrive in their respective cantonments at the commencement of a long and most rigorous winter."

Colonel Williams had no money committed to his trust, and no *matériel*; he had not even a supply of arms of improved manufacture,

although the army of Kars were armed with many old Turkish pieces, and French muskets of inferior make, flint-locks, and detonators: there were no Miniés. Doctor Sandwith, already referred to, thus reported the state of the hospitals and medical stores:—

"A physician attached to this army told me that, having prescribed carbonate of iron, he was told by the apothecary that there was none left, but there was plenty of carbonate of ammonia; and what is worse, I learned that any carbonate or sulphate was substituted for any other, either to save trouble, or because none of the medicine ordered was to be found. I am told that ample sums are provided at Constantinople for the drug department, but the supplies on their way gradually diminish, until little is left at Kars to be turned into money by the Turkish *employés*. The depots at Erzerum are filled with large quantities of dried herbs, such as rose leaves, poppy heads, &c., the valuable medicines having disappeared; boxes also of old fashioned *specula vagina*, obstetric instruments out of date, and other drugs on the market, are sent to the camp at Kars. After the late defeat of this army, a rich harvest was made by the apothecaries and doctors, who turned into money their medicines and instruments, and reported them to have been captured by the Russians. A regular system of embezzlement is pursued, from the highest to the lowest; and as charges could be brought and proved by any man against his superior, anything like discipline or subordination in this department is out of the question, and the efficiency of the Turkish soldier suffers in consequence."

The suggestions of Colonel Williams and the doctor, and the apprehensions entertained at their approach, led to the adoption of remedial measures. Colonel Williams makes the following report of the hospitals at Kars soon after his arrival:—

"It is with pleasure that I acquaint your lordship with the result of my inspection, which embraced the four caravanserais and buildings appropriated to the reception of the sick and wounded, amounting, at the present moment, to 500 men; the beds were comfortable, the rooms as clean as the nature of the buildings would admit of, the kitchens and offices in better order than I had been led to expect; the patients were well cared for in all those points on which a military officer can be supposed competent to offer an opinion. On my return to the muschir I mentioned to his excellency the suggestion of Dr. Sandwith, which was, to construct fireplaces in each building, to create, by means of the draught caused by these fires, a more thorough ventilation. His excellency

promised to give orders to that effect. The picture which I have thus drawn of the hospitals of Kars is indeed a pleasing contrast to that which presented itself to the miserable inmates of the same buildings during last winter, when, owing to the want of medicines, bedding, food, fuel, and light, nearly 12,000 perished in them—their bodies, even before death released them from their agonies, presenting spectacles too loathsome to describe.”

The medical treatment was, however, not improved, as the remarks of Dr. Sandwith reveal:—

“I asked where the medicines were. I found that a great proportion of the patients were without remedies; others had tin bottles by their bedsides containing their potions. The apothecary who accompanied me was unable to say what these metallic bottles contained, but on tasting the fluid therein it was invariably found to be some infusion or decoction of harmless and useless herbs, such as marsh-mallow, bitter-sweet, and the like. All the severe surgical cases had been removed, others were already convalescent or dead, so that I was unable to ascertain by personal inspection the kind of dressings used. Many of the patients I saw were in various stages of typhus, dysentery, pneumonia, &c., and certainly required more energetic treatment than appeared to be in vogue. I was unable to obtain a sight of any statistical account of the diseases under treatment, but the above-mentioned appeared to me to be the most frequent.

“Separating myself from Colonel Williams and his party, who were inspecting what was directed to be shown, I prevailed on one of the medical men to conduct me to the pharmacy. We dived into a dark filthy passage, ascended a ladder, and came into three small mud rooms, which were shown to me as the central pharmacy. A short inspection of this at once explained to me the want of medicines in the hospital. A few large bottles and vases were labelled with about twenty specimens of drugs, but those labelled for medicines of any value I found empty; the others contained preparations such as *aqua styptica*, and tinctures, the use of which has been long discarded by modern medicine. There were also infusions of marsh-mallow, extracts of bitter-sweet, and sundry equally inefficacious drugs. The whole place was filthy and disorderly, and seemed more like the wreck of a plundered pharmacy than the depot from which the sick of an army are supplied.”

The above description is terribly graphic and strictly true. Dr. Sandwith painfully felt the want of authority in his department, although his personal influence enabled him to apply the hand of reform at once. He had,

however, no skilful and active coadjutors, and no funds; as it was with his chief, so with himself—all depended on his own skill and courage.

On the 23rd, the commissioner pushed on for Kars. As soon as he arrived, he pursued the same sifting system there as at Erzerum, and with the like results. His report, so early as September 26th, presents a frightful exhibition of the condition of the army of Kars, justifying the strong language of Lord Clarendon in the British House of Peers, when he denounced the pashas as “robbers:”—

“I regret to inform your lordship that the troops composing this army are so much in arrear of pay as to induce me to believe that money sent from the capital for the purpose of settling, even in part, with these unfortunate soldiers, has been embezzled either at Erzerum, or on the spot here. The troops are twenty-two, eighteen, and fifteen months in arrears of pay; their patience, under so glaring an injustice, is truly praiseworthy.

“I have further to beg for your lordship’s intercession in the case of the unfortunate soldiers maimed and wounded in the former and recent battles on this frontier, and who are now reduced to beg their bread. An imperial firman that these men be pensioned, and that three months in advance be paid to them, would have a most beneficial effect during the next campaign.”

In three days after, the commissioner again reports to the foreign secretary, and in the same terse style conveys the state of affairs in these matters, which were then of most pressing importance:—

“The guns and their carriages were in an efficient state, and the horses, considering the season of the year and the difficulty of procuring forage, were in tolerable working condition, although these animals have been cheated out of at least a third of their corn by the malpractices of the commander-in-chief and his generals of division; the accounts of the army showing four okes a day for each horse, whilst the animals have only received from two and a half to three.”

The facts revealed in the foregoing extract are truly infamous. The next day the colonel reported upon the state of the cavalry. Such of our readers as know anything of military details will understand the labour and difficulty of these inspections when the colonel had every official opposed to him. The quality of industry in the man is strikingly prominent:—

“I have this day [September 28, 1854] inspected the cavalry of this army. I enclose an extract from the ‘morning state’ presented by

these pashas to the muschir on the parade this morning after the inspection, which sets forth that there were four regiments, containing 2222 men, and 2212 horses; whereas the files were counted whilst filing past by Lieutenant Teesdale and M. de Nettancourt, and their numbers were found to amount to 1568, whilst I have positive information, since the review was over, that there were six regiments."

Shortly after the foregoing report, the colonel had an interview with the muschir on the subject of the numerical strength of the army, which the muschir had represented to the colonel and to his own government at Constantinople to be greatly superior in numbers, as well as condition, to what it really was. The object of these misrepresentations was to draw the pay for a larger force, the surplus money being appropriated by the muschir and his pashas. The true state of the case is thus put by the British commissioner in a letter dated October 2:—

"Zarif Mustafa Pasha, the muschir, assured me the day before yesterday that there were 1500 under arms; but I learn from authority which I can depend on that their real effective does not amount to more than 800 men. I have, therefore, given to your lordship a statement of the numbers of the army supposed to have been composed of nearly 40,000 men. I will sum up the regular army as follows:—Of cavalry, 1568, and 2212 horses. Of artillery, 1822, of which 450 belong to other corps, leaving a total of artillery of 1372, and 1962 horses. Of infantry, 14,600 bayonets; forming altogether 17,990 men, and 4174 horses of regulars and 800 irregulars."

At a subsequent period, when the neglect of the commissioner by the British ambassador at Constantinople excited the indignation of the foreign secretary, his excellency excused himself by hinting, and ultimately expressing doubts, whether the commissioner had not exceeded his commission by the pertinacious and minute inquiries which he made into every department of the Turkish army. If our readers compare the labours of Colonel Williams, as expressed in the above despatches, with the instructions which he received from Lord Raglan, under whose direction he was placed, they will see, that no such imputation, coming even from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, deserves respect:—

GENERAL LORD RAGLAN TO COLONEL
WILLIAMS.

Varna, Aug. 20, 1854.

SIR,—Her majesty's government having been pleased to nominate you commissioner at the head-quarters of the Turkish army in Asia, and to act in that capacity in communication with me and under my orders, I have the honour to request that, in obedience to their commands,

you will lose no time in proceeding to Kars, and assuming the duties confided to your discharge.

You will, however, in the first instance, take advantage of your being at Constantinople, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary equipment, to solicit her majesty's ambassador to get from the Turkish government introductions to the authorities with whom you will have to communicate in the accomplishment of the objects of your mission.

You will also seek to obtain from his excellency the advice which his great local experience, his knowledge of public men in this country, and his unrivalled power of discrimination, enable him to give better than any other man.

The instructions of the secretary of state are ample, and would render unnecessary that I should add anything thereto, were it not that the variety of accounts that have been given of the muschir's army obliges me to impress upon you the expediency of trusting to no reports you may receive, but of endeavouring to ascertain by close personal observation its actual composition, the numbers each arm can bring into the field, distinguishing the regulars from the irregulars, the state of the arms in possession of the troops, whether cavalry or infantry, the quantity of musket ammunition (rounds per man) in the hands of the men and in reserve, the number of pieces of artillery and their calibre, how horsed, and with what number of rounds per gun, and how carried; whether the infantry or cavalry are formed into brigades and divisions, and under general officers, or whether there is no formation beyond that of a regiment or battalion; whether the troops are regularly supplied with provisions and the horses with forage; and, lastly, whether the army is paid, and to what period.

You will also make it your business to discover whether the officers exercising commands of importance are efficient, and whether they support each other, or are occupied in intriguing to supplant those with whom they are associated.

You will make all these inquiries free from any spirit of party, or bias in favour of or prejudice against any individual, and you will attend especially to the judicious injunction of the Earl of Clarendon, to establish and maintain the most friendly relations with the French officer whom I have reason to hope Marshal St. Arnaud will attach to that army for the exercise of, the same functions as those entrusted to you.

You will correspond with me by every opportunity, and you will take care to send your despatches to the secretary of state under flying seal to Viscount Stratford, and to keep his excellency informed upon all military as well as political matters.

I have, &c.,
RAGLAN.

As a specimen of the way in which Colonel Williams communicated to the pashas the defects of inferior officers, the following letter will suffice. It is directed to the governor-general of Trebizond:—

COLONEL WILLIAMS TO HAFIZ PASHA.

Baybuz, Sept. 10, 1854.

EXCELLENCY,—The two guides whom your excellency sent reached me at Chiarrar, and have accompanied the caravan as far as this station. They have conducted themselves with great propriety, and I have to thank you for this mark of attention.

When I had the honour of conversing with your excellency at Trebizond on the affairs of the army at Kars, you fully coincided with my views with respect to the late disasters near that city—viz., that it was entirely owing to the want of conduct on the part of the superior officers. It is not only on the field of battle that ill-conduct leads to defeat; but the remissness of officers in charge of artillery, ammunition, and stores on their way to the army in the field equally conduces to fatal results. I have now to bring to your excellency's notice the bad conduct of the officer, whoever he may be, that has charge of the siege-train which you informed me marched a certain number of hours a-day towards Erzerum. I had not got more than two hours from Trebizond when I

passed two of the valuable guns planted in the middle of the road, and, on inquiring of a peasant who stood at his door, found that they had been abandoned. At a short distance from these guns, I passed a load of sponges and rammers, apparently enough for the whole siege-train of thirty-two guns. These were thrown together loosely on the cart, and were already much warped and injured by the sun and rain. They ought to have been packed in bundles and covered with matting.

I enter into these details with your excellency to show the utter neglect of the officer of artillery who sent forward these stores, and I take the liberty of strongly recommending you to dispatch the colonel of artillery whom I met at Trebizond to superintend the forwarding of this ordnance; obliging him to render you a daily report of their progress, and thus assuring their passage across the mountains before the snow falls. I have sent this despatch open for Mr. Stevens to read to your excellency; and I should fail in my duty if I did not send copies of it to her majesty's ambassador at the Porte, to Lord Clarendon, and to Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the English army. I beg to add that twenty of the guns have passed Bayburt, and that no less than twelve remain in the position I have described.

I have, &c.,

W. F. WILLIAMS.

It appears almost fabulous that such ignorance and misconduct should take place in any army, or, taking place, be suffered to pass with impunity; but such was the management of the Turkish forces when the commissioner first went among them. It will be seen from the foregoing despatch that Colonel Williams was extremely uneasy lest winter should set in before any proper provision was made for the troops at Kars. This uneasiness increased as the autumn wore away, and early in October the urgency of his tone is apparent. The following is addressed to Mr. Brant, the British consul at Erzerum, through whose influence he hoped to make an impression upon the pasha. It discloses already the dreadful prospects for the army of Kars:—

Camp near Kars, Oct. 4, 1854.

SIR,—Having had occasion this morning to bring to the notice of the muschir the state of the cavalry horses, which, from being for a considerable time on half-rations of barley, are unfit for service, I begged that three instead of two oaks might be issued to them. His excellency informed me that he had only six days' provision of this grain in store, and that his acquiescence in my request would reduce the number of days' subsistence to four; that in all other departments of the commissariat they were equally deficient; in fine, he admitted that this remnant of an army was living from hand to mouth, and in the event of the rains setting in, it would be reduced to extreme want and bitter suffering.

The army's debts here and at Erzerum are already 10,000 purses, and the arrears of pay amount to 25,000 purses; the troops were paid a half-month's arrear on the 1st inst.—that is, each man received a 10-piastre note, which he cannot change to buy tobacco or any other little necessary; specie is, therefore, necessary to its very existence. The musteshar is absent at Erzerum, and there is a lamentable remissness in forwarding supplies; may I, therefore, request of you to wait on Ismail Pasha, the governor-general, and read this despatch to his excellency, begging him, at the same time, to rectify these defects, and aid the common cause in which the three allied empires are engaged. His good intentions must be seconded by the most active assistance, or even greater misfortune than has already befallen this army will soon be exhibited when the winter obliges us to break up, and leave 10,000 unprovided for in this garrison, where typhus fever already prevails not only in the hospitals, but among

the inhabitants, in whose houses I am obliged to search for winter quarters for the sultan's troops, and which I hope to effect in a few days. You were witness to my efforts in this respect at Erzerum, and you can therefore conceive the difficulties which present themselves in this wretched and twice pillaged town.

I beg you to have the goodness to send a copy of this despatch, together with the answer of his excellency the governor-general to the Earl of Clarendon, to her majesty's ambassador, and to General Lord Raglan.

I have, &c.,

W. F. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Brant used every exertion to bring the refractory but dissimulating pasha to a sense of his duty, but in vain. The object of his excellency was to get rid of both consul and commissioner, and to preserve for himself and all minor pashas the immunities of pillage, peculation, and oppression.

COLONEL WILLIAMS TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received Nov. 7.)

(Extract.)

Camp near Kars, Oct. 10, 1854.

After the despatch of my last messenger I waited on the muschir, and offered his excellency the following advice:—

1. Seeing that severe frosts now occur at night, which especially affect the invalids, and that we have before us the certainty of winter, which may at any day overtake us, I strongly recommended a selection of the weak and sickly men from all the corps, as also the most attenuated of the cavalry horses, in order that they might march leisurely towards Erzerum, which arrangement would in nowise lessen the real effective of the army, and at the same time enable the men to reach their winter quarters with less chance of crowding the hospitals after their arrival. Mustafa Pasha at first insisted that all his men were able to march to Erzerum in four days. I replied that in all armies infirm and weak men were to be found. The muschir then said that he would order the selection of the sickly and weak from each regiment. I have just heard from the ferik pashas that no such orders have been given.

2. I told the pasha that, in superintending the drills of the army, I found the infantry uninstructed in loading even with blank cartridges; that many of the regiments had not the opportunity of one day's file-firing given to them; and I begged him (now that it could be done without even the fear of scarcity of powder, which fear he had expressed when I first spoke to him on this vital point) to carry my wishes into effect.

3. I have repeatedly begged him to send into the neighbouring forests to cut wood and haul it into Kars before the terrible winter of these regions sets in.

4. I have not ceased for the last ten days to importune the muschir to cause the houses intended for the safety of the sultan's troops to be cleared out and cleaned for my inspection.

5. I have inquired in vain for the result of any arrangement made by the Vali of Kars for the supply of mutton for the force about to be left in Kars, and I can find no reason for supposing that great privation will not be felt on that head. The sheep ought to have been purchased before this eleventh hour, and placed in villages within reach of this garrison during the storms and intense cold of an Armenian winter.

6. Medicines and wine for the sick have also occupied my attention. His excellency Zarif Mustafa Pasha tells me that a supply of medicine has already arrived at Erzerum; but I have just complaints to offer to your lordship even on the diet of these hospitals. Dr. Sandwith brought me, two days ago, a loaf of black dough, full of all sorts of impurities, and quite unfit for a human being. This was taken from a sick man. I enclosed it to the muschir, who said it had been sent to the hospital as food for the attendants, and not for the sick.

7. I have just heard of the intention of the muschir to divide those regiments which will remain after the

garrison of Kars is completed, into detachments, to be stationed at Ardahan, Kaghisman, and Childir; thus reducing the garrison of Erzerum to a force quite insufficient to prevent its insult and capture by the enemy, operating by Bayazid in early spring. I shall immediately protest against this arrangement.

8. I shall again endeavour to bring the muschir to reason on all points connected with this despatch; if I fail, I am prepared to adopt that course which the urgency of our affairs demands at my hands.

The day after the colonel wrote the last despatch he found it to be his duty again to address the English foreign secretary on the conduct of the unaccountable muschir:—

COLONEL WILLIAMS TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received Nov. 7.)

(Extract.) *Camp near Kars, Oct. 11, 1854.*

HEARING this morning that the muschir was in consultation with his two feriks, I sent and begged to be allowed to speak with them. I was consequently invited to Zarif Mustafa Pasha's tent. I began by recapitulating my requests to have quarters prepared for the troops who are to remain here. On this point I received the usual excuses and vague answers. I then touched on the preparations to be made for the march of the division intended as the winter garrison of Erzerum. Zarif Mustafa Pasha answered with a smile that did not convey respect, "that he knew how to manage and quarter his troops." I felt that the moment had arrived when I must act with firmness, or lose all my influence, which has thus far wrung from the muschir daily drill for the army, and procured wholesome food for the hitherto half-starved and fever-stricken soldiers, who have expressed to General Guyon their gratitude for this amelioration of their condition. I therefore drew from my pocket the draught of my despatch of yesterday's date, and caused each paragraph to be translated to the astonished muschir and his feriks. The tone of his excellency changed in a moment, but as no promise was given I took my leave. I had scarcely reached my tent when Mr. Zohrab, the interpreter and secretary, was recalled, and a promise sent to me that he would attend to every suggestion which I should in future make for his consideration.

At a later hour of the morning I was called to hear the muschir give his orders for the preparation of the houses intended for the troops in Kars, and also directions for the conduct of this local governor with regard to the supply of wood, grain, and sheep. His reply was that any supplies can be had with money, but that such is the extent of debts already contracted by this army that nothing but cash would induce the producer to come forward in the market. I have, therefore, addressed a letter to the defender of the army at Erzerum, under cover to Mr. Brant, requesting him to read it to that functionary, and to forward a copy of it, together with his reply, to your lordship.

I have this moment heard of the arrival of a courier in camp from Erzerum, bringing 500 purses (£2500), but, as on former occasions, it proves to be paper money. This sum, however, has been handed over to the governor of Kars, to insure the immediate supply of wood, meat, and grain.

I heard this morning that the muschir was about to quit the army; and, as he had thrown out a hint to that effect while conversing with me yesterday, I waited on him this morning, and advised him to contradict such reports, as his excellency well knew that Kars was his post till the army had been placed in safe winter quarters, in the details of which he will take my advice.

The Russian camp is now on the Arpa-tchai River, two hours above Gumri. It has lost a good deal of ammunition by accidental or wilful explosion; and I got the pasha's promise this morning to have our tumbrils so divided and guarded as to prevent any serious loss by the acts of spies or treacherous friends in this camp.

P.S.—After writing this despatch I have been able to see the muster-roll about to be forwarded by the muschir

to Constantinople. The total number stands 27,538 effective of all arms; whereas, as I have already hinted in my former reports, if this army were called upon to stand to its arms this evening, 14,000 effective men would be all that could respond to that call.

The firmness of the commissioner brought forth suitable fruits. The pashas, somewhat intimidated, placed the two regiments of Ariabastan infantry under suitable cover. They had been encamped upon the plains in pitiable plight—for the nights during October are bitterly cold in that part of Armenia. The streams and canals, which might be made a source of health to Kars, were so loaded with decomposing substances during the whole autumn as to breed fever extensively. The commissioner's remonstrances led to the cleaning of these currents, until the water ran fresh and clear. The drainage of the city had been in an abominable state, and was probably the most active generator of typhus among the many existing in Kars. The perseverance of Colonel Williams was here also successful; and these foul reservoirs of every filth known to an Asiatic city were at last cleansed. When the soldiers were at breakfast or dinner the commissioner visited them, and inspected their food, which he generally found to be both bad and deficient in quantity. The colonels were sent for; the bread broken and tasted in their presence; the meat and other food examined, and its deteriorated quality exposed: these officers, at last, dreading such encounters with the commissioner in the presence of their men, humiliating as it must have been to them, improved the diet, until for a time the commissioner had no cause for complaint. This was the state of affairs up to the middle of November. The exertions of the commissioner the reader must perceive to have been herculean. Kitchens, hospitals, camps, drains, barracks, regimental messes, drills, stores, magazines, treasury—everything connected with the army had his attention. His chief difficulty consisted in his having no rank in the Turkish army. Rank under the sultan was necessary in order to satisfy the prejudices of the soldiery, and to silence the objections of the pashas. Early intimation of the necessity was made to the British ambassador at Constantinople, both by the commissioner himself and by the British foreign minister. The ambassador took no means to effect this object; and the intrigues of the Asiatic pashas were powerful enough with the Porte to prevent the extension of this favour, unless the ambassador's determination to obtain it was unquestionable. The pashas, however, had their instruments not only busy with the Divan, but with the embassy; and Lord Stratford himself, jealous and suspicious, lent a ready ear to whatever tended to depreciate the commissioner.

Up to the middle of November, Colonel Williams' numerous despatches to the embassy at Constantinople remained unanswered. Not a letter—not a line—was sent thence to cheer the overburthened commissioner. No courier or messenger, no indirect communication through consul, secretary, pasha, or any one else, reached Colonel Williams from Lord Stratford, to whom he was taught to look for advice in every difficulty, and influence in every emergency. In vain did despatch succeed despatch from Erzerum and Kars to Constantinople. The British ambassador there might as well have been dead, for any advantage Colonel Williams derived from his presence and power. No man living had so much influence with the sultan as his lordship; and it is not conceivable that had he exerted himself as he ought to have done, Colonel Williams would have remained so long without Turkish rank. The irritable and jealous ambassador had no pretext given for either anger or jealousy by Colonel Williams, the tone of whose despatches is most deferential. As soon as he was fairly in the harness of his government, he submitted to the guiding hand of my lord at the Bosphorus. We find the following proof of this fact:—

COLONEL WILLIAMS TO LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

Pera, Aug. 23, 1854.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to enclose for your lordship's information a despatch which I have this moment received from General Lord Raglan, and in doing so I beg to solicit from your excellency the assistance and advice which are so necessary, and indeed indispensable, to the fulfilment of my mission.

My baggage has not yet arrived from England, but the *Medway* steamer is hourly expected. In the meantime I am occupied with my tents and other arrangements for my departure on the 31st inst., when I understand an Austrian steamer goes to Trebizond.

I have, &c.,
WILLIAMS.

Lord de Redcliffe seems to have taken matters very easy from the first. On the 9th of September he wrote home to the English ministry. The following extract shows that he thought matters would be kept cool and quiet by the frosts and snows of an Armenian winter, and that no person need be in any great hurry:—

THE Turkish government declares its intention of keeping the army at Kars on the defensive. The retirement of the Russians and the approach of winter are in themselves sufficient securities that no forward movement will be attempted.

The dead season, should war continue, will afford time for deliberation on the whole of this matter, and the reports of Colonel Williams may be expected to assist her majesty's government in coming to a decision as to what may best be done in order to make the next campaign in Asia more successful than the last.

The English foreign minister, however, was in earnest; and he wished the ambassador of her Britannic majesty, and the minister of the

sultan, also to be in earnest; for immediately on receipt of the despatch from Lord de Redcliffe, from which the above extract is made, he thus addresses his excellency:—

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.)

(Extract.) *Foreign Office, Sept. 22, 1854.*

HER majesty's government trust that Ismail Pasha, the newly-appointed general, may, unlike his predecessor, have been selected on account of his capacity, and they request that he may receive instructions to defer to the advice of Colonel Williams, who is thoroughly acquainted with the people and the country, and who ought to have a high Turkish rank given to him in order to insure respect for his authority.

The British excellency was not, however, to be moved by even so urgent a despatch. Lord Clarendon had taken, without intending it, the most effectual way of checking the ambassador's advocacy of the commissioner's authority and his country's interests. The English minister for foreign affairs had chosen an active man, of great intelligence, well-known military talent, and extensive acquaintance with oriental affairs. He was not a mere creature of the British embassy, therefore he was not to be encouraged by the great man reigning in such puissance there. Lord Clarendon also reminds the ambassador of Colonel Williams' capacity and oriental experience,—a very unpalatable thing to the man who supposed that he alone was capable of giving an opinion on oriental affairs. Lord Clarendon had no suspicion of this sort, although had he condescended to read *Household Words* or the *Roving Englishman*, he might, notwithstanding his high position and great talent, have received light on this matter.

After Lord Clarendon had received the despatches of Colonel Williams, already before the reader, he was greatly astonished at the inactivity of the ambassador, and addressed to him a despatch, in which he politely hints that it was quite time the minister should bestir himself:—

Foreign Office, Nov. 9, 1854.

MY LORD,—Your excellency will have learnt from the correspondence of Colonel Williams the peculations and frauds on the part of the muschir and his immediate chiefs, which have been attended with such disastrous consequences as regards the efficiency of the Turkish army at Kars.

I have now to instruct your excellency to demand of the Porte the punishment of Zarif Pasha, and his two feriks, Kerim Pasha and Veli Pasha, by whom these frauds and deceptions have been carried on, if the Porte means to attempt the restoration of discipline in the unfortunate army at Kars.

I am, &c.,
CLARENDON.

While this correspondence was proceeding a change of "muschirs" took place in the Asiatic army. The new muschir was only intended as a provisional commander by the authorities at Constantinople. He, however, resolved to carry matters with a high hand, his predecessor having given him dark accounts of how dangerous a man Colonel Williams was to all

pashas sufficiently enlightened to look after their own interests. The new commander-in-chief was named and entitled Shukri Pasha. He appears to have entered upon his office in a fierce state of hostility to the English representative. He had the impolicy to betray his state of mind while on his way to his pashalic through Erzerum, and the active and vigilant consul there discerned the bias of the pasha, and at once wrote to Colonel Williams. His letter gives an amusing picture of the pashas altogether:—

CONSUL BRANT TO COLONEL WILLIAMS.

Erzerum, Nov. 2, 1854.

I LEARNED that in an evening meeting you were spoken of, and your interference. Shukri Pasha said it would not be allowed; that the authorities were not under your orders, and would resist interference on your part. Then Zarif Pasha chimed in, and did his best to Shukri Pasha against you. Zarif Pasha said that you were a mere *muralai*, without any proper authority; came to Kars, assumed the direction of everything, impeded the proper march of affairs, and produced nothing but confusion. Shukri Pasha, more excited, replied, that an officer in Roumelia had acted pretty much as you did, but the Turkish authorities soon got rid of him, and that this would be the result of your mission.

Zarif Pasha left Kars (the 25th of October) before his successor arrived. Colonel Williams seized the occasion to influence the hopes and fears of the muschir's *locum tenens*, one Kerim Pasha, and succeeded in persuading Kerim to assemble all the colonels, and lecture them on their idleness, speculation, drunkenness, neglect of their military duties, &c. &c. Kerim even went so far as to assure the commissioner, in the presence of all these superior officers, that whatever happened, speculation and intoxication should be put down. Accordingly reform had some chance in the short interval elapsing between the retirement of Zarif and the arrival of Shukri. Steps were taken to increase the stores of provisions, hospital arrangements of a beneficial kind were effected; billets of wood for fuel were brought in from the woods; corn and other provender were laid up for the horses of the artillery and the draught animals, for the cavalry was nearly extinct—it fared even worse if possible than the British cavalry in the Crimea. The fortifications on the heights above Kars, devised and commenced by the skilful and enterprising Guyon, were completed, the men working with eagerness and perseverance, willing to do anything to please the good English commissioner.

We have no fear that our readers will weary amidst the intrigues and intricacies which the deeds and misdeeds of the pashas present, for the transactions of the period are more like a chapter in oriental romance than in sober history. One is obliged to pause in wonder over some of Colonel Williams' accounts of the persons with whom he had to do, the way in which they acted towards him and their conduct in

the great events in which they were engaged, however grotesque or wicked they may alternately appear to be in the reader's esteem. It is difficult to peruse so grave a story without amazement at the infinite absurdity of these commanders of armies—muschirs, feriks, pashas, beys, and whatever else the sultan in his misguided counsels was so unfortunate as to make them.

When Williams, on the 10th of November, deemed it desirable to leave for Erzerum, he committed his trust at Kars to his worthy aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Teesdale. The Earl Granville, long after the events of which we write, passed a glowing eulogy on the merits of this officer, observing, that so young was he, and so boyish in appearance, that it seemed impossible he could have sustained such onerous and serious duties with such satisfaction to his chief, his government, and his country. But his instance only proves what Williams himself illustrates, that England is not deficient in wise and talented men to serve her and promote her greatness, her glory, and her beneficent influence among the nations, if she only insist that public servants shall be chosen for their capacity to serve, and not because they are the parasites of other men, who, by rank without merit, have occupied a name and place and power in the nation.

On the 17th of November, Colonel Williams being then at Erzerum, wrote to Lord Clarendon respecting matters at Kars, chiefly upon the testimony of his reliable young friend and coadjutor, Teesdale:—

“Lieutenant Teesdale further states that Shukri Pasha had arrived at Kars, and had received him with cold civility, but letting him plainly see that his presence was not desired. I also met that ferik on the snowy mountains lying between Kars and Erzerum. His reception of me was in all respects similar, and, although such conduct was irritating, my thirteen years' knowledge of the Turks led me to consider it as a matter of course; I therefore saluted, and passed on my way. On my arrival in Erzerum I waited on the governor-general, Ismail Pasha, to give him the detailed contents of the magazines of Kars, on the 8th inst., estimating the force at 14,000 men and 2000 horses, viz.:—

Wheat.	37 days' consumption.
Barley.	84 ”
Flour.	4 ”
Biscuit.	23 ”

“I acknowledged having passed large convoys proceeding to Kars, and again received his promise not to relax in his efforts; but this interview plainly indicated the only course which was left for me in my future communications with Shukri Pasha, now at the head of

this army, and Hussein Pasha, the chief of the staff; and I consequently wrote him a letter, the enclosed copy of which will explain to your lordship the nature of the conduct of both, and against which I have protested in firm and, I trust your lordship will think, appropriate terms. This letter will meet Shukri Pasha on the road, on his return to Erzerum; and as I learn from Lieutenant Teesdale that, after the arrival of this functionary at Kars, he had not been able to get the account of the daily issue of provisions from the magazines of that garrison, the suspicions which my recent interview with the governor-general and the military pashas raised in my mind are fully borne out, and my resolution to take a stand against a concerted plan on the part of the ferik, Shukri Pasha, and the chief of the staff, is, if possible, strengthened. Their object is obviously to deprive me of those sources of information which have thus far enabled me to put her majesty's government in possession of the effective strength and intended movements of this army, as well as to lay bare the enormous frauds which characterise its administration, civil and military, which might have, and still may (if this clique be not crushed in the bud), lead an allied force into difficulty, and, perhaps, terminate in great disasters.

"The governor-general and the defterdar of the province have just returned my visit. They are dispatching large supplies of every denomination to Kars, and they afford me all the intelligence I require. Ismail Pasha is, however, a man of extreme old age, and should be invested with a government better suited to his feeble body and impaired faculties."

When the foregoing statement arrived in England, the Earl of Clarendon addressed to Lord de Redcliffe the following letter, calculated to arouse his lordship's attention to his own neglect, and that of the Turkish government, towards a deserving British officer:—

"Her majesty's government have had under their consideration General Williams' despatch of the 17th of November; and it is with regret, or it would be more appropriate to say with indignation, that they have again to complain of the conduct of the Turkish officers at Kars.

"Her majesty's government have sent to the head-quarters of the unfortunate army at Kars a distinguished officer, whose knowledge and experience peculiarly fitted him for the service; and it is not too much to say that he has already preserved the remnants of the army from the destruction that awaited it at the hands of its commanders. He has already saved large sums to the sultan by checking the most barefaced robberies; and yet it appears, that without respect for the character of General Williams as the commissioner of the Queen

of England, or regard for the sultan's service, General Williams is exposed to affront from Shukri Pasha and the chief of the staff, who endeavour to prevent his acquiring the information that the Turkish government are deeply interested that he should possess, in the vain hope that he may be disheartened and foiled, and that the system of plunder may recommence. But General Williams must be upheld, and her majesty's government must insist that his exertions to render the army at Kars fit to take the field in the spring should be aided by the Turkish government.

"Your excellency will take the means you may think most expedient for bringing this despatch to the knowledge of the Turkish government, but her majesty's government desire that it should be by a written communication.

"Your excellency will require that the most stringent instructions shall be sent to the muschir to respect and support General Williams; and your excellency will obtain a copy of those instructions and send it to General Williams."

Foreign Office, Dec. 29th, 1854.

While yet at Erzerum, the attention of Colonel (Brigadier-general) Williams was directed to its defence. The munitions of war which it contained were of great value; and if the pashas did not prize them, the Russians might show a different estimate of their value by a sudden swoop upon the place. Keeping these circumstances in view, the colonel* wrote, on the 26th of November, as follows:—

"Two regiments of infantry, and as many of cavalry, having been sent by Hussein Pasha from Kars to Ardahan, throws a large force from the point where it was, in my opinion, more immediately required, that is, Toprak-Kaleh and Bayazid. I had frequently advised Zarif Mustafa Pasha (as I have already stated in former despatches) to hold his men in hand and keep his eye on Bayazid; and Hussein Pasha made this movement after I quitted Kars. I hope it will lead to no important embarrassment, as the weather is now inclement, and I do not think General Wrangel would risk a disaster (from snow and frost) at this critical period of affairs in the East. . . . Until Ismail Pasha arrives here nothing which I can hint at will be listened to, and I shall not lose a moment to draw his attention towards putting Erzerum into a respectable state of defence. The ground around presents favourable points, and we now have a battering train to arm redoubts most formidably; these inestimable guns, moreover (in such a difficult

* Williams calls himself colonel; Lord Clarendon calls him general. His rank in the army was colonel; his local rank, brigadier-general.

country to bring them into), are prizes which might induce the enemy to make a dash on this city, where ammunition and stores to a large amount are in the magazines."

The Ismail Pasha referred to in the above letter was appointed muschir by the sultan, but a complaint in the eyes detained him at Constantinople. The commissioner was too hopeful of Ismail; for even the best and bravest of these provincial governors were but little suited for co-operation with an English officer. Before Ismail could arrive, Shukri determined, while the chief command was in his possession, to do all the mischief he could. The following extract from a letter sent by the British consul, Mr. Brant, at Erzerum, shows how far this Shukri was determined to proceed, and the vigilance of the consul in discovering his plan:—

"You will have perceived that Shukri Pasha, second in command to the new muschir, Ismail Pasha, was prepared to thwart Colonel Williams in his energetic exertions to save the remnant of the Kars army from annihilation by sickness and famine, and to put it into a state of efficiency.

"I have since been informed, from a source that I may depend on, that a plot has been got up among the superior officers of the army to persuade his Excellency Ismail Pasha, on his arrival, that Colonel Williams' interference is unauthorised and most prejudicial; and to induce his excellency to invite the colonel to an interview, in which he will be requested to produce his credentials from the seraskier, and, in case such are not shown, he will be told that any further interference in the affairs of the army will not be tolerated. I have warned the colonel of this plot."

Placed in possession by Mr. Brant of this important information, Colonel Williams, despairing of any farther usefulness as long as he was unsupported at Constantinople, wrote in the most urgent terms to the ambassador, appealing to him in words at which honour and patriotism should have kindled. We quote the most important portion of General Williams' communication to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe:—

"Since I fulfilled the duties confided to me as her majesty's commissioner to the headquarters of the army at Kars, I have had the honour of addressing to your excellency fifty-four despatches, identical with those forwarded simultaneously to the Earl of Clarendon and General Lord Raglan. Each packet has been accompanied by a private letter containing details and suggestions, which, had they found place in my public communications, would

have inconveniently lengthened those documents.

"On the 23rd of September I was honoured by a private letter from your lordship, appealing to my 'spirit and humanity,' relative to the captivity of those unfortunate Russian ladies who had then recently been seized and carried into the mountains by Sheik Schamyl, the Circassian chieftain. Since the above date, I have not been favoured with a line by your excellency—even with an acknowledgment of the reception of my public or private communications. To one who has served your lordship for so many years, such an avowal on my part can only be recorded with feelings of deep disappointment and mortification—feelings which I have studiously endeavoured to conceal, even from my aide-de-camp and secretaries, because each successive post was anxiously looked for, in the hope of receiving answers from your lordship on the pressing and important affairs connected with my mission to the head-quarters of the army of Kars.

"Nor have I either, for the above reasons, directly or indirectly, to Lords Clarendon or Raglan, hinted at the silence which your lordship has been pleased to preserve towards me, until the 28th of November, when I acquainted the authorities of the Foreign-office with my intention to make my representations on this, to me, distressing subject.

"I need not trouble your lordship with a recapitulation of the contents of my various identic despatches; but as the Earl of Clarendon and General Lord Raglan will be furnished with a copy of this communication, I owe it to her majesty's government and to myself to remind your lordship of communications, public and private, especially addressed to you.

"Independent of my various conversations with your lordship, before and after my visit to Lord Raglan at Varna, I invoked, in a public despatch, dated the 20th of September, your excellency's 'countenance and support' in my endeavours to save the remnant of the Kars' army from the horrors of last year.

"I forwarded, with my first packet from Kars, for your excellency's inspection, a Russian and a Turkish cavalry sabre; and having thus shown one of the principal causes of the want of efficiency of the Turkish horse at the battle of Injé-Dereh, I stated the necessity of having 5000 English light cavalry sabres as the only hope of rendering that important arm efficient for next spring. On this point I at the same time addressed a private memorandum on the necessity of allowing Baron de Schwartzburg to re-organise and drill this wretched arm of the service.

"In consequence of the great scarcity of a certain kind of ball-cartridge in the magazines of Kars, and applicable to the arms in use by

the only really efficient troops in that intrenched camp, I hoped that your lordship would excuse the great liberty I was taking, and respond to my urgent prayer for a supply to be sent to me, when I enclosed two cartridges in a despatch, telling your excellency at the same time that it was only through you, and you alone, that I could hope for a supply. I need not add that in the event of an attack during the winter this intrenched camp may owe its capture to the want of this ammunition, for none other, as I at the time explained to your lordship, will fit the muskets and rifles of their corps of *élite*, which were the only regiments which behaved well at the battle of Injé-Dereh.

"When at Kars I first heard of the intention on the part of Shukri Pasha to treat me with contempt, I added to my public despatch on that subject a private note, assuring your excellency that your promptly exerted influence could alone stop this dangerous conspiracy, or effectually sound the real intentions as regarded myself of the newly-named muschir; and I have faithfully detailed, in subsequent despatches and private letters, the insolence of Shukri and Hussein Pashas since my arrival here.

"The last report of Lieutenant Teesdale, which your lordship will receive by this messenger, proves what results the fear of that retribution, which I know they hourly expect, is working upon the minds of the pashas and colonels; for the safety of this army I trust it will not be long ere it fall upon all those officers whose names stand forth in infamous notoriety in my despatches, for theft, cowardice, or drunkenness; but, unhappily, the result I allude to by my quotation of Lieutenant Teesdale's report is merely temporary, for the consciousness of worthlessness on the part of those pashas and colonels will not render them either more brave or less thievish, and the danger to that garrison is consequently imminent.

"Under these circumstances I most respectfully, but as firmly insist, through the influence and interference of your lordship, that my reports be promptly attended to by the Turkish government; that those officers, pashas, and colonels, who have been convicted of robbery by false muster, direct thefts, and drunkenness, be dismissed, and others named in their places.

"With regard to the principal criminal, Zarif Mustafa Pasha, who, as I have stated in my despatches from Kars, might have, by his false muster-rolls and other dangerous deceptions, caused the discomfort and disgrace of any British force sent to his assistance, I leave him in the hands of the allied governments; for happily he can do no more harm here. With regard to Shukri and Hussein Pashas, if

they are not instantly recalled to Constantinople there will be very little, if any, use in my attempting to execute the difficult and onerous duties imposed upon me. And having made this appeal to your lordship in the name of her majesty's government, it is my duty to state distinctly that I shall not be able to give such intelligence to my superiors as is absolutely necessary for them to be masters of, that I shall fail to preserve the power I have (unaided) seized, and that I shall consequently not succeed in shielding the troops from starvation, without my demands be complied with. If they be not, the dissolution of this army and the fate of Asia Minor will inevitably follow, and a golden opportunity be lost."

When Colonel Williams addressed this appeal to the ambassador it was the fifty-fourth in eleven weeks, the previous fifty-three having been unanswered. The excuse offered for this subsequently by his lordship is lame and impotent. He alleged that the tardiness and illusive conduct of the Turkish government rendered it impossible for him to give such assurances of support to Colonel Williams as he required; and his lordship did not wish by writing to hold out false hopes to the gallant officer. This was the reason given for leaving more than fifty despatches unanswered. How the pasha of the embassy (as we may well call my lord) must have winced when he perused the eloquent and indignant despatch of the 8th of December from the neglected commissioner! Most of the despatches written by Colonel Williams were accompanied by private letters, affording to the ambassador such peculiar information as was unsuitable to a despatch, and the importance and urgency of which no one better understood than his excellency.

The English minister for foreign affairs became increasingly indignant at the conduct of the ambassador to the commissioner, and the despatches between these two great officials are very instructive, although too voluminous to give at length. Lord Stratford presumed to tell Lord Clarendon in a despatch, that much of what Colonel Williams had written was "superfluous and exaggerated." Lord Clarendon somewhat haughtily replied that the English government could not understand the application of these terms to the actual circumstances; that the Turkish army had been without "clothing or shoes; that the cauldrons in which their food was cooked were in such a state as to render it poisonous; that the muster-rolls exceeded greatly—often one-half—the numbers really present; and lastly, when there is reason to believe that nearly 18,000 men perished last year through the want of ordinary care and precautions, her majesty's government cannot consider that there has been any super-

fluous or exaggerated matter in the reports which have reached them during the last twelvemonths, and respecting which they have so often and ineffectually remonstrated with the Turkish government."

"General Williams was in a position of great difficulty and responsibility, surrounded by traitors and robbers, with whose occupations he was bound to interfere, and he stood in need of all the support and encouragement that her majesty's servants could afford him.

"It was my duty regularly to acknowledge the despatches of General Williams, containing a painful recital of the difficulties against which he had to contend, and it has been to me a great satisfaction to convey to that gallant officer the entire approval of her majesty's government of the energy and success with which he overcame the obstacles to improvements, some of which he found on his arrival, and others which have since been wilfully thrown in his way. Her majesty's government, therefore, cannot but regret the silence observed by your excellency towards General Williams, and they can well understand the discouragement and mortification he must have felt at receiving no acknowledgment of his fifty-four despatches, accompanied by private letters; for he looked to your excellency as his natural protector, and must have well known that the great—the deservedly great—influence of your excellency must be more powerful on the spot than any her majesty's government could exercise to save him and the Turkish army from the consequences of that corruption, ignorance, prejudice, and want of public spirit which your excellency so well describes, and the proofs of which are in every direction unfortunately but too apparent."

When the despatch of Colonel Williams to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, dated the 8th of December, arrived in London, the government gave it the most serious consideration, and the feeling produced in the English cabinet towards her majesty's ambassador at Constantinople was one of unmitigated anger. The following epistle was directed by the Earl of Clarendon to his excellency:—

MY LORD,—Brigadier-general Williams has transmitted to me a copy of the despatch which he addressed to your excellency on the 8th of December, recapitulating the various communications which he has at different times made to you on the state of the Turkish army in Asia, and of which it would seem that your excellency has not taken any notice to Brigadier-general Williams. Her majesty's government desire to receive your excellency's observations upon the despatch of General Williams, which I need hardly say has been read by them with great regret, after the anxiety they

have felt, and the remonstrances which they have in vain addressed through your excellency to the Porte, respecting the unfortunate army at Kars." "Such is the conduct of Shukri Pasha, the man just sent from Constantinople to take the command at Kars, and who, if he had not positive instructions to treat General Williams with contempt, can have had none to show him respect, although your excellency announced on the 15th of November last that he was to have the rank of *ferik* in the Turkish service. But her majesty's government will no longer endure to be trifled with, and they are determined that if the Turkish government still persist in treacherously disregarding the sultan's interests, the Turkish officers shall, at all events, not insult the queen's commissioner; and your excellency is instructed to demand the immediate dismissal of the person who gave orders that General Williams should be thus unbecomingly addressed. Your excellency will also transmit to me a copy of your application to the Turkish government for the official recognition of General Williams when he went to Kars, and of the answer which you received; and you will also demand, if you have not yet got it, a copy of the instruction that was sent by the Porte. Your excellency will understand that her majesty's government require to be furnished with a full and detailed report of everything which has passed between her majesty's embassy and the Porte respecting the army at Kars, in compliance with the instructions that so frequently, but in vain, have been addressed to your excellency."

"Foreign-office, January 6, 1855."

On the 14th of December, Lord de Redcliffe addressed the English foreign minister in a tone which showed that he began to feel some alarm as to how his neglect might affect his own reputation; yet he was desirous to make things *quiet* everywhere—except at Kars, where they might take their chance. It is almost amusing to observe how satisfied he seems with the movements of the Turkish government just then, although his want of confidence in its honour and promptitude were assigned as his reason for not replying to some fifty despatches from the seat of war! To that communication the Earl of Clarendon replied in a tone of cutting rebuke, exposing the flimsy pretences of the ambassador, whose conduct was open to the very censure he had pronounced against that of the Turkish government. We annex an extract from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's letter of the 14th of December, 1854:—

"It will be satisfactory to your lordship to know that some apparent progress is making towards an improved state of things in what regards the Turkish army at Kars. An inten-

tion had been entertained of sending Mustafa Pasha, the muschir commanding at Batoum, to take provisionally the chief command in place of Ismail Pasha, who is destined to command the army of the Danube during Omar Pasha's absence in the Crimea; but Vassif Pasha, late commander-in-chief of the Arabian *corps d'armée*, being at liberty, it is intended to employ him for that purpose. He will be instructed to attend to the advice offered to him by Colonel Williams, and he will be also empowered to remove, if necessary, Shukri and Hussein Pashas, of whom the colonel has had occasion to complain. Letters of reprimand have been already addressed to those officers, at the same time that letters of approbation have been sent to Kerim and Hafiz Pashas, founded on the request of Colonel Williams. Colonel Williams' diploma as *ferik* is in preparation."

This letter was received on the 30th of December, 1854, and on the 1st of January following Lord Clarendon thus replied:—

"MY LORD,—With reference to what your excellency reports in your despatch of the 14th of December, respecting the progress of measures for ameliorating the state of the army at Kars, I have to express to your excellency the hope of her majesty's government that Vassif Pasha is fit for the post of commander-in-chief, to which he is to be appointed, and that this has been ascertained by your lordship, as the object of her majesty's government is to obtain an efficient commander, and not simply a change of generals. As no result whatever has yet ensued from the repeated and urgent remonstrances of her majesty's government, and as the improvement, such as it is, in the army at Kars, is solely due to the exertions of General Williams, I have requested M. Musurus to convey to the Porte the dissatisfaction of her majesty's government. The rank of *ferik* is necessary for securing to General Williams the authority and respect required for the performance of his arduous duties; and in your despatch of the 15th of November, your excellency reported that your application for that rank had been acceded to by Redschid Pasha; yet your excellency writes, in your despatch of the 14th of December, that the diploma for Colonel Williams as *ferik* is in preparation; and this unfortunately shows that the wishes of her majesty's government and the interests of the sultan are alike disregarded by the Turkish ministers. Your excellency will report to me the cause of the delay in issuing this *firman*."

During all these proceedings on the part of the corrupt pashas, the conduct of the Turkish common soldiery was excellent, justifying the panegyrics passed upon them by General Wil-

liams himself when, at the close of the war, he returned to his country, and was received at public entertainments given in his honour. At the dinners given to the general by the Lord Mayor of the City of London, and by the Reform Club, portions of his speeches touching this subject were thus reported:—"Referring to the position and conduct of the Turkish troops in Kars, he [General Williams] said that better materials for an army did not exist than was to be found among the Turks. The position in which he found the troops in Kars was such that few, if any, European soldiers, would have been kept together under such depressing circumstances. They were hungry—they were penniless—their pay was three years in arrear, and the officials whose duty it was to supply them with food were wilfully and corruptly neglecting to do so. The army had no officers on whom they could rely, and they seemed when he arrived to have no hope of being able to withstand an attack from the enemy. These gallant men, starving as they were, stood in the breach for seven hours, and kept one of the finest armies of the world at bay." . . . "With regard to the Turkish forces who stood by me," continues the general, "through so many troubles and trials, it is impossible I could speak in adequate terms. But I can, and will at least do so—hold them up on every occasion that may present itself to me, as men worthy of public consideration and sympathy. I can assure you that it was not only the Turkish soldiers who stood by me at Kars, but the heroic townsmen of that place—I may almost say the children who formed the population of that town. Their misery and suffering, their abnegation you all know—but I can tell you that which you do not know. It is this—on my return by Tiflis, I met with General Mouravieff, and almost the last thing he told me was, that after he entered Kars he found no less than ten dead bodies in one house. My lords and gentlemen, these were the corpses of heroic men—men who had silently died—men who preferred the terrible end of death by starvation, rather than to come to ask me for that bread which they knew my garrison and the women and children of the town required. My gallant friend—for I shall always call General Mouravieff my gallant friend—observed that in very many houses he had found one or two dead bodies, but that in this one he had found no less than ten dead bodies."

Events to be recorded at a future page of this History are referred to in this extract, but are here anticipated as showing on the highest testimony—that of General Williams himself, given at a time when he could look back upon the whole story of Kars—what his estimate of the troops and people were whose superior

qualities were displayed from the very first, in spite of bad pashas and unfavourable fortunes.

It is necessary to a full comprehension of the disasters which had previously fallen upon the Turkish army, and the difficulties which Colonel Williams encountered in preparing it for future service, to notice the arms and discipline of the different departments of the troops. The cavalry of the Turks had for ages obtained a great reputation, but since the father of the present sultan introduced European discipline, the Moslem horsemen have lost their prestige, they have ceased to be what they were—wild riders and splendid horsemen, and have not become a well-disciplined European cavalry. They have been drilled after a variety of plans, British, French, and Prussian, without attaining an organisation after any model. Dr. Sandwith says,—“I never yet heard of their accomplishing a charge.” Some of these horsemen have a ludicrous resemblance to European hussars,—the Hungarian refugees in the sultan’s service having made sundry abortive attempts to give a semblance of that description of cavalry to the wild men of the Armenian mountains. Their horses were good, but badly fed, the officers plundering and selling the corn allowed for them. The Turkish officer has no patriotism—the connection of his feelings or sentiment with the government of Constantinople being purely fanaticism. To kill Jews and Christians, by way of execution or cowardly massacre, is the only use to which he wishes to put his sword. He will therefore steal the barley allowed to the horses of his troopers, and convert the horse-clothing to various purposes of convenience in connection with his tent, or sell it to some Jew or Armenian pedlar. The clothing of the troopers was most inappropriate. He wore no helmet, a light fez being the only protection of his skull from the unfriendly contact of Russian sabres. His garments were in tatters, what was left of them was gaudy and filthy in the extreme; on his feet were large slippers, which required more ingenuity to keep them, walking or riding, than an English trooper could put forth. The arms of this wretchedly apparelled man were in keeping with his accoutrements and horse-furniture. He had a carbine of the old flint lock order, which would not always go off, and by which no enemy was ever shot except by chance. A very short sword, of very bad workmanship, constituted his remaining weapon, which was utterly useless in opposition to the sword of a Russian dragoon, or to that of any other cavalry soldier. The mode of sitting on horseback peculiar to the Turks favoured the use of the sword, but that posture on the saddle had been put aside by the Prussian drill officers, and a stiff and formal seat was substituted, the legs being stretched ludicrously in efforts,

barely successful, to bring the feet in contact with the stirrups. Dr. Sandwith, in describing them, says, “I do not presume to enter into the military question of cavalry drill and tactics, and the necessity of reducing every detail to the necessary standard; I merely give a Yorkshireman’s opinion of the horseman I see before me, and do not hesitate to say he makes a ridiculous figure. How different is the appearance of that Bashi-bazouk dashing across the plain on his active little Kurdish mare! What perfect command he has both of horse and arms! A regiment of men well drilled to manœuvre, but retaining the seat formed from childhood, will surely answer better than this half-Prussian style. If I am not mistaken, our irregulars in India, rising daily into higher repute, are an illustration of this remark.” The Doctor afterwards adds, “I had not seen Captain Nolan’s book when I wrote these remarks in Erzerum, about Christmas, 1854.”

The infantry were rather better equipped and better armed than the cavalry, but the advantage thus possessed was small. The clothing was of coarser cloth than that allowed to the cavalry, but seemed to wear better. They were armed with the old “brown Bess,” once so dear to the British soldier. Dr. Sandwith describes them as low in stature, but broad-chested, and the calf of the leg better developed than he had ever seen with British soldiers. It is very doubtful whether any Asiatic soldier could exceed in this respect the recruits brought to the British army from the Highlands of Scotland and the west of Ireland. There was among the infantry an élite corps, called *shishanajis*, these were armed with the French *carabines-à-tiges*. They were recruited from the Zebeks, a race inhabiting a mountain district south of Smyrna, who are habituated from early youth to the use of the rifle. They were formidable marksmen, vigilant, brave, hardy, and active. The Turkish infantry are drilled on the French system.

The artillery was brought to great perfection under Ibrahim Bey, a Prussian officer, and a Turkish officer named Tahir Pasha, who had been educated at Woolwich. These men had set an example of skill and bravery in the combats and battles of the campaigns of 1854, which checked the progress of disaster.

The general organisation of the army was the worst possible. The muschir, although chief in command, seldom took upon him any responsibility or originated any orders without bringing together his feriks, or lieutenant-generals. While sitting together, smoking and sipping coffee for many hours, or perhaps engaged in a very much worse manner, they discussed military projects, and the plan of a battle or a campaign; the decisions were, in

one respect, not unlike those of most councils of war—resolutions to do nothing were generally passed unanimously. All were bound to keep secret the subjects of conversation in the council, but before the morning dawned all that passed was in possession of the Russian spies. A chef-d'état major and a considerable staff was in theory an important part of the military system in the field, but in practice very little attention was paid to it. Guyon held this post until driven away by persecution; he had no foreign cabinet to interpose on his behalf. Colonel Thorn exaggerated in no degree the merits of this glorious man when he said that, "had he the command of the army not a Russian would have retained a foot of land even in Georgia." Guyon's superior staff were foreigners—Hungarians, Poles, and Italians; his junior staff were educated young Turks from the military school at Constantinople. Against these the animosity of the muschir and his feriks, and the colonels of regiments, was especially directed. The simple circumstance of their being well educated, and pretending to some knowledge of the military art, was sufficient to excite the envy and malice of the whole tribe of ignorant pashas and beys. This may be easily conceived from what happens in the British army. The educated officers are notoriously not popular. It is no recommendation in a gentlemanly corps to have been at Sandhurst or in a French military college. Ignorance, especially if associated with rank, hates talent, even when its possessors are made to subserve the selfish ends of those who hate it.

For nearly two months before Colonel Williams' arrival the troops had gone through no exercises of any kind, and, as an army, were utterly unfit to take the field. Exception should be made in favour of a small body of cavalry, which, under the gallant and able Hungarian, Kmety, kept the outposts. The general position of the army, strategically considered, was good. Its left flank rested for support on Batoum, from whence supplies of men, provisions, and munitions, could at any time, before the depth of winter, have easily been sent. Kars was the centre, and thence to Trebizond was only eleven days' journey for convoys. Bayazid, Kaghisman, Toprak-Kaleh, are within easy and secure distances for military operations from Kars. The right flank of the army extended towards Bayazid, but was not so well supported as the left. So deficient were the command, organisation, transport, and commissariat of the army, that any movement of an offensive kind, even with such an advantageous base of operations, would have exposed it to destruction. Dr. Sandwith quaintly observes, "the only organisation complete was that of peculation." The

main difficulty of an external nature was the faithlessness of the races inhabiting the country all around. The Armenians were so subjected to robbery, murder, and every species of oppression, from the Bashi-bazouks, that they would welcome the Russian, or any other Christian rule, instead of the Mohammedan. Long oppression had made the whole nation cowards, or they would have risen against the Turks in arms, and seriously aggravated the miseries endured. It is a curious fact that the Georgians, who are of the Greek religion, are far less attached to the Russians than are the Turkish Armenians. Perhaps this is to be explained by the circumstance that the Georgians have already tested Muscovite rule, while the Armenians have not as yet tried it; for the inhabitants of Russian Armenia are less Armenian in religion, and have on the whole been favoured by Russian policy. The Kurds, although Mussulmen, were not loyal—robbers at heart, they would serve any standard under which might be found the best hopes of plunder. Many of the irregular cavalry of Russia were Mohammedans, and subjects of the Porte. At the beginning of the winter of 1854, the czar had more Turkish subjects in his irregular cavalry than the sultan himself. The disposition of the Georgians in favour of the sultan did not last long, for the frequent forays of the Bashi-bazouks into their borders, were attended by such atrocities as altered the feeling of the people towards the contending powers,—they decided that Russia was, of the two, the less ruthless master. During these raids the Bashi-bazouks were encouraged by certain pashas, to bring the heads of as many Giaours as they could decapitate, and they should receive a proportionate reward. Men, women, and children, were murdered in cold blood—many young virgins were selected for the caprices of their captors, or were sold as slaves. Among these were beautiful and educated women (for the women in Georgia are better educated than the men), torn from their happy homes, and treated by these Turkish robbers with a barbarity no pen could describe. Such was the state of matters when Colonel Williams, accompanied by Lieutenant Teesdale, and Dr. Sandwith, the whole of his staff at that time, arrived at Kars.

The Doctor is a native of Yorkshire, a medical man of some professional reputation, and a scholar. He is of a scientific turn of mind, and also possesses much natural aptitude for military things. He is the author of an excellent work on the subject of the war in Asia. Lieutenant Teesdale was born in 1833, at Grahamstown, in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, where his father, Colonel Teesdale of the Royal Artillery, was then quartered. Young Teesdale entered the Royal Military

Academy in 1848, and in 1851 received his commission in the Royal Artillery, to which branch of the service especially, and to the army generally, he is an ornament. At the conclusion of the war he had risen to the rank of major in the British service, and was, while serving in the army at Kars during the last campaign, lieutenant-colonel by courtesy, holding that local rank.

Another name rendered memorable by association with Kars, is that of Mr. Churchill. He is a native of Pera, was educated at Paris, accompanied Colonel Williams when sent out some years ago to adjust the Turco-Persian boundary, and finally acted as his secretary during the momentous events with which he was lately connected.

It is an important element in forming a judgment upon the conduct of the Turkish generals, and the British commissioner respectively, to take into account the winter climate of Armenia. About the middle of November the sky, generally clear and frosty for six weeks before, becomes piled with clouds, which, after a time, break in snow gusts upon the whole country. The severity of the winter becomes more and more intense, until, about Christmas, it reaches its full force. Dr. Sandwith, who spent that period in 1854 at Erzerum, writes, "About Christmas the snow falls in immense quantities, and from time to time 'tepehs,' or snow-storms occur, burying whole caravans which have been venturesome enough to brave the weather. These blinding snow-storms often overtake the poor peasant, as he passes from one village to another, in which case he is found cold and stiff the next morning, perhaps buried in a snow-drift a few yards from his own door." As winter advanced, the preparations made for the ensuing campaigns were all conducted on the principle of robbing the soldiery and the people. The pashas had correspondents at Constantinople, who were themselves pashas or other officials, or perhaps contractors, and

regular plans for plunder were concocted, and acted upon, reducing the sources of supply in the territories of the sultan, disgusting the people, neglecting the troops, and exposing the country to all the chances of inadequate preparation for a campaign in the ensuing spring. Such is a true, and as ample an account as our space affords, of the condition of affairs during the last autumn months of 1854, and the closing months of that year.

During the negotiations in Europe, and while the closer alliance of the Western powers was forming with Austria, the prospects of a peace at that juncture were viewed very jealously by all persons acquainted with Asia, in consequence of the disasters which had befallen the Turkish arms there. In our East Indian territories such considerations had great weight, as it was there generally believed that all Central Asia would be influenced by the defeats which had been inflicted by the armies of Russia in Asia Minor. The feeling entertained in India, and the reasoning of men cognisant of oriental affairs and of British interests in those regions, were thus represented by the *Madras Athenæum*:—"No peace with Russia can at present satisfy English interests; the ascendancy gained by that power in Asia Minor lays British influence in Persia and Central Asia prostrate for many years to come. The best diplomacy is that which an army in Armenia could carry on. Let the sound of English cannon be heard on the confines of Persia, or the English flag be seen floating in Tiflis, and then a peace on almost any terms would retrieve the influence of England in the Eastern world, and put all machinations against her Indian empire out of the thoughts of all men. If we have a peace now, every one, great and small, from St. Petersburg to Bokhara, that meddles with politics, will meditate insult or aggression. The vulnerability of England in the East will be an accepted opinion in the Asiatic nations."

CHAPTER LVI.

HOME EVENTS AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1854.

"It will be the country which will urge forward the ministers to spare no pains, to omit no exertion, to make every sacrifice and every effort, for the purpose of securing a just and honourable peace, in consequence of a successful and vigorously prosecuted war."—THE EARL OF DERBY in the *House of Peers*, Dec. 1854.

WHILE the army battled and suffered before Sebastopol, and numbers perished in the infected corridors of the Scutari hospitals,—while intrigue worked its tortuous course at Vienna, and procrastination characterised the proceedings of the tardy diplomatists,—while the czar was publishing manifestoes, and recruiting his armies by conscription and his treasury by

new imposts—the hearts of men in Western Europe were thrilled with the tidings which were daily borne upon the wings of the press throughout their cities and centres of civilisation. A December session, so unusual in English parliamentary sittings, was summoned by her Britannic majesty. The English government was alarmed at the growing discontent in

every part of the country with the way in which the war was managed, and they were therefore desirous to shelter themselves under the protecting ægis of the senate, but they were also solicitous to obtain its support in matters constitutionally requiring parliamentary sanction. The queen's speech was neither better nor worse than such political documents usually are, and the topics referred to in it were only noticed so far as was necessary to bring out the party tactics of the political combatants of the house. On the 12th her majesty opened parliament in person, and the government was immediately put upon its defence by the opposition, for the way in which the war had been conducted. The Earl of Derby, in his brilliant invective, charged the government with a total want of foresight, disqualifying its members for the offices which they filled, and blaming them for all the disasters which attended the occupation of Roumelia and Bulgaria, and the campaigns in the Crimea. The fierce political assaults of the eloquent leader of the opposition in the lords, evoked from the Duke of Newcastle more open statements and admissions than were deemed politic by his party, or just to his colleagues and himself. The noble duke admitted that the government were not possessed of the experience required for the emergency, but expressed such readiness to profit by past misadventures and shortcomings, and with such an air of ingenuousness, as produced a personal feeling in the house favourable to the honesty of the government, which was supposed to be on the whole the most able which the state of parties would allow of being formed. The statements of his grace were also calculated to remove various impressions among the general public which were prejudicial to the government. It was thought by most men that the policy of the Western powers was not so identical as had at first been supposed; the duke protested that both before and since war had been declared, the imperial policy and that of her Britannic majesty had been in complete unison.

The Earl of Derby charged the government with vacillation as to the Crimean expedition, and as having entered upon the war with no fixed plan of procedure. To this the minister replied as follows:—"The noble earl represented that it was only after the siege of Silistria was raised that we contemplated the invasion of the Crimea, and in support of that statement he quoted passages from speeches made by the noble lord the president of the council, and his noble friend near him (Earl Granville). Now, let me inform the noble earl that he is in error in the whole of that statement. From the very first the invasion of the Crimea was contemplated, and I only wish that it were consistent with my duty to lay

before your lordships the despatches between Lord Raglan and myself with reference to the conduct of this war. My lords, I say at once that by me certainly no blame whatever shall be cast upon any portion of that army. I believe that no blame belongs to them; and certainly I am not the man to blame them. But, my lords, if the noble earl means to say that, because no blame attaches to the army, blame, therefore, does attach to the government, will he be good enough to look at the facts of the case, and, having studied them, then pronounce an opinion? With the greatest energy and activity Sir E. Lyons, Sir G. Brown, and others, were employed for nearly a month in obtaining those materials and planning those operations the neglect of which might have occasioned the embarking and disembarking of the troops to be attended with very different results from those which took place. By far the most serious cause of delay, however, was the breaking out of cholera in the camp. As regards the deficiency of preparations which the noble earl charges against the government, I really do not know to what the noble earl refers, unless it be, as he specified, the paucity of men. I can only say, that those preparations were not only immense, but minute. My lords, that body of nearly 60,000 men landed at once on the shores of the Crimea, and I believe that the records of history do not show any undertaking upon such a scale so successfully accomplished throughout. Look at the great military power of Austria. What have they been doing during the last four or five months? Were they in an effective state to take the field at the time when war was declared by this country? Certainly not; and if they had been obliged, as we were, to send a force into the field, is it not notorious that they would have been obliged to send one much more inadequate and much less fitted for the service in view than they will now be enabled to do? My lords, if that is the case with great military nations—nations whose whole military system is based upon conscription—what must it be with a country whose military system rests entirely upon voluntary enlistment? My lords, the siege of Sebastopol commenced, and, after a considerable amount of necessary preparations, upon the 17th of October, and it soon afterwards became apparent, from the intelligence which reached this country, that that siege was likely to be more protracted than I readily admit the government at first expected. I say I readily admit—if that be any blame to the government—that we did hope and believe that long before the time at which we are now assembled that fortress would have fallen; and if we erred in that expectation—if we were over confident, I believe that we erred in common with many men of great experience in war, and men

whose opinions were well worth having—we erred in our confidence in common with the public at large, both in this country and in France. We did not expect that an army could be moved from Odessa to Sebastopol with the marvellous rapidity with which that movement was effected; and, probably, some of your lordships will be surprised to hear that, through the extraordinary efforts of the Russian government, through the means they were able to command of an unlimited number of cars and cattle, that march was effected at such a rapid rate, that on one day a march of forty-two miles was actually effected. Now, I may be imprudent in making these confessions, but I wish to deal frankly with your lordships.”

This was the defence of the government, made by the highest authority—the war-minister himself; and, however well received by the peers, it was regarded by the country as proving his incompetency, and that of the government of which he was so prominent a member, to deal with matters requiring urgency, energy, foresight, and acquaintance with military detail.

In the House of Commons Mr. Sidney Herbert assumed a bold and defiant tone, admitting no errors, and betraying a self-sufficiency that ill comported with the practical impotency which had been displayed by his colleagues and himself. The reply of Mr. Layard, who had the advantage of having been an eye-witness of many events in the Crimea, told with withering force against the pragmatical secretary. The description given by the former, of the source of all the indecision of the government, was so obviously the true one, that it took hold of the public mind, and produced an effect unfavourable to coalition ministries, however well versed their members in government routine:—“Mr. Layard said he never addressed the house with a more painful sense of responsibility than he did on that occasion, and that sense of responsibility was increased by the speech which they had just heard from the Right Hon. the Secretary for War. He could not conceal, that, after what had passed, he did not feel that confidence in her majesty’s government which he wished he could say he did feel. He did not say that after all they may not have embarked in a policy worthy of this nation. On that he had not now to touch. But if he could see that the calamities which we had suffered were the result of inexperience, and that in the future they might hope for better things, he should still place confidence in her majesty’s government. Instead of that, however, he believed that those calamities were solely to be attributed to the want of a definite policy. He believed, moreover, that it was impossible for a government composed as the present government was,

to have a definite policy. How could a definite policy be expected from a cabinet which included representatives of all the political parties in Europe, from a minister who represented the holy alliance down to another who represented the extremest state of liberal opinion in this country. From a cabinet so composed, it was inevitable that they should have a half-and-half policy, for the members of it must meet one another half-way and propose half measures, or they could not otherwise act together. That might answer very well in ordinary matters, but on a great question like that, they could not have half-and-half measures, and a half-and-half policy would not do. Last session, he (Mr. Layard) had attempted to warn the country of the dangers and calamities to which they were hurrying, but the same appeal was made to him, and which had been again made that evening by the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Sidney Herbert), namely, that the appearance of dissension on that question should be avoided, and that they should show themselves to be a united people. Was that a position for the government of a great nation? Was that government to govern merely when a pressure was exerted on it from without, and at the last moment? If so, any twelve men they could pick up between Westminster Hall and Charing-Cross would be equally as capable of governing. Before proceeding further, he begged it to be distinctly understood, that although he felt it his duty to attack the government upon this great question, it was upon that question alone, and that on all others he was faithful to those great principles on which he had been elected to that house. They were told that in attacking the acts of her majesty’s government upon this question they were, at the same time, imputing blame to our allies, the French, and might give them offence. Now, so far was it from being the case that the French were implicated in the mismanagement of our government, that, on the contrary, the French had taken the initiative in every act that was sound and straightforward, and we were compelled to follow them.”

On the whole, the opening debates were rather in favour of the government, so far as the feeling of parliament was concerned; but the effect upon the country was detrimental to the ministry, public confidence never afterwards rallied, and the foundation was laid in the opinion of the people for the popular discontent which at last rose in its might, and overwhelmed the cabinet.

The public interest was much excited by the passing of votes of thanks to the allied armies and navies for their heroism and endurance in the campaign of 1854. These votes were proposed on the 15th of December. In the House

of Lords the performance of this agreeable task devolved upon the Duke of Newcastle. The objects of the public gratitude upon the occasion were comprised in various distinct classes—the general officers and regimental officers of the army, and the army at large, the navy, the medical staff of both services, and the army and navy of our ally. In the Commons, Lord John Russell proposed a similar vote, but in a speech inconceivably superior to that of the noble duke in the Lords. The following neat compliment to the common soldiers is probably one of the best conceived ever paid to their undoubted merits:—"And now, Sir, I will proceed to notice that expedition and those contests in which the best blood of this country has been shed; and when I say the best blood of this country, I by no means intend to refer to any particular rank, military or social; for I feel that among the best blood of this country is the blood of those sons of labour who, having entered the military profession, have devoted their whole hearts to their duties—men who have stood in the field of battle without the hope or expectation of being distinguished by those rewards by which men in higher stations are often swayed, but who have performed their duty nobly, reckless even of their lives, at the same time with a feeling of religious obligation that all must admire. For while they have endured with the greatest firmness the assaults of their enemies, they have shrunk with the utmost avoidance from committing the slightest outrage upon any one. I am confident that these children of the peasantry of England are of no less worth in blood and courage than the sons of the highest and the noblest of the land."

The thanks of the House of Lords to the army and navy, and to the French army and navy, was proposed by the Duke of Newcastle on the 15th of December. His panegyric of Lord Raglan, the British commander-in-chief, was that of a thorough partisan. To judge from the speech of his grace, Lord Raglan might be considered the saviour of the army, and the man by whom the greatest deeds were accomplished—whereas never did a commander personally do less for an army by vigour, ingenuity, or the qualities requisite for a great command. He had the power to overrule and control all departments, but he left them to their own miserable incompleteness and incompetency. Long after the date to which we refer, and when the war itself had terminated, the following caustic but just remarks were written in "the leading journal:"—"What, then, are we to say of our late commander-in-chief, as his acts are chronicled in the reports and evidence derived from two commissions?

"Brave with an antique bravery, of most courteous manners, and, to those of his own class,

cordial and kind, he naturally has the warm sympathies of a circle who can see no defects in him. But the nation has to judge of men by the results of their actions. Let the private friends of Lord Raglan cherish his memory, and seek to communicate their enthusiasm to their countrymen. But if the country remains incredulous they must not be surprised. We do not make heroes of good men or polite men, but of those who do great actions and advance a great cause. Now, how stands the case with Lord Raglan? He had been for forty years supreme at the Horse Guards; he knew, if any one might be supposed to know, the British army, with all its merits and defects, its personal bravery, the shortcomings of its commissariat, transport, and medical systems. He was, in fact, at the head of the very department which broke down most egregiously. He had been often abroad, and had enjoyed in France opportunities of seeing the details of a great military organisation; yet, under his guidance the British army—literally the British army, for we had no reserve—was blindly led to destruction, from which only the outburst of popular feeling preserved it. For five months was this army in Turkey before it embarked for the Crimea; not a few of the deficiencies began to be felt even before it moved from Gallipoli to Varna; yet, though endowed with unlimited power, though not only requested, but even abjured, by the government to remedy every defect with a strong hand, the commander-in-chief saw nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing, until the deluge of disaster was upon his devoted troops. In all these inquiries his name hardly appears. The government of the army seems to have been a commonwealth of independent generals and heads of departments. What a quartermaster-general did in Dublin or Quebec, that he felt necessary to do in the Crimea; he did nothing more, it was not in his department, and no higher power interfered. The commissariat could not transport provisions for want of ships and horses; they made requisitions that were not complied with, men perished by hundreds, and we see no help come from head-quarters. Napoleon and Wellington dictated the minutest details of organisation, but all by which wars are made successful—feeding, clothing, transport, shelter—were in this British army abandoned to the fortuitous agreement of some half-dozen departments, each of which, as far as we can see, was carrying on a war of recrimination and provocation with the other."

His Grace of Newcastle took the opportunity of lauding Lord Raglan's staff as unwisely as he heaped eulogy upon the chief himself. Some of these officers certainly deserved no thanks from their country—unless the disasters they caused, and the mismanagement which

they either occasioned or could not control, are titles to a nation's gratitude. Foremost amongst the staff-officers of the army was Sir Richard Airey. The authority last quoted thus notices his claims to renown:—"Sir Richard Airey, too, who will not go one inch beyond the strict limits of his duties as understood on a home station in time of profound peace—had he no means of becoming acquainted with the army's real wants, and the necessity of some breadth of view, and some increased exertion to meet a great crisis? We have him pleading, and pleading successfully, that he is not responsible for anything more than the making of requisitions for what is necessary—a duty which we should think any subaltern in the army might equally perform. We have him exonerating himself by stating that the rugs were half cotton, the coats too small, the boots unfit for wear, the palliasses useless for want of stuffing. We have him sending for tents and huts two months after the landing in the Crimea, because he had no reason to believe they would be wanted before. If he had come from India or the Cape to his post about the time of the battle of the Alma there might be some reasonableness in this defence. But what must we say when it is remembered that this man had been military secretary to the commander-in-chief up to the very day of sailing, must have been aware of the exact state of the army, a confidant of all the doubts, fears, surmises, and anticipations on the subject of the expedition; that he must have known well the terrible suspense of the two governments, the importance they attached to a decisive campaign, the dreadful consequences of any sluggishness or irresolution at such an hour? Yet he and his subordinate, knowing all this, are content with such a perfunctory discharge of their barest duties, that if they had been the agents of a shipowner or a purveyor they would have been dismissed as not taking care of their employer's interests."

On various other officers of the staff "the thunderer" launched his bolts in similar terms, summing up his estimate of their claims upon their country generally in these words:—"They will wear their orders, and their rank and titles, won amid so much desolation, will be blazoned in the face of the world, for of that courage which boldly faces shame they have no lack. But from the verdict of history they cannot escape. They may well hope that obscurity will cover their names, and they may not share the immortality of Mack and White-locke."

These censures are quoted because they convey the actual state of public opinion in England at the time when the Duke of Newcastle so bombastically lauded his friends, to whom he and his colleagues had so unworthily com-

mitted the conduct of a great expedition. His grace did justice to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers in his oration; but he was evidently more at home in expending his eloquence upon Lord Raglan and his satellites. Although this speech was coldly received by the country, it met with great favour in the House of Lords, and some passages of it were perused with warm approbation out of doors. One passage, in which he offered a grateful tribute to the fallen brave, met with a hearty response from both the house and the country; it was one of the duke's happiest oratorical efforts—chaste, unpretending, and full of simple pathos:—"We are called upon to vote thanks to the men who have served their country, but I regret to say that a large body of those who left this country, high in expectation and confident of success, are not now within the reach of our mortal thanks. Their names are not in the list which I am about to submit to your lordships, but I am confident that they are not forgotten. With all our triumphs sorrow is inevitably mingled, and, when I look round upon your lordships at this moment, I see that there are some who bear the outward semblance of that grief which preys upon their inmost hearts for the losses they have sustained. I think, then, your lordships will not deem it unbecoming if, upon this occasion, departing from the dry rule of precedent, we should express our regret at the loss of those noble men, and our condolence with their relatives. I propose merely to ask your lordships so to do. I shall not in that resolution include any names, but it is impossible not to recollect the name of one whom, perhaps above all others, the country most deeply mourns. My lords, I had the happiness to become acquainted with that gallant and noble man, Sir G. Cathcart, by official communications before I ever saw him personally; and from the official communications which I held with him for a year and a half, while he was governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I must say that I never was more struck with the ability, the honour, and the devotedness of any man. In common with the rest of those who were acquainted with him, I confidently looked forward to the time when he would take a position in the British army of the highest value to the country, and to that sovereign who, as much as any one of us, regrets his death. He and his companions sleep on the green hills of a foreign coast, but I am confident their names will live for ever, not unhonoured, in the sad and grateful memory of the people, as well as in the military records of this country." The motion was seconded by the leader of the opposition peers, the Earl of Derby, and carried by acclamation.

In the Commons, Lord John Russell, as the ministerial leader in that house, proposed a

similar vote in one of the ablest speeches ever addressed by his lordship to that assembly, frequently as it has been his privilege and honourably to address it. Lord John's encomiums on Lord Raglan were more judicious than those of his colleague in the other house, but not less decided. Had the gallant chief conquered all Southern Russia, his military skill and brilliant conceptions having chiefly led to such results, Lord John could hardly have presented him to the country as more an object of public admiration. In his speech the noble commoner estimated the Russian army at Inkerman as 80,000 men, and attributed their "robustious coming on," as the great dramatist would call it, to the fact of their being newly-arrived troops, who had not previously encountered the British, and would not have the fear of them with which the Russians who fought at the Alma were said to have been filled. His lordship computed the Russian loss to have been 20,000 men. The leader of "her majesty's opposition" seconded Lord John's proposal, which was carried with unanimity and enthusiasm.

It was very acceptable to the army in the Crimea thus to be remembered and honoured; and the cold bivouac was cheered weeks afterwards there by the recital of the brave words of Lord John Russell, and the acclaim of the senate of England. The effect upon the French government was also gratifying, when Lord Cowley, the British ambassador to the court of Napoleon, formally communicated the votes of the British houses of legislature to the French minister of foreign affairs in the following terms:—

Paris, Dec. 17.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—Never did a more pleasing or flattering duty devolve on me than that which I now fulfil in transmitting to your excellency the minutes of the sitting of the British parliament of the 15th of this month, in which both houses resolved unanimously to offer their thanks to the French army and navy for the cordial co-operation and assistance which they have given to the naval and military forces of the queen in their combined operations.

In conformity with the usages and rules of parliament, Field-marshal Lord Raglan and Vice-admiral Dundas will be charged to convey to General Canrobert and to Admiral Hamelin the thanks of the two houses, but I am at the same time instructed to make known to the emperor and to his government in what high esteem the British parliament hold the conduct of the French army and navy, as also the great satisfaction with which the government of the queen has seen the national legislature unite with so much cordiality in the sentiments which it itself professes for the imperial army and navy.

In begging your excellency to be the medium of this communication, I am, &c.,

COWLEY.

The first notice the people of England had of the reception which this act of courtesy and alliance met with in France was from the columns of the *Moniteur*, the organ of the imperial government:—"The whole of France will be deeply moved by the thanks which England has just voted by acclamation to

General Canrobert and our army, and to Admiral Hamelin and our navy, for their valiant co-operation and their cordial assistance in the war in the East. To this solemn manifestation, hitherto without example, of the sentiments of a great people towards its faithful ally, France has already replied by its admiration at the brilliant valour of the English fleet and army. She has warmly applauded the eulogiums which our generals-in-chief, after the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, bestowed upon the intrepidity of Lord Raglan and his troops. The two nations, like the two armies, have done each other the most frank and the most cordial justice. While their soldiers and their sailors struggle with courage and devotion, the two nations appear to rival each other in generosity, in order to accord each to the other the most brilliant share of the glory acquired by both in common. Nothing is better calculated to draw closer their alliance than the exchange of these noble sentiments. Nothing can tend more to enlist the sympathies and the assistance of all civilised nations, and hasten the definitive triumph of the holy cause which they defend."

A more formal, if not more official notice, speedily followed. The English minister for foreign affairs received from Lord Cowley a letter addressed to him by the French foreign minister, in the name of his imperial master, in acknowledgment of the courtesy of the English legislature:—

M. L'AMBAassadeUR,—I have had the honour to receive the letter by which your excellency was good enough to communicate to me the text of the identical resolutions adopted by the two chambers of the British parliament in their session of the 19th inst.

The thanks voted to our army and to our fleet, as well as to their commanders, could not but deeply affect the government of the emperor. The thoughts of his imperial majesty are directed with unceasing solicitude to the scene of the contest in which the allied armies are engaged; it is, therefore, with the utmost satisfaction that he observes the esteem which the soldiers of the two countries mutually entertain for each other increased by the courage and perseverance which they display in the service of one and the same cause. The government of the emperor especially congratulates itself at perceiving in the vote of the parliament an evidence of the intimate union which, connecting together the policy of France and England, blends also in one and the same expression the encomiums to which glorious efforts and toilsome labours so justly entitle the two armies and the two fleets which the two countries have sent to share the same perils and the same fatigues.

Receive, &c.,

DROUYN DE LHUYS.

These communications gave rise to warm discussions in France, according to the political hue of the party whose opinion was conveyed. The *Union*, the organ of the Legitimists, took no notice at all of this mutual exchange of compliments. The *Nationale*, the organ of the Fusionists—the party of united Bourbonists, representing those of the older and younger branches, who were willing to merge their dif-

ferences, in order the more effectually to prevent a Buonapartist dynasty—expressed an unmitigated hatred of England, averring that if she were left alone in the conflict against Russia, its sympathies and those of its party would be with the czar. England never had an enemy more mean, pertinacious, and ungrateful than Louis Philippe, and the whole house of Orleans partakes of the dislike. The great Napoleon often desired alliance with England, to which the unrelenting animosity to him of the English court, aristocracy, and nation, would not listen. The present Napoleon is but carrying out the policy of his great uncle in seeking an English alliance. It is not matter of surprise that the Orleanist and Fusionist *Nationale* should desire that the English had been unaided at Inkerman, and had perished. The *Moniteur* and the other court organs paid the most extravagant compliments to the English government, legislature, army, and navy. But the most sensible, sincere, and hearty expressions of sympathy and goodwill came from unexpected quarters—the republican and popular journals. The *Siccle* represented most intellectually those classes; and the following noble tribute of admiration to our country graced its columns:—"The spectacle which England now presents will, we think, remain in history as a lesson full of force and authority for the conduct of states. Look at that country which has been said to be only one of shopkeepers; it enjoys liberty, and that liberty which has made it so great as a commercial nation has the privilege of suddenly rendering it as heroic and chivalrous as a ballad of the old clans. It would appear that the heart of every Englishman has only one wish, and that an ardent one—victory—complete victory. The war-cry of the Greys and Enniskillens comes forth from every breast. The journals are no longer simple daily papers, recording the events of the morning or the evening; the writers have become poets. Their descriptions of battle smell of more than powder: they breathe forth the most undaunted patriotism; they are almost as overpowering as the charges of Scarlett and of Lord Cardigan. It may be comprehended in reading them that it is not only the English government that makes war—it is the nation; artisans, manufacturers, great lords, and princes—all are engaged in the same intoxication of combats. The hurrah for old England nowhere meets a dissentient voice. Even the Stock Exchange of London—that famous speculative Bourse—appears to think, at the hour of quoting its consols, of the number of millions of rentes fighting at the head of the English troops in the Crimea. It hails with a rise the devotedness of those great lords, who quit their estates, their luxury, their castles, and their clubs to maintain intact

the fortune and the star of Great Britain, and who wish that the aristocracy should remain in the illustration of death and sacrifice. There is not a dissentient voice. Numerous and brave men have been lost, and not a complaint is heard! Are reinforcements, fresh vessels, fresh troops, and fresh supplies of money wanted? The English government is told to take them. It is not the taxpayer who gives them with regret; it is England who offers them with her whole heart. England is pledged; she must triumph. *Salus populi suprema lex.* What strength this unanimity gives to a government! Instead of having to stimulate it has only to direct and moderate. For it there is no uneasiness for the future; in presence of public opinion so powerful and so enthusiastic the parliamentary powers cannot but second with all their force and all their votes the submission of the government to the wishes of the country. We have said that this country is free. When it decided for war it took its decision with a full knowledge of its situation and of its resources. It replied in the affirmative when the first sacrifices were in contemplation, and it cannot use a negative when the last shall be asked for. If by chance some criticising and grumbling voices, as there must be in all *régimes* of liberty, should demand accounts, would not public opinion soon bring the accused towards the Capitol? Is it not the free will of England which ferments in every mind, which inflames every one's courage, and which raises so high the great hurrah of battle that the shrill noise of the spinning-jennies and the loud roar of the steam-engines are but as silence compared to it? And then for the brave men who fall one against five what a consolation there is! For those who fight what a support there is in this fervent public opinion, the echo of which reaches as far as them! In what dignified language it speaks of their heroism; to what sublimity it rises in celebrating their courage; what a pedestal it erects for their devotedness. A man can die with joy when so honoured. More than once we also, the organs of opinion in France, we could have wished to follow our soldiers on the fields of battle, to live on the glory which they acquired, and to identify ourselves by the grandeur and the poetry of our homage with all our efforts. They do not do less than the English; they strike and die like them, and like them they excite admiration; but why not avow it? why should they be less celebrated? The French press has not the warm accents, the acclamations of which resound on the other side of the channel; the phrases of our writers have not the sacred flame which illumines the columns of our English contemporaries. The heart of the English nation burns with a pure and holy patriotism—such a people cannot but

conquer. They are worthy allies of France, appreciating the bravery of our troops; while their only rivalry is in generosity and gallantry. The esteem of such a nation must be appreciated by France."

The highest acknowledgment of the thanks of the English legislative houses proceeded from the emperor himself, who, in opening the legislative session of the 26th of December, referred to the circumstance. His speech gives a faithful picture of the condition and feeling of France at this juncture. Imperial and royal speeches are not always true indices of the country to which they refer—so many motives of policy exist for presenting an unfaithful picture, that these documents seldom receive much credence. From a vast variety of material now before the author of these pages, he can pronounce this address of the French emperor as presenting the real state of affairs in France, and the spirit of the imperial policy:—

"Gentlemen, Senators, and Deputies,—Since your last meeting great events have happened. The appeal which I made to the country to provide for the expenses of the war was so well responded to, that the result even exceeds my hopes. Our arms have been victorious in the Baltic as well as in the Black Sea. Two great battles have shed lustre on our flag. Striking testimony has been afforded of the intimacy of our connection with England. The parliament has voted thanks to our generals and our soldiers. A great empire made young again by the chivalrous sentiments of its sovereign, has detached itself from the power which for forty years threatened the independence of Europe. The Emperor of Austria has concluded a treaty, defensive now, to be offensive, perhaps, soon, which unites his cause to that of France and England. Thus, gentlemen, the longer the war is prolonged, the more does the number of our allies augment, and the more closely are drawn the ties already formed. What ties, indeed, can be more binding than the names of the victories belonging to the two armies, and recalling a glory in common—when the same uneasiness and the same hope agitate the two countries, and when the same intentions animate the two governments upon every point of the globe? Thus the alliance with England is not the effect of a fleeting interest, or a policy of circumstances; it is the union of two powerful nations, associated together to obtain the triumph of a cause, in which for more than a century were involved their greatness, the interests of civilisation, and at the same time the liberty of Europe. Join with me, then, upon this solemn occasion, in thanking, in the name of France, the parliament for its cordial

and hearty demonstration, and the English army and its worthy chief for their valiant co-operation. Next year, should not peace be then re-established, I hope to have the same thanks to address to Austria, and to that Germany whose union and prosperity we desire. I am happy to pay a just tribute of eulogium to the army and the fleet, which, by their devotion and their discipline have, in France, as well as in Algeria, in the north as well as in the south, worthily fulfilled my expectations. The army in the East has, up to this time, suffered everything and overcome everything: epidemy, incendiarism, tempests, and privations—a town unceasingly provisioned, defended by formidable artillery by sea and land—two enemies' armies superior in number—nothing could weaken its courage or arrest its ardour. Every one has nobly done his duty, from the marshal who appeared to compel death to wait until he had conquered, down to the soldier and the sailor, whose last cry in expiring was an aspiration for France, an acclamation for the chosen of the country. Let us, then, declare it together, the army and the fleet have merited well of their country. War, it is true, entails cruel sacrifices; nevertheless, everything enjoins me to prosecute it with vigour; and for this purpose I reckon upon your co-operation. The army is now composed of 581,000 soldiers and 113,000 horses; the navy of 62,000 sailors afloat. To keep up this force is indispensable. Therefore, to fill up the vacancies occasioned by annual retirements and by the war, I ask you, the same as last year, for a levy of 140,000 men. A law will be presented to you, having for its object to ameliorate, without augmenting, the burden of the treasury; the position of the soldiers who re-engage will lead to great advantages, to increase the number of old soldiers in the army, and to allow hereafter a diminution of the burdens of the conscription. This law, I hope, will soon receive your approval. I shall ask your authority to raise a fresh national loan. No doubt, this measure will increase the public debt. Nevertheless, let us not forget that, by the conversion of the stock, the interest of that debt has been reduced twenty-five millions and a-half. My efforts have been directed to the object of limiting the expenses to the receipts; and the ordinary budget, which will be presented to you, will show that both are balanced. The resources from the loan will be solely applied to meet the exigencies of the war. You will see with pleasure that our revenues have not diminished. Industrial activity is maintained. All the great works of public utility are proceeding, and Providence has been pleased to give us a harvest which satisfies our wants. The government nevertheless, does not close its

eyes to the inconvenience occasioned by the dearth of provisions, and has taken every means in its power to prevent that inconvenience, and to mitigate it. It has created in many localities new elements of labour. The struggle which is proceeding, circumscribed by moderation and justice, although it may frighten some, gives so little alarm to great interests, that soon the different parts of the globe may expect to enjoy the fruits of peace. Foreigners cannot fail to be struck with the touching spectacle of a country which, relying upon divine protection, sustains with energy at 600 leagues' distance from its frontiers, and which develops with the same ardour its internal riches—a country where war does not prevent agriculture and industry from prospering, or the arts from flourishing, and where the genius of the nation is displayed in everything that can tend to the glory of France."

From the above speech of the emperor, the measures taken by France to meet the emergencies of the war are indicated. The demands of his majesty were of course complied with by the legislative body, and men and money were provided as required. An active army of half a million of soldiers was thus provided for the contingencies of 1855, and seldom was an army better caparisoned for hostile operations. The French fleet also reached a degree of efficiency never before attained, while the number of sailors was actually one half more than that of England. Of course the commercial marine of Britain was far greater than that of France, and the maritime resources of the former such as the latter is not likely to possess for a long period of her future naval progress; but the bare fact of a numerical proportion superior in such a degree was startling, however conscious Britannia might be that she still "ruled the waves."

The measures originated by the English parliament for carrying on the war in 1855 were few, but there were two especially worthy of notice. One of these referred to the militia. The object of it was to permit regiments to volunteer for service or garrison duty out of the United Kingdom. This measure was introduced by Lord Palmerston, as prime-minister, with all his accustomed tact. He argued that the government was not open to the reflection so generally cast upon it, of having sent forth an army upon a distant expedition without providing any reserve. "Our reserve," said the ready and astute politician, "is the whole British nation." The militia proved, as it always has done, a valuable resource. During the long war with France it fed the army with recruits. It was in fact a round-about conscription. Men were liable to be balloted into

the militia, and then a bounty, often a large one, was given to them to volunteer into the line. When volunteers were demanded, those who held back were sure to be regarded as less patriotic, and what the soldier even feels more, less brave. Frequently, during the insurrection in Ireland, in 1798, the militia behaved better than the troops of the line. On one occasion, when a force consisting of both was defeated by the insurgents, in the county of Wexford, a peasant related the circumstance thus—"the army ran away, and the militia retreated," which, odd as the description was, exactly depicted the event. At Carricknagat, in the county of Sligo, Colonel Vereker, at the head of a few hundred men of the Limerick militia, kept the French force at bay which had landed under General Humbert at Killala. The invaders were turned aside upon the interior of the country, where all were captured. For this exploit Colonel Vereker was made a peer, under the title of Lord Gort. During the war in 1855, the militia were very efficient, volunteering in large numbers into the line, the cavalry, and the Guards. It is a curious fact, but verified by statistics, that fewer men of the Scotch militia deserted than of the English, while a greater number volunteered for the line; and that fewer men of the Irish militia deserted than of the Scotch, and a greater number volunteered for the line. This circumstance justified the policy of Lord Palmerston, who successfully opposed Lord John Russell in the parliamentary discussion concerning the embodying of the Irish militia; the latter noble lord being opposed to the enrolment of the Irish regiments, the former being in favour of including them in the general appeal to arms. At the time, Lord Palmerston's conduct was regarded as a mere political *ruse*, being then a rival of Lord John's; but events showed that the former noble lord understood better the material of which the Irish militia was likely to be composed. The other important measure was a bill to enable the queen to enlist foreigners. The crown formerly had this power, but in 1794 the royal prerogative in this respect was abolished. The English nation was always jealous of any such right on the part of the crown, and one of the causes of the revolution of 1688 was its exercise injudiciously, and for the purpose of infringing upon the constitutional rights of the people. When this measure was proposed in 1854, the *Times*, the great leader of the press, bitterly assailed it; and most of the leading journals, metropolitan and provincial, opposed it as a reflection upon the patriotism of the youth of the nation. Nevertheless the measure was proceeded with, and ultimately carried. The government plan was, that the foreign troops should be formed into

separate corps. In 1837, an act was passed giving permission for the enlistment of one foreigner to every fifty British subjects; but the practical effect of that act was to exclude foreigners from the English army, except a few who held commissions. The discussions in both houses, as well as among the people, were very warm in reference to this measure. The author of these pages, in an article written for a London journal at the time, thus treated the subject. Time proved that his opinion was correct, and the general public at last coincided with the framers and passers of the act:—

With regard to this measure, we are of opinion that it is wise and opportune; for while

“In native swords and native ranks”

dwell our hope of freedom and victory, it cannot be denied that we have power and wealth beyond the proportion of our numbers, and that we have now, as heretofore, embarked in military enterprises which, while within the compass of our skill and resources, require more men to carry out than the anvil, and the loom, and the counting-house can spare. We greatly prefer a foreign legion to the system of subsidies. The governments we subsidised in former wars seldom took our money without intriguing against us, and sometimes professed their incapacity or confessed their unwillingness to fulfil the stipulations on which our money was disbursed. And even when we have attempted to pay and arm people for the defence of their own liberties, they have ignominiously sold the arms we gave them, or fed at our hands and refused to fight with their own. In both kingdoms of the Peninsula this was exemplified upon a grand scale during the late war. More muskets were uselessly distributed than would have armed the whole people, and a base banditti, or still baser regular soldiery, were fed and clothed from our stores, while our own army were ready to perish from want. Wild waste characterised this whole system, while our own brave soldiers were fed, and paid, and rewarded with a parsimony as astonishing to other nations as was the spendthrift freedom of our impolitic and useless largesses.

Let it not be objected that the mercenaries we would employ on any system would neither conduct themselves to our honour nor to their own. It is not proposed by the government to employ men whom the word “mercenaries” would describe. They do not mean to open the way for the Dugald Dalgettys of the Continent to earn British gold by a mere professional soldierhood—albeit that the Swiss and others fight well, with no higher meed of praise before them than that of good soldiers of fortune. Our government evidently aims at

the enrolment of Polish, Hungarian, Italian, and other refugees, men who feel that in fighting for the predominance of Western Europe, they fight for the liberty of their own down-trodden lands. There would be no difficulty in raising a Polish legion, a Hungarian legion, and an Italian legion, as earnest in assailing the tyranny of Russia as our own people could be. The very *élite* of the soldierhood of these three trampled realms will flock to our standards if they perceive that, however England may disclaim interference with Austria, it is her aim so to cripple the force of Russia, as to leave it but little probable that she will again offer her alliance against any of the populations of the Austrian empire who may assert their independence. Even if Austria form a closer alliance with the allies, that would not prevent Austrian fugitives from crowding beneath our standards when Russia is the foe. They know well that it is not Austria, after all, that keeps down their nationalities. Austria would be shaken off in the first throes of their next struggles for freedom, were it not that Russia is her support. Russia stands guarantee for the tyranny of Austria, and every blow that Hun, or Pole, or Lombard aims at that colossus of oppression, is a blow levelled against the Austrian ascendancy.

There exists much sympathy throughout Germany with England in this war. The smaller states of that confederation are generally represented to be as despotic in their sympathies, at least as Austria and Prussia. It is so with the governments; it is not so with the people. In Brunswick and Hanover especially, there is a strong leaning to England; religion, race, old alliance, and family connection, bind those minor states to Britain; and amongst the best officers in Germany, especially in the cavalry and light infantry services, are those of the little states that feel so friendly to us. Hanoverian hussars drilled our light cavalry in the Peninsula, and Hanoverian officers led our cavalry in many a field. Amongst the best horse-soldiers we had were the heavy Germans, whose gigantic forms were stretched on every battle-field of the Peninsula where a cavalry charge was possible. We have a striking instance in the cause of the Foreign Enlistment Act of how useful alien troops may be in a service for which they have sympathy. We lost the far-famed field of Fontenoy by the bravery of the Irish brigades in the French service. It was English policy in those days to allow the Irish Roman Catholics to enter the French army, it was an escape for the adventurous discontent of the day in that discontented country; but at Fontenoy, when the armies of France were beaten, the Irish brigade was ordered to cover the retreat, they, instead of so doing, charged the

victorious army with such impetuosity and heroism, that France snatched a victory from defeat by the gallant, but erring men, to whom she gave a refuge. Our Foreign Enlistment Act followed that fatal proof of the impolicy of giving to France, or any other country, energies we might employ, and sympathies which we might at least endeavour to reclaim. Let us, by all means, instructed by such incidents, have a legion bearing the name of every oppressed nationality in Europe, and of every nation also that sympathises with a war against the grand supporter of the tyrannies of the world.

We are astonished that in our emergencies the army of the East India Company is not thought of. Had we the irregular cavalry of such men as Colonel Christie and Major Jacobs in the Crimea, much alarm and painful watching would have been spared to our brave infantry, as, weary from the trenches, they often sought repose in vain. Egypt, some time ago, refused the passage of British troops to India, by way of the Isthmus of Suez, and with reason; but Egypt is an ally, and can hardly refuse the passage of native troops from India, to the assistance of the Porte, of which the pasha is a vassal. Here, at least, padishaw and pasha might agree, and, if confidence towards the Western powers exist, the progress of a Bombay contingency ought to be facilitated. Russia affects to sneer at the sepoy, but the troops who conquered Moodkee, Ferozashoosha, and Sobraon, would not recede before the serfs of the czar, although rack, Greek masses, and imperial benedictions intoxicated their zeal.

Let us have good troops from every quarter; the example of our own gallant men will not fail to infect with noble aspirations all hearts capable of manly and martial fire.

These two measures were the more important as the vote for the increase of the army for 1855 did not exceed 36,000 men. It seems extraordinary that the government and the country could have been satisfied with a numerical force of native regular troops exceeding that of 1854 by only 36,000 men.

The government made various efforts to improve the organisation of the army during the latter part of 1854. Several camps were formed, in which to give the troops a knowledge of camp life, and prepare them for the contingencies of war. Two separate corps were originated, especially calculated to relieve the soldiers from the labour of road and trench making, and carrying, which so much added to their fatigues and illness, and impeded to so great a degree the progress of the siege of Sebastopol. The two corps intended for this important object were the Army-works Corps and the Land-transport. There existed in the war with France a body called "the Royal Military Artificers," who were of great use,

but these were ultimately absorbed in "the Sappers and Miners,"—a very valuable portion of the British army, which ought to have been much increased previous to the war, and immediately after it had begun. The army in the Crimea suffered from a deficiency of intelligent auxiliaries, such as the proposed corps would supply; for, at the beginning of the war, the whole force of sappers and miners amounted to no more than 3000 men, and only a third of this body could be spared for service in the expedition to the East. The land-transport corps, although one of the government measures of 1854, was not organised and made effectual until long after, when Colonel M'Murdo brought it into order and efficacy. Its utility at the seat of war was soon made manifest—the troops received supplies with more regularity, and pure water, one of the most painful deficiencies in the camp, was made plentiful by its services.

The army-works corps, although not organised and in use until a later period, was so obviously a necessity at the close of 1854, that the attention of the government and public was strongly directed to the desirableness of its formation. It was much discussed, the chief difficulty appearing to be that men could not be engaged to serve in it without a rate of wages so much larger than that given to the soldiers as to excite the jealousy, and possibly insubordination, of the latter. Such was eventually the case, so far as murmuring evinced it,—the sappers and miners protesting that the enlargement of their corps, due promotion, and fair wages, would have rendered any auxiliary service unnecessary. The government thought otherwise, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, July 26, 1855, presented the following picture of the awkwardness and helplessness of the English soldier, and afforded "the house" and the country his views of the philosophy of this assumed fact:—"In England you have the highest degree of civilisation to be found in the world. As a matter of course, you have the minutest subdivision of labour; and, from the smallness of the country and the close proximity of different places, you have the most rapid communication between your cities and towns. What is the result? Why, that the English peasant never does anything for himself, as is the case in less advanced states of society. His house is provided for him, and so is his dress and everything else he requires, except in the case of the most remote districts of the empire, where a few of the peasantry may be found who build their own cabins and make their own clothes, shoes, and other articles in a primitive manner. The great subdivision of labour consequent on high civilisation offers such facilities for every man

getting everything done for him, that he does not know how to turn if he is thrown upon his own resources, and left to shift for himself. I recollect an honourable friend of mine opposite handing me last autumn a letter with suggestions relating to the clothing of the army to be sent to the Crimea, which I adopted without loss of time; and that letter concluded with a remarkable sentence of warning, to the effect that when I had done all the things that he recommended they would be almost valueless, for the men must suffer through not knowing how to help themselves."

There is much exaggeration in these statements, and the motive of making them was obviously to excuse, in an indirect way, the incompetency of the staff of the army, and to throw all the blame upon the peculiar social character and original condition of the men who constituted the British soldiery. Why not make the division of labour to which the men had been accustomed in civil life subservient to their military efficiency? There were in the ranks of all the regiments good carpenters, joiners, cabinet-makers, masons, bricklayers, painters, cutlers, tailors, shoe-makers, smiths, workers in various metals, grooms, servants, farm-labourers, "navvies," sailors, and almost every other conceivable trade and avocation to which poor working men belong. Had these men been organised and set to work, huts could have been erected, tents repaired, apparel set in order, roads made, provisions cooked, and everything else done which was requisite for an army, as far as their numbers admitted of any work being done. The troops were too few for the task assigned to them, there was no organisation to make the most of their handiness and willingness to labour, and no adequate intellectual power at head-quarters to devise anything, or even to rearrange anything which fell out of the usual system of routine. These causes, and not those which Mr. Herbert assigned, accounted for the condition of disaster in which the army was at the close of 1854. The peculiar civilisation to which Mr. Herbert attributes the incapacity of the men to help themselves aided their adaptation to soldiering, and made them more capable of taking care of themselves under proper direction and management. Mr. Herbert was always exceedingly plausible and specious in his military notions, but seldom either philosophical or accurate; the *non causa pro causa* pervaded all his statements concerning the origin of the Crimean disasters, and the remedies to be applied.

The employment of ordinary workmen as auxiliaries to the troops was, however, a good idea; for, in this way, assistance could be obtained from numbers who, willing to go out under civil superintendence, would not enlist

in the sappers and miners, nor otherwise subject themselves to military control. It is difficult to say with whom first the project originated; early in the campaign the *Times* and other London morning journals were made the media of suggestions from civil engineers, and even military men to this effect. One of these letters made considerable impression: the writer thus addressed the public:—"If, in the first investment of Sebastopol, we had sent out a strong and efficient band, composed of railway navigators and Cornish and Lancashire miners, with a complete establishment of barrows, planks, and tools, as well as an experienced gang of well-sinkers and borers, our brave soldiers would have been relieved of a great portion of their harassing duties, and would have been spared the sufferings of thirst, hunger, &c. Such a band, to be effective, must be entirely independent of military discipline, excepting so far as may regard perfect co-operation, but should be conducted by a civil engineer-in-chief, who would receive his instructions from the chief in command of the military—the engineer-in-chief being provided, of course, with proper assistants, as well as a sufficient number of subordinates. The men should be under the immediate control of their own chiefs and heads of gangs, and their own contractor's engineers, as they are called. They should be accompanied by travelling workshops and artisans for making and repairing tools, boring and blasting apparatus, and one or more compact portable high-pressure engines for general purposes, but more particularly for raising water. In proportioning the numbers of such a band to attend upon the regular army, especial regard may be had to the fact that each of those men would do with ease the usual work of three soldiers on fatigue-duty."

The raising and organisation of the army-works corps was committed to Sir Joseph Paxton, who had originated the plan of erecting the Crystal Palace. In a speech delivered by him in the House of Commons, March 3, 1856, he threw considerable light on the difficulties which were encountered in the formation of the body, and he depicted its gradual improvement and ultimate utility. The following extracts from his speech will place these matters with sufficient fulness and clearness before the reader:—"When the corps was first contemplated, the question was not whether the government could induce the particular men who now composed it to proceed to the Crimea, but whether they could get any men at all to go. There not being sufficient sappers and miners to build hospitals, construct roads and bridges, and do the general mechanical work of the camp, what he, acting for the government, had to set about in the first

instance, was to raise a body of men competent for such duties, to officer it, and to dispatch it expeditiously to the seat of war. The first thousand men sent out were not as scrupulously selected, nor as well trained as could have been wished, and a little confusion occurred when they landed; but the second, third, and fourth contingents were carefully chosen and excellently disciplined; and the whole corps was now conducting itself with exemplary propriety. . . . I had no little difficulty in inducing a gentleman of first-class acquirements to go out for merely as much money as he would have been sure to earn if he had remained at home. . . . Sappers and miners might have been in some respects preferable; but it would have taken a year to organise such a force, and the new corps was required in four weeks. The officers and men were the best of the kind that could be procured, and the 'navvies' were the most powerful of their athletic class. With regard to expense, taking all circumstances fairly into consideration, this was the cheapest corps ever raised. The men were one and all in condition at the time they were embodied; they did not require to be drilled and instructed for years; they were all thoroughly conversant with their respective trades, and within three months of their return to this country they might be disbanded and completely got rid of. The best test of efficiency was perhaps the following:—'The commissary-general, seeing how admirably the army-works corps did its business, applied to the war-minister for a body of men to be organised on similar principles for the service of the commissariat department.'

In these notices events are anticipated; but as the discussions in the winter of 1854 originated these plans and movements, and as by relating them here much matter is disposed of which would encumber the narrative of the siege, it seemed judicious to present these transactions in the history of this particular juncture.

Probably the most important movement at home auxiliary to the operations in the Crimea, was the preparation for making a railway from Balaklava to the camp before Sebastopol. This idea originated with Mr. Peto, the celebrated railway contractor; and as "the army-works corps" arose out of the railway undertaking, Mr. Peto may be fairly considered as the parent of both accessories to the progress of the siege. He suggested to the government the feasibility of such an undertaking, and patriotically offered to perform it without any profit to himself, merely sending to the government the bills which in the course of the operation should be sent to him. The government accepted the proposal. Perhaps they were influenced in doing so by the joy with which

the public received the idea, which seemed to promise some speedy relief,—for the general uneasiness and dissatisfaction with government, commanders, officials, and contractors, were very great. The chief representative of public opinion in England thus referred to the subject, producing a still more decided desire among the people to see Mr. Peto's plan carried at once into execution:—

"How are we to spare our men, and make them go as far as possible? How are we to make one Englishman count for half-a-dozen Russians? There ought to be no difficulty as to the reply. Our vast superiority in mechanical art is unquestionable. The Russians are but imitators, ever on the watch to pick up the inventions of their neighbours, and labouring under the want of a mechanical genius even where they copy in the most servile manner. We possess such means of mechanical production, such forges, laboratories, and workshops as are not to be found in Russia, and we have classes of skilled workmen that no serfs could ever vie with. It is our plain duty, then, to give our soldiers every mechanical assistance that art can procure. When this is the first thing to be done, what will be said of the lamentable fact that the reinforcements now going out, are armed with the common musket instead of the Miniés, which have been found so serviceable, and to which we chiefly owe the vast difference between our casualties and those of the foe on the 5th of November? The superiority of the Minié is no longer a question, and the sole reason why the troops going to war are not armed with it is, that there are none to be got. The Birmingham people, who made such a furious and successful fight last year against the establishment of a government factory for small arms, in order to save their own monopoly, cannot make the new muskets fast enough, and at this terrible crisis of the national fortunes our soldiers are sent out with bad weapons. It is clear that the private manufacturers are not to be trusted where the national honour and safety are concerned, and that we must forthwith make ourselves independent of contractors and their workmen. But there is a great deal more to be done before we have exhausted the assistance of art or of our mechanical superiority. After the sacrifice of much valuable time, many beasts of burden, and even some men, in the transport of heavy articles from Balaklava to the batteries, it is suggested that about nine-tenths might have been saved by the use of iron-rails, a sufficiency of which might have done duty for ballast in a single transport, and which it would not have taken a week to lay down. Five hundred 'navvies' too, with their practical experience and their own tools, would have done the earthworks in less than half the

time the soldiers and marines have been about them, and would have completed the defences of our right flank in time to double the Russian loss and halve our own on the terrible 5th. Much more there is, that almost any respectable contractor would suggest, which would contribute to the great object of sparing the British soldier. At present we are simply competing in numbers and brute force against an enemy who has a superabundance of them, and cares not how much he throws away, so long as he can reckon three of his savages to one British grenadier. We must make that grenadier stand for more than three savages, and the dragoon for more than three Cossacks, if we would win the day, and not suffer a reverse, which may be England's first step in that decline which her enemies have so often predicted."

The public impression was right in this case: the most desirable remedy to the evils of the situation in the Crimea was a railroad from Balaklava to the lines. When the disastrous battle of Balaklava deprived the English of the lower and more circuitous, but more facile, road to the camp, their condition became at once one of hardship. Sir Charles Trevelyan, Secretary to the Treasury, affirmed before the Sebastopol Committee, that the want of a good road to the camp from the landing-place was the severest want of the army. Before Mr. Peto's plan was taken up by the country and the government, several others, which would have been beneficial if carried into operation, were brought forth. One of these was the employment of Turkish porters along the track to the camp over the plateau, each to bear for a short distance a load which for a longer distance would be overbearing, but which the suggester calculated could for short journeys be taken without injury. This, certainly, would have been an improvement upon the existing state of things, but was an inadequate remedy. The porters of Constantinople and Smyrna are able to carry loads which the labourers of western Europe could not sustain, and the enrolment of a corps of Turkish carriers would have been of great relief, provided care was taken of the men, and medical attendance provided; but if neglected, as their countrymen were, and as the British were, the corps would have been broken up in a week by sickness and the inclemency of the weather. With proper attention to their physical wants, the Turks of Asia more particularly could have borne the rigours of the Crimean climate better than any other troops employed there.

Sir Francis Head, whose proceedings in Canada had given him so much notoriety, proposed a plank road, such as they use in British North America. The arguments used by Sir Francis were cogent, and many, after the

perusal of these arguments, blamed Lord Raglan for not having the foresight and capacity of himself to have adopted the like. His lordship had no spare labour, but plenty might have been procured from Constantinople, if the British commander-in-chief had made proper representations to the ambassador there,—who, however, if we may judge from his treatment of General Williams, at Kars, was not likely to act with vigour upon such representations, or himself to devise any scheme for the assistance of the troops. The government having decided on adopting the project of Mr. Peto, he and his partners, Messrs. Brassy and Betts, signed an agreement to have the work accomplished in a certain time. They immediately advertised for men, who volunteered in greater numbers than were required. Many of these had been engaged on the Continent and in America in railway operations, and were likely to endure, therefore, the climate of the Crimea. So vigorously did Messrs. Peto, Brassy, and Betts set to work, that shortly before Christmas the first dispatch of *matériel* and labourers left our shores. The fleet for this convoy consisted of two sailing and seven steam vessels:—

	Tons.	Horse-power.
Lady Alice Lambton, screw steamer.	511	90
Great Northern, ditto	578	90
Earl of Durham, ditto	554	90
Baron von Humboldt, ditto.	420	60
Hesperus, ditto	800	150
Prince of Wales, ditto	627	120
Levant, paddle-steamer.	694	500
Wildfire, clipper sailing ship	457	
Mohawk, ditto	850	

The material was astonishing for its magnitude and variety. It was composed of 1800 tons of rails and fastenings, 6000 sleepers, 600 loads of timber, more than 3000 tons of machinery and other material—such as tools, engines, cranes, trucks, waggons, barrows, blocks, chains, chain-falls, wire, wire-rope, picks, crowbars, capstans, crabs, sawing-machines, forges, hammers, anvils, nails, &c. &c. The way in which this vast tonnage was arranged on shipboard was most ingenious, exhibiting great forethought and practical skill; so that if some of the ships were lost, this would not cause the failure of the enterprise. Five hundred workmen went out, in parties or "squad's," each under the charge of a superintendent and assistant. Each ship had on board a victualling clerk, to attend to the proper distribution of food, and a surgeon to watch the health of the men. Huts were sent with them to shelter them from the climate upon their arrival out, and portable stoves, with patent fuel, large railway-goods' covers, thick and waterproof, and warmly lined, were to serve as protection while the huts were being erected, and to prove otherwise useful. Four experienced nurses, selected from the London hospitals, and several dis-

persers of medicine were to aid the medical men in charge of the health of the party. The apparel and personal furniture of the men was curious but very appropriate. Each was provided with a kit which comprised—One painted bag, one painted suit, three coloured cotton shirts, one red flannel shirt and one white, one flannel belt, one pair of moleskin trowsers; one moleskin vest, lined with serge; one fear-nought slop, one pair of lindsey drawers, two blue cravats, one pair of leggings, one pair of boots, one strap and buckle, one bed and pillow, one pair of mits, one rug and blanket, one pair of blankets, one woollen coat, one pair of long waterproof boots, one pair of fishermen's boots, one pair of grey stockings, and two pounds of tobacco. Of course it was scarcely to be hoped that the expedition would be in time to spare the army much of the sufferings of the winter; but it was hoped that before the cold, raw spring of the Crimea was over some assistance would be rendered; and, at last, the labour and fatigue spared, from which the troops had so unintermittingly suffered. The arrival of this novel squadron at Balaklava, and what "the navvies" did upon their arrival, will be more appropriately narrated in the history of events there.

So prompt and energetic were Messrs Peto and Co., that a second detachment sailed on the 2nd of January, 1855. Upon its departure, Lord Henry Clinton, brother to the Duke of Newcastle, addressed the men on behalf of the minister, and Captain Andrews, director of the North Europe Steam Navigation Company, whose aid was most valuable to the expedition, also addressed them. His speech produced a thrilling effect upon the rough, but not unsusceptible navvies, and evoked repeated cheers, and the most enthusiastic utterances of patriotic devotion. This may be readily conceived from the following specimen of Captain Andrews' admirable address:—"They were going to the aid of our heroic defenders, who had not only to fight—and how they fought the whole world would for ever admiringly testify—but had also to work as field-labourers, and perform many duties for which it could not be expected that soldiers were so well adapted as the skilled and trained men who were now going out to relieve them, and to leave them at full liberty to deal with the enemy as they had done in the dashing rush at the Alma, and the immortal conflict at Inkerman. The future success of the siege operations in the Crimea would depend in a great measure on that expedition. They must expect, and would not be cast down by, hardships and privations. Some of these, perhaps, would not appear so terrible in the Crimea even as they would at home. There would be no public-houses to go to, but there would be

plenty of good substantial refreshments always available when needed; and while that was the case, he had no fear that there would be much grumbling at whatever work might be expected at their hands. They were not like Russian serfs, who dare not call their souls their own, but who must slay or be slain without asking wherefore. They were free Englishmen, volunteers, at perfect liberty to go or stay, just as they pleased, according to their own unbiassed judgment, without the least undue influence, concealment, artifice, or exaggeration used to warp their opinions one way or the other. All that was said or done was to guarantee them good clothing, good food, good pay, a good ship, and a good captain. They had also a good cause—the cause of their country, the cause of justice and fair play. They would bring good hearts to that cause—English hearts, that never recoiled from the obligations of duty, come in what shape they might, whether at the point of the pick or the bayonet; and he doubted not that the British navy would prove himself as great a benefactor in repelling the evils of barbarism abroad, as he had been in extending the blessings of civilisation at home."

Mr. Peto did not neglect the spiritual instruction and care of his workmen; a chaplain and two railway missionaries were sent out, and these received from the objects of their concern every proof of confidence and respect. By the end of January, 1855, all the men and material requisite, with some unnoticeable exceptions, were sent out. Few men deserved better of their country for civil services subserving a great war than Mr. Peto. He incurred much anxiety and labour, and, although guaranteed against loss by the government, much personal expense. He was obliged to give up his seat in parliament, an honour of which he was justly proud, but which he freely sacrificed on the altar of his country. The constitutional rules against contractors with the government occupying a seat in the commons' house of parliament was deemed applicable in his case, although it was notorious that he incurred loss by the contract personally; the public were not willing to waive the constitutional principle, although they regretted the effect of its action in this case. The government, however, satisfied the national desire to show Mr. Peto some mark of approbation expressive of the grateful sense of his services by his country. A baronetcy was conferred upon him—a reward to which men of the highest merits might with ambition aspire.

Such were the leading incidents in western Europe affecting the war during the close of 1854. That year closed in England gloomily as to the immediate prospects of the great conflict to which the nation was committed; but the

heart of the people did not quail. They mourned their gallant men-of-arms who slept in Russian graves, or on the pestilential shores of Bulgaria, or in the plague-pits of Scutari, but they were resolved to contend until victory crowned their efforts. The people of England presented at this juncture a most peculiar spectacle to Europe, manifesting the most remarkable practical aptitude, yet possessing an army every department of the government of which was disorganised; showing the most indomitable national will, and yet unable to rectify the abuses of their own military system, and approaching every reform with vacillation, uncertainty, and irresolution; exhibiting to all nations the most extensive and profound experience in constitutional government, and yet unable to ascertain in what department of the administration authority existed to control or direct the various operations of war; portraying the most noble public spirit and public sympathy, yet tolerating a political and administrative system by which the bravest of their brave were permitted to die like dogs under the very beards of an enemy they had so often vanquished, and on a field of conflict where they had contended like gods. The government of the country was actually ignorant of the real state of affairs in Lord Raglan's army. The commander-in-chief of that army either partook of this ignorance, or connived at the suppression of intelligence; while the newspaper press spread the real facts before the nation, and afforded the government the most reliable information it could obtain. Yet that government, and a large party by whom it was supported, abused and hated the press, because its agents were so active, vigilant, patriotic, and faithful;

and by their prompt and reliable communications awakened the country to a proper appreciation of the emergency, and a suitable zeal to meet it. Well might foreigners conceive us to be a most enigmatical and incomprehensible people. As the short, dark days of December, 1854, died away, many mourned in England: widows' weeds were worn—for gallant husbands had perished in the wars; sable suits were numerous in our churches and places of public resort—for brave sons, the children of many solitudes, had sunk beneath the inclement skies of the Crimea, or were stifled by pestilence in the filthy wards and corridors of Scutari. Many of the young and beautiful were widowed who had never worn the bridal robe—their loved and gallant ones died in the struggles of the unequal conflict, and left for them only their fond remembrance and their glory. Tears stained many a manly cheek in England as the old year faded into dimness and distance for ever. Yet there was no repining; the past could not be recalled—

“Seasons and suns return; but when
Shall by-past time come back again?”

The future demanded renewed struggles and fresh sacrifices, and the people were prepared to make them. As the budding tree, checked by ungenial winds, loses not its spring energies, but, conquering the adverse season, asserts its vitality and pushes forth its verdant foliage to perfection; so the nation, chilled, stricken by events so adverse, felt conscious of its power and of its conquering future, with redoubled energy put forth its resources, and displayed its dignity. The heart of the United Kingdom cherished in reference to the war one all-prevailing thought—to perish or to conquer.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE OPENING OF THE YEAR 1855 BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—THE STATE OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA GENERALLY AS INFLUENCING THE ENERGY OF THE DEFENCE.—TERRIBLE DESTITUTION AND SUFFERING OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.—CONDITION OF THE HOSPITALS IN THE CRIMEA, AND CONDUCT OF THE MEDICAL MEN.

“Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
“Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As bounty's hand unsought.”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE year 1855 opened around Sebastopol in all the gloom and sternness of winter. Both the assailants and defenders felt it; and the sufferings to which the English, and the Russian army of Liprandi, were exposed, were truly terrible. The Russians were not discouraged;

they had received reinforcements despite the state of the roads. Their affairs in Bessarabia and Podolia prospered, in consequence of the diligence of their officers in command there. Troops had been dispatched from these provinces, and were gradually arriving, worn, ill,

and frostbitten; but still able, after a little rest and ease, to do duty, either within the lines or in the field. The conduct of the Austrians in Wallachia and Moldavia on the whole favoured Russian objects. The oppressions perpetrated by the Austrian army upon the Dacian population so disgusted the people with the government and nation which that army represented, that they would have hailed the return of the Russians with satisfaction. This led the people of Bessarabia and Podolia to be content with their masters, and to be indifferent to the success of the allies, which was likely to hand them over, as well as their neighbours, to the Austrian robbers. Incursions were made by the Cossacks into Wallachia and Moldavia, who returned laden with forage and plunder. Letters from Jassy declared that pulks of Cossacks every night crossed the Pruth, and "destroyed, burned, and murdered on the Wallachian territory to their hearts' content." The Austrian troops were ostentatiously ordered to advance upon the Pruth; but a report was circulated that private instructions directed that no interference with the Russians should be offered, and facts bore out the report. In the second article of the treaty between the kasir and the sultan, "His Majesty the Emperor of Austria engages to defend the frontier of the said (Danubian) principalities against any return of the Russian forces, and the Austrian troops shall for this purpose occupy the positions necessary for guaranteeing these principalities against any attack." Thus the honour of Austria was seriously compromised in permitting these razzias. At the beginning of January the commission for regulating the affairs of the two provinces was to have been formed at Jassy, Baron Edward Bach representing Austria, and Dervish Pasha representing the Porte; England and France seemed in no hurry about appointing representatives to the commission, and nothing was done. The Austrians, therefore, continued to grind down the people to the dust,—the English consuls alone offering any opposition, the French consuls rather conniving at their proceedings. This state of things left the chiefs of Southern Russia at ease for their frontiers, and permitted them during December to have troops dispatched so as to arrive at Sebastopol in January, and enable Menschikoff, with increased numbers, to resist the besiegers. The *Soldaten Freund*, which professed to derive its information from Russian sources, related that 30,000 foot and 18,000 horse, from various garrisons in Southern Russia, would be able to reach Sebastopol at various dates up to the 3rd of January, and related that all the great steppe stations in Southern Russia had been filled with corn; while vast herds of horned cattle were being driven from Volhynia and Podolia towards the

theatre of war. The same authority stated that a new plan of defence was to be taken; that twenty-twoships were to be completely equipped in the harbour for a sudden swoop upon such of the allied ships as might remain,—Menschikoff feeling assured that the fleets would never remain through the months of January and February. This assurance was strengthened by the fact of the English sailing ships having been nearly all sent away during the latter part of 1854. Letters from Odessa received in London informed their recipients as follows:—"The Emperor Nicholas is daily expected in the Crimea. The garrison of Odessa at present consists of 30,000 men belonging to the 3rd army corps, which has recently marched along the Dniester; the 2nd corps, under General Panintine, having moved forward towards Bessarabia. General Offenbergh, hitherto commander of the Grenadier division of the Imperial Guard, will probably succeed Osten-Sacken as commander of the 3rd army corps. The 2nd cavalry or Dragoon corps is encamped between the Dniester and the Pruth. Its commander, the general of cavalry, Schabelsky, has his head-quarters at Odessa. Up to the 3rd, Eupatoria was shut in by the cavalry division under Lieutenant-general Korff."

Thus Russia was prepared to open the new year with courage, and to spread her eagles above Sebastopol in defiance of her foes. Meanwhile the condition of those foes was terrible; the greater severity of the weather in January intensified their sufferings. The French had managed to dig chambers in the earth, and roof them with waterproof tent covers; they had also stone grates and iron stoves; and the Christmas present of the emperor, of wine, brandy, and tobacco, made them grateful for his care, and as comfortable in their quarters as camp life in such a climate would admit. The British were all but comfortless—supported only by their heroism, sense of duty, and the knowledge that the brave old country at home sympathised with them. Mr. Emerson portrays the state of the English on New-year's Day in these energetic terms, comprehending in a limited compass their whole case:—"Frozen to death in the trenches! Not one, but many. Stricken down by starvation, cold, and disease,—three thousand miles from home,—a remorseless enemy in the front thirsting for their blood,—around them extremest misery and death,—behind them scarcely a prospect of relief! but seven miles from plenty, and yet dying with hunger; but seven miles from warm clothing and medical stores, and yet ragged, frostbitten, and perishing for lack of help! Surely such misery was scarcely ever endured by a great army; surely such enduring courage was never before shown! Wretched death in view, but still obedience and disci-

pline; suffering but not dismay; unmitigated wretchedness, but yet undaunted bravery. The accounts which reached home of the condition of the British army at the opening of the year 1855 were unquestionably exaggerated; but no doubt can exist that there was in them a lamentable amount of fact. The road from Balaklava to the camp was in the most wretched condition, from the constant traffic and heavy rain and snow. By the most strenuous exertions, sufficient rations were conveyed to the front to save the men from actual starvation, though not from acute privation. The horses and mules were fast perishing, and the road was encumbered with hundreds of their carcasses. The crowded harbour of Balaklava was filled with vessels, unable to discharge their cargoes; and on shore a confusion existed among officials almost defying description. The huts which had been sent from England were arriving but slowly, and the authorities had been compelled to appropriate the few which were available as hospitals for the sick, who were daily borne in melancholy procession from the camp. For a time, the few cavalry horses and the private horses of the officers struggled through the almost impassable roads laden with provisions; but by degrees they died off; for days they had no forage, and were picketed in the open air, exposed to the piercing severity of a Crimean winter. The men were ragged and filthy to a degree; and the hospitals at Balaklava and Scutari had not yet benefited by the devoted labours of the lady nurses. The desperate and almost perishing condition of our fine army seemed utterly to stultify the authorities, who might by energy and promptness have alleviated many of the evils. At the very time when deaths were daily occurring through exposure and cold, transports, laden with clothing, and boots and shoes, huts and stores, were bandied about from port to port unable to discharge their cargoes, without proper instructions—the captains uncertain of their destinations, and the officials on land ignorant of the contents of the vessels. So opened the year upon an almost perishing army."

The troops were also much disheartened by the accounts from home of the spirit in which the government persisted in alleging that all their wants were supplied, and the boast that was made of sending them various things unsought and unvalued; while matters essential to their efficiency as soldiers, and almost to their existence, were either never sent out or lost on their way, or wasted, or purloined, or stored up in inaccessible places. Warm clothing was soon distributed, and continued to be so during January; but the troops had much cause for murmuring at the mode of distribution, and the obstructions presented by the

routine of the service. The quartermaster-general, Airey, had his defence thus set forth for him in the pages of the *United Service Magazine*:—"Sir Richard Airey, discharging the duty which really devolved upon him, adopted every measure for facilitating the issue of stores. To show the absurdity of the stories about routine, it will be only necessary to say that the quartermaster-generals of divisions were ordered to attend at Sir Richard's office every day at twelve o'clock; and here they were directed to examine a tabular form, showing at a glance every description of article in store, which they had full authority to take in what quantities and what proportions they thought necessary. Let us say at once there was no difficulty, and absolutely no limitation. Every one was to have whatever he needed and whatever he asked. The orders to Mr. Boyd, the storekeeper at Balaklava, were most positive—that his only business was to issue, and not only to make no demurs, but to ask no questions. If a soldier came for a great-coat, it was to be given to him; if another demanded a blanket, a blanket he was to have. Lord Raglan's instructions literally embodied the scriptural precept—'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow, turn not thou away.' The difficulty was, how the various articles required, all at the same moment, and by an uninterrupted succession of applicants, could be got at by the storekeeper, as they were packed in a mass in a small house and open yard which constituted the only store. But as fast as hands could ply they were plucked out and delivered, though, from the same eternal want of land carriage, there was no provision for taking them away; and men who came down to Balaklava with their approved requisitions, and actually received the articles specified, were obliged to go back to the camp empty-handed, because the load was more than they could carry. The mystery of the non-issue of the stores is now explained. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that everything necessary was heaped up at Balaklava—how was it to be brought to the camp? Birnam wood could not move of itself. Yet, in spite of this obstacle, we find, from the official return, that during the month of December a suit of warm under-clothing was issued to each man, and a blanket to every two men. It is asked why there was no issue of rugs, and the reason is plain—the men would not receive rugs, when, by their approved requisitions, they were entitled to blankets, and the complement of blankets was not yet supplied—or, rather, though supplied, could not be taken away. The statement about the greatcoats is of the same character as the other allegations. It is not true that greatcoats were withheld in compliance with a stand-

ing regulation; Lord Raglan, as we have said before, overruled all regulations. Nothing—no regulation, no order, no authority, was to stand in the way of the issue of the stores; and everybody fully understood that he had only to ask and have, or even go and take. We have now gone over the various charges brought against Sir Richard Airey; and his most bitter assailants must admit, on a review of the facts, that they are without a shadow of foundation. The public and the press can have no object in awarding blame where it is far from being deserved."

The above remarks, taken from the *United Service Magazine*, may have been written by Sir Richard Airey himself, their complexion is so partisan: certainly the testimony of persons familiar with the facts is utterly opposed to the witness borne by the writer of the article. Mr. Russell, writing concerning the state of things (the 3rd of January), especially refers to the state of the men's clothing:—"It snowed all last night incessantly, and this morning the whole of the bleak grey mountains over Balaklava, and of the landscape of valley, undulating hills, rugged ridges, and mountain-tops, was clothed in a sheet of blinding whiteness. The snow lay on the ground to the depth of six or seven inches, and the cold was aggravated by a high wind which blew into one's very bones. If the men were only well clad, this weather would, however, be far more healthy than the wet and storms of rain we have had recently; but, alas! the poor fellows are not properly provided with outer garments to resist the severity of the climate. I cannot conceive much greater hardships than those to which the men in the trenches are subjected, when, at the end of a twelve hours' watch they return half-cramped and frozen to their damp cheerless tents, to find that there is not wood enough to warm their coffee! Our sentries have got an extra greatcoat—a kind of 'grego' with a large hood; all our men who are exposed to night duty should be provided with them. What the men require most are warm long boots to protect the feet and legs. Some few boots of this kind have been served out, and have been found invaluable. The mits are also most serviceable."

On the 8th of January, the same authority affords the following confutation of the advocate of General Airey:—"The arrangements in Balaklava are much better now than they were when I wrote about them some time ago. But let no one at home dream that our troops are in huts, or that they are well clad. It will be weeks ere the huts can be up at the camp. Some have been pitched close to the town for the artillery, and a few suits of warm clothing have been distributed. But hundreds of men have still to go into the trenches at

night with no covering but their greatcoats, and no protection for their feet but their regimental shoes. The trenches are two and three feet deep with mud, snow, and half-frozen slush. Many men when they take off their shoes are unable to get their swollen feet into them again, and they have been seen bare-footed hopping along about the camp, with the thermometer at 20°, and the snow half-a-foot deep on the ground. Our fine patent stores are wretched affairs. They are made of thin sheet iron, which cannot stand our fuel—charcoal. Besides, with charcoal they are mere poison manufactories, and they cannot be left alight in the tents at night. They answer well for drying the men's clothes at day. There are not many of them distributed as yet, however, so that, such as they are, the troops have not the advantage. On this, the 8th day of January, some of the Guards of her majesty Queen Victoria's household brigade are walking about in the snow *without soles to their shoes*. The warm clothing is going up to the front in small detachments. I don't know how the French get on, but I know this, that our people do not get a fair chance for their lives while wintering in the Crimea—at least, up to the date of my letter. Providence has been very good to us. With one great exception, which must have done as much mischief to the enemy as to ourselves, we have had wonderful weather since the expedition landed in the Crimea."

Under date of the 11th, he affords the following confirmation of the opinions we express, and refutation of the special pleader in the *United Service Magazine*:—

"Yesterday the weather changed again; the wind chopped round to the N.E., blowing strongly, and at the same time the thermometer fell rapidly from 40° to 30°, and in the course of this morning it marked 22°, from which it rose to 24°, where it now remains. This degree of cold is however, as usual, accompanied by an intensely dry cutting wind of extreme severity and sharpness, which causes water to freeze rapidly, has arrested the thaw, and has hardened the grounds and roads, cut up very much by cart-wheels and horse-hoofs during the two or three wet days previously, so as to make it difficult and painful to walk upon, and all but impossible to ride over. Within this week large quantities of warm clothing have been distributed, bought up at Constantinople or sent out from England, and, as there is no uniformity of cut, or colour, or material, 'motley is the only wear' of our brave army. It must not, however, be imagined that the supplies sent up are at all equal to the demand, or that there is any large proportion of our men provided with extra greatcoats, or with anything more than their usual outer covering,

and perhaps an extra blanket. The sick in the hospital marquees, out on the bleak plains or upon the hill-tops, suffer severely from the cold, and the snow blows into their very blankets. However, such supplies as the men have had prove of the greatest service, and have, no doubt, saved many lives. Some of the warm coats sent out for the officers are far too small, and I have just heard a pathetic story from a stout Highlander, respecting the defeat of his exertions to get into his much-longed-for and much-wanted garment. There is only one officer in the whole regiment that the largest of the greatcoats will fit, and he is certainly not remarkable for bulk or stature. The men are far more lucky, and their coats are of the most liberal dimensions, however eccentric in cut and device they may be."

As late as January the 19th he testifies:—"Many thousands of fine coats, lined with fur and skins, of long boots, and of gloves, mits, and socks, have been served out to the men; but I know of regimental hospitals in the front where the sick men in wet marquees have now only one blanket to lie upon at this very date, if the word of the regimental surgeons and the evidence of one's eyesight are to be believed. For myself, I must say one of the most melancholy subjects for reflection in the world is the sight of our present army." On the same date, recording the aspect of things a few days before, he thus wrote, with that peculiar mixture of humour and pathos so peculiar to his countrymen, and so characteristic of himself:—"On the 16th the thermometer was at 14° in the morning, and at 10° on the heights over Balaklava. The snow fell all night, and covered the ground to the depth of three feet; but the cold and violent wind drifted it in places to the depth of five or six feet. In the morning 1200 French soldiers came down to Balaklava for shot and shell, and the agility, good spirits, and energy with which they ploughed through the snow were alike admirable. The wind blew almost a gale, and the native horses refused to face it, but our poor fellows came trudging along in the same dreary string, and there was something mournful in the very aspect of the long lines of black dots moving across the vast expanse of glittering snow between Sebastopol and Balaklava. When these dots came up, you saw they had very red noses, and very white faces, and very bleared eyes; and as to their clothes, Falstaff would have thought his famous levy a *corps d'élite* if he could have beheld our gallant soldiery. Many of the officers are as ragged and as reckless in dress. The generals make appeals to their subalterns 'to wear their swords, as there is now no other way of telling them from the men.' It is inexpressibly odd to see Captain Smith

of the — foot, with a pair of red Russian leather boots up to his middle, a cap probably made out of the tops of his holsters, and a white skin coat, tastefully embroidered all down the back with flowers of many-coloured silk, topped by a head-dress *à la* dustman of London, stalking gravely through the mud of Balaklava, intent on the capture of a pot of jam or marmalade. Do you wonder why we are all so fond of jam? Because it is portable and eatable, and is a substitute for butter; and butter is only sent out here in casks and giant crocks, one of which would exhaust the transport resources of a regiment. Captain Smith is much more like his great namesake of the Adelphi, when, in times gone by, he made up for a smuggler-burglar-bandit, than the pride of the High Street of Portsmouth, or than that hero of the Phoenix Park, with golden wings like an angel, before the redness of whose presence little boys and young ladies trembled. All this would be rather facetious and laughable, were not poor Captain Smith a famished wretch with bad chilblains, approximating to frost-bites, a touch of scurvy, and a severe rheumatism. Many of our men have been crippled by the cold, and of our officers, Captain Strong, of the Coldstream Guards, has been obliged to go down on leave, with one foot badly frostbitten. Our men have been seen hobbling about in the trenches and in the camps, barefooted, and yet ankle-deep in snow. They could not get their frozen boots and shoes on their swollen feet."

At last, when the trying month of January was in its fourth week, Mr. Russell bears witness to the efficient distribution of warm clothing:—"Warm clothing is arriving in great quantities, and the remnant of our army will soon be all comfortably clad, or it will be their own faults. The greatcoats, boots, jerseys, and mits furnished by the government to officers and men, are of excellent quality, and the distribution, though late, is most liberal. A fur cloak, a pea-jacket, a fur cap, a pair of boots, two jerseys, two pair of drawers, and two pair of socks, are to be given to each officer, and several of them have received the boon already. Still it is a fact that, at this moment, there is but one hospital marquee in the whole of the second division camp."

It would be easy to quote other authorities to sustain Mr. Russell, such as Mr. Woods, Mr. Layard, Colonel Hamley, Mr. M'Cormick, and various officers and civilians whose word was beyond doubt. It would be needless to pursue this theme further; nothing but wilful ignorance or deliberate misrepresentation could ever lead men to describe the English army as well clothed during the winter of 1854-5 up to the last week in January, or allege that where deficient the fault was their own, the quarter-

master-general's arrangements assuring them such supplies as they would take the trouble to accept.

The sufferings of the soldiers from the severity of the climate would have been great, however well supplied with food, clothing, tents, huts, and every other camp requisite. The French, who were well supplied, lost many men; but to the neglect or incompetency of the officials at home, the commander-in-chief and his staff in the Crimea, and the British ambassador at Constantinople, the heavy losses of January are to be attributed, as well as those of the previous winter months. Lord Raglan assigned to the small army under his command an equal amount of trench-work and siege duty to that undertaken by its allies, whose numbers were so much greater. Long after it became evident that his army was unequal to the toil, he persevered in maintaining the ground he originally occupied, and performing the labour which he originally undertook. His coldness and apparent indifference to the wants of the men left abuses unremedied, and withheld that stimulus from inferior officers that the presence of a commander-in-chief, in whose hands are rewards or punishments, cannot fail to inspire. This is obvious from the testimony of every one who has written about events in the Crimea during that winter, and by the private letters of numerous officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers. It is made further manifest by the fact that when, in the more advanced portions of the month of which we now write, his lordship showed some activity and personal superintendence, the effects which followed were of immediate advantage. Mr. Russell, writing on the 18th, says, "Lord Raglan came down to-day to Balaklava. General Airey also came down, and inspected an attempt to prepare sleighs for carrying up shot to the front. Lord Raglan visited Lord Lucan, and went over the cavalry camp, which he had not seen since it was formed here. Lord Raglan gave several orders calculated to promote the comfort of the troops, and his unusual presence among the officers and men has been attended with the best effects, and has stimulated every branch of the service at Balaklava and at the depots." Again, on the 20th, he alludes to that visit of his lordship as producing beneficial results:—"The visit of Lord Raglan to Balaklava last Thursday seems to have had considerable effect in improving the state of the place. Men are at work throwing stones down into the most Curtius-like gulfs in the street. Major Fellowes is now off on his expedition to organise a waggon and transport train at Constantinople or elsewhere."

There can be no doubt that such visits paid earlier to the different departments of the army would have averted many catastrophes. It has

been alleged that Lord Raglan's years and state of health rendered him inadequate to the task imposed upon him. To this the just reply is, that in such case he should never have accepted the command, or, having underrated its requirements, as soon as he discovered it to be beyond his strength or capacity, he ought to have surrendered it.

From all the causes noticed in the foregoing pages, sickness continued to prevail to a frightful extent. The havoc made among the troops was appalling. Two regiments were so disorganised that the relics of them had to be sent away to Malta to be re-formed. Some regiments were reduced to the strength of a single company. The loss of the Guards was so heavy that the recital produced a great shock to the English public, and strengthened its determination to have the causes of such fearful waste of life investigated. On the 5th of November the brigade lost forty per cent. killed and wounded; and there was a considerable loss at the battle of the Alma; but with these exceptions the sacrifice of men by battle was not great. The brigade left England 2500 strong; the reinforcements sent out afterwards amounted to 1500, making a total of 4000 men sent out up to the end of 1854. At the end of January they mustered about 900. In ten weeks the brigade had lost by work, weather, want of food and shelter, and the sickness entailed by all these causes, 1000 men. Reinforcements for the army arrived out in January, as well as in the previous month, but they generally consisted of mere boys—almost children in some instances; and they were, to use the expressive phraseology applied to them in camp, "washed away" by the rains, or "snuffed out" by the excess of labour, or frostbitten. Those poor lads perished in large numbers almost as soon as they landed. At the close of January the British army could not muster more than 23,000 bayonets, although the representations made by the government at home would lead the country to expect that 55,000 men were able to ply the siege or take the field. During seven weeks previous to the 20th of January, 8000 men went down sick and wounded to Balaklava; of these literally none returned. The illness of the men was aggravated by a peculiar languor which unfitted them from helping themselves in the least. A desire for *rest* at all costs and consequences pervaded nearly all the invalids. How dreadful the impression must have been in the camp when such facts as these were entered in the journal of one who witnessed them:—"About a thousand sick were sent away last week. . . . Three ships will sail with cargoes of sick to-morrow. . . . There was a white frost last night. To-day the thermometer is at 42°. The activity of the heads of departments,

which has been recently observable, is becoming more largely and beneficially developed every day. A large number of sick, and, I fear, dying men, were sent into Balaklava to-day on French mule litters and a few of our bāt-horses. They formed one of the most ghastly processions that ever poet imagined. Many of these men were all but dead. With closed eyes, open mouths, and ghastly attenuated faces, they were borne along two and two, the thin stream of breath, visible in the frosty air, alone showing they were still alive. One figure was a horror—a corpse, stone dead, strapped upright in its seat, its legs hanging stiffly down, the eyes staring wide open, the teeth set on the protruding tongue, the head and body nodding with frightful mockery of life at each stride of the mule over the broken road. No doubt the man had died on his way down to the harbour. As the apparition passed, the only remarks the soldiers made were such as this—‘There’s one poor fellow out of pain, any way!’ Another man I saw with the raw flesh and skin hanging from his fingers, the naked bones of which protruded into the cold air, undressed and uncovered. This was a case of frost-bite, I presume. Possibly the hand had been dressed, but the bandages might have dropped off. All the sick in the mule litters seemed alike on the verge of the grave.”

Some of the medical men did not show as humane a disposition as might be expected from their noble profession. A poor marine was taken ill of cholera, and when application was made for his admission to the hospital at Balaklava, the doctor, who was in bed, would not rise, alleging that it was contrary to rule for a marine to be admitted there. It was urged that the man would die, but this did not shake the resolution of the medical man in favour of routine. Lord Raglan issued some heavy censures upon one or two medical delinquents, but his lordship could not be prevailed upon to follow the matter up—he was indisposed to carry either his severity or interference “too far.”

The want of medical stores and medicine continued throughout January, as in the earlier months, to aggravate the sufferings of the sick, and impede the labour of those zealous physicians whose professional pride and personal generosity led them to make every possible exertion for the men. Mr. Russell relates two shocking instances to this effect, and these were but specimens of many. The correspondents of the *Morning Herald* and *Morning Chronicle* added other instances equally painful in proof of the allegation.

Jan. 25.

“A circumstance occurred in Balaklava to-day which I will state for the calm considera-

tion of the public at home without one single word of comment. The *Charity*, an iron screw steamer, is at present in harbour for the reception of sick British soldiers, who are under the charge of a British medical officer. That officer went on shore to-day and made an application to the officer in charge of the government stoves for two or three to put on board the ship to warm the men. ‘Three of my men,’ said he, ‘died last night from choleraic symptoms, brought on in their present state from the extreme cold of the ship; and I fear more will follow them from the same cause.’—‘Oh,’ said the guardian of the stoves, ‘you must make your requisition in due form, send it up to head-quarters, and get it signed properly, and returned, and then I will let you have the stoves.’—‘But my men may die meantime.’—‘I can’t help that, I must have the requisition.’—‘It is my firm belief that there are men now in a dangerous state whom another night will certainly kill.’—‘I really can do nothing; I must have a requisition properly signed before I can give one of these stoves away.’—‘For God’s sake, then, lend me some; I’ll be responsible for their safety.’—‘I really can do nothing of the kind.’—‘But, consider, this requisition will take time to be filled up and signed, and meantime these poor fellows will go.’—‘I cannot help that.’—‘I’ll be responsible for anything you do.’—‘Oh, no, that can’t be done!’—‘Will a requisition signed by the P. M. O. of this place be of any use?’—‘No.’—‘Will it answer if he takes on himself the responsibility?’—‘Certainly not.’ The surgeon went off in sorrow and disgust. Such are the ‘rules’ of the service in the hands of incapable and callous men.

“Here is a special fact for Dr. Smith, the head of the British army medical department. A surgeon of a regiment stationed on the cliffs above Balaklava, who has about forty sick out of two hundred men, has been applying to the ‘authorities’ in the town for the last three weeks for medicines, all simple and essential, and cannot get one of them. The list he sent in was returned with the observation, ‘We have none of these medicines in store.’ To-day this poor surgeon, too, came down with his last appeal:—‘Do, I beg of you, give me any medicine you have for diarrhoea.’—‘We haven’t any.’—‘Anything you may have, I’ll take.’—‘We haven’t any.’—‘Have you any medicine for fever you could give? anything you can let me have, I’ll take.’—‘We haven’t any.’—‘I have a good many cases of rheumatism among my men, can you let me have any medicines for them?’—‘We haven’t any.’ Thus, for fever, rheumatism, and diarrhoea, the most prevalent complaints of the army, there were no specifics whatever, and the surgeon returned up the hill-side with the

bitter reflection that he could give no aid to the unfortunate men under his care. Can any one of the '*facts*' I have stated be denied? Certainly not by any one who regards the truth, and who is not a shameless utterer of falsehoods. Dr. Smith can prove, no doubt, that there are granaries full of the finest and costliest drugs and medicines for fever, rheumatism, and diarrhoea at Scutari, but the knowledge that they are there little avails poor fellows dying here for want of them."

The influence of Dr. Smith over the unhappy state of the hospitals and the dispensaries connected with them was dwelt upon with stern severity by Mr. Macdonald, the *Times'* commissioner at Scutari, so frequently referred to in previous chapters:—"For the defective state of the military hospitals in the East, the chief blame must be attached to Dr. Andrew Smith, the director-general. He it was who brought his department into a position which deprived it of all that authority and force requisite for its efficiency. The servile submissiveness of its *régime* has prevented its chief officers from protesting with the requisite energy when its free action was impeded or interfered with. While every other department of the service victimised it, the stringent rule of the director-general had destroyed all zeal and independence of spirit in the mass of his subordinates; and when the hour of trial came, it was found that neither in the Crimea nor at Scutari had the principal medical officers the power or the courage to secure from other quarters the co-operation and assistance which were indispensable to them. They were thrown over by the naval authorities, by the quartermaster-general's people, by the commander-in-chief, by, in fact, everybody with whom they came in contact, or upon whom they were dependent; and to complete their humiliation, and the weight of responsibility resting on their chief, they would have submitted in silence and drawn a veil over the horrors of the military hospitals, had these not been disclosed by the press. Such are the miserable results of having at the head of an important department a man whose only qualifications for that office are blind subserviency to his superiors, and a stern terrorism over those placed under his own control."

The government at home, and their abettors in parliament and in the press, made the great storm on the 14th of November an excuse for every neglect. Whatever was deficient was said to be so because the supplies were lost in the *Prince*, or some other ship of the transport squadron. We have shown in previous chapters that the misgovernment which prevailed at Balaklava in connection with the Admiralty appointments, and the contradictory and vacillating procedure of the military head-quarters occasioned this loss. The admirals ought not

to have been exempted from blame; had they studied the probability of such gales in the situation of the ships, and issued orders to the transports accordingly, they might have been better prepared for such an emergency. Admiral Dundas persisted in declining all responsibility connected with the transports, in spite of the urgent solicitations of the Duke of Newcastle. The following extract describes the atmospheric phenomena which precede the tempests of these latitudes:—"The law of storms as defined by the researches of Reid, Piddington, Maury, and Redfield, teaches us that north of the equator rotatory storms commence with a high barometer and light airs from the southward, succeeded immediately by a rapid fall of the mercury, the gale commencing at S.S.E., or S. by E., veering to S.S.W. and W., and ending at W.N.W. or N.W., while the path of the centre of the storm moves from the westward in an easterly direction. Hence it was clear that the greatest danger to our fleets arose from the certainty that the most furious part of the gale would find the vessels anchored on a lee shore, with bad holding-ground. What, then, should have been done? Undoubtedly, every ship should have been signalled to put to sea as soon as the fall in the barometer and the veering of the wind indicated that a severe rotatory gale had commenced. The ignorance which prevented this, or the apathy which omitted it, has led to our dreadful losses, and to the sufferings our brave troops are now enduring from the loss of their winter clothing and other necessities and comforts in the *Prince*."

When the wretched state of the harbour at Balaklava and its management were agitated in the press and the parliament at home, as one of the chief causes of the destitution of the troops throughout January, as well as earlier, the arguments of the press and the inquiries of independent members of parliament were met with the most mendacious statements, "cooked," as the coarse phrase current expresses it, to meet such discussions and inquiries, so as to keep the public quiet. The following is a specimen of this mode of procedure in the House of Commons, February 5:—

"Mr. Deedes said that, seeing the honourable and gallant admiral who was a member of the Board of Admiralty in his place, he begged to ask him a question of which he had not given notice. It having been stated, not only by private channels of communication, but in the public journals, that very great confusion and mismanagement existed at Balaklava among the shipping, and that no arrangements were made for the landing of the cargoes when the ship arrived there, he wished to ask the honourable and gallant admiral whether any information had been received by the Admi-

rality on the subject, and whether the case was as stated; and, if so, whether any and what steps had been taken to put an end to such a state of things?

“Admiral Berkeley said, the honourable gentlemen having intimated to him his intention to put the question which he had just done, he had prepared himself with the means of answering it, he hoped, satisfactorily. He would first read an extract of a letter from Admiral Sir E. Lyons, dated the 13th of January, 1855. That gallant admiral in the course of his letter said:—‘But to revert to the inside of the harbour, the responsibility for the first three weeks rests with me, for I had the superintendence, and all I will say of myself is, that I naturally did my best to promote the success of an object I had so much at heart; but, of my assistants, I may say that no man ever had a more able one than I had in Captain Mends for the details of landing the cargoes, or a more efficient one than I had in Captain Heath for all the duties relating to the ingress, berthing, and egress of the shipping. Thanks, in a great measure, to the zeal and foresight of Rear-admiral Stewart, boats were not wanting, and their lordships may be assured that the best use was made of them by Captains Dacres and Heath and Commander Powell, whose praiseworthy conduct has won for them the admiration of the army and the goodwill of all. I observe that it is alleged that quantities of hay and firewood were allowed to float about the harbour when both were in much request, and I freely admit it must have appeared so to passers-by; but the truth is, the hay had become so saturated with salt water in the late hurricane that the animals would not eat the innermost part of the trusses; the wood was only fit for firewood, and it was considered that the best means of preventing its being pilfered was to let it float out of the reach of the strand until measures could be taken for collecting and distributing it.’ The next extract was also from a letter by Admiral Sir E. Lyons to the secretary of the Admiralty, dated the 22nd of January, off Sebastopol. ‘With reference to your letter of the 18th ult., addressed to my predecessor, and to mine of the 13th inst. in reply thereto, I beg to transmit some documents which I have received from Captain Heath, of the *Sanspareil*, by which their lordships will observe that many of the accounts of the confusion in Balaklava harbour, if not altogether untrue, are at least greatly exaggerated.’ He would now read the answer returned by thirty-six masters of transports to Captain Heath:—

Balaklava Harbour, Jan. 13th.

“SIR,—It is with much pleasure that on the eve of your departure we bear testimony to your unceasing endeavours to regulate the

berthing and insure the safety of the ships in this harbour. We are, &c., (signed by thirty-six masters of transports).’

He (Admiral Berkeley) had several other answers to the statements referred to by the honourable gentleman, couched in equally strong language. The following was an extract from a report of Captain Robert Methden, of the steam transport *Columbo*, of 1800 tons:—‘The gale threw everything into confusion; but by great exertions a re-arrangement was effected, and since then the most watchful care of the shipping, in all cases which seemed to require interference, seems to me to have been afforded. The pilotage of the port, under Captain Powell, requiring the largest ships to be handled under critical circumstances, has caused me repeatedly to express my most unqualified admiration. This duty has called for incessant labour, and it has been bestowed with the most untiring zeal, temper, and cheerfulness, and with an ability not to be surpassed by the most practised hand. On such occasions, when Captain Powell could not himself attend, or when two heads were better than one, I observed that Captain Heath was himself always present. For some weeks past (say four) large bollards have been placed for securing moorings of a light description; and in other respects, having three times entered and departed from this port, I have to state that every application for assistance to either Captain Heath or Captain Powell has been responded to, and I consider the present state of the harbour a marvel of exact arrangement (*laughter*), and the amount of accommodation afforded only to be exemplified by one of the crowded docks of Liverpool.’ (*Ironical cheers.*)”

Admiral Lyons is a politic man, and his replies were free from the glaring attempts to please the Admiralty, which characterised the letter of Captain Methden, which was heartily laughed at in the house and “out of doors.” But by whom did Admiral Lyons fear that the timber would be purloined? The Greeks had been driven out of Balaklava, and the only persons who could have stolen the timber were those who ought to have received it—the sailors and marines serving on shore, and the cavalry while quartered near Balaklava. The trusses of hay which were soaked with salt water could have been easily saved; horses are fond of salt, and would not have refused the hay when dried, because of its having the deposit of salt left by the evaporated water; at all events, horses that devoured their own pack saddles and their neighbours’ tails would not have been so nice about hay with a deposit of salt! Had Admiral Lyons attended to these matters while he was amusing himself in the camp with amateur soldiering, or enjoying the

society of Lord Raglan, he would have better served his country. The foregoing pages do justice to the professional skill and personal courage of the gallant sailor, of whom his country has been proud, and by which he has been sufficiently rewarded; but the toadyism of the admiral, now Lord Lyons, as shown in such letters and despatches, and subsequently before the court of inquiry in Chelsea Hospital, seriously lowers the proud feelings with which the country regarded him. It is scarcely necessary to add that the representations of the Admiralty and Captain Methden did not comport with fact. Improvements at Balaklava did take place during January, but it was still a scene of wretched mismanagement. The man who was most fitted to infuse order into the chaos on shore and afloat, Captain Christie, was asspersed, persecuted, superseded, and ultimately died of a broken heart.

The testimony of Mr. Woods is very conclusive as to the state of the harbour of Balaklava, and it places Admirals Lyons and Berkeley in no favourable light in reference to the above statements:—"A depot for provisions began to be formed at head-quarters when the necessity for such an accommodation had almost ceased to exist; and an immense number of idle vagabonds, the refuse of the Levant, were hired by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at three shillings and sixpence a-day and their rations, and sent up to make roads. The harbour of Balaklava which, soon after the gale of the 14th of November, had been placed under the charge of Captain G. L. Heath, had been in a most frightful state all through the winter. For a long period none knew who was harbour-master, and very few could be brought to believe that such a functionary existed at all. Vessels came and went as they liked, and anchored where they pleased. On one occasion, when a ship was required to change her berth, she was obliged to slip her cable, as from the numbers of other vessels that had anchored across, it was impossible to get it up. The 'higgledy piggledy' system was perfect: everything was at once in the way and out of the way. No guards were mounted over powder-ships, and two fires occurred on board such vessels laden with ammunition. On one of these occasions, when an inquiry was instituted, it was found that the master and many of the crew were constantly drunk, that lights and fires were kept up all night, and even that firearms had been discharged in the cabins. In other cases, powder-ships were moored side by side with private ships sent up by Maltese and Greeks, on which spirits were sold at all hours of the night. No attempt was even made to separate such floating magazines from ordinary ships; in fact, all did as they liked and left others to

do the same. When at length the transport captains began to murmur, and the accounts of the frightful state of the harbour reached England, Captain Heath at last appeared as harbour-master, and tried to induce the masters of transports to sign a paper to the effect that all was carried on with order and regularity—but the attempt was a signal failure. It was then that Admiral Boxer came up as senior officer, and toiling night and day soon showed, by the altered appearance of the place, what a little well-directed energy could effect."

The fear of incurring responsibility deterred good and intelligent men from attempting anything in the harbour or the camp. The private correspondents and toadies of the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, the medical authorities in London, or the government, would at once have fallen upon them, and they would have experienced the fate of Captain Christie. Returning to the condition of the sick on the plateau we see this painfully exemplified.

Mr. Layard, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, thus accounted for the neglect and incompetency which prevailed:—"I will tell the house where the mischief lies. There is a general fear of taking any responsibility; every one is afraid to act with vigour; and, with the permission of the house, I will illustrate my position. One day, as I was going up to the lines of the army, in company with a gallant officer, we met a number of carts containing men suffering from disease and wounds, some of whom, I believe, died on the passage down; and with that convoy there were only two or three guards, privates of the line. I was astounded that there was no medical man in charge of so many wounded and sick men, and I went to Lord Raglan, and he was brought to see that convoy. Lord Raglan expressed that indignation which every honourable and humane man must feel at such a circumstance, and he instituted an inquiry. It was found that the medical men and officers had neglected their duty; and Lord Raglan published a general order, in which he stated that the conduct of certain persons had been disgraceful; but he added, that he would spare their feelings, and not mention their names. I can honour and reverence these feelings in a man, but I cannot honour or reverence such feelings in a general."

A medical man, resident in London, who had just returned from the East, made the following comments upon the dietary of the army in January and the winter generally, as one of the most potent causes of the physical deterioration of the troops:—"For months past the camp and hospitals of the East furnish us daily with long lists of deaths, occasioned by dysentery and diarrhoea, and, indeed, up to this hour, no one seems to inquire into the real

cause of this sad calamity. Has a medical board been held and strict inquiry made regarding the remedies used in our hospitals in the East, and how far they have succeeded or failed? During my visit to the Lazaretto in Sebastopol, I learnt that the cases of dysentery and diarrhoea, though malignant in their nature, produced only three fatal cases out of twenty. The doses administered were most powerful, and contained chiefly the tincture of catechu in a mixture of cretal, spirit ætheris chlorici and tinct. opii. I have, however, here to observe that the opinion of the local medical staff of Sebastopol was divided as regards the last-named narcotic. Oil of peppermint, rhubarb, and camphor, were used with much caution. The application of hot baths was found to relax the patient too much, and hot tiles were used instead. The temperature of all the wards was kept up to a degree fixed by the board of surgeons, held once or sometimes twice a-week at the lazaretto; the rooms were well ventilated, the charcoal fires at each end consumed the foul air, and the floors were frequently sprinkled with chloride of lime and vinegar. On inquiry, several of the medical gentlemen assured me that the chief cause of the dysentery and diarrhoea was not so much arising from the weather, but from their half-baked sour bread, mouldy biscuits, salt meat, bacon, onions, &c. They found the bread and salt meat 'relaxing,' the biscuits creating maggots, and even rice, arrowroot, sago, &c., served up 'watery,' disordering the system. Each medical gentleman had to lay (once a-week) before the weekly board a minute account of each individual case.—Our army in the East is still supported by salted provision and biscuits! No human frame can stand the present diet, as served, for more than four months past, to the defenders of the right; and I repeat again, that had our troops been supplied with fresh beef or mutton and thick boiled rice only twice a-week, the lives of thousands would have been saved; biscuits would only occasionally be wanted, and rum given without danger. The price of oxen and sheep for hundreds of miles around the Crimea is even now, in time of war, twenty per cent. to thirty per cent. cheaper than in England, and fifteen per cent. to twenty-five per cent. lower for slaughtered meat than the price charged by the contractors to our government for salted loins of pork. The sheepskins would supply our poor soldiers with excellent blankets, the oxhides afford a good shelter for our ill-provided horses, a flooring of the pit-like tent, or a waterproof covering for provisions, ammunition, &c., stored in the open air."

Others, acquainted with the state of the camp and of the army, attributed much of the prevailing sickness to the use of alcohol. Mr.

McCormick, of New York, thus informs his fellow-citizens on this head:—"If I were to attempt an enumeration of the causes tending to the great mortality among the English troops, I should unhesitatingly give prominence to one point which appears to have been generally overlooked—viz., intemperance. In addition to three rations of rum of very high proof, allowed the men every day, they were frequently known to drink two or three or more glasses on their visits to Balaklava. I saw very many poor fellows so much overcome by excessive drinking that they could not walk erect.—I shall not readily forget a scene which came to my notice as I happened to be walking a little way out of the village on one of the coldest days of the season. A careless Tartar driver of a commissariat pony had chanced to drop a keg of rum by the road-side, and passed on without noticing it. It was quickly seized upon by a passing company, composed chiefly of Irishmen, who speedily rolled it to a dry spot, ended it up, forced out the bung, and began to fill their tin drinking cups, and imbibe the raw liquid as a Knickerbocker would well-iced Croton under an August sun. I asked to whom the keg properly belonged, and why it was not returned to its owner; but already half frantic with excitement and revolting glee, they imagined that I wanted a share of the spoils, and instantly a half-dozen great cups and jugs were pushed into my face, while, with riotous frenzy, I was urged to help myself. I respectfully declined the invitation, but loitered for a few moments to see the termination of the scene. The crowd thickened. An officer demanded to know where the keg came from, and to whom it belonged, but to no better purpose than I; and in a few moments the last drop of liquor had been drained out, and the rum-saturated throng went staggering away, clamorously intimating their desire to meet 'another prize of the same glorious sort!' It was thought by many that the profuse supply of ration rum had been productive of much injury. One fine fellow, with a rugged look, in writing to a friend at home concerning his manner of living, said, 'I have not slept even one night in bed, but mostly on the ground, or on the deck of a ship, and still I am as well as ever. I owe it, I think, to my teetotalism. Those of our men who drink are most subject to illness; and the majority of those who have died were hard drinkers.' While the officers were nearly unanimous in their belief that grog was of the utmost importance to the men, not a few intimated that the quantity which they received had been the means of serious injury in numerous instances."

A blue-book of 100 pages, published since the termination of the war, contains a general and special report by Dr. Lyons (the chief of

the Smyrna hospital) concerning the pathology of the diseases of the army in the East, addressed to the secretary of war. A short abstract of the result of his inquiries will hardly fail to interest many, even of our non-medical readers, and enable them to form some judgment upon the character and causes of the sickness which prevailed. There appears to have been two principal causes inducing the invasion of disease in the Crimea during the winter of 1854-5; these were the fatigues and exposures of trench duty, and the singular and rapid vicissitudes of the climate. The operation of youth and immature physical development is next noticed in the induction of disease among the troops. The joint number on the occasion of the assaults on the Redan, in the summer and autumn of 1855, received into one hospital in the field were 664, embracing all varieties of gunshot wounds of the very worst kind. Of this number of men the average age was twenty-four years and a half, but more than one fourth of the whole were actually only twenty years old and under; and altogether there was a high proportion of immature youth, such as (Dr. Lyons has no hesitation in affirming) it is not consistent with any sound physiological principles to expose to the severe trials and hardships of actual war. The doctor does not object to early enlistment, but he urges the necessity of the gradual training and preparation at home, or on secondary foreign stations in favourable climates for the severer ordeals of warfare. He expresses his unqualified opinion that no soldier under twenty-one years of age should be sent out to the Crimea, or any other seat of actual war, and not even then without a previous training and gradual acclimatisation in suitably selected secondary stations. The various morbid agencies at work in the Crimea induced sensible modifications in the constitution of the soldier, and some of the effects, such as premature appearance of age, were sensible to the eye. The powers of the system, and consequently the vitality of the soldiers were below par, and this was especially manifested in some of the prominent and distinctive characters of the prevalent diseases. A general scorbutic state was recognisable in the soldiers' constitution, and this lent a decided influence to, and even sometimes distinctly modified, the characters of the other diseased processes so commonly prevalent. The abdominal viscera were the organs in which disease was most commonly manifested, and it may be said that the main features of the pathology of the eastern army were embraced in the two great classes of the fevers and the fluxes, and of the latter no small proportion owed their origin to the former. Dysentery was the most prevalent of the true fluxes, and when established as

chronic, it evinced a marked tendency to induce other morbid states in the system. The results of the surgical were fully corroborative of the medical pathology. As a general rule, low forms of diseased action attended the graver surgical cases, and the Russian prisoners exhibited a tolerance of the effects of injury and of surgical operations far superior to that of the allied soldiers, except, perhaps, the Sardinians, when they came upon the theatre of conflict.

The sickness of the troops, the wasted condition of the horses, and the state of the road or track during January, mocked all efforts at getting up sufficient supplies. Happily, the frost made the track very firm for the greater part of the month, or the army in the lines must have positively perished. Lord Raglan and General Airey's neglect of Commissary Filder's proposal, made at the opening of the siege, for the formation of camp depots, told against the army through the whole winter. Their neglect of road making, while that was practicable, was attended by similarly fatal results. But the heads of the army at home and abroad, and those members of government upon whom the efficiency of the army depended, were either indifferent, or had wholly neglected those studies which were essential to qualify them for their situation. The following remarkable speech was delivered by the Rev. J. C. Bruce, LL.D., before the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, at their meeting in Edinburgh, some time after the tidings of the sufferings of January and February of 1855 had added to the horrors with which the news of 1854, of a similar kind, had filled the public mind:—"If any one had said to the prime-minister of England, when he declared war against Russia, 'My lord, let me advise you, before you take a single step in the prosecution of this momentous enterprise, to spend at least one week in the study of Roman antiquities,' what would have been thought of him? And what would have been thought of the minister who, in a time of such pressing emergency, should forsake the cabinet council, neglect his despatches, and leave couriers and clerks to stare at one another while he took a run down to the north to examine walls of Hadrian and Antoninus? What would have been thought of him? And yet, if we look into it, the suggestion is not so supremely ridiculous as at first sight it appears. Supposing Lord Aberdeen had come into Northumberland, and had placed himself under the guidance of our local society, what could we have shown him there that would have aided him in directing the warlike energies of this great nation? The first thing, probably, that we should have done would have been to show him the Watling Street, or some of the other lines of Roman

road which there exist in a state of considerable perfection. After we had walked his lordship for some miles over the stones that had been laid in their present bed nearly 1800 years ago, we should have said to him, 'You see here the practice of the Romans. In advancing upon an enemy, they uniformly made the construction of a road keep pace with the progress of the army. This they did, not from cowardly motives, but in order to keep up the communication with their reserves in the rear, that their supplies might be duly forwarded; and that in the case of sudden disaster they might make good their retreat. Here you see how Agricola acted when, in the year 80, he marched against the Caledonians. He made roads. Be sure that in directing the energies of the modern Caledonians against the Russians you impress upon them the necessity of making roads. Let this be one of the first things to be attended to.' Unfortunately, however, the prime-minister of that day was too busy to study antiquities. It was not until after our army had suffered the severest calamities that a road was made from Balaklava to the camp. Again, we should probably after this have taken him to some of our Roman stations on the wall, and shown him the care with which a Roman army intrenched itself when it rested even for a night. At Borcovicus, we would have furnished him with proofs for believing that when the army sat down there to build the wall the first thing they did was to erect the thick stone walls of their own camp, and to rear the stone barracks which were to form their own habitations. We should have confirmed this opinion by referring him to the sculptures on Trajan's column, which represent the soldiers employed in the Dacian campaign as being very extensively employed in building stone dwellings. We should then have pressed upon his lordship the necessity of securing strong and warm habitations for the army the moment that they had reached the ground which they were to occupy even for a moderate length of time. But what is the use of studying antiquities? what is the use of profiting by the experience of past ages. So at least some have thought, for, though the frames of our soldiery are not more hardy than were those of the Romans, they were exposed on the heights of Sebastopol in a way that a Roman army never would have been. Further, we should probably have drawn his attention very particularly to the Roman method of heating their apartments by hypocausts; and we should have suggested to him the adoption of a similar method of enabling the army to endure the rigours of a Crimean winter. When fuel is scarce, what more effectual or economical way can be employed than by making the heated air to pass beneath the floors of the

rooms? One small fire will in this way heat whole suites of apartments. But there was not time to study antiquities; and our army was left to bear up against the rigours of winter as best they could. As to the commissariat of the Roman army, our stations on the lines of Hadrian and Antoninus do not teach us much, but the instructive coil around the column of Trajan makes up for the deficiency. We should have called his lordship's attention to the important fact that foremost in the preparations which Trajan is there represented as making for his campaign in Dacia is laying in a store of hay for his horses. There the haystacks stand to this day. Doubtless, if the horses were cared for, the men would not be neglected. We should have said to him, 'My lord, let your commissariat be complete to the most unimportant article—be sure that you have hay for your horses.' But no; our rulers had not time to throw away upon the study of antiquities, and our noble horses were left on the heights of Sebastopol at a temperature not much above zero, to eat one another's manes and tails. Perhaps by this time it will appear that the idea of even a prime-minister paying a little attention to antiquities is not very absurd. If the evils to which I have referred had been avoided by the adoption of the experience of the Romans, as taught us by the monuments which they have left us, half a-year's income-tax would have been saved to this country, and this surely even utilitarians will consider as a thing of real importance."

The spirit and bearing of the men, under all the dreadful privations and hardships of January rose with the occasion. The only discontent they evinced was the way the supreme command, and the business of the staff were conducted: they were unrepining, generous to one another, full of sympathy and self-sacrifice to their officers, and magnanimous to their foes. The Irish soldiery were generally supposed to be more hardy than their British comrades, but this did not prove to be the fact; the Scotch were the most enduring soldiers beneath the winter's skies of the Crimea. The Irish were certainly the most cheerful under every privation, and they were alone able to cope with the Zouaves in their own peculiar way. They were alternately the most mischievous and the most obedient soldiers in the service. "Sure," said an Irish light company man to a countryman of his, a naval officer who went up to the lines, "those Zouaves are very clever at foragin', an' stalin', an' fightin', and divilment of all kinds; in troth, yer honour, they are nearly as bad as ourselves." Whether the middy took this as a compliment, his hearty laughter gave token that he was not without a disposition for allowing a very general application of his country-

man's estimate of the national propensities. Mr. M'Cormick, already quoted, bears amusing testimony to their good humour, hilarity, and ready wit, and relates various anecdotes which he heard in the lines or at Balaklava to this effect. The following will suffice for specimens:—"In a sortie made by the Russians one night in December, the guard of the 50th regiment was killed, and the enemy took possession of the picket, only to remain for a short time, however; for the rifles, hearing the alarm, soon came up and slaughtered the intruders without mercy. A patrol officer coming along some time after, and finding an Irishman of the rifles on guard, addressed him, 'Well, my man, what are you doing here? You do not belong to the 50th.'—"May it please yer honor," said Paddy, 'the Rooshins relieved the 50th, and we relieved the Rooshins.'—A Scotch friend who had his lodgings in Balaklava, was aroused by the violent ringing of bells, and general confusion throughout the harbour on the demise of the old and the inauguration of the new year. Forgetting the occasion, he sallied forth into the dark cold streets, thinking that there must be a fire somewhere. Soon convinced of his mistake, but ready and anxious as ever (the wicked fellow!) for a bit of fun, he carelessly said to a shivering Erinite whom he found standing on guard, 'Well, sentinel, if a fire should break out here, what should you consider it to be your duty to do first?'—"Indade, sir, I should think it my first duty to warm myself," was the off-hand and witty reply.—A recruit was reproved by an officer for daring to whistle in the ranks while going on duty. Just as the officer spoke, one of Russia's balls came whistling over the ravine. Pat, cocking his eye up towards it, quietly said, 'There goes a boy on duty, and, by jabers, hear how *he* whistles!'"

Never did men bear up more gallantly under fatigue, deprivation, wounds, frost-bites, disease, and neglect; never did men more nobly die for honour and for country. Mr. M'Cormick testifies this in terms which it is most grateful to peruse from the pen of an American:—"Lieutenant Edward Wylde, R.N., an active and intelligent gentleman, who had the arduous duty of superintending the embarkation of the larger portion of the sick and wounded, ordered to the hospitals at Scutari, related to me many remarkable instances of the wonderful *esprit de corps*. In assisting one poor fellow, who had lost a leg, and had been shot through the thigh as well as through the breast, but who was very coolly smoking his pipe, he remarked, 'Well, my good man, I see that you keep your spirits up in the midst of your trouble.' 'O yes!' said the sufferer, with a smile, 'I never allow such trifles to put out my pipe. I paid the Russians for damaging

me, I can tell you. No sooner was my bayonet into one fellow before I jerked it out and drove it into another, and so I went on to the tune of a dozen of them! and if I ever get well and have an opportunity, I'll be at the beggars again, you may be sure of that.'"

In the debate in the House of Commons, upon the vote of thanks to the allied armies, already referred to, Mr. Layard made the following speech illustrative of the spirit of the troops, and the way in which the country should deal with that spirit:—"In the vessel which conveyed him (Mr. Layard) homewards, there was a large number of French soldiers who had been wounded in the battles of the Crimea, and among them he saw many privates and non-commissioned officers, bearing on their breasts the order of the legion of honour and other orders of merit which had been conferred on them for their bravery. As these men stood before him, evidencing the pride with which they regarded the honours bestowed on them, he could not help feeling a deep regret that we had not some similar mode of testifying the country's approval of such services. It then also occurred to him that there were men in our army who, though but its rank and file, would feel as proud of orders of merit, if given to them, as the officers who commanded them could be. It occurred to him that men who returned wounded or disabled to this country, with orders of merit on their breasts, would be more likely to have their future course in life beneficially shaped, and influenced by sentiments of honour and of a just pride, than men who were hastily or indiscriminately rewarded in the field by small pecuniary donations and gifts of that kind; and he therefore earnestly hoped that some higher mode would be adopted by the government for acknowledging the prowess of our soldiery. In conclusion, allow him to say, that he was one of those few who thought that the time had come when, without questioning its political necessity, and however great might be the sacrifices imposed by a struggle of this character, war was almost necessary for our national safety and our national honour. There had been many who believed that the people of this country had relapsed into a state of effeminacy; that a long peace of forty years' duration had destroyed that British spirit to which we owed our liberties and our high position in the scale of nations. The recent events in the Crimea must, however, have dissipated all such gloomy apprehensions. Would that that great captain who had been the noblest exemplar of the true British soldier had been permitted to tarry a little while longer among us, that he might have seen that the British soldier had not degenerated! The feelings with which he

joined in the vote of that evening were greatly increased by the recollection that, united with the vote to the British army, was a vote to the brave troops of our French ally, and he trusted that that friendship which had been cemented between the two armies in the field of battle, might be still further fostered by sentiments of mutual admiration, confidence, and respect, and prove of lasting benefit to the civilised world."

Sir Charles Napier spoke to the same effect on the hustings at the Southwark election, and passionately urged upon the government, from that influential position, the adoption of bold measures to satisfy the country and the army:—"He was sorry to be obliged to remark upon a matter which he believed it to be his duty to touch upon—it was that of officers coming home upon 'urgent private business.' He regretted that the general in command had given one single officer leave to come home on private business; and he trusted that no leave would be given in future to officers, unless privates also were permitted to return home on 'urgent private business.' When an officer went to the Crimea, he went there of his own free will, and nothing should permit him to come thence but severe ill-health. No business, in his opinion, could be so urgent as the business of one's country, and every man who went to the Crimea should remain there till the war was finished, when he could return home and be received with honour and gratulation by his country. Upon these points he agreed completely with that great commander the Duke of Wellington; and he confidently asserted that if we carried on the war in a pitiful and peddling way, we should only be spending money without effecting any object. Upon the question of promotion in the army, the gallant admiral observed that he had seen absolutely children going to the depots to be sent to the war. The fact was, that there was a lack of good men volunteering for the army, and this was because the British soldier was not sufficiently encouraged. When a man entered the army, the utmost he could expect was to be made corporal or sergeant, or it might be an adjutant. But what encouragement was that? We had grand-crosses, knights-commanders, and companions of the Bath, and he saw no reason why this order of distinction should not be extended to the common soldier, who might be called, for instance (when worthy), an 'Associate of the Bath.' When a man had attained to that rank, and had the right to hang a red ribbon to his button-hole, he would give him something substantial along with it—something like a pension—say of £25 a-year. That would be the cheapest way of getting soldiers, because the effect which a man would have on returning to his own neighbourhood

with a 'red ribbon' and a pension of £25 a-year would be enormous, and fifty stout young fellows would volunteer where not one had offered himself before."

Mr. Layard's disapprobation of the way in which the heroism of soldiers in the field was rewarded by small pecuniary gifts met the hearty approbation of the country;—sometimes a sovereign, sometimes two sovereigns, and occasionally a donation of £5, was Lord Raglan's measure of reward for deeds the most dauntless and chivalrous. But what mark of approbation was given, or even proposed, for the quiet manly endurance of such great sufferings? What requital did the poor man ever get for the loss of members by frost-bite, which they would not have incurred had mits, hose, and boots been timely served out? The severe censures by Sir Charles Napier against the officers for returning home on "private business," and on the general-in-chief for permitting it, were read and extensively commented upon in the camp by the soldiery. When officers retired invalided, they were objects of the kindest sympathy and respect from the men, but the retirement of those who had only "private business" excited the sneers of the soldiers, and satirical allusions to them passed from bivouac to bivouac, and trench to trench, which indicated how much the service was injured by those selfish withdrawals. Officers who would have led their men sword in hand upon the enemy, however disproportionate the numbers, shrunk from the privations of the camp and the trenches, and returned home, where they were received as heroes, and promotion was obtained by them at the expense of those who remained before the enemy. Still, nothing daunted or shook the loyalty of the noble soldiers of England. They had, even in sickness and hunger, a desire to meet the enemy. This is no exaggeration, no rhetorical flourish, but a literal truth. When the drum beat to arms, or the trumpet's call echoed among the deep ravines, the wet, weary, hungry, sick man went forth exulting, having no apprehensions except that the foe might possibly not come on. Never did Greece, in the glory of her most heroic days, nor Rome, while yet the splendour of her gifted and stern soldierhood shed a halo over the greatness of her empire, display such fortitude as the legions of England on the plateau before Sebastopol. Briton or Gael—English, Irish, or Scotchman—men of gentle blood, or those whose veins were filled from fountains which flowed in humble hearts like their own; all, all were one in indomitable will, in loyal fealty to the land which gave them being, in proud soldierhood, in lofty aspirations for victory, in generous contempt of death and suffering, if the cause for which they incurred either or both triumphed by

their ruin. The raw recruit emulated the old soldier; the lad fresh from home entered the tide of battle with the placid courage of the veteran, or the enthusiasm of the man who had before fought and conquered. Over all the gloom which threatened our country's greatness, and through the tears we wept for the fallen brave, their valour shone an iris of hope: England could not be vanquished while such hearts were her ramparts,—could not sink in renown while her children thus knew how to suffer and to die,—could not recede from her position while she had sons who performed such

actions as challenged all past chivalry, and set a new example for the ages of futurity. Exposed to the tempest, advancing beneath the still more terrible storm of battle, watching in the snow-choked trench, toiling up the mud-impeded steep, sinking with fatigue within the deluged tent, pining away in the pest-house, they retained the same majestic manhood; it was for "England, home, and duty" they dared and died. As the gem, shattered, dispersed and trodden under foot, retains to the last its lustre, so the spirit of England's army gleamed through every transition of adversity.

CHAPTER LVIII.

LETTERS FROM OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS DEPICTING THEIR SUFFERINGS.—IMPRESSIVE LETTERS DIRECTED TO THE ENGLISH PRESS BY COLONEL NAPIER AND THE HON. S. G. OSBORNE.—LOSS OF THE HORSES IN THE CRIMEA.—ANOTHER GLANCE AT THE HOSPITALS OF THE BOSPHORUS.

"— The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts."

SHAKSPEARE. *Henry V.*

THE motto selected might have been written for the occasion to which this chapter relates. "The poor condemned English sat patiently" before Sebastopol. Each night brought its sufferings, and yet amidst them every soldier might well "ruminate the morning's danger." The words of the great poet, alas! picture too truly their lorn and sorrowful condition.

A few letters from the camp will illustrate the spirit and character of the soldiery, and their dreadful condition, better than any narrative which could possibly be given. In these letters they are autobiographers, and the historians of their comrades and regiments. The home-spirit which is blended with the heroic is pleasing, although our men did not die of home-sickness, as the French not unfrequently did. A single instance of such a death in the month of January is the only one of which any evidence can be procured; yet it is not unlikely that silently the heart sank when the men felt how far they were away from wife, mother, sister, or betrothed.

The following simple-hearted letter was published in the *Bucks Advertiser* in Feb., 1855:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Jan. 9.

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I received your kind and welcome letter, and was very glad to hear that you were all well, as this leaves me at present in good health. My faith has not failed me yet, and I live in hopes it never will; for I think, after escaping through the last fighting-day, I am almost ball-proof, as the saying is among our division, on Shell

Hill. I wrote a letter to you on the 29th of last month, but had no room to tell you much about Tom, for the 5th of November and its doings filled the sheet. Dear sister, guess my surprise on Christmas-day (at night), about five o'clock, as I was cooking me a drop of coffee for supper, and thinking of the happy evening you were all enjoying at home, and I the only unfortunate and disobedient runaway of the family, when, who should come to where I was cooking but my comrade, and says, 'Corporal, have you got the kettle boiled, for we have a young man come to tea with us, as it is Christmas?' I replied, 'I am sorry we have not a glass to give him; who is it?'—'Well, Edmund,' says he, 'how are you getting on?' and there stood Thomas, in the uniform of her majesty's 71st Highlanders. I could not answer him for a few seconds, for the unhappy part of my brother broke on my mind more than ever it did before. The first thing I said to him was, 'if you knew of him enlisting?' He said he wrote to you from Canterbury before he came on board ship. I told him I was sorry to see him in this miserable country, although he had as much right to act the fool as I had. 'Ah!' says he, 'I only came to bring you a clean shirt, for I thought yours was worn out.' So when I saw he had four on at the time, I took one of them, which was very acceptable. He stayed with me till the following morning, and then went back to his regiment, which is six miles from mine, down at Balaklava. I intend to go down to see him about the 20th, when I get my pay,

and see how he likes his new life. He appeared to me to be very well contented, considering the circumstances. I intend to get him transferred to the 49th, which I think will suit him best; he wants to come now, but I know the difference between lying along with the commissariat stores and the second division, which is the worst we have out here, as our flank is too hard for him yet; for this country goes very hard with fresh troops, and I consider it better for him to remain where he is until he gets a little seasoned to the country, and likewise his work, which it is better for him to come into by degrees. I hope you will excuse this simple talk, as it is just to let you know of our meeting with each other, and nothing to offer each other but a piece of salt beef, as hard as an oak-tree, and a biscuit, so we drank each other's health with our drain of ration grog mixed with a little coffee. Dear father and mother, sisters and brother, I hope you will not see my name in any of the list of killed and wounded; but if you do you can say, 'Well, Edmund, you died the death you never feared,' for there is not a Russian in Sebastopol I fear, for if once I could get in sight of them with my rifle or bayonet I would not fear them. There is nothing fresh occurred here since my last to you. When you see anything of the second division in the paper, remember I am in that, and Tom is in Balaklava with the Highland Brigade; and now I must conclude, with my kind love to all friends and relations, for time is precious, as I am off to the trenches as one of a covering party; so no more from your affectionate son,

"EDMUND POLLARD,

"Corporal, 4th Company, 49th Regiment, Crimea."

As an example of the cheerful spirit in which the miseries of camp life were met, by many of those whose previous social position and habits had been the very opposite to that which the necessities of war compelled them to endure, we insert the following letter from Mr. George Fair, at that time serving as an assistant-surgeon in the 55th regiment, whose services during the worst period of the siege obtained for him not only the approbation of his superiors, but also the decoration of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour from the French government.

Camp before Sebastopol, Jan. 2, 1855.

"MY DEAR M—, This 'comes hoping' you are as well as I am myself—in bed—under a shower bath—in a tent—in the mud—in the camp before Sebastopol. Next, having informed you of my present and pleasant situation, allow me to wish you a happy new year, and many happy returns of the same."

"Let me explain the heads of my opening remarks. Firstly, I am well and jolly. Secondly, I am in this institution, in bed (which,

in my case, consists of an old sack attached to four poles). I daily retire at the early hour of four, and in most instances it immediately begins to rain, as it is just now doing, and as it only knows how to do in the Crimea, which explains the third and fourth heads. Tents not being calculated to exclude the rain, it comes through in a very interesting manner—although, on the whole, I have little reason to complain to-night, as, having obtained an old tent, which I have placed over my own, I am not now obliged, as formerly, to dedicate all my time to the study of drainage, on the site of the Mackintosh coat barely covering my bed. Mud! most illustrious sir! you are quite ignorant of what mud is. Here, sir, mud is mud indeed—mud which in many cases comes up to your knees—mud which rapaciously pulls off and retains your boots—mud which will never dry or wipe off—mud the half of whose properties I cannot enumerate.

"In the 'Camp before Sebastopol' requires no explanation. I am on the field of Inkerman, close to the Tchernaya, opposite the caverns, in sight of the army of Liprandi, within hail of the Cossack sentinels, and last, not least, within reach of a battery which the brutes have opened for the first time to-day. I may add, within a near sight of Sebastopol, and within hearing of its bells—cannon permitting.

"To let you see my mode of life, I will give you an account of yesterday's doings. I awoke as usual at about half-past five; did conversation disjointedly with B— (the head-surgeon, whose tent I share) from beneath the blankets till the servant brought in the decoction of beans, of which I drank a pint, with rum for milk; went up to hospital tents. There is a sight! We have twelve quite full, each containing twelve or fifteen men lying on the ground in mud or frozen to it. I have actually seen a dead body cut away from the place where the owner of it died. These huts are full of holes. I should have told you that, on issuing from our tent in the morning, we found snow at least a foot deep. We sent away twenty-three cases to Scutari by means of the French mules, to which we are always indebted for the removal of our 'cases.' The snow was heavy, and the wind bitterly cold. Three men died on the mules before reaching Balaklava—a distance of five miles over the hills—how many more since! I went round my remaining cases, and home to breakfast and to bed.

"To treat our cases we have often no medicine—indeed, seldom have any. Nothing but salt pork to feed them on, which they can't eat: so when we can get them, we boil biscuit and rice together, when we can get a fire. Nourishing food, eh?

"As I said, I went to bed, where I remain on bad days (except to go up to hospital), with

all my clothes on, of course. I have only had my trowsers off once within the last month. I went out for a quarter-of-an-hour, but not enjoying it much returned, and took a dose of calomel.

"At three, went and had a look at the miseries; then home to bed and dinner. Salt pork of course; but I must not complain, as my servant got some stunning potatoes for fourpence—all at Balaklava. After dinner, a smoke; and, being turned and tucked, as I fondly hoped, for the night, was waiting the last decoction of beans, when, lo! footsteps at the door. 'Is Dr. Fair in?'—'Yes.'—'You're wanted for picket, sir, and the regiment is on parade.' So up into my wet boots, on with my greatcoat, and off to the parade ground. But the regiment had moved on, and I trotted after them through the snow a distance of full two miles. Now picket is a nice amusement; but as my fingers seem inclined to be brittle, I will defer telling you about it till another night.

"*January 9th.*—Since I wrote the preceding, I have been twice on picket, which now only lasts twelve, instead of twenty-four hours. I don't know that it is an improvement, for I always manage to get the night hours, and am out about every third night, instead of once a week. I came off this morning about seven, after a very pleasant night, as you may suppose, when the snow was deep on the ground, and it was pouring into our tent with rain, making a nice mixture to lie down and sleep therein. However, night is safest, and there is seldom much firing, and you can see shell coming by their burning fusee. The education received in pickets consists in learning to recognise the different sounds made by shells and bits of them, and of round-shot, grape, &c., the direction of their flight from their sounds, the art of rapidly flattening yourself on the ground when a shell falls near you, and of 'bobbing' the pieces and round-shot. Shells fired from mortars whistle beautifully. I fancied I heard one at 'God save the Queen' the other day, but, being a 'Roosian,' it *must* have been fancy or perturbation. You learn also the art of making fires and cutting sticks to do your victuals on; also the art of lying and sleeping on the ground, and of becoming insensible to the effects of being soaked with rain. My usual picket station is at the parallels making on the hill beyond Shell Hill. On the night of the last (picket) I managed to get into a tent; and having foolishly taken off my boots, I found it perfectly impossible to get into them in the morning—they were so frozen. So I had to shiver and look at them till my servant, disturbed by my long absence, came out, lighted a fire, and thawed them.

"My duty in the trenches is to look after every one who is wounded; and much good I do, seeing all I *can* do is to put them on a

stretcher, and send them to camp. Some nasty smashes one sees—heads knocked off, &c. One poor fellow yesterday got all one side carried away, and died in two hours. How he lived so long I don't know. The whiz of a rifle-ball is nasty. I got nearly potted the other day in the Tchernaya, a valley where I was wandering for my amusement. I was standing near an old wall, when crack went a rifle, and a bullet struck the wall not a yard from my head. Then came another; but this time, I guess, I had the wall between the bullet and me. It was fired by some wretch concealed in the caves of Inkerman, and a very good shot it was for about 2000 yards. It has cured me of promiscuously following my nose. I must go up to hospital now, and see a man whose head met a piece of shell to-day.

"*January 11th.*—I don't know what to tell you about now: I can give you no news of the war. There was, they say, a council of war last week, at which Omar Pasha was present. The men all seem to expect something to be done to-morrow. I am afraid not, however: it is the Russian New-year's Day. We have been getting more fresh beef last week, but no rice, &c., which I see the papers say we do; *nor fur coats, gloves, &c.—all, all imaginary, like the huts.*

"It came on frost again last night, but not hard; it is rather slushy still. Blake is ill, and I have a great deal to do. There were two deaths in our hospital last night. One was supposed to be asleep, till I went and felt his pulse, and he was dead. I left one dying when up to-night. It only puzzles me how so many live. My beard and moustache flourish apace. I look rather queer, you may imagine, as I have only been able to get water once since the first of January. I may mention that my honoured parents are ignorant of the dangers to which their '*iligant*' son is exposed, and I wish them to remain so. I was busy all to-day doing amateur cooking on a charcoal stove in Milroy's tent. I composed gingerbread from flour, sugar, and pepper, and we devoured it on the spot. I tried pancakes, but failed—eating the failure notwithstanding.

"I must finish this letter to-night, or I shall never get to the end of it. Write soon a *newsy* letter, and believe me, dear chief,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"G. F."

It will be seen from the doctor's letter that the want of warm clothing which prevailed during the first three weeks in January was one of the chief causes of suffering and disease. The following remarks by "a practical man in a question of cold," points out what ought to have been the remedies:—"In Canada and all the northern parts of America buffalo robes are in constant use in winter as

sleigh wrappers, &c., and they are equally well suited for bedding. There is only one article with which I am acquainted (except what is too expensive) better; this is a robe made of reindeer fawn skins, which, at the same time that it is equally warm, has the advantage of being much lighter; but these cannot be obtained in sufficient numbers for our soldiers. The best covering for the hands are mits made of buckskin, or other soft leather, lined with thick blanketing. These mits should be attached to each other by a cord, and slung over the neck, and ought to be large enough to allow of the hand being inserted or removed with the greatest ease. There ought to be no divisions in the mit, except one for the thumb, as by this means the remainder of the fingers are left in contact. With such mits as those described above, the Indians and other residents in America are enabled to shoot and hunt in all weathers, by removing the right hand from its covering when they are going to fire, and, when they have pulled the trigger, replacing it. A glove may be worn inside if requisite. I have no experience of sheepskins as winter clothing, but we can have no better guide in the matter of clothing than the usage of the enemy, who are natives of the country (perhaps of a more inhospitable one) where our army are fighting under great difficulties, and performing deeds of heroism unsurpassed—probably unequalled—in any former war.”

The following is from a non-commissioned officer:—

Before Sebastopol, Jan. 12.

“Here is nothing but misery; for, even though in health, to live in a canvas tent in frost and snow keeps one in constant pain from sheer starvation. Talk about ‘returns,’ why my very ink has been so often frozen that it has become so pale I can scarcely see it. I suppose there are scores in the hospital frostbitten; no man is well. On every side are cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, rheumatism, catarrh, and scurvy. The army is covered with dirt, vermin, and rags. You would not know what nation they belonged to. Some wear long boots similar to the Americans, taken off dead Russians; others old sacks stitched round their legs; others have made gaiters of their knapsacks. I saw one wearing a sky-blue jacket, with yellow facings. On going up to him I found it to be Tom Barnacle, dressed as a Cosack. I am now wearing a Russian officer’s sarkout—dark blue, scarlet lining and collar; the gold epaulettes have been torn off, but I have got the two little straps which secured them. I receive your letters very regularly now. Continue. The way I am situated prevents me writing every mail, but I write pretty often nevertheless. The night before last I sat up every hour making out rolls for

the medals and honours, ‘Alma’ and ‘Inker-man.’ If it please God to spare me to return, I shall feel very proud to wear such names on my breast, but they are dear bought. B—— is recommended for a commission, M—— to be quartermaster, and R—— an annuity. D—— is away sick. Forty sick have been sent off this month, and five wounded, two killed, and about twelve dead. We cannot muster 400 duty men, although we came out 911, and have received two draughts; making about 1100 in all.”

A non-commissioned officer, a native of Norfolk, thus wrote to his friends, under date of January the 16th:—“There has been no attempt made to get up the wooden houses, and we are living in tents covered with snow. In Canada there are snow carts provided; if we had two or three per regiment here we could clear away the snow from the camp in a couple of hours every morning. As it is, there are between two and three feet of snow in the camp, and there is no means of removing it. We are obliged to make paths through the camp, and can get about pretty well in the day time, but at night we get up to our knees in snow. We are almost afraid to think of the thaw. I have not received any of my parcels yet, but am anxiously looking out for them. The men are gradually getting their warm things, but what they want most is good boots. There is a great deal of sickness, and some of the regiments are very weak. I really think that if the men were housed, properly clothed, properly fed, and not worked beyond their strength, which they have been, there would not be more sickness than in most garrison towns, but the commissariat arrangements have been of the worst description. The men have been in rags till lately, and the houses are at Balaklava, and I cannot see how they are to be got up. Sixty men were sent down the other day to bring one hut up for the hospital, and they have only brought up a third of one. It takes 180 men to carry one. . . . I must tell you a good story that is told here. When Sir C. Campbell went to meet a flag of truce after the battle of Balaklava, he was asked who the people were who fought in petticoats. Sir Colin answered, ‘They are the wives of the men who ride the grey horses.’ I think that charming.”

The following was sent from Scutari, whither the writer had been sent from the Crimea early in January. He had the good fortune to come under Miss Nightingale’s immediate cognisance, and the good results are depicted in the satisfactory tale he tells of his convalescence. It is necessary, however, to remind the reader that at this very juncture men in other corridors were starving, and that the rate of mortality was most distressing.

Scutari, Jan. 16.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I received William's letter, dated the 29th of last month, and was very glad to hear of your all enjoying good health. When the letter arrived it came to me on a sick bed. Two days before Christmas I was seized with a violent fit of ague, and the following day I was laid up with a fever. I dare say you all thought of me on Christmas-day; I know I did, comparing the difference. This Christmas nothing entered my lips but a drop of tea; so, you see, although you may not have been the best off, I was in a worse state than you expected. I got over it, and was discharged from the hospital on Saturday, the 7th of January, but I had not been but a few minutes in barracks before I was seized in a similar manner, and I was taken back to hospital a great deal worse than ever. I was very bad, and I certainly thought that my last hour had come; but, thank God! I am again recovering fast. I can walk a little now, but my legs are very weak. I get everything I fancy here—fowl, wine, milk—in fact, anything I wish for. Miss Nightingale with some ladies and nuns are always going round with something nice; but I manage my potatoes and mutton now, and I get a pint of porter every day. If I do not get strong soon, I expect I shall be sent to Malta or Corfu, or some warm island in the Mediterranean, until my health is restored; but I expect I shall be all right again soon, and be able to join my regiment in time to be at the storming of Sebastopol. My wound I received at Inkerman has never been any trouble to me, but God knows I have suffered severely enough without that troubling me any more. I suppose George is all right now, busy enough with his soldiering. I hope he does not forget you. As for John, he can have no feeling for any one but himself; he might have sent another playbill, at any rate. If Dick feels inclined to go to sea, I don't think there would be any difficulty in getting him a ship, as he is a fine, hearty boy. I like him well; give my love to him. I am glad Tom is getting on well at school, and I hope he don't come home at night with his books covered with mud. As for Sammy, tell him he must pray for poor brother Jim, lying sick in a strange country, surrounded by people whom he has never seen before. I am lying on my back writing this. I have managed to scrape together a sovereign, and as there is a gentleman here who kindly transmits money home for sick soldiers, I shall take advantage of the chance and send it to you. I got nine shillings pay as orderly in hospital before I was taken sick, and when I assure you all the pay I have drawn since I left England has been seven shillings and sixpence and fifteen-pennyworth of tobacco, you may be sure it is

with great contrivance I have been able to manage; but I have it, and I send it with as free a heart as ever aught was sent; only all I hope it will be put to good use, and I am sure it will do good and keep you going until the war is over. Good-by, and God bless you all, is the prayer of your own,

"JAMES CAMPBELL."

"Don't send any more postage stamps, as they are sent out by some fund in London for our use, and Miss Nightingale stamps all letters for the sick and wounded."

The tone of family love which pervades the above was characteristic of the letter-writers of the Crimea and Scutari.

The letter which follows was addressed to the *Times* by an army-surgeon. It was dated the 15th of January, at which date it will be perceived there was no ambulance corps, although all England rang with the complaints made on that subject by the correspondents of the press, from the arrival of the news of the 20th of September, to the close of the year 1854.

"SIR,—We have heard much of the wooden houses which were to be sent out as winter quarters for the troops. They have not yet arrived, and, having got so far through the winter, we shall, no doubt, be able to manage without them; if they did arrive, we possess not the means of bringing them up to these heights, and we could scarcely ask our allies to bring them up for us as they did our ammunition.

"Time, however, is passing away, and when fine weather returns, and fighting recommences, the British army will again be found without an ambulance corps, and then our fine fellows will suffer over again what they endured at the Alma and Inkerman. I therefore write to entreat you to use your powerful interest to stir up the nation to insist on the sending out as speedily as possible an efficient ambulance corps; otherwise we shall, as before, lose half the wounded. We cannot have a better than that of the French. One of their mules carries two wounded or sick men, and is far superior to our bad waggons, mules, and pensioners, which have proved totally useless. Do, sir, for the sake of the poor men, bring this matter before the public. For the last three months we have been dependent on our allies for the conveyance of our sick and wounded, and each time that they came to render that assistance to those under my care I cannot tell you how how much ashamed I felt for my country.

"The want of an ambulance corps is entirely the fault of the quartermaster-general's department, and not of the medical department."

Perhaps no circumstance during the whole war had shown the incompetency of the government and the heads of departments more than this miserable conduct in regard to the ambulances. Dr. Smith had furnished to the country, as was shown in a former chapter, a detailed and most particular account of the ambulances sent out; but these instruments of relief, if they ever existed, had not found their way to the Crimea up to an advanced date in January, 1855. Well might Mr. Macdonald say in one of his letters from Scutari, that what was wanting there and in the Crimea was a *dictator*, competent to grapple with the difficulties, to set aside routine, to sweep out from the hospitals and commissariat all incompetent persons, and to insist upon the immediate execution of every command. This was the obvious remedy for so profound an emergency, instead of sending out commissions of inquiry, to patch up, as Mr. Layard told the government in the house, the negligent nominees of the government, whose callousness and imbecility disgraced the nation and destroyed the troops. Letters from officers are in many respects more instructive as to the state of things than letters from soldiers. One, from an officer in the fourth division, will exemplify this:—

Before Sebastopol, Jan. 15.

"It is certainly dreadfully cold now; and fancy living in canvas tents, with the snow a foot deep on the plain, and of course in drifts much deeper! The poor 63rd have at last almost disappeared, and we are to have the 18th up now to relieve them. The cavalry, to their great disgust, are now turned to the only possible use that can be found for them—namely, to bring up our food, though the cooking of it is a sad affair, there being very little fuel left. They also use the cavalry for ambulances, and a very ghastly procession of sick and dying men, perched on gaunt horses, goes away terribly often from up here; it is a great thing getting them away at all, for they never seem to recover in our hospital here. The survivors of a six mile jolt on a rough road may benefit from change of air, and, at any rate, more attention can be paid to those left behind. I must tell you an instance, while I think of it, of the clever way in which everything connected with the army is done at home as well as out here. We got up at last about twenty pairs of boots per company—a great want, as the men were in a wretched state, and—would you believe?—they were all too small, and except a very few pairs, utterly useless. How curiously the vein of incapacity seems to wind about through everything, not omitting even the humble boot!

"With endless wealth, great popular enthusiasm, numberless ships, the best material for

soldiers in the world, we are the worst clad, worst fed, worst housed army that ever was read of. Our wealth may be seen rotting in different forms at Balaklava; our ships bring the wrong things to the wrong people, and generally leave them at the wrong places; our soldiers die of inanition, and our fine horses die for want of forage, which rots about the port. Let us hope in time to learn wisdom. It is an astonishing thing how long John Bull, who is in most things a business man, has sat quiet and got so little for his money. We do, indeed, thoroughly appreciate the feelings about us at home, whence every description of necessary and luxury is being sent to us; in fact, everything that can be got for love or money seems to be on its way; and the people of England would, I am certain (if they could be procured), send us out at once what we so sadly want—a box or two of hermetically-sealed generals, commissaries, quartermaster-generals, &c., all fit for immediate use in any climate (see the directions on the lid). Perhaps, in time, we may make some ourselves—who knows?

"*January 19th.* A gentle thaw has set in. The health of the troop is much the same; they fade away quite quietly and patiently, dying at the rate of 100 per diem, independently of the sick, who go off to Balaklava or remain in the hospital here. I took a naval friend round the camp this morning, and he was terribly shocked at all he saw, as, living on board ship, he had not much idea of it. The truth is, people in England do not know half enough of our miseries. The post is going out, so adieu!"

A regimental officer of rank wrote:—

Before Sebastopol, Jan. 20.

"May 1855 be more satisfactory to us than has been the gloomy termination of 1854! I have received two newspapers and your letter without any apparent delay. Letters come regularly, but newspapers are not so sure, being in many instances, in my opinion, confiscated by unscrupulous persons after being landed from the mail steamer, but before reaching the heights of Sebastopol.

"In the shape of news I can give you but little; for days together the whole affair appears to be slumbering. Then, generally about midnight, a furious cannonading match between the French and Russians will wake us up for about twenty minutes. Again the fire slackens, and again the monotonous boom—boom—boom every hour or so is resumed. Having now been 114 days within range, the whistle of a ball has lost its effect, unless, indeed, most dangerously near. The ear instantly detects French, English, or Russian shot, and of the last almost its course.

"The sufferings of the troops are very great;

death and disease on every side. Some of the regiments recently arrived, and principally composed of young men, are reported to be nearly *hors de combat*. I write this in a well-worn canvas tent, the snow eight inches deep without, the ink now half frozen, and totally so almost every night. That any exist astonishes me, for even the miserable tent must at least half the week be exchanged for the open trenches. However, no matter what we have to suffer, doubtless some will survive; but very few who originally encamped before Sebastopol will, I am very much afraid, leave the ground. With regard to the raw reinforcements, they die three to one in proportion to the veterans. This is indeed a sad tale—but it is true.

"In our happiest times, in dear old England, a brighter sun never looked down upon us than it did on Christmas-day, 1854. Standing that day on Green Hill, the yellow ruins of Sebastopol, and the white tents of the beleaguering armies, stretched on either side, caused many reflections—sad and solemn retrospection for the brave men who slept the sleep of death around us—joyful and glorious perspective, picturing to myself the ultimate fate of the formidable fortress. Perhaps I may have been too sanguine, but 'hope on, hope ever,' is a good motto. Such was Christmas-day, 1854, 4 P.M.; yet to that hour the division to which I belong had not received an ounce of meat a man for dinner—in fact, dinner we had none.

"In Turkey, with genial warmth, fuel for cookery, and no enemy to contend against, commissariat rations were to be had in abundance, besides tea, sugar, rice, potatoes, ale and porter, for comparatively nominal prices; yet here, with cold, disease, and powerful enemies in front, flank, and rear, commissariat supplies are frequently 'short,' and extras have totally disappeared. I do not blame the commissariat in the Crimea—I do not blame the people of England. I am well aware that England is willing to do her utmost for us, and I am also aware that she can do more for her defenders than any other nation; but there must exist in our executive department some grossly incompetent functionaries, otherwise we certainly would not now be rotting amid the storms of a Crimean winter.

"I have just read the following:—'If the Crimean Army Fund progresses as it has begun, our brave fellows before Sebastopol will spend a jolly Christmas.' Ah me! I made my dinner that day of a 2 lb. loaf, purchased in the French camp for two shillings and eight pence. We read of wooden houses, fur coats, caps, long boots, &c., but these supplies should have been forthcoming in November, since which 2000 stalwart soldiers have been hurried to untimely graves for the lack of such provision."

A remarkable letter appeared at this juncture from Colonel Napier to the *Times*, which deserved more notice from the public and the authorities than it at the time obtained:—

"SIR,—Quoting from your correspondent in yesterday's leading article, on the state of the war, you say, 'There is no doubt, no despondency out here; no one feels diffident for an instant of ultimate success.' I must admit I would not have given credence to the above, had I not at the same time happened to have seen a letter, dated 'Camp before Sebastopol, January 15,' from a regimental officer of rank, which completely corroborates this fact. After describing the wretched state of our soldiers, still under canvas, the thermometer at 8° and 10° (which is 19° lower than it has been here during the coldest weather we have had of late), with three feet of snow on the ground, starved, overworked, without fuel wherewith to cook the rations, their clothes in rags, and in many cases without soles to their shoes; he says, 'The poor fellows work, and starve, and freeze—and without a murmur die!'

"Adverting next to your memorable article of the 23rd of December, on the state of affairs in the camp before Sebastopol, every word of which he says is true, this officer thus continues, after alluding to a friend about to return home:—'For my part, I would not myself go home if I could; I was always a hardy animal, and hope to pull through it and see the business out, for Sebastopol must fall!' And this noble fellow, a true specimen of indomitable endurance and real British pluck, belongs to that 'regimental' class on whom it was attempted to throw the whole onus of our failures during the war. They are at the camp most anxious for the assault; but, alas! it is like their wish for dry frosty weather during the lately prevailing rains. They appear little to foresee what the realisation of such a wish would bring.

"Weeks and weeks ago I wrote and warned the 'authorities' (warnings based on personal experience) of what a Crimean winter was likely to be. Weeks and weeks ago, I recommended that large quantities of sheepskin clothing should be sent out to our troops; I warned the authorities of the probably fatal consequences of their attempting to pass the winter under tents; I recommended that subterranean habitations should be dug, and excavations made for shelter in the sides of the hills. I did this at the risk of being called an officious meddler, but unexpectedly received most courteous replies to the suggestions which I made. However, in this aristocratic land, when was an opinion, unbacked by 'title, high position, parliamentary influence, or wealth,' ever thought worthy of the slightest regard?

Had my suggestions been attended to, even with the Balaklava road in its present state, a repetition of the Moscow tragedy might possibly not have ensued.

"Our rulers have wantonly neglected, in the prosecution of the war, those appliances of mechanism and science which are at their command. I pointed out a means by which I imagined—and still imagine—that the dock-yards, arsenal, and shipping of Sebastopol might be destroyed, without on our part the loss of a single man; at all events, the trial might have been made—it might yet be made, and at very little cost, even were expense to be regarded with such an object in view. I could at this moment show how the efficiency of our troops, and their destructive powers, might be greatly increased; but publicity in this case would prove of more advantage to the enemy than to ourselves, for they might condescend to avail themselves of a suggestion which our rulers would only 'pooh, pooh!'"

The indifference and routine, the aristocratic coldness and contempt for all beneath their circle, which characterised the government and the officials, so as to provoke the severe strictures of Colonel Napier, continued, notwithstanding all the miseries recorded in letters similar to those which fill the foregoing pages. The people of England manifested their generosity and sympathy towards the sufferers, and their indignation with the government was universally expressed; but the popular deference to the great paralysed all plans which were suggested to make the government and the heads of departments feel that the country was roused to overthrow the system. This want of determined political energy at home to meet the crisis abroad, was the subject of a letter by the Honourable Sydney Osborne to the *Times*, which produced, by its bold, energetic, and truthful tone, a very wide-spread effect:—

"SIR,—Is England voiceless? Are the days for ever gone in which public indignation can find for itself a vent? Does constitutional government consist in the mute submission of the masses to the neglect of their every interest and feeling? We hear the wail of discomfited, discouraged, and betrayed 'party;' we hear as yet no wail from the millions whose every feeling has been outraged, whose dearest interests have been betrayed. Is there one of our so-called statesmen really so dull of apprehension that he does not know what is stirring in the public mind, though—why I know not—its outburst is as yet smothered? Is not society deluged with letters from the Crimea, all telling one tale—the utter incapacity of Lord Raglan; letters, not only of newspaper correspondents, not of mere civilian lookers-on, nor of inexperienced officers, but the outpourings of the

disappointed, disgusted hearts of experienced officers, who, loving the man, stand amazed at his want of all that which, as a general, should make him respected? Yes, the Duke of Cambridge has spoken out the real truth—it has been a soldier's campaign. What has been won has been won by the pure bravery of the men and the officers doing the physical work of the war. Sir E. B. Lytton says, 'Dismiss the ministry, and save the army.' Common sense declares that to be no army which has only the valour of its officers and soldiers to depend upon. Would the country speak out that which it really wants, it would be, not to visit the minister of war with the whole weight of all that has brought us to our present grief; but to cry for the dismissal of that leader on the spot—those blind, obstinate, prejudiced men at home, whose apathy and ignorance of modern warfare would make every effort of any minister abortive.

"Is it a time for this yet great country to be mocked by the pettish actings of jealous, worn-out party leaders? In ordinary seasons, these foolish contentions of the pets of party might amuse, and do no more. We are sacrificing an army to the power we treated with contempt; we are nursed in our moral and physical sickness by the power whose invasion of our land seemed but yesterday to be the bugbear to fright us from our long, peaceful sleep. We are becoming weakened in every muscle of our national strength, and yet we are as though all this was a mere dream—the nation, the fund-holders, the taxpayers, the mourners are passive.

"What do the public really care whether Lord J. Russell is the pitiable thing the Duke of Newcastle and his own speech seem to prove him to be? It may be a serious question to those who, whig-bound by the fostered prejudices of years, think there can be no progress in liberality and freedom, unless this one lord is to lead, or at least to hold the power to destroy those who won't move at his command. Does the country, using its own sober discretion, see its only safety in the rule of some one of half-a-dozen lords, who have been tried again and again, until the history of modern times is a mere kaleidoscope, showing the shaking of these aristocratic fragments into different patterns, each the wonder of one day, the contempt of the next?

"Poor England! poor army! Still sing thy cherished national anthem; still shout, for its music's sake, 'Rule Britannia!' but do, with something like consistency, be up at this time to act, to save your queen from becoming the sovereign of a country that knows not how to afford her a ministry, save her an army, or employ for her a fleet. That cool, calculating discretion which in common hours of trial bids the land be quiet, lest talking to those

who steer the state's vessel should disturb them, is now treason. The worst feature of the worst democracy could show nothing worse, nothing more ominous, than the passive submission of the subjects of a constitutional monarchy, for the sake of an aristocracy, to a tampering with every private principle, every public obligation, which should uphold the honour of the monarch."

There is no doubt that this and similar letters, which were called forth by the tidings from the Crimea and the Bosphorus, prepared the public mind for the overthrow of the ministry, which will be noticed in a separate chapter.

While the men were enduring so much in the Crimea, the horses were fast dying, so that by the end of January the cavalry horses were nearly altogether destroyed. When the surging discontent at home compelled the government to institute a commission of inquiry, Colonel Tulloch and Sir J. McNeil were sent out to the Crimea to investigate on the spot the causes of so much disaster. It has been necessary frequently to refer to this commission, and to the report it made: this report criminated various authorities. Mr. Commissary Filder incurred some censure, although it appears that he was much more "sinned against than sinning." The general commanding the light cavalry, the Earl of Cardigan, and the general-in-chief of cavalry, the Earl of Lucan, were blamed for not having the horses huddled, or in any way placed under shelter until the inclement winter was far advanced (until the end of January, and in some cases until February), and for neglecting opportunity to bring up fodder to the cavalry camp. Whatever may have been the amount of error chargeable upon these officers, it does not appear to have arisen from any indifference to the efficiency of the service, or of the preservation of the horses. These noblemen were at discord; Lord Lucan was not a favourite at head-quarters in the Crimea, although possessing vast influence at the Horse Guards; and these circumstances militated against such arrangements as might otherwise have been easily made. After the battle of Balaklava, the coolness between the commander-in-chief and the lieutenant-general of cavalry was obvious. Whatever Lord Lucan might have accomplished if he had acted more resolutely on his own responsibility, it cannot be denied by those most disposed to censure him (and many are disposed to do so to an unjust extent), that his representations to head-quarters, made early in the winter, were sensible and necessary, and that these representations were treated with neglect. The report of the commissioners reflected much upon the quartermaster-general's department, and upon General Airey personally. The commander-

in-chief, more by implication than directly, was comprised among the blame-worthy. The report attributed the destruction of the cavalry to the neglect and mismanagement of such of the generals as had to do with it. Lord Raglan, General Airey, Lord Lucan, Lord Cardigan, and Mr. Commissary-general Filder, were all held responsible for the loss of the horses. When their report was returned to the government, there was great reluctance to publish it. The commission was alleged to have been a private one, and the report to be for the information of her majesty and her responsible advisers, not for parliament and the public—their business was to pay and confide. Parliament and the people would not confide, and after a hubbub which alarmed the government, the report was permitted to see the light. Immediately the accused generals raised a cry that injustice had been done them, and all their powerful aristocratic connexions joined in the cry. The accused officers were courtiers and friends, or connexions, of the commander-in-chief. One of the most implicated, the Hon. Colonel Gordon, of the quartermaster-general's department, is son of the Earl of Aberdeen, the late premier, a much idolised personage at court. Such influences and connexions were not to be trifled with; these officers impugned the accuracy of the report, and, by implication, the honesty of the commissioners. A new investigation was demanded. The government and the Horse Guards hit upon the expedient of selecting a number of general officers, themselves the very types of routine—men who would be sure to do, in the same circumstances, the same things which the commissioners had denounced. This new commission sat in the hall of Chelsea Hospital, and examined witnesses. Sir John McNeil refused to degrade himself by being present—he had accepted a commission from the crown, and had fulfilled it, and had no more to do with the business. Colonel Tulloch, his colleague, took a different view of his duty; he attended and addressed the court, summoned witnesses, and cross-examined the witnesses of the accused generals, until he at last broke down physically under his herculean exertions. The generals constituting the court of inquisition made a report acquitting every one. The country laughed at the report; it all along ridiculed the appointment of the board of inquiry itself; the mode in which it would proceed, and the judgment at which it would arrive, were as obvious as the motives for its appointment; and the whole metropolitan press denounced the affair as a "job," and predicted its issue. The issue was such as enabled the court and the Horse Guards to keep on their staff appointments the men whom the Crimea commission had represented as bunglers, or worse. Yet it is impos-

sible to deny that the inquiry brought to light a great deal more than was known before. If it acquitted the generals, and evaded as much as possible all admission of the disasters, or censure of the military system which led to them, it brought into public view many exculpatory circumstances so far as the cavalry generals were concerned. If the horses were not sheltered and fed, the fault did not lie wholly, or even principally with them—and this is made obvious by the Chelsea inquiry, whereas the Crimea report brought them under a dark cloud of impeachment. The integrity of the Crimea commission was also made apparent. The way in which all these contradictory things were brought about was by witnesses—"officers and gentlemen"—whose testimony was of one hue when given in the Crimea before commissioners invested with power by the crown, and of another hue when given in Chelsea Hospital, and the opinion and desires of "the Prince," the commander-in-chief, and the government, were well known. It was difficult, under the circumstances, for the commissioners in the Crimea to arrive at other conclusions than those at which they arrived; equally difficult, accepting the evidence of the same witnesses, for the Chelsea inquirers to arrive at a judgment much opposed to that which they promulgated, but which has been met by the ridicule of the press and the people, and the ill-suppressed sneers of the keen-witted premier himself. As a specimen of the mode in which the accused generals have run the gauntlet of the public and the press, let the following suffice as a sample. The Earl of Cardigan impugned the integrity of the Crimea report as to the amount of forage given to the horses in November; this his lordship did in a letter to the minister of war. His lordship's letter was thus subjected to the strictures of a military correspondent of a morning journal:—

"In the explanatory letter which the Earl of Cardigan addressed to Lord Panmure, on the subject of the animadversions which he conceived had been cast upon him by the McNeil-Tulloch report, his lordship attempted to prove, from documents to which he referred, that the cavalry horses of the Light Brigade had, during the month of November, 1854, received much more food than the commissioners' report, and the evidence of the colonels of the light cavalry regiments, had represented them to have received. He stated that the commissariat reports, sent to him daily by Colonel Mayow, showed that on the 17th of November the horses had hay and corn, 'but not their full allowance;' and that up to the 22d they had barley, 'but not quite their full rations.' His lordship also remarked that he believed Colonel Doherty's statement, that ten horses had dropped down dead while being led down from

the encampment on the heights of Balaklava, to be an exaggeration.

"We see, from a letter addressed to Lord Cardigan to the assistant adjutant-general of the cavalry division, dated the 29th of November, 1854, that on that day his lordship resigned his command, and by his own showing the horses of his brigade had, up to the 22d of November, been tolerably well fed.

"Lord Cardigan, on his return from the Crimea, made a good many speeches in public. I wish to compare his account of the condition of the light cavalry brigade, which he had then just left, as delivered to the burgesses of Northampton early in 1855, with that with which he has recently favoured Lord Panmure in February, 1856. In addressing the mayor, aldermen, and town-council of Northampton, the papers of the day reported Lord Cardigan to have said that—

"'Had it not been from circumstances, arising partly from ill-health, over which he had no control, he should not have deemed it his duty to leave the seat of war at that time, although perhaps his remaining there would have been almost useless, *for he had nothing left to command.* . . . In addition to other special reasons for losses incurred, hundreds of cavalry horses died through the commissariat failing to provide provisions or forage for them. Before he left the army, which was early in December, the horses of the brigade which he had the honour to command, had been eighteen days without hay, and but a very small portion of barley had been given them to keep them alive. The consequence was that the horses died daily in great numbers in the lines.'

"How can Lord Cardigan reconcile these statements, made when the real facts of the case were fresh in his memory, with the defence of his conduct which he has now laid before Lord Panmure, in which he labours to prove, at the expense of the characters of the officers under his command, that at the time he resigned it, the condition of the horses of his brigade was not nearly so bad as those officers had represented it in their evidence before the commission to be?"

The Chelsea Board managed to transfer the responsibility from one officer to another, so as at last to fix it upon "the system." Sir Richard Airey was exonerated from blame because Commissary-general Filder did not supply him with his requisitions; the commissary was freed from blame because he was hampered for want of transport; the provision of transport was the work of the commander-in-chief—he depended upon the commander-in-chief at home; and his responsibility was so divided with the Board of Ordnance, the Admiralty, the War-office, and the Treasury, that the thing was dissipated and lost, eluding the

pursuit of wiser heads and quicker hands than those of the jury of generals who sat in the hall of Chelsea College.

It is remarkable, that while among the Turks the loss of life far exceeded that of the British, they lost few horses—as they generally placed them for shelter under their own tents, which were better made than those of either the French or English. While matters were in this condition in the Crimea, but little hope was infused by the arrival of reinforcements of either men or horses. Some Asiatic horses were imported, and also a considerable number of mules, many of them Spanish; but the animals died off with great rapidity, being unable to endure the treatment of the camp any more than their predecessors.

The new arrival of officers came out well prepared for the weather as they thought—they had an abundance of pea-coats, Makintoshes, leggings, freize over-alls, tastefully got up sheepskins, long boots, and some, greatly to the amusement of the old hands, brought umbrellas! The supply of fine soaps and Martin's blacking, with which several of these gentlemen were furnished, was a source of much banter to them. The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* gave this humorous portraiture of these uninitiated gentry:—"It is curious to trace these fresh men through the phases of their acclimatisation to the campaign. I had the good fortune of meeting two of them the other day, just as, covered with dust and perspiration after a long day's hard ride, I was galloping over the road from Kadikoi to Balaklava. They stopped me, but if they had not done so I should certainly have stopped them. They were worth looking at; it made me feel at home, and I had a great mind to ask them for the whereabouts of an omnibus, or the starting of the last Woolwich train. They looked for all the world as if somebody had packed them carefully in a box, with plenty of wadding and tissue-paper, and sent them down to St. Katherine's Wharf, with directions of 'This side up,' and 'Fragile—not to be roughly handled.' The men had fancy whips too, slight whalebone affairs, whose ephemeral existence half-an-hour's ride on a Cossack horse would most assuredly terminate. And their bright silver spurs had actually round rowels—good-natured inoffensive rowels, that reminded one of park nags and a decent canter across Dulwich Common. And the men's faces were round and jolly, red and white, and their chins as smooth as a real young lady's on her first coming out. While humbly replying to their stern questions, I looked at these men with undisguised astonishment, while they with a well-bred indifference, which it did my heart good to see, scanned and marked down my tarnished gold lace, rusty sword, and

unblackened boots, and slightly smiled at the haversack which dangled at my side, and the rough Cossack pony which shook its long mane in their smooth faces. That was some days ago. I have seen the men since with half their shine taken out of them by a couple of nights under canvas, and a few meals on (not at) our camp mess-table, the ground. Their blue and velvet bore traces of dust, their metal sheaths had suspicious spots about them, and their chins were darkened with a beard of two days' growth. They rode rough Cossack ponies, and groaned under the weight of heavy haversacks, and, what is worse, their faces somewhat pale and jaundiced, gave indications of that terrible 'seediness' which affects new comers, which, if neglected, sends them either home on sick leave, or to some shunned spot outside the camp, where the turf is broken and the brown earth heaped in little hillocks—where the weary of the army take their long rest, whither no bugle call reaches, and no alarm gun sends its booming sounds."

There was hope however inspired, when, early in January, the camp heard that the railway expedition would certainly sail, and the accession of papers and letters from England was eagerly welcomed, in order to ascertain the progress of "the navvies." They were preceded by some of Messrs. Peto and Brassy's officers, who at once secured a wharf for the especial use of "the squadron," so that it might not be involved in the common confusion upon its arrival. This was a wise and essential measure, for loss of material and great delay would have infallibly befallen the undertaking, if once it became mixed up with either the army or navy service, or came under the control of the harbour-master, quartermaster-general, or any other head of anything there. Lord Raglan ordered the troops to give any assistance that might be requisite, and accordingly fatigue parties were employed to pull down some old buildings, so that the "navvies" might have a separate *locale* for themselves and their appurtenances. Great was the delight of these rough men when the vessel containing them weighed, and sailed from Blackwall. Captain Andrews had the ill-luck to tell them, in one of his excellent and judicious addresses, that "the eyes of Europe were upon them." It never occurred to them until then that their importance was so great, and their vanity was inflated to any dimensions. As they were all to be well armed with Colt's revolvers, they vowed marvellous things against the Russians, whom they were to assault with pick and pistol, and to demolish along with their stronghold. They constantly reminded one another, if any exploit was projected, that "the eyes of Europe were upon them." Some such consciousness must have impelled them to

play the conspicuous part they did on their arrival at Gibraltar: they literally "stormed the rock," as they proposed to do. Great was the surprise with which the sentinels and officers saw these strangely appressed and stalwart men climbing up the almost perpendicular face of the rock, and pushing their way into every conceivable place, however improper, which Gibraltar contained. The astonishment was mutual; the garrison and inhabitants in turn gazed at the novel visitors, who offered to treat all they met, "if there was any tidy place nigh:"—officers, soldiers, and civilians, were without distinction the objects of their benevolent intentions. After doing a good deal of unintended mischief, and completing a few fights among themselves, which did not appear to disturb their harmony much; and having offered various challenges to such persons as they met, Spaniards more particularly, to "try it on," they were collected on board again, and seriously rebuked for their wild behaviour. This took them more by surprise than the rock of Gibraltar itself, for they considered that they had performed all matters most handsomely; having given every one they met a friendly shake hands, and as friendly an offer to drink or fight with them as might best furnish their new acquaintances with an opportunity for pleasure. The Spanish residents literally ran away from them; the English were, on the whole, pleased with the harmless manifestation of home eccentricities. The navvies gave assurances to their superiors that they would be quite different men at the next place where they should land. On their arrival at Malta, however, they showed such tokens of excitement, that their superintendents would allow them to go ashore only upon the condition of taking no money with them. They acceded to this arrangement; but finding that at Malta, as well as everywhere else, money is a *sine quâ non*, they consulted together how to get a little of it. They hit upon a novel expedient thoroughly characteristic, and as thoroughly successful. They dispersed themselves about La Valetta, announcing that at a certain hour a magnificent display of the art of self-defence would be made, by real British pugilists, for the benefit of two distinguished professors of "the noble art." At the hour appointed the astonished people of Valetta and the garrison assembled in great numbers; the sparring came off with much *éclat*. The public were delighted, many of them never having seen the like before. Money was showered into the hats of the navvies by officers, soldiers, and seamen, and by all classes of the English, who were rather proud of the physical display made by their countrymen in the presence of the Maltese. The Maltese were quite satisfied that they had their money's

worth in the novel exhibition; and the navvies, replenished in pocket, thus baffled the plans of their superintendents, and made Valetta ring with the sounds of their jollification. They were in high favour with the seamen and soldiers, the whole proceeding being entirely to their taste. At Constantinople it was apprehended that their oddities would be anything but amusing to the stolid Turks, and it required no small address to prevent them from going on shore. They did not in the least appreciate the reason assigned for withholding the privilege, that "the place did not belong to the queen;" for they replied that "it ought to," and expressed their desire to lend a hand to bring about a consummation which would favour her ambition and their own amusement. When they arrived at Balaklava they were fed and lodged on board ship until the huts for their reception were completed, but they set to work with their own peculiar vigour. Their principal pastime was boxing and sparring; sometimes there were serious battles among them. The military authorities were for very stringent measures, being apprehensive of mischievous disturbances; but Mr. Peto's officers begged that the men would be left to them, and no inconvenience to the army should be experienced—and they were able to make good such an assurance. Notwithstanding the portentous efficiency of picks and revolvers, the Russians did not suffer at the hands of the navvies, otherwise than by the completion of the work which they had been sent out to perform. It was not until the end of January and the beginning of February that the draughts of railway men and material arrived, but as soon as they were fairly huddled, the work began and went on with rapidity.

Meanwhile, to supply the lack of horses—especially as the new importations died so fast—buffaloes were brought from Baltschick and Varna to the number of at least 200; some of them very soon died from the severity of the climate, and the irregularity and inadequacy of food, and soon after hard work killed more. A long row of sheds was erected for them between Balaklava and Kadikoi, which obtained the name of "Buffalo Town." In this spot the fugitives from Balaklava located themselves—Greeks, Jews, Maltese, Karites, Tartars, and Turks, displayed a curious *mélange* of nationalities; and cheated one another, and still more successfully cheated all the British visitors to Buffalo Town. There was no difficulty there, for either commissariat or transport service, in getting up huts and even houses. Mr. Woods, in describing this place, gives the following amusing and life-like picture:—"All the different branches of the English, French, and Turkish services, with other foreigners innumerable, may be met here

on Sunday, in every possible combination of winter costume, from the spruce, active, neat French soldier to our own men-of-war's men, with huge flowing beard and moustaches, greatcoats made of cow-hide, and trowsers of buffalo-skin; resembling, in fact, great bears, with nothing to remind you of our blue-jackets but their bold, rollicking, defiant spirit, which four long months in the trenches have not been able to subdue. The Turks frequent the long, gaudy line of tents, where, under the crescent and sultan's cipher, gin, raki, coffee, sweetmeats, and tobacco, are vended at the most exorbitant prices, and from which seductions the followers of the prophet always come away either discontented or drunk. The English haunt more extensive stores, where everything but the article of which you are in search can be obtained; and where, if one asks for preserved meats, he is sure to be told that they are all gone, but that some admirable teaspoons, tin kettles, and pocket-combs still remain on hand. The French have peculiar places of their own, in which, after much vociferation and many threats of appealing to the authorities, they generally wind up by expending to the amount of an English penny or so. Amid all this clamour and hurry, little Greek and Maltese boys rush in and out, laden with eggs, bridles, thick boots, gloves, pipes, sausages, and all the other little creature-comforts of which dwellers in the camp are supposed to stand so much in need, and generously offer them to passers-by for about one hundred times their actual value. Great was the astonishment and indignation of the 'navvies,' who were at Buffalo Town for the first time yesterday, to find the prices at which these things found eager purchasers here. Such was the scene at our new town on Sunday. Opposite the place where all the trade was going on, a large party of Turks were digging graves; while, a little below them were a party of our own men engaged in a similar melancholy duty; and along the road through the 'town' a long file of sick men from camp, coming in on cavalry horses, wrapped in their blankets, and scarcely able to sit in the saddle, completed the melancholy picture, and gave the 'navvies' a good idea of a Sunday in the Crimea."

"The long file of sick men," so touchingly described by Mr. Woods, continued to descend daily, until they reached the appalling number of 120 per diem for dispatch to Scutari; while many, very many, died on board ship passing thither, in the horrid hospital at Balaklava, descending the bleak plateau from the camp, within the lines, and even in the trenches, they sunk from their work, weariness, and wretchedness, into the repose of death. The medical men bore unanimous

testimony at the end of January, that the warm clothing had come "too late." For the reinforcements the warm coats, strong boots, flannel shirts, and woollen hose, would be useful; but the ordeal of November, December, and January, had been too severe for the ragged host that shivered and wasted away for a faithless government. Quietness, rest, nourishment, nursing, could alone restore the worn-out soldiers; these were not found; but they did find in the water or snow-filled dyke, misnamed a trench, or on the steep acclivities of the wind-beaten hill, or in battle with the foe—death.

In a former chapter we treated upon the hospitals at Scutari, carrying our notices forward to January, and giving a general view of their condition during that month. It is only necessary, therefore, in this place to refer to the fact that up to the month of February, from the rigours of the climate in the Crimea, and the causes which Dr. Lyons specified in his report already mentioned, those hospitals continued to receive new accessions of diseased and mutilated men; and that in spite of Miss Nightingale and her excellent coadjutors, male and female, the horrors of the lazar-houses on the Bosphorus continued. A contemporary writer, who is anonymous, thus sums up the frightful history of these receptacles of the diseased:—"When the old year had given place to the new, all alike found their prospects darkening. The horrors, although slightly changed in kind, were greater in aggregate amount at the end of January than they had been in November. This arose from the enormous number of invalids sent every week from the Crimea. At the end of January there were 5000 sick men at the camp alone; and as these accumulated too rapidly for the surgeons to attend to them, they were sent off by ship-loads to Scutari, where they added to a scene of confusion already overwhelming. Not only did the two hospitals at Scutari become filled almost to the doors, but seven other hospitals on different parts of the Turkish shores—that is, cavalry stables near the Barrack Hospital, fitted up with 150 beds; an hospital for 500 convalescents in the Sultan's Spring Palace, near the General Hospital; an hospital for 400 convalescents at Abydos, on the Dardanelles; another at Kulali, on the Bosphorus, at first appropriated to Russian prisoners, but afterwards made available for British sick by the removal of the Russians to the arsenal at Stamboul; an hospital for convalescents at Smyrna; and two hospital-ships in the Golden Horn; besides the Naval Hospital at Therapia—became almost equally crowded: and the open square of the Barrack Hospital was now fitted up with a structure for 1000 additional patients. The total number was not less than

6000, superadded to the 5000 at the camp. The glory of the victories no longer cheered the enfeebled and sickened soldiers; the wounded men, in November, had some prospect of recovery; but those wounded at a later date were kept down by dysentery and fever, and the wounds refusing to heal, the grave speedily claimed its own; or they arrived exhausted with chronic disease firmly rooted in their broken constitutions, and almost beyond the chance of successful treatment. An almost insupportable gloom now overspread the hospitals, multiplying the miseries already terrible enough. It may well be imagined that the position of Miss Nightingale and her companions became more trying as the difficulties accumulated in number."

Early in 1855 the Civil Hospital at Smyrna was instituted, and it proved a great benefit. It was confined to medical patients, which relieved the hospitals in the Bosphorus from a large class of patients less likely to be attended to there than any other at that juncture. It was at the close of December, 1854, that a plan for establishing an hospital, chiefly or exclusively under the care of civilians, was mooted, and in January the government resolved to carry it out. On the 10th of February, 1855, the Duke of Newcastle announced in the House of Lords—"It will be necessary, in spite of all opposition, and all professional feeling to the contrary, to introduce into the army hospitals the *civil element*." The government of Lord Aberdeen having fallen, the Duke of Newcastle surrendered the War-office to Lord Panmure, who followed up the scheme of his predecessor; and directed the following circular to the heads of the London hospitals, and appended a form of agreement for the signatures of such physicians as would consent to go out in the service of the government. We are particular in laying before our readers this circular and the agreement, that they may better judge of the subsequent extraordinary conduct of the British government:—

COPY OF LORD PANMURE'S LETTER TO THE GOVERNORS OF LONDON HOSPITALS.

War Department, February 17.

GENTLEMEN,—I am desired by Lord Panmure to request your immediate and earnest consideration of a subject which at this moment engages his lordship's most anxious attention—namely, the best means of rendering the vast professional resources of Great Britain, and more particularly of the metropolis, available for the medical relief of the British army at the seat of war. Lord Panmure is well aware that members of the medical profession, ever forward in a cause of humanity, no less than of patriotism, would not be wanting to respond to any appeal which might be addressed to them by the government; but his lordship is of opinion that the present necessities of the army call for medical assistance of an order which can only be insured by selection from individuals who have already given proof of their possession of the requisite skill, and whose antecedents gua-

rantee their experience; such individuals must be looked for first in the medical establishments of the great metropolitan hospitals.

I am directed by Lord Panmure to request your aid and concurrence in his organisation of a special civil medical staff to assist the military medical staff of the army at the seat of war. His lordship considers that this could be best effected by your selection of two or more medical gentlemen for the posts of physician and surgeon; of four or more other gentlemen, of a junior standing, as assistant physicians and surgeons; and of such proportion of advanced medical pupils as you may deem necessary to perform the duty of dressers; but his lordship considers that such an arrangement will fail to secure the services of the most highly qualified of your officers, unless you can at the same time, by an internal and private arrangement of your establishment, protect the gentlemen selected from a permanent professional loss resulting from their humane exertions. This can probably be effected only by declaring that such offices as may be held by gentlemen volunteering to proceed to the seat of war, on temporary furloughs from the establishments to which they belong shall not be declared vacant during their absence; but that their duties shall be provisionally performed by other gentlemen, especially appointed for the purpose, and that they shall be reinstated in such offices on their return.

The remuneration which Lord Panmure would propose for these officers would be that already fixed for the civil medical officers at Smyrna, which is as follows, viz.: physicians and surgeons, £2 2s. per diem; assistant ditto, £1 5s. per diem. But his lordship will be ready to consider any suggestions you may desire to make on that head; and I am instructed to add, that to meet the case of gentlemen who may give up private practice to proceed to the East, it is his lordship's intention to propose that the salary to be paid by the government shall be continued for one year from the termination of the engagement, which it is hoped will enable those who may find their private practice wholly or partly passed into other hands, to bear with less inconvenience the interval that may elapse before they can recover it.

Lord Panmure proposes that the hospitals to be conducted by the civil staff shall be as much as possible distinct from and apart from those in charge of the military staff; nevertheless he proposes to give local medical rank to the gentlemen so engaged.

Lord Panmure is well aware that in the present infected state of the great hospital at Scutari a local removal of the sick is greatly to be wished. This subject presents many practical difficulties; but his attention has been given to the means of overcoming them; and he trusts that the infection in question will not remain to augment the difficulty of the duty.

COPY OF AGREEMENT WITH THE GOVERNMENT.

Smyrna Hospital.

SIR,—We, the undersigned physicians and surgeons appointed to the Smyrna Civil Hospital engage to enter upon the discharge of our duties, to be defined by the medical superintendent for the time being, upon the following conditions:—A free passage out and home, lodgings, or lodging-money, and free rations. To serve a year, and to be guaranteed a year's pay, and, upon our services being dispensed with after the period of twelve months' service, to receive on retirement a gratuity of half-a-year's pay. Officers to give three months' notice of their intention to leave the service, the notice to be given on the first of any month. In the event of leaving within the first year of service, the pay to cease at the date of leaving, except in case of illness, when, upon report of a medical board, an officer shall be entitled to a free passage home, and three months' salary as a gratuity. In the event of death from disease contracted when on duty, the representatives of such officer to be entitled to receive the same gratuity as would be granted under the above regulations to an officer on retirement. Salary to be £2 2s. per diem.

To the Deputy Secretary at War.

The result of this appeal was like that of every other which government made to the

patriotism of the people: gentlemen of superior talents and attainments volunteered for the work, and bravely and nobly performed it; little supposing that they were to experience neglect, and be deprived of their just pecuniary claims at last. Among these gallant and generous-hearted men was Dr. Arthur Leared, of Finsbury Place South, a gentleman of scientific and literary acquirements, and high medical reputation, to whom these pages are indebted for the following brief notice:—

“The Smyrna Civil Hospital was projected at a time when, owing to overtaxed energies, the army surgeons were unable to meet the immense increase of their duties. The senior part of the staff consisted of three physicians and five surgeons, selected from men in practice, and holding hospital appointments chiefly in London. Many of the assistant physicians and surgeons also were connected with public hospitals; and great care was taken in the selection of all to obtain the best possible men, inducements in the way of pay being held out. Sir John Forbes, physician to her majesty’s household, was appointed chief of this efficient staff; owing to illness, however, he resigned before leaving England, and was succeeded by Dr. Meyer, one of the physicians. Early in March, 1855, the civil staff arrived at Smyrna, and found that a great number of sick had been already sent from the Crimea, and were attended by military surgeons, who came with them. These gentlemen immediately handed over their charge. The hospital was a large Turkish barrack, erected for 2000 men, but a very diminished number of sick could be accommodated. It was finely situated, at the foot of Mount Pagus, and on the edge of the beautiful bay. The climate was good—extremely agreeable during the greater part of the year, but too warm at times in summer. A wind prevails from the sea during the day, called by residents the *inbat*, and this is of essential service; at night it fails, and it is then the heat is most oppressive. Supplies of all kinds were abundant at Smyrna. The Turkish population were very well disposed towards us, so that whenever any of the doctors appeared in the Turkish quarter they were sure to be greeted by the children with ‘*Inglis bono*.’ sometimes was added, ‘*Frances bono—Muscov no bono*.’ The Greeks evidently disliked us. The brigands were all Greeks; and they were most anxious to get hold of some of our staff. They said the queen would give a liberal ransom, if not, our heads should pay for it; we having come to oppose their brethren, the Russians. An English resident doctor, Dr. M’Grath, was seized by these brigands while we were at Smyrna. They supposed him to be one of our staff, and demanded £3000 ransom, and proceeded to ill-use him, but as he understood Greek he suc-

ceeded in making better terms. After a week’s captivity, during which he was almost worn out from constant travelling over rugged mountains during the night, he was released on payment of about £370 sterling. He witnessed some brutal acts. One old Turk—whose ass was seized for his use, as he was growing lame from fatigue—was shot dead in his presence. The interior of the country about Smyrna is extremely mountainous, which favours the brigands. Before we left, the band referred to was broken up—the chief shot, and several of the others (there were ten originally) taken and executed. One morning five were beheaded in the street. I saw the body of a man that had been brought in from the country, said to be that of a robber, but it was afterwards stated that he was a peasant shot by mistake. The Turks were by no means particular in these matters. The country people, however, were largely involved in the system; they supplied the robbers with food, &c. Other bands sprung up as soon as previous ones had been extirpated. The Turkish government repaid the ransom of Dr. M’Grath lately: I believe they have done that in the case of all Europeans.

“The cases treated in the hospital were almost exclusively medical; it was found inconvenient to send the wounded so far: a large proportion were fever and scurvy cases. At first we were quite full of work—and hard work; but as the health of the army improved, we had much less to do. Fever proved very infectious; and many of our orderlies and nurses, and one dispenser, died. We had a number of lady nurses besides the paid nurses. These ladies devoted themselves to their work; and some of them narrowly escaped from the fever with which they were attacked, as well as some of the medical staff. The staff, consisting of three physicians, five surgeons, six assisting physicians, and eleven assistant surgeons, was at length too numerous for the wants of the hospital. Several were, therefore, sent to do duty in the Crimea, so that the staff was reduced to four seniors, and juniors in proportion. At the end of November it was thought proper to break up the establishment altogether, to make room for the Anglo-Swiss Legion, just at the time when the hospital was in a high state of perfection—a curious instance of vacillating policy. The experiment altogether was very costly. The hospital at Renqui was established subsequent to that of Smyrna.”

Our readers cannot fail, on perusal of the above account, to observe how uniform the fate of everything which fell under government management. When this hospital had reached its highest state of efficiency it was abandoned, and yet another was almost immediately established! The hospital which had succeeded was

given up, to make room for a Swiss Legion, and the Osmanli horse, in British pay! Immediately upon the breaking up of the hospital an attempt was made to get rid of the medical men, without giving them the compensation they had a right to expect. Men like Dr. Leared and his compeers, who had given up lucrative and important positions, which it might not be so easy to resume, in the active competition which now fills every profession, should be honoured for their promptitude in going to a remote country, and incurring the perils of pestilence and brigands; and it should be the care of government to make such sacrifices lightly felt. Our country is not so poor that it cannot recompense the brave and the humane, whose conduct proves that they would, if needs were, serve her without recompence. But while millions are squandered upon the indolent, and the favourites of those who administer the high departments of the state, merit is seldom requited, unless in deference to public feeling, or from fear of public displeasure. The heads of the military medical staff in London were not favourable to these gentlemen—the civil hospital was regarded with envy, and even animosity. It was so superior to the Crimean and Scutari hospitals as to reproach the magnates of the army medical staff in London. It was resolved by the clique which manages these things to get rid of the institution altogether, and of the men who made it what it was. Even those civilians who were engaged as assistants to the military medical officers at Scutari and the Crimea received a superior remuneration, as if the more plainly to mark the invidiousness with which the gentlemen of the civil hospital were treated. The following extract will show our readers what the feeling of these gentlemen were in August, 1856, nine months after the hospital was abandoned:—

On considering the circumstances under which we went out, the arrangements we had made for a twelvemonth's absence, the expectations we had been led to form, and the course adopted by government in other similar cases, we feel that we have suffered an injustice.

It has already been shown that the original engagement seemed to ensure us *at least eighteen months' pay*, and that Lord Panmure's letter, which immediately followed, gave us, *who had made all the sacrifices to which he alluded*, strong grounds for expecting twelve months' gratuity subsequent to our twelve months' paid service. The following facts show that his lordship's intention has been acted on in other cases.

In consequence of his lordship's letter a number of civilians were sent to Scutari; they served a year, and have received, in addition to their year's pay, a twelvemonth's gratuity, although some of them had not the claim founded on the sacrifice of private practice, inasmuch as at the time of their appointment they were not thus engaged.

Again, the militia surgeons and assistant surgeons, who did not give up practice, many of whom had not commenced practice, and had only just completed their medical studies, who have not even been out of the country, have received a twelvemonth's gratuity in addition to their pay.

Lastly, we desire it to be understood that we found our claim for an enlargement of the gratuity awarded us, not on any special interpretation of the original agreement entered into with us by government, *and which some of us did not sign*, but on the general understanding created by Lord Panmure's letter; on the obviously just principle that all who made large sacrifices for the public service should be liberally treated; on the absolute loss we have suffered owing to our early dismissal from the hospital at Smyrna, which could not be anticipated; and, lastly, on the fact that the principle of remuneration for which we contend *has been acted on by government in regard to gentlemen whose claims are certainly less strong than our own*.

ARTHUR LEARED, M.D., *late Physician to the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of the Chest, &c.*
JOHN BARCLAY, M.D., *late Physician to the Leicester Infirmary.*

SEPTIMUS GIBBON, M.D., *Assistant Physician to the London Hospital, &c.*

CARSTEN HOLTHOUSE, F.R.C.S., *Assistant Surgeon and Lecturer on Anatomy to the Westminster Hospital.*

One of the lady nurses of this institution has written a work entitled, *Ismeer; or, Smyrna and its British Hospital in 1855*. It is an extremely interesting publication, and furnishes much useful information as to the spirit of the patients and the administrative habits of our government. She thus records her own anxiety for one of her patients, and the tenderness of a poor Irish soldier—a class who made by far the best male nurses in the army:—“Next day, at an early hour, I stood at the door of the ward. How my heart beat, I had seen no one who could tell me whether he was alive or dead. At last I summoned courage, and went in, when I saw two orderlies standing by the bed, and D— stretched on it, but whether alive or dead I could not tell, though he looked more like the latter. There I stood at the door, literally unable to move, until the orderly, who had been up all night, turned round and saw me; a smile broke over his face, as he exclaimed, ‘All right, ma’am; Jem’s alive!’ I am very sorry I have forgotten this orderly’s name; he was an Irishman and a soldier—one whose gentleness and attention equalled, indeed, almost surpassed, any woman’s I ever saw.”

Resuming her life in the Smyrna Civil Hospital, she thus estimates her own labours and those of her benevolent sisterhood:—“I believe we were of use. Not in the way many people had a vague idea of at first—*i.e.* that we were constantly going about with a pocketful of lint and plaister, and a case of surgical instruments, perpetually dressing wounds (and I confess that I had a faint vision of this kind myself before I went to Smyrna), but in seeing the doctor’s orders carried out with discretion, in the spirit as well as the letter; that nothing was done out of time, overdone, or neglected; in keeping a systematic regularity; and, above all, in exercising a marvellous moral influence over the soldiers. That nurses—people from their own class—should be sent out to attend

them seemed natural enough; but that ladies—‘real ladies,’ as they used to say—should really come to see that they were taken good care of, filled them with surprise.”

Upon this extract the *Medical Times and Gazette* observes, “That moral influence was the great point gained we entirely admit. We believe that many a British soldier has enduringly benefited from that influence. We have reason to know that its effects upon the most reckless men, whose vicious propensities seemed to be excited rather than quelled by suffering, were, as stated, marvellous. When we consider the aid thus afforded in maintaining order among men accustomed to the iron rule of military discipline, it must be admitted that the lady nurses played a useful part in the civil hospital system applied to soldiers.”

Having devoted two chapters to the condition of the men in the Crimea, their sickness

and wants—the loss of their transport and cavalry horses, and the consequent aggravation of their miseries—the remedies devised for them and the sorrowful failure of most of them, because of the men and the measures adopted by the heads of departments, or the obstructions placed in the way of rational reform,—we shall bring the prosecution of the siege itself once more before the reader. Incidentally, it will be necessary again and again to refer to topics treated more largely in the last two chapters; for so terrible, so all-pervading were the distress, sickness, and suffering of our army, that whatever occurred in the way of military achievement was influenced by this disastrous condition of affairs. The siege itself, and the character of the combats waged around the barrier erected against us by Russian promptitude and energy, were fashioned by the one great all-influencing fact—the physical misery of the British army.

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